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THE TRADES UNION CONGRESS.

(BY A TRADES' UNIONIST.)

"The trade unions are good talkers," said a veteran politician last evening. "They can pass an excellent series of resolutions when they feel like it, and when they issue an address to the public it usually makes quite interesting reading. But when something has got to be done that wants united, steady and firm action, the labour unions are not there." The labour unions have now an excellent opportunity to show that such critics are wrong, and that the unions are not mere talking machines.—"San Francisco Daily Report."

THE eighteenth annual session of the Trades Union Congress, just closed, met in circumstances which gave unusual interest to its deliberations. Never since the beginning of the Trade Union movement has the outlook been so gloomy as at the present moment. Reductions, strikes, demonstrations of unemployed, on every hand. Summer has scarcely gone, and already relief-works are talked of in some of the great manufacturing districts. The middle-class Press is even waking up to the fact that there is "something rotten in the State." In a paragraph in the *Echo* of September 9th, enumerating a number of strikes, occur these significant words: "We do not blame them [the strikers]; they know their duties and feel their wants better than we can tell them; but we do deeply deplore the necessity or the supposed necessity of strikes; and think the resources of civilisation, if wisely used, would prevent them. Cannot the Trades Congress now sitting, assist to solve the problem?"

I cannot help thinking that the answer to the inquiry of the *Echo* would have been more likely to have been in the affirmative had the Congress been composed of men out of work or smarting under the lash of a notice of a 10 per cent reduction of their already insufficient wage. There would then, at least, have been a probability of some of that "warmth" being imported into their resolutions "which," the *Daily News* is good enough to assure Trades Unionists, "will bring to the front for speedy consideration and settlement whatever question they take up." Even the most sympathetic people endure with considerable equanimity the misfortunes of others. It is not, therefore, surprising that the delegates present at the Congress, for the most part men in comparatively comfortable circumstances, with their expenses liberally paid (and rightly so), and with a week's respite from their ordinary humdrum existence, should be able to take a more hopeful view of things than the situation actually warrants.

The Mark Tapley-an disposition to accept the inevitable and to be jolly under depressing conditions is an enviable one. But the situation should be fully realised, and the inevitableness not too easily assumed. No good can result from calling black, white in the manner adopted by Mr. J. Murchie, who opened the proceedings. He utterly fails to perceive the real significance of the figures he quoted with such gusto, and the conclusions he arrives at seem to me ludicrously inadequate. He congratulates himself and us that we have grown out of the necessity of defending our unions against the attacks of a hostile Press, without a suspicion, apparently, that this results much more from the changed attitude of the Unions, than from any change in the disposition of the Capitalist Press. Again, too, he dwells with unction upon what he terms the "better side" of the work of Trade Unions in making people thrifty. I deny that this is the "better side" or any side at all of the work for which Trade Unions were established. I did not join a Trades Union to be taught thrift, but, by combination with my fellows, to try and get the results of our labour, or, at least to minimise the robbery which we workers must endure so long as we allow a class to monopolise the means of production, giving to them the power not only to enslave the workers, but to murder by starvation those whom they term the "surplus population," i.e., such of us as they have no further use for. How far the Unions have accomplished the foregoing object even for their own members, leaving out of account "the promotion of the welfare of the masses," which Mr. Murchie claims for them, let the following extract show:

"Taking the same seven societies referred to by Mr. Howell—viz., the Amalgamated Engineers, Ironfounders, Boiler-makers and Iron Shipbuilders, Steam Engine Makers, Ironmoulders of Scotland, Amalgamated Tailors, and Amalgamated Carpenters and Joiners—he found that in the nine years ending 1884 their receipts were £2,818,548, 12s. 5d., and their expenditure £2,963,180, 6s. 4d. Of this amount £1,207,180, 11s. 1d. was spent in unemployed benefit; £592,273, 9s. 7d. in sick benefit; in the compensation for loss of tools, superannuation, funerals, accidents, benevolent grants, and other minor benefits, including cost of management, £975,052, 2s. 7d.; and the remainder, £188,680, 3s. 1d., or about 6½ per cent., was the only amount expended in connection with trade movements."

Could any more damning proof be given of the utter inadequacy of Trades Unionism in its present shape as a means to emancipate the workers? So far from enabling all our members to live in reasonable comfort by moderate hours of labour, the foregoing figures show that

large numbers of our fellows are constantly in poverty and distress, wandering hopelessly and anxiously about, seeking employment and becoming demoralised by loafing about our Society rooms. Truly, thrift is a fine thing to preach to a man who is driven to depend on a few shillings a week from his Union to keep his wife and family from starvation. Note, also, that this enormous relief expenditure is actually credited as so much gain to the workers and helps to make up the "30 per cent, better off" which politico-statistical quacks tell us we are since good John Bright and the Free-Traders abolished the Corn-laws for our especial benefit. It reminds me of the artful father in the story who gave the youngsters a penny each to go supperless to bed, and induced them in the morning to give up their pennies to buy rolls for their breakfast. So we simpletons imagine we are so much better off because the capitalist-classes kindly allow us to administer a portion of out-door relief to the victims of their rapacity.

But I must pass on, for worse remains behind. The Parliamentary Report read by "our old friend Broadhurst," is certainly a remarkable production. It would be comical if it were not for the seriousness of the interests involved. An expressive little word of Turkish origin, rose involuntarily to my lips as I read the paltry details of what has been done and the projected tinkering for the future. In one sentence we are told in magniloquent language that our cause has "progressed by leaps and bounds," etc., etc.; in another that "the social part of the programme of the last congress remains almost intact, and waited the chances of realisation in the new Parliament." The reference to the appointment of Messrs. Slatter, Birtwhistle, Fielding and Pickard, as Justices of the Peace, is offensively ridiculous. As Carlyle tersely puts it, Society is divided into three classes—Workers, Beggars and Thieves. Yet, because four magistrates have been appointed out of the ranks of the workers, the Parliamentary Committee go into ecstasies of delight, and think "too much honour could not be done to the Minister" (the well-paid servant of the people, remember) "who has had the courage" to appoint them. How the aforesaid Minister and the political tricksters of all parties, must laugh in their sleeves at the gullibility of the workers. These four workmen-magistrates are the salt that has purified an hitherto obnoxious system, and converted a thing of loathing and reproach into an object of respect and reverence. What a fine preservative for threatened institutions! Who knows but some day some "courageous" Minister may save the House of Lords by making "our old friend Broadhurst" a peer of the realm. He should really go into training and ask Lady Roseberry to "put him through his paces." But seriously, is it not time to get rid of the childish notion that Society is to be purified and the welfare of the people secured by a few of our so-called leaders being put into Parliament or on the Bench to run the risk of being changed from honest working-men into middle-class rogues? Why, one might as reasonably expect to cleanse the Thames with a sprinkling of rose-water. Before quitting the Report, there is one point which contains such a strikingly naïf confession of the utter uselessness of political action at the present crisis, that I commend it to the serious consideration of my fellow-unionists. The one question of supreme importance—the frightful trade depression—now agitating the whole of the civilised world, is dismissed in a couple of sentences: "With regard to the continued depression in trade, a remarkable feature of it was that it was not confined to any one country. Between nations it was only a question of the degree of depression, and from all that could be gathered, Great Britain was by no means the most depressed among the industrial nations of the world." Thus the very magnitude, constancy, and universality of the evil, instead of prompting to united and vigorous search for the cause and the remedy, are actually adduced as reasons apparently for doing—nothing. The ship of Labour is drifting rudderless before the storm; a dangerous leak threatens to engulf her. The utmost energies of all are needed to stop the leak, to work the pumps, and bring the vessel safe to port. Is this a time for Messrs. Broadhurst and Co. to talk of swabbing the decks or putting a new coat of political paint on the figurehead? The Report concludes with best wishes for more prosperous times. "If wishes were horses beggars would ride," says the old proverb. I am afraid thousands of our unfortunate brethren will go footsore and hungry a long time for any good they will derive from the Parliamentary Committee's Report.

I now come to an oasis in the desert of commonplace—viz., the address of the President, Mr. Threlfall. It is a manly, outspoken production, and deserves to be carefully studied. Mr. Threlfall tried hard to lift the wheels of the Trade Union chariot out of the deep ruts which check its progress, but the Congress contained far too many of the weak, wishy-washy, shuffling, backbone-less creatures of the Battersby type,

for his efforts to meet with much success. Mr. Threlfall goes very near to the root of the matter, and sees, although somewhat dimly perhaps, that the present basis of Society must be changed: "The noble duke who owned a million acres of land and the Capitalist who made a million of hands, were equally great monopolists." "From first to last Parliament had always taken the standpoint of the Capitalist in all industrial questions." He sees, too, that neither Free Trade, nor Fair Trade, nor the struggle for foreign markets, will solve the labour problem. "Practical steps should be taken to reorganise our home market. Trade might well be depressed when a million of acres of land had gone out of wheat cultivation in ten years, and the agricultural population had decreased fifteen per cent." Very pertinent, too, is his observation that "the most critical period in the history of English trade unions was at that moment. They must either lead or follow." The sooner the Unions recognise this the better. There are several points I should like to comment on, including the references to the Nine Hours' movement, the Education Acts, etc.; but I must utilise my space to criticise the one great drawback to an otherwise admirable discourse. With all or nearly all of the aims of Mr. Threlfall I agree; but oh, "most lame and impotent conclusion!" we are to organise the masses, not to take our affairs into our own hands, but to ask the politicians to pass certain Acts of Parliament! To use Mr. Threlfall's own words: "If Capitalists had given so much accumulating misery, let them for Humanity's sake leave their future Parliaments with toilers."

Now, no legislation can force production to be carried on unless it pays. If the monopolists of the means of life—the raw material and instruments of labour—cannot make profit, or in other words, rob the worker, their occupation is gone, for the sole reason of their existence as employers ceases. The effect of political action, then, be it ever so Radical, can only be to put off the day of settlement. The workers must ultimately face the same problem which confronts them to-day, and they can only solve that problem by the very means which we Socialists point out—viz., by taking the means of production into their own hands, and working them by all and for all. The monopolists, be they Tory, Whig or Radical, Christian, Jew or Atheist, will strive to defer the inevitable surrender of their unjust class-privilege to "rob and rule" as long as they can; and so they try to delude us with sophistical clap-trap about gradual reform and the danger of revolution. Dangerous to whom?—the workers? No. To the exploiters? Yea, verily, and that is the real reason of their hypocritical horror. It is surely obvious that this revolution or change being necessary for the welfare of the people, the present generation may as well take the matter in hand as leave it to their children. Are we to go on year after year with this same miserable struggle for existence, pretending to find consolation in some contemptible political sop in the shape of an additional working-man M.P. or J.P., whilst thousands of our fellows are doomed to laborious work for long hours, or to idleness and beggary or starvation?

The resolutions passed by the Congress, when not reactionary, were for the most part of such a feeble, flabby nature, as to be not only useless but mischievous. The illogical bigots led by Messrs. Broadhurst and Battersby were again successful in defeating a resolution in favour of opening the national museums and picture-galleries on the "Saw-bath." The latter delegate, in opposing a rider moved by Mr. Trow, cleverly framed to show the absurdity of the amendment, "depreciated the Congress being made use of for jocularly." To my mind the greatest joke is the posing of Mr. Battersby as a Scottish Solon. The same gentleman who appears to be very proud of being commended for his "moderation" in the columns of the Whig press, (e.g., the *Scotsman*, that friend of labour in general and of unionists in particular), opposed a declaration in favour of Land Nationalisation, urging the Congress to be "practical," and straightway the meeting proceeded to vote that "a reform of our landed system is imperatively necessary."

It is ludicrous yet saddening to see representative working-men advocating a paltry tinkering reform of the land-laws as a solution of the labour question or as even a partial remedy for the evils we are suffering. It puts me in mind of the old trick in the pantomime, where clown having stolen a goose, sends the bamboozled shopman in chase of pantaloon hobbling away with two or three small fishes. For clown read Capitalist; let the goose stand for Labor-power, origin of surplus-value (the true golden eggs of the fable); whilst the Landlord and his share of the plunder of the bamboozled worker are fitly symbolised by pantaloon and the fishes, and, I contend, it is a fair representation of the political game at this minute. It is astonishing how long the Free Trade and Fair Trade swindles have served and still serve to dupe the people. Fellow-workers can you not see that mere cheapening of the cost of production will never benefit us. Whether wages be high or low, 6d. or 6s. per day, the result under the present system is to allow the workers on an average only so much of the wealth they create as will enable them to subsist. Land Nationalisation, even, by itself could not permanently raise the condition of the wage-workers. Its ultimate effect would be to cheapen production, glut the markets, reduce prices all round, and so bring about a crisis similar to that we are now experiencing.

In conclusion, let me urge upon my fellow-unionists that it is not by sending delegates once a year to a congress such as that now closed; nor by voting a few working-men to Parliament to sanction by their presence the very cause of our slavery, i.e., the existing order of Society; neither is it by spending 6 per cent of our union funds to fight the Capitalists and 94 per cent in aid of the poor-rates, to relieve the necessities of their victims, that we can achieve any solid advantage for ourselves, much less champion the cause of the people. There is more pith in the following words spoken by Mr. Bolland the other day at Bir-

mingham to a meeting of the unemployed, than in all the resolutions passed by the Trades Congress: "They had to demand that they should live and must be determined. If they could not get it by love they must by fear." Fellow-unionists our proper place is shoulder to shoulder with those who are educating, agitating and organising, not to obtain some trifling concession from the monopolists, but to utterly destroy the Capitalistic vampire, the sole cause of the poverty, degradation and misery of the workers in every so-called civilized country to-day.

F. BINNING.

IRELAND AND ITALY.

A WARNING.

MR. PARNELL has been celebrating his triumphs in the past Parliament, and it may be said also those that are to come in the future one; he and his supporters also fully believe in the complete organisation of the party, which will be strong enough not only to return 85 members this autumn, but also to compel every accepted candidate to sign a solemn pledge to submit to party discipline. Doubtless Mr. Parnell is strong, and he and his are quite justified in their cries of victory. The English Parties cannot conceal their terror: Tory is calling to Whig, Whig to Liberal, to stand firm at last, since now the enemy is really upon them; but all the time they are, like the troopers in 'Old Mortality,' "looking over their shoulders as if they liked the road behind them better than the road before." In all probability Mr. Parnell will have his way, and, as he says, this coming Parliament will be the last in which the Irish representatives will sit at Westminster.

Well, this is revolutionary, and we revolutionists rejoice in it on those grounds, and in the blow which it will deal at the great Bourgeois Power—the British Empire: also it may well be that Ireland must become national before she can be international. Yet we must ask ourselves what is to come next; will Ireland ruling herself be progressive, revolutionary that is, or reactionary? Will Socialists find their work easier in the Parnellite Ireland than now? Will Michael Davitt be a dangerous rebel then as he is now? There is no doubt as to the answer to those questions if we are to go no further than Mr. Parnell would have us; the fullest realisation of his programme would bring Ireland to pretty much the state of things which Liberal reformers want to realise in England as a bar to the march of Socialism which they have at last heard of, and are beginning to fear. An improved landlordism founded on a wider basis and therefore consolidated; that would lead, it seems to me, to founding a nation fanatically attached to the rights of private property (so called), narrow-minded, retrogressive, contentious, and—unhappy.

I ask Irishmen to consider a somewhat parallel case, that of Italy. Italy as well as Ireland had an unconquerable yearning for national independence, which swallowed up all other aspirations; in the teeth of all difficulty she conquered her independence amidst the best wishes of generous-minded men of all parties. How our hearts burned within us as we heard of the exploits of her patriots; surely revolution for the world was drawing near, thought some of us who did not know what the new revolution was to be, as we followed the heroism of Garibaldi and the lofty morality of Mazzini.

Italy triumphed and became "free" and united; those noble deeds accomplished that at least. What, then, has been the gain? I will not say nothing, but I will say something very small compared with all the energy, enthusiasm, and self-sacrifice that brought it about, very small compared with the high-wrought hopes that went before it. For whatever the gain was, it was confined to the bourgeoisie, and the proletariat did not share it, has not shared it.

In the midst of the richest gifts of nature and art, cradled by the history of the world, exists a population of which the following words can be said without contradiction: "According to some the average pay (of the labourers) runs from 3d. to 4d. a day, according to others to 7d., without making any allowance for loss of time either through bad weather or ill-health. For this pittance they have to work like galley-slaves, and out of it such of them as have families must provide food for their children and keep a roof of some sort over their heads. The utmost that a labourer can earn with the help of his family, says Signor Arcozzi Manio, a large landowner, is equal to little more than 10d. a day. Their food"—but one need not go into that; it is obvious that their food must be the food of beasts in quality and less than theirs in quantity. "The population engaged in agriculture is estimated at eight and a quarter millions, of whom a million and a half at the most" (one can guess what that qualification means) "are landed proprietors, the remainder being farmers, metayers, and labourers." It is added that the lot of the proprietors and farmers is not brilliant, is at least tolerable; the said proprietors being mostly small ones it must be understood, peasants for the most part.

Such then are the free workmen of Italy while as a nation under her Constitutional King and Liberal Parliament, she ambitiously strives to snatch here and there some rag of stolen territory which may help her to get a share of the world-market from the older European firms, and keeps on foot a goodly army of warlike idlers to that end. Italy is free and united, and is almost a "great power," while the mass of her population is living, to speak bluntly, in abject slavery.

Here then is a warning to Irishmen if they will take it; they can see what the barrenness of the programme of driving out the Teutons has led to in Italy; can they think that a similarly barren programme of driving out the Saxon will lead to anything better in Ireland?

If the sword of Garibaldi could have led the workers of Italy to a

condition of things under which what they produced would have been their own to live upon, the Austrians and their kingly and grand-ducal deputies would have been suppressed as they are now, and no "foreigner" could govern them against their will; but the places of the Austrian tyrants would not have been taken by the great collective tyrant Capital, who prevents poor people from eating, and murders them with "pellagra" or famine-fever as it has been called in Ireland, a tyrant who has no heart to be softened, no soul to be moralised, in spite of Mazzini and the Positivists.

If only the Irish could take this lesson to heart, and make up their minds that even if they have to wait for it, their revolution shall be part of the great international movement; they will then be rid of all the foreigners that they want to be rid of. For my part I do not believe in the race-hatred of the Irish against the English: they hate their English masters, and well they may; and their English masters are now trying hard to stimulate the race-hatred among their English brethren, the workers, by all this loud talk of the integrity of the Empire and so forth. But when once the Irish people have got rid of their masters, Irish and English both, there will, I repeat, be no foreigners to hate in Ireland, and she will look back at the present struggle for mere nationality as a nightmare of the charmed sleep in which Landlordism and Capitalism have held her so long, as they have other nations. To the Irish, therefore, as to all other nations, whatever their name and race, we Socialists say, Your revolutionary struggles will be abortive or lead to mere disappointment unless you accept as your watchword, WAGE-WORKERS OF ALL COUNTRIES UNITE!

WILLIAM MORRIS.

AUSTRALIAN EXPERIENCES.

THE American and Canadian emigration season is now over, and, thanks to the outspoken protests of *United Ireland* and of certain semi-Socialistic and independent papers on both sides of the Atlantic—thanks also to the ease with which disappointed adventurers are now able to return—that gigantic bubble of fraud and misrepresentation is likely, in the near future, to collapse entirely. But, as the inflation of the American bladder lessens, that of the Australasian will probably increase. The season is now on—this, remember, is the second spring month at the Antipodes—and during the autumn and winter will be in full blaze. The usual farrago of mischievous advice and lying humbug will be disseminated by interested agents and mistaken philanthropists, and will be recorded by their subservient chroniclers in the capitalistic press. The voice of blessing alone—not that of cursing—will be tolerated, and find public expression, and many deluded creatures, of both sexes, will have in after years to regret that they ever listened to the voice of the emigration siren.

The ignorance that prevails of the true nature of life at the Antipodes, and of the prospects awaiting the latter-day emigrant upon his arrival, is perfectly appalling, and, from the means—or rather want of means—at command of those who know the true state of the case, most difficult to dispel. As from the "Bight of Benin, where few come out though many go in," it is seldom anyone returns from Australasia either willing, or, if willing, qualified, to relate a tale of disastrous failure. Even if one wishes to do so, it is difficult to find a medium for the publication of testimony opposed to the interests of agents, and distasteful to capitalists and philanthropic societies.

I am only aware of one book, out of the mass of matter written upon Australia, that depicts in true colours the shameless frauds practised upon the unwary by the emigration agents, and the fate awaiting their victims. This book related to Queensland, and was published some fifteen years ago, when there was a great "boom" in that direction. I think it was entitled "Colonial Adventures," and written by Mr. St. John; but I only met with it in the Melbourne Library, and have no doubt that its circulation was studiously suppressed, and that it is out of print. I refer to it not only because I believe every word there written to be in accordance with the truth, but as my precedent for obtruding personal, and to some extent private, matters on my readers.

I believe it to be quite impossible in any other way than by recordal of individual sufferings and experiences to convey a true impression of colonial existence—life is a misnomer. As a rule, those who write about the colonies are either emigration agents and touts interested in puffing their potentialities and resources; or else your *grands seigneurs*—your Manchesters, Roseberrys, Dilkes and Brasseys, whose visits have been all honey, silk and roses. Such men have been feasted, toasted, shown about, and admitted to a full view of the smooth and shining surface, while the hideous sores of sorrow, want and misery, festering underneath, have been carefully concealed from their notice. I, on the contrary, am what in colonial parlance would be termed a "broken down swell"—in that of my quondam aristocratic and middle-class associates, a "black sheep" or "ne'er-do-weel."

In one sense I am a *phenomenon*, for I am here; whereas transportation for life to the Antipodes, whether by the family, the philanthropist, or the emigration agent, has generally proved as effective as that of the law ever was. Others of my class in Australia calmly die, or commit suicide, go to gaol or a lunatic asylum; but, as I have before hinted, I do not think anyone has hitherto been known to get back to England and write to a newspaper. After a subjection off and on, for three years, to such trouble, hardship, and misery, as I should think no human being, accustomed to better things, has hitherto endured and lived to tell the tale, I have barely escaped from that place of torment with my life and reason.

I now propose to use both, if I may be permitted to do so, in giving some facts relating to the inner life, or social prospects, of the labouring emigrant in Australia, and in criticising some of the utterances and articles on the subject which are certain to appear in the public prints during the autumn and winter. Personal narrative, interspersed with comments upon men and things is, as I have before stated, the only form consistent with brevity, in which I feel myself competent to deal with the facts I wish to place before my readers. I must leave it to them to judge whether I am a likely person to know anything about the matters upon which I propose to treat, or qualified to criticise the tenets and theories of those whom I must now, I suppose, describe as, and admit to be, my "betters."

From certain causes, I found myself, in the summer of 1880, *stone broke*. I was powerless to recover a large value in land and money, out of which I had been swindled, unless—such is the nature of the law in this country—I

had a hundred or so to commence an action. The Melbourne Exhibition was on the *tapis*, and, having a good knowledge of the jewellery and diamond trade, I thought I saw an opening to realise the specified sum, or a greater amount, in a short space of time, and that I might return to commence my legal assault after the long vacation. Those to whom my presence in this country was most obnoxious, readily agreed to provide me with the necessary means for procuring my passage and outfit, and to place a sum sufficient for my business needs at my disposal upon arrival.

One stipulation was, that I took my wife, a delicate young woman then 23 years of age, with me. I was delighted. I knew the voyage would do her good. I was to embark at Gravesend, and my lawyer was to get money matters settled up, and to bring her down to Plymouth—in order to avoid fatigue—as well as the draft for the sum payable to me in Melbourne. She arrived at Plymouth alone, her escort having excused himself from accompanying her on the ground of illness, and with an intimation that he had written to me on board the vessel. It was a rough, stormy day. We had been delayed on the voyage from Gravesend, and there was not a moment to be lost, as the vessel was going to start almost immediately. I hurried on board to get the letter and expected enclosure, and, to my horror, found the steward to whom it had been entrusted drunk and speechless, and quite unable to remember what he had done with it!

My wife had never been on the sea before. The brandy I kept administering to her in hopes, in this desperate emergency, of keeping off the sickness, was fast reducing her to the level of the steward, and she declined to move from her berth. The anchor was up and we were off, and it was not until we were outside the breakwater that I fully realised that I was "trapped." Of course, on getting the letter the following day there was no draft enclosed, and from its tenour I judged, as turned out to be the fact, that my own lawyer had been "squared" to "sell" me. I still hoped that I should find a remittance at Melbourne, but I hoped in vain. We arrived there almost penniless, and had to part with our clothes and valuables.

It was now out of the question to think of procuring a situation in the exhibition, and I was compelled to disclose my poverty and antecedents by applying to a charitable society for a loan on the strength of the promised remittance, and the assurance that those to whom I directed the secretary to write would repay all. The money thus borrowed, and a clerkship which the society procured me, enabled us to get on pretty well for three months until the answer arrived. Its purport was, coupled with a refusal to repay the loan, that the "hulking pauper," meaning me, "might work or starve!"

I at once saw, and so did the secretary of the society—a lawyer whose want of "acumen" in being duped by me was sneered at in the same letter, and who was proportionately irate at being dubbed a fool—the cogency of the alternative suggested by the writer. From that moment we became absolute outcasts. The only question was, could I work? I knew size and a comparatively youthful appearance went a long way towards securing a trial at manual labour in the colonies. I stand six feet two inches in height, and at twenty-one years of age, before I went into training for the Oxford University Boat, weighed over sixteen stone. Neither was I altogether unaccustomed to manual labour, as I had some years previously worked as a digger on the South African diamond fields. Clean shaved and close-cropped, I passed very well for thirty-five, though in reality nearly fifty years of age. An old, or even middle-aged man, has little "show" for work in Australia if placed alongside of younger men. I knew my constitution was all right, as apart from bodily suffering brought on by my own indiscretion, I can hardly tell what illness means. I therefore determined to try and work and not to starve, to tackle the pick and shovel, the axe and the spade, the bow-saw and the lumper's hook. A preliminary course of training at very low wages—only 2s. 6d. a day and my "tucker"—at digging, trenching and levelling ground, fitted me to present myself among the other applicants for employment, to the contractors, gangers and stevedores; and, whether it was at "navvying" on the roads and streets, or "lumping" on the wharves or in the railway sheds, I generally got a "show." Before the required number of hands was selected, "You long chap there, let's see how you shape," usually greeted my ear, and when selected I seldom failed in performing the work required of me.

In fact in manual labour, as in all other vocations in life, the difficulty of obtaining employment is far greater than the difficulty of being fit for it, and if you surmount the greater difficulty there is no reason why you should not surmount the smaller. Still, work was by no means constant, and on two occasions I was injured, and had to knock off for a time. As I had no club, and a helpless wife to support, semi-starvation then faced us. Eventually, I enlisted the sympathy of a well-known Melbourne physician and philanthropist, who got my wife, quite broken down in body and mind by the hardships we had undergone, into an institution, where she was well cared for, and where I could visit her at pleasure; and myself into State employ. But government work and the State Socialism of Victoria—for there it reaches its highest possible development—must form the subject of my next article.

LUCIFER.

(To be continued.)

REVIEW.

Le Socialiste. A new French Socialist journal has just appeared. Four numbers (it is a weekly) will be out before this issue of the *Commonweal* appears. I am writing of the first and second numbers. The editors are Deville, Fréjac, Guesde, Lafargue, Tailleur. Its first issue tells the aim and the method of its work. Its aim is: "Expropriation of the capitalist class and the socialisation of the means of production. It is to the hastening on of this collectivist or communist revolution that the *Socialiste* will devote all its efforts. A theoretical organ, the *Socialiste* will prepare the minds of workers for the social transformation that is incumbent upon them, by the study of the economic phenomena which, out of the dismemberment of the present order will bring forth the new. An organ of action, it will urge on to the struggle in all its forms, and on all grounds, the struggle into which it will enter thoroughly, not in order to divide, but to unite the proletarian forces still divided, unfortunately, by misunderstandings which the common combat will suffice to do away with. An organ of international combination, it will suppress frontiers by giving a prominent place in its pages to the Socialist parties of both worlds, who themselves will tell us their work, their progress, and their hopes—which can thus be shared by their French brethren." One paragraph *re* England needs some modification. There is no likelihood of many Socialist candidates running for Parliament at the next Election. The second number prints the resolution of the Socialist League in the matter of Olivier Pain, Rochefort and the English generals.—E. A.

REVOLUTIONS are terrible affairs, but they are as necessary as amputations when mortification sets in.—*Heinrich Heine*.



All literary communications should be addressed to the Editors of the COMMONWEAL, 13 Farringdon Road, E.C. They must be accompanied by the name and address of the writer, not necessarily for publication.

Rejected MSS. can only be returned if a stamped directed envelope is forwarded with them.

All business communications to be addressed to the Manager of the COMMONWEAL, 13 Farringdon Road, E.C. Business communications must NOT be sent to the Editors. All remittances should be made in Postal Orders or halfpenny stamps.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

NEWSAGENTS, etc., who supply the *Commonweal*, are asked to send in their names and addresses to the Manager, 13 Farringdon Road, for publication.

The following leaflets have been issued by the League:—No. 1. "Why be Transported?" No. 2. "Down with the Socialists" No. 3. "To the Radicals"; No. 4. "The Cause of Prostitution"; No. 5. "The Worker's Claims and 'Public Opinion'"; No. 6. "Tram-car Slavery: an Address to Tram-car Men and the Working Class in general." Copies sent to anyone on receipt of stamp for postage, and will be supplied for distribution at 2s. per 1,000.

NOTICE TO ALL SOCIALISTIC NEWSPAPERS.—The *Commonweal* will be regularly sent to all Socialistic Contemporaries throughout the world, and it is hoped that they on their side will regularly provide the Socialist League with their papers as they may appear.

SPECIAL ATTENTION is invited to the new *Socialist Platform* series. Three numbers are now ready. 1. "Address to Trades Unions." By E. Belfort Bax. 16 pages. 2. "Useful Work v. Useless Toil." By William Morris. 24 pages. 3. "The Factory Hell." By Edward Aveling and Eleanor Marx Aveling. 16 pages. The above are issued at one penny each. Quantities will be supplied at a cheaper rate for sale or distribution.

LECTURES will be given throughout the winter at Farringdon Hall, 13 Farringdon Road, on Wednesdays at 8.30 p.m. Subjects will be announced in *Pall Mall Gazette* and *Echo* on current evening.

DUBLIN.—All sympathisers with our movement are urgently requested to write to the Secretary at 13 Farringdon Road, E.C.

MANCHESTER.—This journal and all other publications of the Socialist League can be obtained from our wholesale agent, W. Addison, 22, Carnarvon Street, Newtown.

CORRESPONDENTS wanted in Newcastle, Halifax, Bristol, and Colchester. LIVERPOOL.—Anyone willing to form a Labour Emancipation League here is asked to communicate with Fred Willis, 49 Wood Street.

A. W. C., J. M.D.—See answer in Inquiry Column. We note your reference to Mr. Kaufmann's articles. He is as a historian of Socialism not to be trusted.

GEORGE GILBERTSON.—We have much of it in hand. Yours is put aside for further consideration.

CHARLES WALKDEN.—Utilised. See p. 90.

WILLIAM VOLCKMAN.—Your letter, though interesting, is too lengthy for insertion. To us what you think intermediate steps, education and the like, seem for the mass of the people impossible as long as the present system lasts. We do not overlook the fact that individuals are the result, not the cause of our social system (see the debate on the *P. M. G.* business, p. 78). You seem to overlook the fact that in pointing this out, you are pleading for Socialism. The system must be changed, then the individuals will be changed. Is the search hopeless for an economy more scientific than at present obtains? Have you read Ricardo and Marx?

A CORRESPONDENT from Whitchurch, Dorset, calls for "a series of articles in plain language showing the details of the construction of Society under the Socialist plan." It is natural to ask for such information, but impossible to give more than mere guesses at detailed reconstruction; and to give these would surely be a mistake, as it would lead to grievous disappointment. Do you ask a doctor when he removes an ulcer, what he is going to put in its place? The healthy flesh will grow when the disease is removed. Socialists are surely explicit enough in their claim of complete freedom, economical, political and moral; we do not want to establish a new slavery under any pretences whatsoever, but to abolish the old.

BEKANNTMACHUNG!—Genosse Theodor beginnt am 1. October einen Cursus für Elementar Unterricht in der englischen Sprache, woran alle Genossen welche derselben noch nicht mächtig sind, theil zunehmen eingeladen werden. Näheres beim Secrétär. 13 Farringdon Road, E. C.

RECEIVED—Cri du Peuple (daily)—Neu Yorker Volkszeitung (weekly)—Sozial Demokrat (weekly)—Anarchist—L'Insurgé—Worker's Friend—Der Sozialist (weekly)—Wage-Worker—La Revue Socialiste—Neue Zeit—La Question Sociale—Freiheit (weekly)—Tolleroser Advertiser—Il Paria—Ni Dieu ni Maître—The Altruist—Denver Labor Inquirer—Chicago Alarm—Norwich Daylight—Newcastle Weekly Chronicle—Detroit Labor Leaf—Boston Liberty—Union Socialiste—Christian Socialist—Justice—Church Reformer—National Review—The Word—Boston Woman's Journal—San Francisco Chronicle—Watchman (N.Z.)—Index—Republican—Cleveland (O.) Carpenter—Journal Vigilance Association—Progress (N.Y.)—Southwark Recorder—Boston (U.S.) Herald—Boston (U.S.) Globe—Boston (U.S.) Beacon—John Swinton's Paper (N.Y.)—Kapunda (Queensland) Herald—Chicago Herald—Recht vor Allen—Sydney (N.S.W.) Morning Herald—National Bulletin—Brattleboro (Vt.) Woman's Magazine—El Angel del Hogar—La Réveil du Forçat—Le Socialiste de Lyon—La Defense des Ouvriers—La Defense des Travailleurs—Tchas (Belgrade)—O Campino (Portugal)—Voz do Operario (Portugal)—Le Socialiste (Paris)—L'Agiotage de 1715 à 1870. B. Malon—Poor Laws and Our Land Laws (1883). By the Rev. W. A. O'Connor, B.A.

SINCE last acknowledgment parcels of books for the library have been received from English, Morris, Sparling, and Wardle.

Notice to Members.

Library and Reading Room.—All papers received by the Secretary have been sorted and filed and are at the disposal of members. The librarians, Nicoll and Benson, attend on Mondays and Fridays from 7 to 9 p.m. for the purpose of exchanging books.

Choir.—The choir meet for practice every Friday evening at 8 o'clock.

Standing Committees.—Meet on Wednesdays at 7.30 p.m.

TO OUR READERS.

This month's *Commonweal* is printed from new type of a reduced size. The supplement is discontinued, but nearly as much matter is contained in the present number as in the previous one. The change will considerably lighten the expense of production, and we hopefully anticipate that by energetic action on the part of all interested in the journal, we may at no distant date be able to issue it weekly. Next month William Morris will continue "The Pilgrims of Hope," and Frederick Engels will contribute an article on the Second Part of Karl Marx' "Das Kapital."

FREILIGRATH'S REVOLUTION SONG.

"A VOICE FROM BELOW."

(Translated by J. L. JOYNES.)

A SHIP came sailing down the Rhine—a noble company on board;
Her panting engines mocked the calm; her funnel steamed and smoked and roared;
She's brightly decked from stem to stern with coloured flags and streamers gay;

The king and court are visiting their castle on the Rhine to-day.

The sun is bright as burning gold; the landscape glistens as they pass
'Mong haunts and homes of happy men; the gleaming Rhine is smooth as glass;

The polished planks are newly waxed, and up and down, and to and fro,
About the deck in high content the king and queen together go.

The royal pair survey the scene, and show by gracious smile and sign
August approval of the hills and vineyards on the banks of Rhine;
And as they promenade about, the planks are all so clean and neat,
That still they almost think they feel their palace floor beneath their feet.

But underneath the dainty decks, and under all that floating pride,
Snorts the fierce prisoned element that drives them swiftly down the tide;
And smirched with smoke, and scorched with heat, there toils and moils in gloom and glow

The soul of all the pride and pomp, the workman-engineer below.

Outside the world shows green and fair; cool flakes of foam fly round their way;

But on his furnace he must stare throughout the lovely live-long day;
And shovelling, raking, stirring still, half-naked he must sweat and stand,
The while the king enjoys the breeze that gently floats o'er stream and land.

And now the fires are fed with coal, and all the works are bright with oil;
And e'en the stoker tastes at last a moment's respite from his toil;
He heaves the hatches half-way up, thrusts out his head and naked neck,
And leaning on his elbow there, he glances round the dainty deck.

His fist is clenched, his brow is hot, and half-emerging o'er the planks
From out the nether gloom appear his shaggy breast and sturdy flanks.

He lets his gaze go wandering round, and gruffly thus begins to talk:
"How much alike are ship and State! Above my head you gaily walk!"

"While down in labour's den below, where all the air is reeking hot,
Within the sultry forge of Need I hammer out my heavy lot;
Nor mine alone—thine also, king; for who could make the wheels go round,
Unless the stokers' sturdy fist had plied the poker underground?"

"What though you sit like Jove above, a Titan I 'mid steam and heat:
My kingdom this volcano is that boils and bubbles at your feet.
It lies with me to shake the ground, and lo! there topples headlong down
The whole vast edifice at once whose roof is your bejewelled crown.

"Earth heaves; the central fires break through, and hoist you howling to
the skies;

While we, unscorched of any flame, from darkness up to daylight rise;
And though we've long been crushed to earth beneath the heavy hand of fate,
The force is our's to forge afresh that poor old rotten thing the State.

"I'll march in triumph through the world! Upon my shoulders, broad and strong,

A second stout Saint Christopher, I'll bear the new-born Christ along!
The giant I, who totter ne'er! whom yet to his triumphal feast
The Saviour o'er the stream of time shall choose for bearer and for priest!"

This much the rugged Cyclops there has growled between his tight-set teeth
Then plunges down to work again, and plies his poker underneath.
The rods go crashing to and fro; the flames around him chafe and fret;
The pent steam snorts; he only says, "Nay, wrathful element, not yet!"

At last the steamer lands her load beneath the vine-clad village walls;
In coach and six the king drives off to view his new-built castle halls.
The stoker mutters in his den, "All thanks to those that rear the towers!
'Tis theirs to pile the palace high—to burn it down shall yet be our's!"

SUBSCRIPTIONS will be received at the office of the *Commonweal* for the under-mentioned papers, or intending subscribers may remit direct:—The *Altruist*, a monthly paper, devoted to common property, united labour, mutual assistance, and equal rights to all. 50 cents a year. A Longley, editor, 712 Chestnut Street, St. Louis, Mo., U.S.A.—The *Carpenter*, published monthly by the Brotherhood of Carpenters and Joiners, of America. Fifty cents a year post paid. P. J. McGuire, Lock Box 180, Cleveland, Ohio.—*John Swinton's Paper*. One dollar a year; three cents a copy. 21 Park Row, New York.—The *Labor Enquirer*, Official Organ of the Trades Assembly. Two dollars per year. J. R. Buchanan, editor. 368 Larimer Street, Denver, Colo., U.S.A.—The *Alarm*, a Socialistic weekly, published by the Working People's International Association. One dol. fifty cents per year; five cents per copy. Theodore Fricke, 107 Fifth Avenue, Chicago, Ill., U.S.A.—The *Labor Leaf*, published weekly by J. R. Burton, 50 Larned Street, West, Detroit, Mich., U.S.A. 50 cents a year.—The *Monthly Review*. Devoted to discussion of political, social, and general subjects. S. Hayes, 15 George's Place, North, Dublin. 1s. 6d. per year.

LESSONS IN SOCIALISM.

VI.—HOW CAPITAL IS MADE.

LET us now begin to inquire a little more closely as to the source of surplus-value. $M' = M + \Delta M$, *i.e.*, the capital advanced, (M) comes back to the capitalist as something (M') more than M. £100 *e.g.*, have come back as £105, and the £5 are surplus-value.

We have seen that the only possible source of this is unpaid human labour. Now we want to see *how* unpaid human labour creates capital, not for the labourer but for his employer. We want to see how the trick is done, how the huge fortunes are made, how the favoured few can live without ever getting a living.

Think of a product of man's labour. Taking the classical example of Marx, think of some yarn. This product has a use-value. It can be made into this, that or the other. But its *use-value* is nothing of moment to the capitalist possessor of it. He does not want to make shirts out of it. What is of moment to every capitalist who has some product that he does not intend to use himself, but that he does intend to sell to another, is the fact that his product has embodied within it human labour, that it has value and that it has therefore an exchange-value quite other than its use-value.

There is something more of importance to the capitalist. Not only must his product have value (or human labour could not have been expended on it); not only must it have use-value (or he could not sell it); not only must it have exchange-value (or he would not sell it); it must have surplus-value, *i.e.*, there must be embodied in it a value greater than that of the raw material used + that of the means of labour used. "Of course," some one interrupts. "You mean the value of the labour that has worked through those means of labour on that raw material." Not exactly. Part of this labour does not enter into the surplus value of the product. The part that is really paid for, that for which a true equivalent in wage is given, does not enter into surplus-value. But the part for which no equivalent is given, does.

And now in considering this, let us be very careful to think of the labour that is under discussion as abstract human labour. We must take a concrete example, but whether our illustrative man is a cotton operative, a labourer, or a stone-mason, matters not. It is not because the man is one or other of these that he adds value to the product. It is because he is a man and has put forth effort.

What we have to discuss is, in short, the quantity, not the quality of human labour. Upon the former depends the value (always using that word in the technical sense) of the product. Upon the latter depends the use-value of the product. The quantity of human labour determines the general value; the quality of it determines the particular use-value.

And here a word or two on "skilled labour." Many seem to think that this, as distinct from an equally mysterious something called unskilled labour, is the source of surplus-value and therefore of capital. From all that has just been said, the fallacy of this should be evident. It is, as I am constantly repeating, the quantity, not the quality of the labour that adds value to the product. And further, note that the part of the skilled labour which produces surplus-value and the part of it that produces the equivalent of the wages, do not differ in quality at all. Let us assume that the skilled labourer works 8 hours a day; that in 6 of these he has put into the product value equivalent to the wage he receives for that day; that in the other 2 he is putting into the product value that is never to be his, but is to be his employer's. The labour of those 2 hours differs in no wise in quality from the labour of the other 6. Clearly that the labour is "skilled" gives no explanation of the origin of surplus-value. That it is "labour" does give an explanation.

Now let us turn to the numerical, concrete example that will illustrate this social, abstract proposition. The numbers are of course, as arbitrary as the selection of the particular industry.

Let each hour of average social labour be represented as worth 6d.

Let each lb. of cotton be worth 1s. Cotton is the raw material. In it is human labour embodied. But with this past human labour we are not at present concerned. For the 10 lbs. of cotton the capitalist gives say, 10s. The value of this will be transmitted by the labour of the labourer to the product, the yarn.

Let the value of the machinery actually worn out, not the total value of the machinery employed, be 2s. The value of this will be transmitted by the labour of the labourer to the product, *i.e.*, to the yarn.

Let the turning of 10 lbs. of cotton into 10 lbs. of yarn take 6 hours. Finally, let each lb. of yarn be worth 1s. 6d.

Expenses: 10s., raw material; 2s., means of labour; 3s., labour-power for 6 hours. Total, 15s.

Receipts: 10 lbs. of yarn at 1s. 6d. Total, 15s.

The capitalist is exactly where he was when he began. Now, mark what actually *does* occur. When the labourer comes into the factory he finds ready for him enough objects of labour for a day of 12 hours instead of one of 6; enough means of labour also to enable him to work for 12 hours, not 6.

Now let us make the calculation. Expenses: 20s., raw material; 4s., means of labour; 3s., labour-power for 12 hours. Total, 27s.

Receipts: 20 lbs. of yarn at 1s. 6d. Total, 30s.

30s. - 27s. = 3s. (surplus-value or margin for profit).

This term "margin for profit" is of great moment. For out of all that this 3s. in our particular example represents, everything in the

whole of civilised society is paid except the wages of labour-power. All profit, all dividends, all taxes, all rent, all pensions, all stipends of officials, everything but just the equivalent of the means of subsistence of the labourers comes out of this margin for profit.

Two objections are of such frequent occurrence that I take them here, although the urging of them only serves to show that the urger has not followed the reasoning thus far.

The first usually takes this form: "Well, but is not the capitalist who provides all the raw material and the means of labour, such as machinery and the like, to be rewarded for this?" First, note that the raw material and the means of production are the result of labour in the past. "That labour has been paid for already," says the defender of capitalism. Exactly; it has been paid for in part. The same surplus-labour, the same surplus-value, the same exploitation have played their ill part there as in the 30s. - 27s. = 3s. episode.

But even suppose it has been paid for in full; yet the product of that past labour, raw material or machinery, *e.g.*, has not belonged to the labourer or his class. It has wholly passed into the hands of those that have not laboured at all towards its production.

And yet further. The whole of the value of raw material and means of labour passes on to the product—is by labour transferred to the product. All of the value of the raw material, cotton, *e.g.*, reappears undiminished in the product, yarn *e.g.* All of the value of machinery and every other means of labour reappears ultimately undiminished in the product. The value of the former reappears at once in the 10 lbs. of yarn; that of the latter reappears gradually in successive quantities of yarn as the machinery and so forth that makes these, wears away.

The more therefore, of either raw material or labour-means the capitalist collects and works, the more ultimate value he has. There is no virtue in the process—nothing for which he deserves any special reward.

The second difficulty that some minds have is generally put in this form: "If the labourer receives 3s. for 6 hours, he will receive 6s. for 12." To this the answer is that if he does this, the expenses and the receipts will be equal and all capital becomes impossible.

$$20s. + 4s. + 6s. = 30s.; \text{ and } 20 \text{ lbs. at } 1s. 6d. = 30s.$$

In all this we see no sign of that "abstinence" of which there is so much talk. If the capitalist "abstains" from using his cotton himself he is at the finish without the yarn that he wants to sell. Now, at all events he has yarn instead of nothing. There is no abstinence here.

Let us look finally at the labour-power once more. This is a commodity. The use-value of this depends upon its expenditure. But its exchange-value depends upon its cost, *i.e.*, upon the cost of the necessary means of subsistence of the man. The value that labour-power can create is therefore greater than its own exchange-value. Yet further, the labourer, like any other possessor of a commodity, realises the exchange-value of his labour-power (wage) and alienates, gives to another, its use-value (its power of creating value and surplus-value).

The production of surplus-value, therefore, occurs when production is prolonged beyond the time necessary for the production of the equivalent of the means of subsistence necessary for the restoration of that labour-power. This prolongation becomes possible when a class owning all the raw materials and the means of labour, in a word all the means of production, can bring into the factory every morning an excess of those means of production beyond that upon which labour-power working for that day would produce the equivalent of its own means of subsistence. And this prolongation is the source of all capital.

The Capitalist want.....	Not use-value, nor exchange-value <i>per se</i> , but surplus-value.
Abstract labour	To be considered quantitatively, not qualitatively.
Skilled labour.....	That part of this which produces surplus-value does not differ from that part which produces the wage-equivalent. The nature of the labour is not the source of surplus-value.
Example I. (no capital).....	10s. (r. m.) + 2s. (m. of l.) + 3s. (wage) = 10 × 1s. 6d. (e. v. of product).
Example II. (capital).....	20s. (r. m.) + 4s. (m. of l.) + 3s. (wage) = 27s. 20 × 1s. 6d. = 30s. 30s. - 27s. = 3s. surplus-value.
Margin for profit	The sum of all that is represented by this 3s. throughout society. The source of every payment except that of the subsistence-wages of the labour-class.
Capitalist has supplied raw-material and means of labour	(1) But these are products of past labour, some of which has never been paid. (2) They are the property not of the labourer who has produced them, but of the capitalist. (3) All their value is sooner or later transmitted to the products that the capitalist seizes. None of it is lost.
Abstinence	If the capitalist in place of realising the use-value of his raw material himself, invests it, he has at the end a product instead of nothing. No abstinence here.
Use-value of labour-power ...	Depends upon expenditure of latter. It is alienated.

Exchange-value of labour-power } Depends upon cost of means of subsistence. It is realised and is less than the former.
 Production of surplus-value... Begins the moment the labourer has produced the equivalent of his own means of subsistence.

EDWARD AVELING.

THE OUTLOOK.

The gullibility of the English is great and their credulity almost unbounded. After centuries of misrule and generations of cruel deception, they are again becoming the victims of designing politicians. Ignoring the past, they have learnt nothing by experience. They are as thoughtless to-day as though the facts of history had no lessons for them. It is strange that the working classes should be so easily gulled, so easily deceived for the thousandth time.

The third great Reform Bill with its two million of new voters, will soon be in operation. This Reform Bill, we are told, will give to the working-classes a preponderance of political power. It will do nothing of the kind. The possession of the vote does not give political power. Above the voter are the Crown, the Aristocracy, the Church, the Army, the whole Executive Government. Political power exists high above the voter, in regions far beyond the control of the new electorate. The Reform Bill of 1832 was to purify the House of Commons, to free the country from political tyranny and political corruption. But it left political tyranny as rampant and political corruption as prevalent as before. The Reform Bill of 1867-68 was to accomplish not only peace and retrenchment, but every other reform that was desirable. Household suffrage in our cities and boroughs was to give the working-classes political power, the controlling power in the nation, a power dangerous to the interests of all the other classes of society. It did nothing of the sort. It left them as politically powerless as ever. The same class of men were returned, the same interests were represented, the same spirit was predominant. We have had numerous wars of aggression, including the ever-infamous wars in Egypt and the Soudan; the same shameless corruption, the same extravagant expenditure. And all this with household suffrage in our cities and boroughs, where we are told the people are more intelligent, more wise, more practical, and where by their compact numbers their controlling power is greater.

As a sample of how easily the people are gulled, take the recent agitation on the question of medical relief. Had the people been wise they would have demanded the removal of all the disqualifications arising from the receipt of parochial relief. But the so-called Radical politicians did not want that. All they wished for was a storm in a teacup as a cheap party cry to delude the thoughtless. And the trick succeeded. Yet, where is the difference between a bottle of medicine, a pound of beef, or a two pound loaf? The principle is the same, and each has to be paid for out of the rates. And surely if the vote gives political power, if it gives even political importance, if it secures any kind of protection against social oppression, who needs it so much as the so-called pauper, the man who has been plundered during his long years of toil, and in his old age sent, deprived of the rights of citizenship and degraded to the rank of a social outcast, to end his days in a prison?

And what will the people do under the operation of the third great Reform Bill? Nothing. The same men will be returned, the same interests will be represented, the same extravagant expenditure will continue, and the same corruption in high quarters will prevail. Parliament will still legislate without regard to the wants or wishes of the workers, and the upper circles will rule in spite of the new voters.

And why is it so necessary to deceive the people, and why are the latter so easily gulled? Because the whole political life of England is based upon a falsehood. Because it rests on expediency and not on principle. Because the political life of an English statesman is a living lie. England to-day has not a single statesman who is prepared to take his stand on the principle of equal justice to each and all, equal liberty to every people. The greatest propositions yet before the public are but base compromises. Some may admire their boldness; many will be deceived by them, while all will be dissatisfied with their results.

Take the case of Ireland. We are told that the independence of Ireland must be ever resisted; that the destiny of that country must never be in the hands of its own people, in order that the unity of the empire may be preserved. Yet what has the empire done for Ireland? It has destroyed the liberty of the people, and their independence as a nation. It has ruined her resources, and handed over her population bound hand and foot, to the vampires and landlords, whose titles rest on confiscation. The unity of the empire to Ireland means nothing more than the supremacy of England maintained at the point of the bayonet.

But this doctrine of the unity of the empire applies to Poland as well as to Ireland. It applied to Hungary in 1849-50; to the States of Italy when groaning beneath the blood-stained throne of Austria; to Alsace and Lorraine; to the States of the East. It applies to India to-day; it applied to Afghanistan in 1880; to each of our colonies and to our American colonies in 1782.

This plea of the unity of the empire has been the curse of the world. It has ever been the cry of the most heartless conquerors,—the foul pretext under which millions have been swept into slavery, flourishing States destroyed, and tens of thousands of Nature's truest nobles doomed to perish on the scaffold. The wise man of to-day will demand justice for every human being, liberty and independence for every people. Let us be just and fear not. Let us accept the principle of justice for each

and all and for every people, without regard to country, creed or colour, and cast to the winds of heaven every base compromise.

I have said that the whole political life of England is based on expediency and not on principle, and that the third Reform Bill will accomplish nothing for the toiling masses. But it will do one thing. It will undeceive them to a great extent. It will show them that the vote will not give them political power; that it will not give them the control of their own destiny. It will teach them that the power of the Crown is not dead, and that priest and peer are still a power in the State; that the standing army is ever a menace to freedom, and that the tyranny and insolence of the police will continue and increase. And, above all, they will discover that the struggle between capital and labour will still go on; that the war of classes will become more fierce, and class hatreds more intense. It will show them the absolute necessity of the solidarity of nations based on the supremacy of labour, and that the only hope of the workers throughout the world lies in a thorough social revolution and in the reconstruction of Society on a true Socialistic basis.

J. SKETCHLEY.

Correspondence.

HOW TO HELP.

Marylebone, W., 25th August 1885.

GENTLEMEN,—I take a dozen of the *Commonweal* monthly and send them to different parts of England, the Colonies, and America. This is as much as I can do, as I am only a poor, hard-working clerk with very limited means. If other friends would do the same (according to their means) methinks a great impetus would be given to the spread of Social ideas, which only can elevate and rescue the proletariat from the grasp of the scoundrel middle-class and the cannibal capitalist. . . . Hoping the paper is growing in circulation,—Yours faithfully,

G. E. H.

A LETTER FROM A WORKING-WOMAN.

I heard a gentleman in Victoria Park on August 30th, say the working men and women were in a better position than they were 30 or 40 years ago. If they are, what with the masses of people out of work now and the dens we live in, what must it have been then? What good would all the money of the better classes be to them if it were not for the workers? It does seem hard when you have worked hard all your life for one master and can work no more, you are no better off than when you started and have only the workhouse before you. Working men and women can and should help the Socialist movement, the only one of any good to them or any one. They can help in giving bills away at least and coming to our meetings.

ANOTHER "CONFESSION" OF A CAPITALIST.

Ashwell, near Baldock, Herts, 31st August 1885.

I have sent you last Saturday's *Hertfordshire Express* as I think the letter signed E. K. Fordham is quite the "confession" of a capitalist as much as the writings of Samuel Smith, M.P., reviewed in your last issue. . . . I send it to you because the situation it discloses troubles me. . . . The agricultural man want educating in even the cultivation of a garden. We seem to be losing the art of tilling the soil to advantage. Working men all round me are breaking down in body and mind at quite early age because of the hard conditions of their lot, which are certainly not caused by the low price of produce as alleged.

If Mr. Fordham's theory is right, the result will be to clear the country of men and women and leave it a great game preserve with a few "land owners" in their solitude! A sad condition for even those survivors.—Yours truly,

CHARLES WALKDEN.

[We take the following passages from the letter referred to by our correspondent. It is headed, "Why is rural England becoming depopulated":

"SIR,—How completely the real reasons for this" depopulation have been overlooked in a desire to saddle large owners and occupiers with the responsibility.

"The real cause is to be found in improved agricultural and other machinery—labour saving. . . . Labour is attracted to the large towns because it is there much better paid.

"As for peasant proprietors and small occupiers, artificial manufacture will prove an idle dream. . . .

" . . . As for the extreme nonsense of compulsory cultivation, it is too foolish to require an answer; no land lies idle offering a reasonable prospect of profitable application of capital and skill.—Yours obediently,—E. KING FORDHAM.

"Ashwell Bury, August, 1885."

[That labour-saving machinery depopulates the agricultural districts is certainly an interesting confession from a capitalist. On the second point, note that labour is not attracted to the large towns because it is better paid. It is driven thither by the want of work in the country. The surplus population or reserve army of labour always makes for the towns. Probably there is a vague belief, certainly unfounded, that there is a better chance there. It is like the child's fancy that the streets of London are paved with gold. Another interesting confession is the impossibility of competition with the large farmers on the part of the small proprietors. The last sentence is amusing in the light of the deer-stalking forests and Mr. Wynan's combat with the labourer's lamb.—EDWARD AVELING.]

We do not hesitate to say that the low wages and long hours paid and exacted by men like Mr. Samuel Morley, are among the main causes of prostitution.—*Church Reformer*.

At the forthcoming General Election a good test question for working men to ask any candidate that may come forward with fair promises to ameliorate their condition would be the following: "Why is it that we working earnestly, early and late, every day, as long as we are able to work, have nothing; while thousands who do no work at all, but spend their time in frivolous amusements, have everything—that everything being the produce of our labour?"—E.

SIGNS OF THE TIMES.

THE great Whig champion, Lord Hartington, has spoken; his speech was eagerly expected by the gamblers in the political game. But when it came it was a matter of many words and nothing said; and the Liberal Party is still without a cry for the coming elections. Inane as it was, however, it has been taken as a manifesto against the Radicalism budding into demi-semi-Socialist Democracy which Mr. Chamberlain represents.

Mr. Chamberlain's Radicalism resents this and "pronounces" in its turn. Mr. Chamberlain's Radicalism, I say; for Lord Hartington's program of "nothing to be done but unite to defeat Irish Nationalism," will content ordinary Radicals well enough.

The "advanced Radicals," therefore, must prepare themselves to be left out in the cold. What can they do? Though drifting in the direction of Socialism, they are in the habit of using rather hard words against us, so I abstain from advising them to turn Socialists at once, especially as they will have to do so sooner or later, unless they are sucked into the great Moderate Party which is clearly beginning to form. Perhaps the best education for them would be for them to go in heartily for supporting the Irish Nationalists; that would at any rate cut them off from the worship of the Great Jingo, which the Moderate Party will certainly cultivate—moderately.

Curious to see, meanwhile, how anxious Liberal-Whig politicians are to assure us that they and the Tories are implacably opposed to each other; as witness Lord Cowper in the *Nineteenth Century*. A worthy parson has been trying to get the leading men on each side to tell him what is the difference between them. How glad they would have been to tell him in this electioneering season! But they could not; who can? The *Pall Mall* might offer a prize.

Mr. Chamberlain at Warrington pronounced against Mr. Parnell, and so probably sealed the doom of the Radical party for the present; and the more as he also pronounced against the "Moderate Liberals," whoever they may comprise. In spite of the conventional party twaddle of the beginning of his speech, his challenge to the Moderates towards its close was unmistakable to any one except a party optimist.

It was noteworthy that the social part of his speech was specially well received, and that the name of Socialism warmed the audience somewhat, however little they might know about its principles in detail. It is clear that everywhere the word means hope, whereas the names of the old parties, including Radicalism, mean—nothing.

W. M.

As we are going to press we find that the whole of the London Press (with the dubious exception of the *Standard*) has declared against the Police and Mr. Saunders and for fair and equal treatment of all open-air speakers. The *Pall Mall Gazette*, *Daily News*, and *Echo* have spoken out clearly. The *Chronicle* has also written, rather with bated breath, protesting but not "too much." The *Telegraph*, after a shrewd delay, gave an admirable leader anti-Saundersesque. The *St. James's Gazette*, and even the *Morning Advertiser* felt that "some one had blundered." What the Sunday journals will say, we cannot tell; but it seems possible that in view of the tremendous blundering of the police, the wicked imbecility of Mr. Saunders, the outcry in the press, and the determined attitude of the open-air speakers, matters will be arranged so that *al fresco* speaking at the East End is not interfered with. In any case, Socialism has received an impetus and an advertisement of incalculable value.

A BOURGEOIS CONFESSION.—"What a strange spectacle this country (America) presents at this very hour! Money is plenty—50 or 60 millions on deposit in the banks of New York City alone! Food is plenty; the granaries at the West are full of old wheat, and though the wheat crop of the present year does not promise well, the corn crop is likely to be larger than ever before; there is no fear of scarcity. Manufactured goods are plenty; the storehouses of the manufacturer and the shelves of the merchants are crowded with them. Labour is plenty; five hundred thousand idle men are asking for work. Yet in the midst of this abundance a great industrial and commercial depression has overtaken us. At the time of writing this, workmen are selling their labour at the lowest prices, and many are unable to sell at any price; merchants and manufacturers find a dull market for their wares; the railroads report losses instead of gains; failures multiply. The situation is not only pitiful, it is absurd."—*The Century Magazine*, September 1885.

"The question of the land lies behind half the social problems of the time."—*Daily News*, Sept. 8. If the organ of philosophical Radicalism had added "and that of capital behind the other half," it would have been more philosophical if less radical, though the proportions would have been inaccurate.

E. A.

Those who fight the reduction of the hours of labour to eight hours per day, because workmen would spend the two hours in whisky-shops, etc., should come right to the front now, and tell us all about those who are compelled to be idle twenty-four hours in the day, and about those working half time. Where do they spend their time?—*Iron-Moulder's Journal*.

The Police and Mr. Saunders.

It is evident that the methods we have been wont to associate with the Continental police, or at least not to believe as coming nearer home than Ireland are in practice in our midst. It is evident that the police are willing in certain cases to use violence as brutal as unnecessary and to perjure themselves deliberately in order to make good their bad case. Further it is evident that in Mr. Saunders of the Police Court, they have at least one magistrate who is willing and even anxious to be their accomplice in this sorry work. The following account in brief of what took place at Limehouse on September 20th, and at the Thames Police-Court on Monday September 21st, is that of an eye-witness.

On Sunday, a very large and very orderly crowd of not less than 10,000 persons met at Dod Street, Burdett Road. This street, used for years past by all sorts of bodies for the open-air promulgation of their views, has been of late the debateable ground between the police and the public. Several arrests of speakers had been made on the Sundays preceding the 20th. On this latter day the crowd surrounding the speaker was so dense and kept so steady, that all the efforts of an inspector and fifteen policemen could not force a way through the crowd to its centre. The policemen up to this point had done their unpleasant slave-work as little unpleasantly as was possible. Once the inspector, irritated by the immovable nature of the crowd, told his men to draw their truncheons. Fortunately for all concerned, the order was withdrawn before the truncheons were. Then after the police had been separated and pushed against the walls of the street two or three times, and the inspector had been down in the mud at least once, they gave up the attempt to get down Dod Street.

The speaking continued. Presently, besides H. M. Hyndman and J. Matthias speaking successively on the drag looking up the street, Mahon and Kitz were speaking successively on the other, looking towards Burdett Road. This division of forces gave the police a chance. They suddenly reappeared at the other end of Dod Street, and the crowd not closing up, Kitz, Mahon, and Mowbray were seized in a very short time.

The speaking continued. Radicals, such as Mr. F. A. Ford of the Finsbury Radical Association and Mr. Ellis of Peckham Rye, and Socialists joined in denouncing the action of the authorities, and a resolution expressive of the protest of the meeting against what had taken place, was passed with the uplifting of thousands of hands.

Just before one, as had been arranged, the meeting was brought to an end that the solitary inhabited house, the public-house at the corner, might not have its trade interfered with. The vast crowd dispersed in perfect order and peacefulness. Presently as it was melting quietly away the police came marching back. Way was made for them, as the meeting was over. Suddenly they rushed with great ferocity at two innocent banner-bearers, and with brutal violence thrust them head first, head downwards to the station. Even then after this unprovoked, unnecessary ruffianism, the crowd kept quiet. Those that followed the arrested men to the station and asked calmly and dispassionately as to bail were treated by the police with great rudeness and roughness. The bail at once forthcoming was not accepted for some hours.

On Monday before the case came on, the police did all they could to incite the crowd to riot. They paraded up and down pushing people to right and left and telling them to go and do respectable work. This from the prostitute class of police! A podgy, red-bearded, pudding-faced sergeant, 17 H, was the most disreputable in these disreputable proceedings. He complained quite plaintively that the working and middle-class men there (the men who earn the wages for, and the men who pay the wages to, this chartered ruffian) did not treat him with proper respect.

In the Court the police lied more or less steadily. Encouraged by Mr. Saunders, they contradicted themselves, prevaricated, did everything but speak the truth. The evidence on which Lyons was convicted, was of the most unsatisfactory order. Now a statement was made that he was taken where the speakers were; now that he was taken where the banner-bearers were. He was supposed to have kicked a constable. That constable stated first that he was watching Lyons' legs, and then that he was watching Lyons' eyes when the kick was given. It was admitted that the policeman and Lyons at the time were in the midst of a surging crowd, any of whom might by accident or design have kicked the man. No marks of the kick were to be seen within less than twenty-four hours of its theoretical delivery. Mud on his trousers was the proof assigned by K 463 of the kick. My own trousers were covered with mud on Sunday morning, but no one kicked me. Yet on such evidence as this Mr. Saunders sent a young man to prison for two months with hard labour.

The honest truth is, if anything in connection with Mr. Saunders can be honest truth, that he sent Lyons to prison for his manner of cross-examination. The manner was not well-chosen with a magistrate so susceptible to everything but a sense of fairness as Mr. Saunders. Lewis Lyons examined the policeman after the fashion of an Old Bailey solicitor, confusing them and irritating the magistrate. Of course this only makes the sentence the more outrageous.

If further proof of the dunderheadedness of this magistrate is needed, it is forthcoming in the fact that the one man against whom the evidence was not contradictory, was let off, and that the evidence against two different persons was confused together and applied by Mr. Saunders to one of them.

When the case was over, a rush of police was made at those in court. It is said that some cried out "Shame." I can only answer for myself and my wife who, certainly with difficulty, kept silent. Nevertheless the jailor of the court and other constables, among whom the perjurer K 463 was prominent, commenced an assault upon all and sundry. One of them who had stated in his own vernacular that he meant to "make a mark of the female," tore the "female's" cloak and thumped her at large. William Morris, remonstrating at the hustling and the thumping, became at once the chief thumpee. There has rarely been seen anything more brutal than the way in which two or three able-bodied young men fell upon the author of what one of the newspapers called the "Paradise League." A threat to summon the police for assault, was the cue for these ready gentlemen to arrest Morris for disturbance in Court. This was an afterthought and would not have been a thought at all but for his protests against ill-usage. That Mr. Saunders dismissed the charge against Morris is no fault of the police. It was the fault of the prisoner being in a "respectable position" of Society. This, possibly assisted by the better humour of Mr. Saunders after lunch, led after an interesting passage of arms, to an exit from the dock. But everyone knows, and the *Daily News* and *Daily Chronicle* openly admitted that had the charge been made against a working man, he would have, in the eloquent language of Mr. Saunders, been "locked up."

EDWARD AVELING

INQUIRY COLUMN.

ANSWERS.

W. CABELL.—Part of W. Cabell's inquiries will be answered in the Notes to the Manifesto of the Socialist League by Bax and Morris, which are going through the press. "Will the social family," says W. Cabell, "take the place of the present private family? I ask in turn, 'What is the present private family?'" It is surely not always entirely composed of people akin to one another; only the present distinction of classes has crept into it. It is surely clear that Socialism could never assent that a family should be confined to blood-relations; for the rest there would be no hard and fast line as to what a family should be; it would be what people might choose, what they might find convenient according to the circumstances.—W. M.

RUSSELL WALLACE.—The Socialist League would be very glad to publish the works of political and social writers of the past if it had the means.—E. A.
The major part of this column stands over this month on account of the press of matter due to the Limehouse agitation.

REPORTS.

Reports and lecture lists to insure insertion must reach the office not later than the 22nd of the month. Reports should be brief and contain some point of general interest.

FARRINGTON HALL.—Free Concerts.—The second of these was given on Saturday, Aug. 22, and was attended by a numerous audience. A most enjoyable evening was spent, which was concluded by those present upstanding and singing the Marseillaise. Lectures.—On Wednesday Sept. 9, Edward Aveling lectured on "Mr. Chamberlain and Socialism"; on the 16th, Andreas Sheu took for his text, "Our Bounden Duty"; and on the 23rd Sept. C. W. Mowbray discoursed on "Co-operation for Production." Each lecture has been listened to attentively and earnestly discussed.

BLOOMSBURY.—The discussions on Thursday evenings continue to draw good audiences and the open-air addresses are also listened to by large crowds. The Branch has been greatly increased this month.—T. E. WARDLE, sec.

HAMMERSMITH.—Our Sunday evening lectures have been well attended, and the discussions generally good. On August 23rd, William Morris considered the problem, "What's to become of the Middle Classes?" showing that the pressure of competition made increasingly difficult the task of obtaining a livelihood, and daily forced large numbers of the middle class into the ranks of the workers. On August 30th, Andreas Sheu lectured upon Owen, Marx, and Blanqui, giving an interesting and eloquent sketch of each of these three types of the Revolutionist. On Sept. 6th, A. K. Donald gave an address on "The Conflict of Classes." He showed that the depression in trade was the result of permanent causes, and ridiculed Mr. Gladstone's statement that every man has a chance of rising to be a master. On the 13th Sept. J. L. Mahon lectured on "The 'Science' of Political Economy." Some of his criticisms of Professor Jevons and others of the orthodox school, were rather severely handled by G. B. Shaw, Beasley, Robertson, and others, and a very interesting discussion took place. The Branch has held three successful meetings on Sunday afternoons in Hyde Park, near the Reservoir.

HOXTON (L. E. L.)—Socialistic ideas are spreading widely in this district. The people listen gladly to the "good tidings," and our speakers are sure of an attentive and sympathetic audience. There is a marked improvement in the tone of the discussions which take place after the lectures. The increase of members is slow but steady; the sale of literature, however, considering the poorness of the neighbourhood, is surprisingly large.—T. B.

NORTH LONDON.—During the past month the Branch has been very active. Open-air meetings, well attended, have been held at the Cobden Statue and at Amptill Square in the evenings, and three very successful meetings have also been held in Regent's Park on Sunday mornings at 11.30. These will be continued. At our first meeting at Amptill Square we were interrupted by the police, but held our ground, being well supported by the crowd. The Branch has arranged for a series of lectures in the Camden Hall, King Street, Camden Town, every Wednesday evening at 8.30. The first was given by W. Morris on Sept. 9th, on "The Depression in Trade." On Sept. 16th, Edward Aveling lectured on "Wages and Capital." Both lecturers were well received, and the prospects of the movement here are decidedly hopeful.—G. T. FULLER, sec.

LEEDS.—Meetings have been regularly held at the Vicar's Croft every Sunday afternoon and evening, addressed by Sugden, Sollett, and Maguire. Socialism is making slow but sure headway among the intelligent here, and the only opposition we receive is that of ignorance. This is bound to be overcome before long, when we may expect a considerable accession of conscientious recruits. Interest in our movement is becoming general, and our taking rooms will no doubt be the medium of drawing many outside sympathisers into active propagandist work.—T. M.

LEICESTER.—Socialistic ideas are progressing here. On August 9th Mr. Barclay read a paper at the Secular Hall, "An Impeachment of Capital." The essayist argued that the source of the enormous incomes of the Jay Goulds, Vanderbilts, Mackays, Rothschilds, Brasseys, Goschens, etc., was the labour of the people, the result of which was appropriated. The admissions of capitalists themselves were quoted as to the immorality of the present system. The proposed remedies—Teetotalism, Neo-Malthusianism, Profit-sharing, Co-operation, etc.—were criticised by the lecturer, who concluded by attributing the evils of Society, in the main, to our competitive system, and appealed to his audience to join the Socialist League. On the 23rd August Messrs. Barclay and Bunton called a meeting at which the Manifesto and Rules of the Socialist League were read, and a Branch formed. On Sept. 13th Dr. Aveling visited us and delivered a stirring address on "Socialism and Freethought." The Hall was crammed. The speaker gave us weighty reasons for attacking Capitalism in preference to Christianity, and concluded with a defence of Socialists from the gross misrepresentations of opponents on the question of the Revolution. Applause greeted the lecturer throughout. A quire of *Commonweal* was sold.—T. BARCLAY.

MANCHESTER.—This Branch of the League is getting firmly established. A strong committee has been formed to take in hand the business; they meet every Monday at the County Forum at 7.30. At our general meeting, also weekly, a lecture is usually given, which is followed by discussion. At these meetings we are encouraged by seeing many of our friends who have heard our outdoor speakers and wish to know more about us; ten new members have joined this month. We had an extra lecture at the Forum on the 16th Sept., by Edward Carpenter. He took as his subject, "Justice before Charity; a plea for Socialism," and dealt ably with it. Some good discussion was raised by opponents and Land Nationalisers. Our open-air speakers continue to get crowds at both our regular stations on the Sunday, and there are a good number who are getting educated in the outlines of Socialism whom we hope to make members of in time.—R. U., sec.

OXFORD.—The members of this branch have met weekly, and have had good discussions on social questions. On Sept. 9, Comrade Ogden resumed his discourse upon a leading article in a daily paper, entitled "Free Land." A debate ensued in which several members took part. The progress of the Branch is slow at present, but we hope that its numbers will be greatly increased through the continued and wide spreading of socialist literature among the working classes.—F. M.

GLASGOW (Scottish Section).—The first of our winter course of Sunday evening meetings will be held on Sunday, Oct. 11th, at 7 o'clock, in the Albion Hall. Addresses on the "Need of Socialism" will be delivered by members of the

League and friends. At this meeting programmes of a three months' course of lectures will be distributed and final arrangements made for opening a Reading-room and Library for the use of members. We trust that all our friends will rally round us and that our campaign may be begun with spirit and success.—J. MAJOR.

HAMILTON.—At the invitation of W. Small, secretary of the Miners' Union, J. Bruce Glasier, of the Socialist League, Glasgow, addressed a meeting of from 2,000 to 3,000 miners at the Low Quarries, on Sunday 30th August, his subject being the "Robbery of Labour." His address, which a local newspaper described as an "open advocacy of revolution," was received by the miners with marked approval, many of them testifying personally to the lecturer their entire acceptance of his doctrine.

THE INTERNATIONAL WORKING MEN'S CLUB AND THE POLICE.

On Wednesday Sept. 2, at Farringdon Hall, Farringdon Road, a public meeting was held to consider the case of the International Club against the police. The following resolutions were unanimously passed:—1. "That this meeting expresses its indignation at the miscarriage of justice in the case of the disgraceful outrage committed by the police on the International Working-men's Club, and protests against so clear a case having been hushed up in the interests of police tyranny." 2. "That the Committee of Delegates formed for the defence of the members of the club be now dissolved and that the treasurer be instructed to hand over the balance in hand to the delegate of the International Working-men's Club, to be used for the benefit of those injured by the police."

FREE SPEECH AGITATION AT LIMEHOUSE.—THE CASE OF LEWIS LYONS.

At a meeting of delegates from various bodies held at Farringdon Hall on Monday 21st Sept. it was unanimously voted: "That this meeting of the Socialist League and delegates of various associations indignantly protests against the sentence passed on Lewis Lyons for an alleged assault on the police, the charge having been deliberately trumped up and supported by wilful and corrupt perjury on the part of the constables concerned as witnesses, K 463 and 90." The Vigilance Committee were also urged to pay special attention to Lyons' case and to start a fund for the defence and support of all who may become victims in the struggle. E. Truelove has forwarded £1 for the aid of those dependent on Lyons. Other subscriptions can be forwarded to T. Humphries, Secretary, Vigilance Committee, 29 Stepney Green.

At a public meeting convened by the members of the International Working Men's Club in the East end of London, the following resolution was unanimously carried: "This meeting of working men protests against the outrage and brutality of the police committed at the meeting in Dodd Street, Limehouse, E., on Sunday morning, and pledges itself to help the English comrades in the struggle for defending the right of free speech and meeting in open-air."

LECTURE DIARY: October, 1885.

FARRINGTON HALL (Offices of the League), 13 Farringdon Road, E.C. Lectures every Wednesday, 8.30 p.m. Admission free; discussion invited. Oct. 7th, Eleanor Marx-Aveling, "The Factory Acts." 14th, Laurence Gronlund, "C. J. Danton, the Genius of the French Revolution." 21st, G. Bernard Shaw, "Socialism and Scoundrelism." 28th, H. H. Spurling, "The Latter-day Devil."

OLDHAM BRANCH N.S.S.—Oct. 18th at 6.30 p.m., at Hall of Science, Horsedog Street, E. H. Parkinson (Manchester Branch S. L.) will lecture on Socialism.

BRANCH MEETING ROOMS.

LONDON.

Bloomsbury.—"Eagle and Child" Coffee Tavern, 45 Old Compton Street, Soho. Every Thursday at 8.30 p.m.
Hoxton (L. E. L.)—Exchange Coffee House, Pitfield Street, opposite Hoxton Church, N. Sundays at 8 p.m.
Hammersmith.—Kelmiscott House, 26 Upper Mall, W. Sundays at 8 p.m. Oct. 4th.—H. H. Spurling, "The Latter-day Devil." Oct. 11th.—Andreas Sheu, "St. Simon." Oct. 18th.—William Morris, "Depression of Trade." Oct. 25th.—G. Bernard Shaw (Fabian), a lecture.
Merton.—High Street, Merton Abbey, Surrey.
Mile End.—"Swaby's Coffee House," 103, Mile End Road. Tuesdays at 8 p.m.
North London.—Camden Hall, King Street, Camden Town, N. Wednesdays at 8.30 p.m.

PROVINCIAL.

Bradford.—3 Crab Street, Hall Lane. Meetings every Wednesday. Sympathisers invited.
Edinburgh (Scottish Section).—4 Park Street. Meets every Wednesday at 8.30.
Leeds.—54, Myrtle Street. Meets every Wednesday. Oct. 6th, M. Sollitt; 13th, E. Hunter; 20th, T. Maguire; 27th, A. Sugden.
Manchester.—City Café, Swan Street. Meets each Tuesday at 7.30 p.m. Oct. 6th.—W. Addison, "The Dream of a Socialist." Oct. 13th.—J. Oldman, "A vindication of Revolution." Oct. 20th.—J. Shaw, "A real Socialist. What is he?" Oct. 27th.—J. T. W. Ball, "Some facts of the Land Question."
Oldham.—Mrs. Wrigley's Coffee Tavern, 9, Old Market Place. Meets every Monday at 7 p.m.

OPEN AIR PROPAGANDA.

Bloomsbury.—Broad Street, Soho, near Brewery. Tuesdays at 8.30 p.m.
Hoxton (L. E. L.)—Pitfield Street, opposite Hoxton Church. Thursdays, 8 p.m.; Sundays, 11.30 a.m.
Hyde Park.—Sundays, 3.30 p.m.
Mile End Waste.—Sundays, 11.30 a.m.
North London.—The Cobden Statue, Hampstead Road. Tuesdays, 7.30 p.m.
Stratford.—"Argument Lamp," end of churchyard. Saturdays, 6 p.m.
Hulme.—The Viaduct, Chester Road. Sundays, 7 p.m. 4th, Parkinson, Addison; 11th, Snowdon, Ewing; 18th, Morley, Unwin; 25th, M'Donald, Prince.
Leeds.—Vicar's Croft. Every Sunday afternoon and evening.
Manchester.—New Cross, Oldham Road. Sundays, 3 p.m. 4th, Ewing, Ball; 11th, Prince, M'Donald; 18th, Addison, Unwin; 25th, Parkinson, Grundy.
Oldham.—Curzon Ground. Sundays, afternoon and evening.

MEETINGS OF THE FABIAN SOCIETY.

Oct. 2.—"Christian Socialism." Paper by Rev. C. L. Marson. Oct. 16.—Special. "Art." Address by Mr. Walter Crane. Nov. 6.—"Socialism and Political Liberty." Paper by Miss Edith Simcox. Nov. 20.—Special. "Positivism and Socialism." Address by Dr. L. H. Bridges. Dec. 18.—Special. "How can we nationalise accumulated wealth?" Address by Mrs. Annie Besant.

Notice to Workmen's Clubs and Institutes.—The Lecturers for the Socialist League will visit any part of London free of charge. Special arrangements must be made for the provinces. Early application should be made to the Lecture Secretary, at the offices of the League, 13, Farringdon Road, E.C.