

# THE COMMONWEAL

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WEEKLY; ONE PENNY.

## WHAT IS TO HAPPEN NEXT?

THE elections are over with the result of a Parliament that comprises a majority of more than a hundred against Home Rule, although the Tories are in a considerable minority as regards a possible (?) combination between the Whigs, Jingo-Liberals, Parnellites, and Gladstonians or British Home Rulers. It would be idle not to admit that this is a success of the Reactionists, and a success unexpected by most persons. Moreover, it would certainly have been a great advantage to the Socialist propaganda if the ground had been cleared of a question which very naturally excites political passions deeply, and at the same time has only an indirect bearing on our great object, the destruction of monopoly and exploitation. Peace with Ireland would not only have forced the consideration of their own economical condition, on the Irish themselves, but would have left nothing for us to consider in England, Scotland, and Wales, except our economical condition: unless some scare of a Russian war could have been set on foot by our "rulers."

But though it is most necessary to face the fact spoken of in our last issue of the powerlessness of the political working-men under our present system, it may not be amiss to emphasise the other point mentioned therein; to wit, the humbug of our electoral arrangements; otherwise, well-intentioned people might be genuinely discouraged at the apparent desertion of democratic opinion by the working-classes in the just past elections. If Hercules is knowable from the sight of his foot, according to the classical proverb, Mr. Dell's figures in the *Daily News* of July 13th, are worth at least something in this direction as to the vote of the boroughs outside the metropolis. According to these figures, 512,415 Home Rule votes produced 50 members, while 512,415 Tory and Jingo votes made 97 members. Every one really knows that this is but a specimen of the juggling of our Representation, and in itself it disposes of the pretence of looking on the elections as they are now conducted as a test of opinion.

Admitting this juggle then, it may be said, for the encouragement of those that are discouraged by the would-be popular vote of the "New Democracy," that even from their point of view it is not so bad after all. Let them further consider the influences brought to bear on the workmen voters, influences which must bear heavily on the average of men. The confusion caused by the desertion of their leaders, Mr. Chamberlain the Ransomer, Mr. J. Bright the Tribune of the People, Mr. Jesse Collings the Allotter; the raising of the No Popery cry; the threat of Irish labourers flooding the English labour market, the mere hint of which is enough to alienate many a voter, who hasn't grasped the idea that one method of keeping the Irish in Ireland would be to allow them to cultivate Ireland. It might surely have been foreseen that such things as these brought to bear upon men forced into narrowness and ignorance by the invariable course of their labour and their lives, would be hard indeed to resist; and that they have been resisted as widely as they have been, should, when we come to look upon the matter seriously, give us good hope of even the average material of the "masses" on whom we depend for the body of assent which must be the first step towards the new Society.

Meantime, the past few days have developed an idea, founded, perhaps, on the considerations above mentioned, that Mr. Gladstone though he is beaten need not resign. The *Pall Mall Gazette* distinguished itself by suggesting that Mr. Gladstone should gather up all the different opinions on Home Rule, and frame a measure which should satisfy everybody from Mr. Chamberlain to Mr. Parnell. Mr. Labouchere thought that as the Tories would after all be in a minority, Mr. Gladstone might hold office for the rest of the year, and bring in a Home Rule Bill in the spring session. But as he was clear that such a bill would be defeated, not seeing, as the sapient *Pall Mall* does, how Yes and No could be reconciled, it is hard to see what, from

his point of view, could be gained by merely putting off the evil day, except the satisfaction of appetite for loaves and fishes for a short time. The plain truth is that no mechanical contrivances will hold together even the semblance of a Liberal party. The Whig-Tory party has triumphed, and though probably the name of coalition will be avoided in forming the new government, it will really be a coalition; but this will be a coalition not depending on temporary circumstances, but on the open admission of the fact that Whig and Tory no longer indicate real party differences, much less any ghost of a difference as to principles.

A Whig-Tory Government it will be, then, from the first, and, as to the Irish business, will plainly be inexpugnable. Nay, in other matters also it will be strong, because the fear of playing into the hands of the Separationists will always be present to the minds of the Jingo-Liberals whenever they may be inclined to assert their liberty. They have begun by letting themselves be made the tools of the Whig-Tory party, and they must play out their part to the end,—unless any of them should repent and swallow Home Rule after all, which is by no means impossible.

As for the Irish party, it is difficult to see what amongst ordinary parliamentary tactics they can take to. As long as they are in close alliance with the Gladstonian party their old game of parliamentary obstruction must be in abeyance: nor, indeed, was it ever anything more than a protest against the shelving of the Irish question. The position of tail to the Gladstonian party, or even head of it under Gladstone, would not be a very exciting one for them; but they will have to accept it unless they take one other course. Is it possible that when they see that the Westminster Parliament is determined not to yield to their just demand, then they should leave it to do as it will, and return to Ireland and there sit to give help and counsel, if nothing else, to the Irish people? It may be said that this would precipitate mere violent coercion on the English part; but what then? Are not the English preparing for veiled coercion at least? Will they not be driven to use that? And might it not be well to strip the veil from the ugly thing and show it for what it is? Might it not be well to say, "Since you must govern us, and against our consent; since you can no longer pretend not to know what we want—govern us, then! And take on yourselves the responsibility for the government! We have besought you, argued with you, taught you, warned you—in vain. We will do so no longer; we have no more to do with you. Take your own course, and find out for yourselves that Ireland is not England." Such a voice as this would ring throughout all history, if only it could be uttered. But it is not likely to be. The cause of Irish Independence will most probably have to be dragged through all kinds of pettiness and intrigue before its true aim, the happiness of the Irish people, becomes visible.

WILLIAM MORRIS.

## "PUTTING HIS 'FOOTE' IN IT!"

WE have another "able editor" criticising Socialism; a man who has made himself famous by lecturing on Moses and Aaron, and other ancient Jews. Mr. G. W. Foote, in his magazine *Progress* for June 1886, criticises Mrs. Besant's little work entitled 'Modern Socialism.' Mr. Foote begins his article with what he calls an exordium. The talent for reasoning which runs through the whole article is displayed in this exordium. Here is an example: "Institutions do not precede men, men precede institutions. Mind is therefore more important than mechanism." The graceful style of the critique may be appreciated by such an extract as this: "Rain and sunshine blow the grass and ripen the corn through the silent hours, and the very mountains unhurt by avalanches are invisibly decomposed by the air, and carried away by running water. Everywhere the hard is moulded by the soft; and if you want to move the world, don't emulate Napoleon's thunders or Draco's laws, but work with the grey pulp of the brain and everything will yield to its impress."

Mr. Foote says similar remedies to Socialism have been offered by social doctors for the last 2000 years. Mr. Foote does not seem aware that 2000 years ago Society was altogether different from what it is to-day—that land nationalisation was not asked for, because the communal system of land ownership was then pretty nigh universal; that overwork in factories did not occur, because there were no factories; and that stock exchange gambling did not exist because there were no stock exchanges. The reign of capitalists has existed little over a century. Socialism is the next stage in human progress. It could not have come before its time. Had social doctors advocated Socialism 2000 years ago, they would have been 2000 years in advance of the age. Hence the complete absurdity of Mr. Foote's observation.

Mr. Foote writes: "Even if the ultimate form of Society will be Socialism, we fail to see much use in anticipating it." I fail to understand the sentence, but must point out that Socialists don't profess to know what the ultimate form of Society will be. What they say is that the next form will be Socialism, and that the men and women who live under that régime will be happier than the present generation. We are told by Mr. Foote "that the object of the capitalist is to produce a commodity of greater value than its cost." Put intelligibly, the object of the capitalist is to make profit, and the way it is done is by getting men to work and paying them for only a portion of their labour; the balance is retained, and this balance is profit. Socialists assert that as the workmen have a portion—how much does not matter—of their labour taken without payment, they have been robbed of it. The way Mr. Foote deals with the argument is as follows: "We deny it, and we protest that calling names will not settle an economical problem."

Mr. Foote is surprised at the statement that the portion of labour unpaid is a half—according to the American Bureau of Statistics. Mr. Foote says the figures given are simply preposterous, and backs up the assertion by telling us that Mrs. Besant confuses capital with skill. After this, Mr. Foote tells us "that the value of capital is what it will fetch in good securities, and that is not tremendous;" and so the "able editor" goes on stringing words together. We are supplied with the Socialist's estimate of Mill: "He is an exoteric person, who never dipped his hand in the sacred barley." What should be done with an "able editor" that goes on like this? Later on we are told that drawing a razor across the throat would cure small-pox! This kind of stuff may suit some of Mr. Foote's "Freethinking" audiences, but it will not do for Socialists.

We have a considerable part of the critique dealing with competition. Mr. Foote tells us life is a battle. The Socialist is quite awake to the fact that man has to wrest from Nature all the necessaries of life, and hence he advises his fellows not to fight one another, as well as Nature. Let them rather co-operate and procure with the least exertion these necessaries.

Here are two definitions of civilisation given by Mr. Foote: (1) "Life is a battle, but civilisation consists, and must long consist, in transferring the battle from the bloody field to the brain;" (2) "Civilization is co-operation; we believe in it, and we wish to see it extended." These definitions show conclusively that the "able editor's" thoughts are confused to an unusual extent. What is Socialism but universal co-operation? How, then, can Mr. Foote believe in co-operation and yet oppose Socialism; because the word co-operation is used by Mr. Foote in the second definition evidently in the wide sense of the word that makes it synonymous with Socialism. Not forced co-operation, but co-operation that grows, Mr. Foote believes in. This is a mixed simile taken from the hot-house; a forced plant has to grow just as much as one that is not forced, the only difference being in the greater or less rapidity of the growth, and Mr. Foote may note that if Socialists can cause co-operation to extend rapidly, they will do so in spite of the fact that he prefers "Co-operation that grows."

Mr. Foote is a Land Nationaliser and an anti-Monopolist, and thinks that he can be so logically without being a Socialist. I can understand that with Mr. Foote's talent for drawing inferences, his grounds for believing in Land Nationalisation may be rather queer. The usual argument is that as land is necessary for man's existence, the community should prevent anyone appropriating the soil, because by so doing the appropriators have in their power the lives of the landless men. If capital is a necessary like land, those who appropriate it have a similar power over the lives of their fellows; so, if only landlords are dealt with, man's freedom is but partly realised; to complete it, capitalists must be dealt with in a like manner. There is no logical halting-ground between land nationalisation and Socialism.

Mr. Foote, thinking perhaps, that his arguments are rather weak, throws out some insinuations as to the sincerity of Socialists. "Socialism is the evangel of 'the sweet by-and-bye.'" Probably some well-to-do Socialists are secretly, perhaps unconsciously, pleased at this. They can preach their Gospel without any sacrifice." I merely point out this piece of impertinence as an illustration of the kind of stuff that does duty as a criticism of Socialism.

Mr. Foote at the end of his article asks Socialists to deal with the "practical difficulties raised by Mr. Bradlaugh." The particular "practical difficulty" referred to is, How will a minority get a hearing? Pretty much as they do to-day; by using their tongue and pen. Mr. Foote very curiously imagines that in the future Society, the platforms and press will only be open to one phase of opinion. How he got at this notion it is hard to tell.

In conclusion, I must not fail to note a very curious saying of Mr. Carlyle, preserved by Mr. Foote, which, somehow or another, he thinks applies to Mrs. Besant: "We see what we bring eyes to see with." When Carlyle made this remarkable observation Mr. Foote does not

say. Perhaps when he was a baby; but how it applies to Mrs. Besant I fail to see. I think Mr. Foote should stick to the old game. Moses and Aaron hear not the wonderful yarns that are told of them, and so Mr. Foote has no fear of an exposure; but when he talks nonsense about Socialism he will find that Socialists are still in the land of the living.

A. K. DONALD.

## SOCIALISM FROM THE ROOT UP.

### CHAPTER VII.—THE FRENCH REVOLUTION: CONSTITUTIONAL STAGE.

THE bankruptcy towards which France was staggering under the régime of an untaxed privileged noblesse drove the Court into the dangerous step of attempting to do something, and after desperate efforts to carry on the old corruption by means of mere financing operations, under Calonne and others, aided by an assembly of the "Notables," or kind of irregular taxing council, the Court was at last, on the 4th May, 1789, compelled to summon the States-General, a body which was pretty much analogous to a Parliament of our mediæval kings, that is a kind of taxing machine, but which attempted to sell its granting of taxes to the king for redress of certain grievances. This States-General had not met since 1614. Bickering between the three houses, Clergy, Noblesse, and Commons, immediately began, but the latter, which was middle-class in spirit though including some of the lower nobility, gave tokens of its coming predominance from the first. On the 20th of June the Court attempted a *coup d'état*, and the Third Estate held its celebrated session in the Tennis Court, and so broke with the old feudal idea, and became a constitutional "National Assembly," the Court making but a feeble resistance at the time.

It, nevertheless, was contemplating forcible measures against what had now become the National Assembly, when on the 14th July came the first stroke of the popular insurrection which the bourgeois began by accepting as an ally of its revolution, which so far had gone wholly on constitutional lines; this was the taking of the Bastille by the people, and the slaying of De Launay the Governor, and Flesselles the Provost of the merchants. The Court gave way at once; the king visited Paris as a sign of submission, and certain of the higher nobility fled from the coming ruin. Two typical feudal fleecers, Foulon and Berthier, were afterwards hung by the people.

The ground thus cleared for it, the Constitutional Revolution went on apace; feudal titles were abolished, the Church reduced to a salaried official department; the very geography of the country was changed, the old provinces with their historic names abolished, and France divided into eighty-three departments named after the rivers and other natural features; everything was to be reduced to a pattern constitutional centralised bourgeois bureaucracy.

But the other element of revolution was also stirring. The alliance of the mere starvelings could not be done without by the bourgeoisie, and they had it whether they would or no. A *Jacquerie* had arisen in the country, and armed peasants everywhere burned the chateaux or country-houses of the gentlemen, and hunted away their occupants. The Revolution was necessarily accompanied by the dislocation of all industry, and the scarcity was bitterly felt everywhere.

In the midst of this the Court, recovering from the first blow of the taking of the Bastille, began to plot counter-revolution, and devised a scheme for getting the king away from Versailles to Rouen or elsewhere, and putting him at the head of a reactionary army and an opposition reactionary assembly. A banquet given by the Court to a regiment supposed to be loyal, practically exposed this plot, and amidst all the terror and irritation which it gave rise to, a popular rising headed by the famous march of the women on Versailles, came to the aid of the Assembly, and forced the king to go to Paris and take up his abode at the Tuilleries. In this affair the mere Sansculotte element became very obvious. It was stirred up by the artificial famine caused by the financial and stock-jobbing operations of the Court and of private persons; the popular middle-class Minister, Necker, having been the immediate cause of it by his issue of small paper money. And it was opposed by the Bourgeois soldiery, the National Guard, headed by Lafayette, who was the very embodiment of the Constitutional Revolution. This was followed by a further flight of the noblesse and higher bourgeoisie from France, which, as it were, gave a token of the complete victory of Constitutionalism over the Court party.

For some time the king carried on a struggle against the victorious bourgeoisie, apparently unconscious of its extreme hopelessness; while the bourgeois Government for its part was quite prepared to put down any popular movement, all the more as it now had a formidable army in the shape of the National Guard. But by this time there had arisen a kind of People's Parliament outside the Assembly, the famous Jacobins Club and the Cordelier Club to wit, and the sky was darkening over for triumphant Constitutionalism.

That triumph was celebrated by the great feast of the Champ de Mars, July 13th, 1790, when the king in the presence of delegates from all France swore to the Constitution. But Royalist plots went on all the same, and settled down at last into a fixed conclusion of the flight of the king to the northern frontier, where were the remains of what regular army could be depended on, with the threatening Austrian troops at their back. As a trial the king attempted at Easter to get as far as St. Cloud, announcing his determination as a matter of course; but he was stopped by a mixed crowd not wholly Sansculotte, though Lafayette did his best to help royalty turned respectable, in the pinch. At last on the 20th June, the king and the royal family made the

great attempt, in which they would most probably have succeeded, if they had not hampered themselves with all kinds of absurd appliances of wealth and luxury, and if they had had any idea of the kind of stake they were playing for. As it was in spite of, or perhaps partly because of, their having arranged for various detachments of troops to meet them on the way as escorts, they were stopped at the little town of Varennes and brought back again to Paris. It was a token of the progress of ideas, that by this time the king's presence in Paris was looked at from a two-fold point of view. By the pure constitutionalists as the necessary coping-stone to the Constitution, without which it could not stand; but by the revolutionists as a hostage held by the French people in the face of hostile reactionary Europe. Also now the word Republic was first put forward, and at last it became clear that there were two parties amongst those who were making the Constitution, the Constitutional Royalists and the Republicans.

The latter were supported by the people, who flooded the Assembly with petitions for the deposition of the king; the Assembly decided against it on the ground of the legal fiction familiar to the anti-Royalist party in our Parliamentary wars, that the king had been carried off by evil and traitorous councillors. But the split between the parties was emphasised by bloodshed. A Jacobin petition lay for signature on the Altar of the Country in the Champ de Mars, and great crowds were about it signing and looking on. In the evening Lafayette marched on the Champ de Mars with a body of National Guards, proclaimed martial law by the hoisting of the red flag, according to a recently made enactment, and finally fired on the people, killing many of them.

But in spite of this "massacre of the Champ de Mars," as it was called, the Constitutionalists triumphed for the time. The National Assembly completed its work, and produced a Constitution wholly Bourgeois and even Monarchical, which was accepted by the King amidst one of those curious outbursts of sentiment of which the epoch was so fruitful, and which generally as on this occasion included the exhibition of the little Dauphin in the arms of his mother to the crowd. The National Assembly dissolved itself after enacting that none of its members could be elected to the new legislative body or first Parliament of the Revolution. Of this Legislative the bourgeois Republicans, the aristocracy of talent, became apparently far the most powerful party; whatever there was of talent that had frankly accepted the alliance of the Sansculottes was outside the Legislative. But another element was now added to the contest, that of foreign war, Austria beginning the attack. The obvious and necessary sympathy of the king and Court with what had now become their only chance of salvation, was met by the equally necessary terror and indignation of the revolutionists of all shades, which of course strengthened the extreme party, who had everything to lose from the success of a foreign invasion. In spite of this, the king driven into a corner was in constant contention with the Legislative, and used his constitutional right of veto freely, yet was driven to accept a revolutionary Ministry with Roland at its head: but as the hope of deliverance from the invasion grew on him he dismissed it again, and the Court found itself ticketed with the name of the *Austrian Committee*. On the 20th June, the populace expressed themselves clearly enough by invading the Tuileries itself, and for a brief space it seemed as if the monarchy were doomed to end there and then; but as there was no resistance it ended with a mere demonstration.

Nevertheless, the end of the Constitutional Revolution was at hand. Lafayette, quite misunderstanding his strength, left the army, and tried to stir up the Constitutionalists to attack the Jacobins, but failed ignominiously, and presently fled the country. The King once more swearing to the Constitution at the Feast of the Federates, wore armour underneath his clothes, and insurrection was obviously brewing. On the 10th August it came. Whatever Royalist force was available was collected in the Palace of the Tuileries, including the Swiss Guard; and a desperate resistance was prepared for with the faint hope of the king being able to cut himself out and reach the frontier; but those Constitutionalists who had any intention of supporting the king found their hearts failing them, and even the "constitutional" battalions of the National Guard were prepared to take the popular side. The king and royal family left the Tuileries for the Legislative, leaving no orders to the unlucky Swiss, who with mechanical military courage stood their ground. The insurrectionary sections attacked the Tuileries and carried it, though not without heavy loss—1200 killed, the Swiss being all slain except a few who were carried off to prison. On the 13th August, the king and his family were bestowed as prisoners in the Temple, and the first act of the Revolution had come to an end.

E. BELFORD BAX AND WILLIAM MORRIS.

(To be continued.)

The working-class is the only class which is not a class. It is the nation. It represents so to speak, the body as a whole, of which the other classes only represent special organs. These organs, no doubt, have great and indispensable functions, but for most purposes of government the State consists of the vast labouring majority. Its welfare depends on what their lives are like.—*Frederic Harrison*.

• Touch the half a million a-year expended in keeping up the bauble called a crown, and it would be stigmatised as "beggary economy"; cut down the sinecures and pensions of titled drones, and it would be disturbing "vested interests"; lop off the revenues of the over-gorged cormorants of the Church, and it would be "sacrilege and spoliation"; but to tax the industrious day-drudge in his daily bread—to suck from him dexterously the fruits of his labour—to curse him in his basket and in his store,—this is the aim and object of your genuine aristocratic legislation, this is the true art of Whig and Tory government.—*Leeds Times*, July 1840.

## THE DEAD TO THE LIVING.

(By FERDINAND FREILIGRATH. Translated by J. L. JOYNES.)

WITH bullets through and through our breast—our forehead split with pike and spear—

So bear us onward shoulder-high, laid dead upon a blood-stained bier;  
Yea, shoulder-high above the crowd, that on the man that bade us die,  
Our dreadful death-distorted face may be a bitter curse for aye;  
That he may see it day and night, or when he wakes, or when he sleeps,  
Or when he opens his holy book, or when with wine high revel keeps;  
That ever like a scorching brand that sight his secret soul may burn;  
That he may ne'er escape its curse, nor know to whom for aid to turn;  
That always each disfeatured face, each gaping wound his sight may sear,  
And brood above his bed of death, and curdle all his blood with fear;  
That every sob breathed round us now may thrill his soul ere he be dead,  
And every clenched and stiffened fist be shaken o'er his dying head—  
Yea, if he lay him down to die as other folk are used to do,  
Or if for him a scaffold high be sprinkled with a dreadful dew!

Yea, thus with bullets in our breast—our forehead split with pike and spear—  
Beneath the king's high throne of state ye bore us on a slender bier.

"Come down!"—and down he cringing came—came quaking to our gory bed;

"Uncover!"—and he bared his brow; then, then the tyrant bowed his head  
(The tyrant who had scorned us erst)—pale stood he and oppressed with woe,  
While our dead ranks went up the streets, streets we had taken from the foe—

Then "Christ our sure and certain hope!" as in the book ye all may read,  
Though surely it were better writ, "A trusty sword our friend at need!"

The day had dawned at last and slain the night of death and murder done,  
And thus ye bore us to our grave with sense of worthy triumph won;  
And we—for though our skull was split and pierced and wounded through  
and through,

There gleamed a pride in our dead eyes in token we had nought to rue—  
We thought "the gain is worth the pain, although the price is something dear,"

And then we laid us down content in peace and quiet on our bier.

The shame be yours! We were deceived! Four summer moons have hardly waned,

And cowards have already lost what we by valiant fighting gained,  
Have lost and thrown in vain away the gain our death and glory gave—

Alas, your tale of shame has reached the listening ghosts within their grave!  
Like wave on wave the ill news comes of trouble in the upper world;

The folly of the Danish war, the flag of Poland's freedom furled;  
The fury of the wild Vendée in provinces that would not learn;

The quick return of banished troops, the banished prince's quick return;  
The shame at Mainz, the shame at Trèves, the trick that triumphed every-  
where

Of taking from the people arms they just had won the right to bear;  
The knavery that dared to call the sack of arsenals a theft,

That left not pure our sacred names, nor their's that fell unslandered left—  
Where we in barricades had fought, the censorship of tongue and pen;

The base denial of the right of men to meet their fellow-men;  
The snarl of creaking dungeon doors through all the limits of our land;

The fresh-forged chains for all who dared upon the People's side to stand;  
The league with Cossacks, and the sound of blows about the People's head—

That head whose right it is to rise with fairest laurels chapletted—  
For ye beyond the common crowd have rushed the dawning day to greet,

Ye—Frenchmen of the days of June! strong souls triumphant o'er defeat!  
And then the traitor's kiss that still ye ever reaped for your reward—

O People, is it always Peace ye in your leathern aprons hoard?  
Say, lurks not War as well within? Up! let its blood-red banner wave—

The second war, the war to death with all the forces that enslave!  
In your Republic's battle-cry let all the clanging bells be drowned,

That now to consecrate afresh the robbery of your rights resound!

Alas, 'tis vain! and need it were that ye should bear us shoulder-high,  
Again upon a blood-stained bier, uncovered 'neath the naked sky;

Nor now, as on that earlier day, before the coward king to stand—  
Nay, through the market and the street, and all about our native land!

First through the limits of our land; then let these dead insurgents here,  
Where Lords of State in council sit, be stretched before them on their bier;

There, there with earth upon our head will we their fearful gaze await—  
Our face with foul corruption marred—fit emblem of their rotten State!

There will we lie and cry aloud, Ere we had time to rot away,  
All freedom in your famous State is quickly turned to foul decay.

The corn is ripe that then was green, when we in wild mid-March were slain,  
But freedom's seed has fallen first, cut short before the sower's grain.

A poppy waving here and there escaped the mower's fatal hand—  
O would that Wrath could wave as well her blood-red banner o'er the land!

Yet, yet Wrath must be with you still—that solace has at least remained—  
Too much of freedom have ye lost, too much of glory had attained;

Too much of shame, too much of scorn is offered you for daily bread;  
Yes, righteous wrath must yet be yours—O trust us though we be but dead!

She yet is yours, and lo, she wakes! she must, she shall indeed awake!  
Of that revolt so well begun a Revolution will she make!

Well knows she how to bide her time, then sudden sounds her wild alarm;  
Sublime and awful, see! she stands with floating locks and outstretched arm!

With metal melted down for shot, with rusted gun she comes arrayed;  
She waves her standard in the street, and plants it on the barricade;

It leads the march of men in arms, it flies above the People's hosts—  
The thrones are all aflame at last, the Princes flee beyond the coasts;

The kites with crooked beak and claws, the lions hurry far away—  
The People rising in their might assume of right the sovereign sway.

Meanwhile, until the time be ripe, we stir your souls with this our cry,  
Ye who, alas! have loitered long, and put your fair occasion by.

O stand at arms, prepared to strike! Let all the land wherein we rest,  
So cold and stiff beneath the sod, be free at last from East to West!

Then never need the bitter thought disturb us in our quiet graves:  
"We made you free, but slaves ye are, and evermore shall still be slaves!"



"HAVE YOU NOT HEARD HOW IT HAS GONE WITH MANY A CAUSE BEFORE NOW: FIRST, FEW MEN HEED IT; NEXT, MOST MEN CONTEMN IT; LASTLY, ALL MEN ACCEPT IT—AND THE CAUSE IS WON!"

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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.

Periodicals received during the week ending Wednesday July 21.

<p>ENGLAND</p> <p>Anarchist Worker's Friend Daylight (Norwich) Christian Socialist Church Reformer National Review Republican Journal of Vigilance Association Justice To-Day Peechinker Practical Socialist Leicester Co-operative Record Imperial Federation Our Corner The Socialist</p> <p>UNITED STATES</p> <p>New York—Volkszeitung Der Sozialist Freiheit Progress John Swinton's Paper Spread the Light Our Country Amerikanische Arbeiterzeitung Truthseeker Boston—Liberty</p>	<p>Boston—Woman's Journal Denver (Col.) Labor Inquirer Little Socialist Detroit (Mich.)—Labor Leaf Princeton (Mass.)—Word Cleveland (O.)—Carpenter Toledo (O.)—Industrial News San Francisco (Cal.)—Truth Petersburg (Ill.)—Voice of Labor New Haven (Conn.)—Workmen's Advocate St. Louis (Mo.)—Altruist American Celt Kansas (Mo.)—Sun New York (Ill.)—La Topille Evansville (Ind.)—Neue Zeit Milwaukee (Wis.)—Volksblatt Portland (Oregon)—Alarm Salem (Oregon)—Advance Thought Paterson (N.J.)—Labor Standard</p> <p>FRANCE</p> <p>Paris—Cri du Peuple (Daily) La Revue Socialiste Le Revolte Le Socialiste La Tribune des Peuples Revue du Mouvement Social La Citoyenne</p>	<p>Guise—Le Devoir Bordeaux—Le Forger du Travail CANADA: Montreal—L'Union Ouvriere NEW ZEALAND: Watchman INDIA: Madras—People's Friend Allahabad—People's Budget Bombay—Times of India Bombay Gazette GERMANY: Stuttgart—Neue Zeit HOLLAND: Recht voor Allen HUNGARY: Buda-Pest—Arbeiter-Wochen-Chronik ITALY: Milan—Il Fascio Operaio Brescia—Fariarello primo PORTUGAL: O Campino Lisbon—O Protesto Operario Voz do Operario O Seculo SPAIN: El Angel del Hogar Aeracia Barcelona—La Justicia Hu- Madrid—El Socialista Bardera Social Cadiz—El Socialismo Huelva—La Perseverancia SWITZERLAND: Zurich—Sozial Demokrat</p>
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RECEIVED.—"The Axe is laid unto the Root"—"The Coming of the Light"—"Ruskin as Revolutionist."

THE "COMMONWEAL."

WORKERS, SUPPORT YOUR OWN PRESS!

WE make a special appeal to all who read these lines on behalf of the COMMONWEAL. Especially do we call upon the workers to support a paper devoted to the Emancipation of Labour, and which unsparingly attacks all tyranny and monopoly. Those who conduct the COMMONWEAL are profoundly impressed by the conviction that until Society is established on the basis of common labour and common enjoyment of the fruits of labour, which necessarily includes reasonable leisure for all, no real progress can be made in morals, science, art, or literature. They therefore at present can only deal with these subjects in as far as they can be utilised with other means for the education of the workers and for the attainment of a body of assent essential for carrying out the revolution which will get rid of the war of classes.

The COMMONWEAL has hitherto been carried on with considerable difficulty, and only by heavy personal sacrifices in time and money, which are seldom, perhaps, taken into account by those who only think of getting a "big pennyworth." For the information of all whom it may concern, we state that the COMMONWEAL is in no sense a commercial speculation. The editors and contributors receive no pay for their work on it, and whatever gains may be eventually made by its publication will be wholly devoted to purposes of Socialist propaganda. We therefore ask for pecuniary help from those who believe in our Cause, to tide us over the early days of the struggle. And to all comrades and friends we earnestly appeal to "make hay while the sun shines," and to exert all their efforts to increase the circulation of our paper, that it may be firmly established as a beacon set upon a rock to lighten the darkness of the night of Commercialism, through which we are passing to the dawn of a nobler day.

CIVIL LAW UNDER SOCIALISM.

CONTRACT AND LIBEL.

It is a common thing for persons to incorporate with their conceptions of a Socialistic state of society elements drawn from the present one, and then to complain of the incongruity of the result. Few persons dream, for instance, that the present elaborate and complex judicial system, or something like it, will not obtain then as much as now. Hence the "difficulties" of so many worthy people.

"Law" is commonly divided into the familiar categories of civil law and criminal law, though legal pedantry could doubtless confound the distinction. Of the second of these we propose to speak in another article. By civil law we understand, in accordance with current usage, law concerned with disputes between individuals involving acts which are non-criminal or of which the criminal law takes no cognisance, including all law relating to contract, or the obtaining of damages for injuries, not punishable as criminal offences. It is this department of law upon which we wish to say a few words.

Now we contend that from the moment the State acquires a definite social end—the moment, that is, the machinery of government is taken possession of by, in the name, and for the sake of, the working classes, with a view to the abolition of classes—the whole department of law will become an anachronism which it will be incumbent upon the executive, whatever form it may take, to immediately sweep away. A very little reflection will suffice to show (as the phrase goes) that the civil law referred to is an entirely class-institution, designed (1) in the interest of that class within a class so powerful throughout all periods of civilisation—viz., the legal class, and (2) of the privileged and possessing classes generally. The first point is a trite observation to every one. We all know that "going to law" profits the lawyers more than the litigants on either side. The second point is scarcely less clear. The wealthy litigant is the only person for whom law is even available, for the most part, and certainly the only person for whom it can ever be profitable. The fear of litigation is a weapon society places in the hands of the rich man to coerce the poor man, irrespective of the merits of the case, by dangling ruin before him. If we examine any ground of civil action, we shall find it almost always turns directly or indirectly on a question of property—that is, on what individual shall possess certain wealth—the chances being invariably on the side of the wealthy litigant.

But it may be said, cannot civil law be divested of its class character, and thus serve an intermediary purpose at least in the initial stage of Socialism, when current conditions are still surviving, by constituting the judge, advocate, etc., a mere public servant or functionary, remunerated no more highly than the scavenger? Could not civil "justice" thus be made readily available for all? Perhaps it might, we reply, but it would be anti-Socialistic all the same. Civil law, like all special products of civilisation, is essentially individualistic. It is concerned with the relations of two propertied individuals, one with the other, and as such cannot concern a society established even incompletely on a Socialistic basis. What recks such a society or its administrators of the private quarrels of individuals? Wilful violence done to any member of society, whatever shape it takes, is a matter which affects society as a whole—an offence against society, and hence criminal in kind, whatever its degree. But the more or less obscure question as to who is in the right in a personal quarrel cannot possibly concern society as a whole. Two would-be parties in a civil action, were they to attempt to inflict their squabble upon a community even so much as on the way towards being Socialised, would surely deserve to be treated in the spirit in which the housewife possessed of a slop-pail is wont to treat two domestic cats that plead their causes plaintively upon the roofs at midnight. At present, of course, in a state busied in individual exploitation and scramble for possession, it matters not that an elaborate machinery is maintained, involving numbers of persons being kept from productive labour—in other words involving a waste of social power—for the sake of deciding quarrels; indeed, this machinery is an essential element in such a system of society. For is not the economic corner-stone of this society, contract, and do not the bulk of civil actions hinge on questions of contract? When contract is part of the economic constitution of society it is evident its legal system must take cognisance of contract, for the observance of contract then affects its existence vitally. But when contract between individuals is no longer part of the economic constitution of things such "contract" ceases to have any social importance as to its performance or non-performance. "Contract" will then be understood to be a purely private agreement. The community does not ask Peter to trust Paul; he does it on his own responsibility, and he has no right to come whining to the delegated authorities of the community for redress if Paul proves untrustworthy, or to expect the community to waste resources in keeping up machinery for the purpose of deciding disputes between them, with the chances, after all is done and under the most favourable circumstances, of as frequently arriving at a wrong as at a right decision. The principle once established, that contract rests solely upon honour—that any agreement, tacit or avowed, verbal or written, that I choose to enter into with another man, has no law to back it—must inevitably have a moral effect in the long-run of the most beneficial kind. Civil action concerned with contract being thus entirely anti-Socialistic in principle, its abolition ought, we insist, to be one of the first measures of that people's state whose final aim is to supersede the State itself by the Society.

To turn now to the case of a civil action which does not refer to "contract," and which probably to many people nursed under current

prejudices will seem of vital importance to maintain—the action for libel or slander, to wit. This “action” is supposed necessary to the vindication of personal character against attack. In the first place, the law relating to libel is double-barrelled, so to speak: it is criminal as well as civil. But in referring to it I may as well say at once that we include both aspects of it. The ambiguous nature of its *rationale* is pretty clearly indicated by the doubt hanging over it as to whether it is directed against *false* imputations or any imputations whatever, true or false. The law, as far as we understand, technically covers both; but the principle of farthing damages and no costs conveniently obviates the constant display of the fulness of its absurdity.

No greater or more unwarrantable restriction on freedom of speech or writing is, to our thinking, conceivable than this law of libel and slander. We beg the reader to put aside his prejudices for a moment and tell us whether it does not bear the most unmistakable impress of a corrupt society which it is possible to have. The law of libel, look at it what way one will, seems to be expressly designed to protect the astute rogue from the most legitimate consequences of his roguery. Vindicating character, forsooth, in proceedings for libel! Yah! Mr. Belt vindicated his character in this manner, got swingeing damages, and a few months afterwards a jury convicted him of a more glaring offence than that originally alleged against him. Every man of the world knows that the successful issue of an action or a prosecution for libel does *not* mean the clearing of the plaintiff or prosecutor's character morally. More often than not it merely means that he is a *clever* rascal rather than a stupid one, or that he has got a clever counsel to represent him. The real *raison-de-être* of the law of libel in our hypocritical, hollow class-society is, as already hinted, written on its face: it is a stockade to protect rogues, and behind which every dirty scoundrel can sneak. The “privileged” classes know that their characters in many cases “will not bear investigation,” to use the familiar phrase—“shady” transactions in business with neighbours' pockets; “shady” transactions out of business with neighbours' wives. What man of social position—above all, what self-made man—does not owe his position, at some point or other of his career, to something that, were it exposed to the light of day, would constitute a libel for which, in the chicanery of law, he could obtain a verdict with heavy damages against the exposé? This explains the cold shiver with which the proposal to abolish all legal “protection of character” (*sic!*) is greeted by the average sensible man of business. His way of looking at things naturally extends itself to people who have no personal motives to influence them: the tendrils of a sentiment having their root in class corruption ramify far and wide. What every Socialist ought to stand by is perfect freedom of speech and writing so far as personal character is concerned. The Socialist is the last person who ought to form harsh judgments of, or deal hardly with, individuals for their failings; but he ought nevertheless to insist that every man has a right—the advisability or charity of doing so resting with himself—that he has a right, we say, to make known his opinion concerning any other man, be it good or bad, just or unjust, in any way he pleases. We all know that our present class-society—with its commercial and its social rottenness—could not stand for a month the cold douche which would result from the withdrawal of the legal protection behind which successful rascaldom skulks, at the first scent of danger discharging its “solicitor's letter” threatening “proceedings.”

I have been accused in some quarters of intolerance, because, forsooth, I think that children and ignorant and weak-minded persons (so long as such exist), ought to be protected by society from the ravings of a certain class of dogmatic theologians, even if necessary to the placing of such theologians under physical restraint. Probably the same persons who profess such unbounded *laissez faire* on current lines, and whose Whig ideas of “toleration” are so shocked at the bare notion of any repression of opinion or free speech, even when it means the terrorising of susceptible imaginations to the point of insanity, would wince at the notion of the right of free speech being extended to the opinion that they are morally undesirable persons. The bourgeois Radical finds his free-expression-of-opinion principles begin to fit him rather tight here. He finds it is surely most unjust that such an abominable lie should be circulated about him with impunity, when no one that knows him can have the slightest suspicion but that he is a most desirable person—especially morally. Free speech, my friend! Your adversary merely expresses an opinion concerning your actions and your motives. It is open to you to say he is wrong, and to show reason for believing that not you but he is the undesirable person for that matter. What more do you want? Is it the part of a magnanimous mind secure in a sense of its own rectitude to want to persecute the misguided wretch who presumes to express an opinion derogatory therefrom? Of course, given a law of libel we are well aware an individual may find himself handicapped in not availing himself of it, since in the event of a direct attack on his character, if he does not “clear” (?) himself, public opinion will allow the case against him to go by default; but this is no argument for the maintenance of the system. What I contend for is the *right* of every man to impeach my character, if he cares to, to the top of his bent, *provided* I have the same right as regards his. The abolition of legal restraints in free criticism of character, it is true, might lead at the outset to a prolific crop of mere malicious slanders. Like a new toy such criticism might at first be a constant recreation with some people. But it is easy to see that this would cure itself in a very short time. Assuming, as will probably be urged, that every man having a grudge against another would instantly proceed to circulate the statement that he had robbed his aged father, and that his untiring attentions at the bedside of his sick mother were to be explained by the fact that he

was engaged in administering digitalis in small doses, or that his solicitude for his niece's welfare masked incestuous relations, how long would it be before every sane person had ceased to heed any allegation made respecting another without corroborative evidence? Things having reached this stage how much longer would it be before the fashion of making false allegations had died out? Even now, who heeds the whispered insinuations made at election times about the character of rival candidates; or the many suspicious places in which Mr. Gladstone or any other public man is said to have been seen. The very fact of the existence of a law against slander, keeps the practice of slander alive by giving evil insinuations a sting much to the detriment of the man against whom they are groundless. The slanderer can always plead the terrors of the law in excuse for not giving definite shape to his dark hints. He “could an' if” he “would” dilate upon certain things he knows, but prudence compels him to be silent as to any specific charge.

The argument is commonly used, that were “legal redress” for libel and slander removed, physical force would be employed and breaches of the peace ensue. We hardly think the really calumniated would so conspicuously put themselves in the wrong. The employment of physical force against the “allegator” is strong presumptive evidence of the truth of the allegation. An assault is no answer to a charge—

Und könnt'ich sie zusammen schmeissen  
Könn'tich sie doch nicht Lügner heissen.

Any scoundrel can commit an assault or get one committed for him, and the legitimate inference is that the intention of committing the assault was only the last resort of an ignoble mind unable to rebut the charge. In any case, personal violence is a criminal offence, to be dealt with as such. The baselessness in reason and inutility in practice, so far as honest men are concerned, of laws against libel is so plain, in short, that they may be taken as the most crucial illustration of the truth with which we started, that they exist, like all civil law, firstly, for the sake of the *legal class*; and secondly, for the benefit of the many doubtful personages that throng the commercial, political, and “society” worlds, but whom it is not convenient to have exposed. They are emphatically class laws. E. BELFORT BAX.

### POOR HUMAN NATURE!

“ALL men think all men mortal but themselves,” says Young; and I have often wondered whether this remark applies to the numerous worthies who pronounce Socialism impossible because of “man's proneness to evil,” as they have it—his selfishness, ambition, and what not. “What you are seeking to establish is all very good in principle; but you cannot get selfishness out of men—it's impossible, sir. We have spoken.”

Thus are we tormented by men of all sorts and conditions, gentlemen sacred and gentlemen profane, unceasingly reminding us that the only obstacle in the way of Socialism is—human nature. It is human nature that prompts the strong man to prey on the weaker—to grind profits out of man, woman, and child, regardless of age, sex, or condition. Human nature it is to reduce the young girl's wages to such a pittance as necessitates recourse to prostitution as a means of subsistence. Human nature all this, and more—not *brute* nature, as might have been supposed! Yet I warrant that if you were to charge any one of these good citizens with such inhumanity, or such selfishness, not to say meanness, you would bring the blush of shame to his meditative brow. Not one of them but seeks to be thought disposed to generous ways, in the teeth of his argument to the contrary. Wherefore I am led to believe with the poet that all men think all men mortal, saving their own infallible selves.

Most solemnly, then, I dispute the time-worn belief as to man's ingrained selfishness. The reason why men do generally act selfishly in their every-day dealings seems to me clear: selfishness pays. The conditions of life under the order of things obtaining make selfishness an essential of success. And although generosity is a matter of universal approbation, even your millionaire is apt to pause before indulging himself that way, because of the spectre ever looming before him—the spectre of misfortune, which for all he knows may one day deprive him of his everything. The fact that selfishness is by general consent kept quiet as a painful necessity of the times, whilst generosity is applauded from the house-tops, ought to be sufficient to show that, given the proper surroundings, men's instincts would most certainly lead to better habits of conduct than other days have known.

When one comes to survey the seductive baits towards selfish courses which society has always held out to men, one is agreeably surprised to find a solitary virtue still left to them. For not once but always do we find Barrabas the world's elect; not once but always is the Christ of men crucified. Bruno was burnt at the stake when the narrowest-minded bigot was surest of survival; Sir Thomas More was beheaded because he would not stoop submissive to the will of a royal debauchee; Ernest Jones, poet and orator, starved into obscurity whilst pigmy Disraeli was, for very opposite attributes, paving his way to an affluent prime-ministry. Here you have an instance or two, which might be multiplied manifold, wherein the best of men have shown themselves sadly unfittest when the conditions were such as would tend specially to nourish the ignoble and vile. And so to-day it is the man that is most selfish who may hope to wax fattest. Whoso in politics is prepared to tone his opinions down in order to suit party purposes; who in trade is ready judiciously to adulterate or swindle by short measure; who pretends conformity with established beliefs and customs, and

is, in short, pliantly conventional,—he is the man that is fittest and survives. Just as the toad is fittest in the stagnant pool, just as the sprat is fitter than man—under water, so the Mr. Facing-any-way-that-pays is fittest in that society where self is god and the public a baby.

The better nature—the human nature of man—has not yet been given a fair chance to come out and thrive. Remove the fear of ever-pending poverty, stop the possibility of one man preying on another—the strong man on the weak, the grasping on the generous; for I dare say there will always exist exceptional cases of the brute shaped as human. Give virtue an opportunity only, and, certes! vice shall not be fittest.

T. MAGUIRE.

### “Why should I Die so soon?”

A boy of seventeen, employed in a large engineering factory in the south of London, was ordered by his master or overseer to replace the leathern girthing of an enormous wheel *while the machinery was in motion*. This ingenious expedient for saving a few minutes' machine-work had the trifling disadvantage of inflicting mortal injuries upon the boy. Doubtless his employers have insured themselves out of their liability in the matter, and therefore feel no further concern; but I may be pardoned for thinking it worth a little more consideration.

What matters one life more or less amid our “teeming millions”? With the feeling of youthful blood stirring within him, taking a keen delight in boyish sports, and possessing a bright and cheerful disposition that made him a general favourite, those who knew him certainly think that it matters a good deal. His companions, who followed him to the grave wearing their cricket-caps, and who laid his own upon his coffin, appeared totally ignorant of Malthusian philosophy. He himself, upon his deathbed, seemed hardly “resigned to the will of Providence,” and asked, “Why should I die so soon?”

Poor boy! Well might he ask that question; and how many thousands more might ask it! How many infants poisoned almost at birth by the air they breathe or the food they eat; how many men robbed of their manhood, and women robbed of their womanhood; how many thousands sacrificed openly to the workshop of mammon, and millions *who never even live at all*, might ask, “Why should I die so soon?”

Let that cry be taken up and echoed from end to end of our murderous society, till our masters hear it, speechless with fear; and we will supply the answer.

R. A. E.

### LITERARY NOTICES.

*To-Day* for July has a quaint, readable sketch, “Birds of a Feather,” by R. G. B., and a thoughtful, comprehensive article on “Russian Socialism and its Organ,” by R. F. Lipman. Mrs. Besant contributes a condensed report of the Fabian Conference.

The *Church Reformer* and *Christian Socialist* for current month alike contain several articles well worth reading, although the usefulness of both is, for average folk, somewhat vitiated by the persistent attempt to give a theological bias to the most ordinary economical truths.

“The House of Lords,” by W. H. Brown (Haines, 212 Mile-end Road, 1d.), is a well-written pamphlet on a very trite subject. Those who confine themselves to an attack upon the “aristocracy” strangely overlook the fact that an exploiter without a title is quite as injurious to the community as a titled idler; usually more so.

“Ireland, the Story of Her Wrongs,” and “Gladstone's Irish Parliament, would it Persecute the Protestants?” are eloquently written and most forcible arguments against the pleas put forward by the reactionary school of politicians to justify a still further oppression of the Irish people. Written by Rev. J. Hirst Hollowell, they may be procured from him at Parkside, Nottingham, or from P. S. King & Son, King Street, London, S.W.

Shorter hours of labour for producers means shorter hours of stealing for non-producers.—*Newsman*.

Joseph Chamberlain, land thief advocate, fears the Fenians and has his house under guard, and travels surrounded by armed detectives. Verily robbery has its disadvantages.—*Industrial News*.

“A North Adams woman has dug a cellar this spring for a new house, entirely herself, and quarried the stone like a man.”—*Woman's Journal*.—When will the Woman's Rights advocates frankly accept the truth of “not like to like, but like in difference” regarding men and women? When a woman toils her life away at unsuitable labour, in the name of Humanity don't boast of it!

“Miss Clara Barton, who is at the head of the International Red Cross Association, finds that some confusion has been caused by the recent organisation among the Chicago Socialists, called the ‘Brothers of the Red Cross.’ Miss Barton has issued a card to the public requesting that *anarchy* and *humanity* be not confounded.” Faith, madam, this is “confusion worse confounded.” That card to the public must have been the cruellest specimen of confusion that that mighty though rather easily-impressed brain has ever had forced upon it. Poor Humanity (with a big H)! M. M.

It is wondrous how in so-called “respectable” and even exclusive quarters of society the name by which the democracy is known—that is, “the people”—is increasingly treated with most respectful recognition. Princes, statesmen, preachers vie with each other in paying tributes of flattery to the power and worth of the people. “Dogs,” “the herd,” and the similar epithets which hit off in a word the estimation in which the aristocratic mind held the masses, are seldom heard now except from eccentric duchesses and young idiots of the dude type. The name is working its way into our institutions also. People's palaces, shows, bazaars, and the like are quite the fashion. How steadily, if slowly, we are advancing to that desirable epoch when classes and masses alike shall be dignified by the name of the people!—Dodo, in *Reynolds*.

## INTERNATIONAL SOCIALIST AND LABOUR NOTES:

### ENGLAND.

#### THE LONDON TAILORS AND MACHINISTS SOCIETY.

“The newly-formed London Tailors and Machinists Society are beginning well. They have prosecuted an East-end employer, one Abraham Goldstein, on a charge of assaulting three of his assistants, who had recently joined the society. The trial at Worship Street was very characteristic. Abundant evidence as to the assault was given by independent testimony. Mr. Hannay, however, dismissed the summonses, to the intense astonishment of all who heard the case. No one would believe the extent of the petty tyranny daily exercised in the metropolitan police-courts by irresponsible magistrates, against whom, in such instances as the present, there is no appeal except to public opinion.”—Dodo, in *Reynolds* of July 18. A valued correspondent in sending the foregoing extract, says: “I never listened to anything more unfair than Hannay's summing-up. These men ought to be taught a lesson.” The Society have started an organ of their own, the *Anti-Sweater*, which should aid them considerably in their fight with the employers. They have also issued a most admirable series of questions addressed to members of the trade, in order to compile a useful body of statistics relating thereto. This latter example might well be followed by much more ambitious bodies.

#### WOMENS' LABOUR IN MANCHESTER.

The wretched pittances paid for womens' labour are notorious, but the following instances are more glaring than usual. My wife worked for some time lately in one of the largest shirt-making factories in Manchester. The hours of work were from 8 a.m. to 6.30 p.m., with an hour off for dinner; 8 to 1 on Saturday. Her wages averaged about 4s. 6d. per week; the work was piece-work. The prices paid were, for common boys' shirts, 8d. to 1s. 2d. per dozen; mens', 10d. to 1s. 11d. For these prices the shirts are entirely made, except buttons and button-holes. The wages earned vary from 3s. 6d. to 10s. per week, but very few make the top sum. These wages can only be made when work is plentiful; when work is slack they often get only two or three shirts in a day, but are expected to be at their machines the full time, whether there be work or not. At some factories the hands have to purchase their own needles and thread. The prices have been considerably reduced during the last few years, and are now being cut down still lower.—It is now the custom in large retail shops to employ a girl of about fifteen as cashier. I know of cases where they work from 8 in the morning until 9 at night, 11 on Friday and 12 on Saturday, for the magnificent remuneration of 4s. a-week.—F. H. C.

#### THE STRIKE AT THE LANCASTER WAGON WORKS.

The strike at the Lancaster Wagon Works and Phenix Foundry, which began with the issue, on 24th June last, of the following address, has come to an end:

“To all who are in favour of a fair day's pay for a fair day's work.—Fellow-workmen and others,—We, the employees at the Lancaster Wagon Works and Phenix Foundry, appeal to you for assistance under the following circumstances. For some years the rate of remuneration for our labour at the Lancaster Wagon Works and Phenix Foundry has been lower than that paid by similar firms elsewhere. During the past four or five years we have repeatedly submitted to enforced reductions. Since Christmas we have submitted to one ten per cent. reduction on piece-work prices, and now we are called upon to submit to a reduction on our rate of day wages ranging from 5 to 7½ per cent. What is called a ten per cent. reduction amounts in some cases to fifteen, twenty, and twenty-five per cent., and this is a fair sample of what is called a ten per cent. reduction. It may appear that our present earnings are large, but it must be remembered that we work piece-work in a large contract shop where constant employment is impossible. That was a fortunate man who had six months full time during last year. The Lancaster Wagon Co. last year paid five per cent. to the shareholders, added £4,000 to the reserve, depreciated £5,000, and carried more than £1,000 to next year's account. Under these circumstances we feel bound to assert the right of the working-man to a fair day's pay for a fair day's work, and, in asking you to assist us, we assure you that you will be helping men who have made up their minds to remain firm.—We are, your faithful servants, The Committee.”

The management succeeded in raising suspicion and distrust among the men. There were traitors in the camp, and when their firmness of organisation and agreement broke they had perforce to return to work at the masters' terms. As usual, a trusted big-bug bolted with the funds, and, again as usual, he was a pious member of an adult Sunday-school class, a blue ribbonite, and a “saved sinner” generally!

In commenting upon an address delivered by our comrade E. P. Hall to the strikers, and a letter written by him in its own columns, the *Lancaster Observer* has the following sapient remarks:

“Wages, in their rise or fall, follow a natural law. When work is brisk and labour scarce, workmen will not have much difficulty in obtaining higher wages. Mr. Hall says the capitalist is able to take care of himself; but so is the workman in a similar degree. One is seeking higher remuneration for his capital, the other for his labour; but neither will get what he desires. Let us make the best of the circumstances in which we are placed. Cheap living has made the artisans of our towns better off than they were fifteen years ago. There is a suspicion that they are getting more than their share of the good things of this world. *The tiller of the soil is enriching others and impoverishing himself.* How long that will go on it is impossible to say; but if the farmer finds it ruinous to go on growing corn, or beef, or wool, he will cease doing so, and the limitation of supply of necessities of life will tend to equalise the benefits which now fall largely upon the class of artisans. The workmen will then find that even high wages do not mean increased comfort.”

This farrago of arrant nonsense has evidently been written by somebody who is entirely ignorant of social economy. The only redeeming point in it is the sentence we italicise, and the philosopher who wrote it might very profitably expend some small portion of his great powers in ascertaining whom the tiller is enriching—the slum-dweller of the cities, or the landlord and the capitalist?

It is gratifying to note that the labour-class of Lancaster is not quite so backward as their supposed teachers. Comrade Hall's labours have not been without fruit. Many hundreds now know somewhat of Socialism, and it is not improbable that a strong branch will be started there soon. S.

## FRANCE.

## ANNIVERSARY OF THE TAKING OF THE BASTILLE.

In 1789 the people execute Flesselles, the scapegoat of their oppressors. History records it, and historians bow before the justice-dealing multitude: a new right arises from this necessary execution. In 1886 military reviews, officially-arranged fireworks and illuminations and wide-shouted vivats celebrate the destruction of Flesselles, Berthier, De Launay, and twenty other obstacles to the progress of ideas. It is well—we approve it! In 1886 the serfs of modern industry kill Watrin, scapegoat of the crimes of our new feudal system. Whereupon some wretched people are seized haphazard, convicted of crime and sent to prison. When will come the destruction of the modern Bastilles?—*Cri du Peuple*.

In opposition to 1789 we place 1871, to the 14th July, the 18th March, to the tricolor the red flag,—while awaiting the freeing of humanity by the Social Revolution, when all will celebrate the Universal Republic.—J. B. CLEMENT.

*Panem et circenses!* Bread and pageants! The device of empires, and also that of Opportunists, it would seem. . . . The social electricity which some day may become thunder, loses itself and disperses in the atmosphere of these festivities.—JULES VALLES.

ARMENTIERES.—Some weeks since Socialism made its appearance for the first time at Armentières a manufacturing town (not far from Lille) where the capitalist, supported by priest and gendarme, reigns supreme. The Socialist conference got up by our friends Blanck and Lafargue, heartily welcomed by the workmen who filled the theatre at Armentières, sowed such good seed in the spirits of the factory-slaves, that the masters felt themselves bound to reply by a counter-meeting. . . . At this meeting last week there were in attendance great numbers of gendarmes and police-agents to make disturbances and especially to arrest Socialists. The manoeuvre did not fail to produce the usual results—affray, fighting, pistol-shots and arrest of five Socialists.—*Le Socialiste*.

PARIS.—A member of the group, *L'Avant Garde*, was arrested in Paris on the 14th, for sticking bills announcing a meeting of the unemployed for the following day. At the end of the meeting in question, several Socialists were dispersed by the police while attempting to plant a black flag on the Place de la République. The flag was confiscated, and one of their number arrested. Being locked up for indulging in the harmless passion for bill-sticking is as yet a pleasure to come for English comrades! Yet, courage! for, as Hamlet says, "If it be not now, yet it will come."

ROUEN.—The Court of Appeal at Rouen has confirmed the decision of the *cour correctionnelle* of the Havre, sentencing, apropos of the "unemployed" manifesto of 21st May, two citizens to six months' imprisonment, two to ten months, and one to thirteen months. There remains to revolutionaries one duty of solidarity to fulfil, which is to aid the families of the victims.—*Cri du Peuple*.

Frightful misery reigns in the mines at Le Creusot. Every day the Company discharges some men, the miners being those who suffer most. The 1500 workers usually employed are now reduced to 120.

A Socialist of Elbeuf having been condemned as manager of a paper to a certain fine with costs, was lately arrested with scandalous brutality, taken to the "lock-up" at Rouen on foot, between two gendarmes and heavily handcuffed.

Here is a sanguine, over-hopeful word of a revolutionary. Speaking of the demand of the Extreme Left for the release of Roche and Duc-Querney on the occasion of the Bastille celebration, a French provincial paper says: "They will not see the illuminations of the 14th, but they will leave their cell in time to take part in greater rejoicings, those of a people who, after having rased the royal Bastille, will have delivered themselves for ever from the rascalities of a hypocritical exploiting class." M. M. Roche and Querney, I earnestly hope, are not doomed to remain incarcerated until that consummation of our revolutionary hopes!

M. M.

## THE WAR IN BELL STREET.

FOR the past three Sundays, Bell Street, Edgware Road, has been literally besieged by police and detectives, who have taken upon themselves the censorship of opinion. In spite of the letter of Sir Charles Warren, in spite of the speech of the counsel for the prosecution, both asserting that there is no intention to meddle with the opinions expressed by the Socialists, it must be plain to every unprejudiced person that the authorities are making great attempts to suppress Socialist meetings. But, on the other hand, there is as much determination on the part of the Socialists that they will hold their open-air meeting-places so long as temperance, political, and religious meetings are not interfered with by the police. This is the point for the public to understand. A writer in last Monday's *Pall Mall Gazette* calls for evidence that the police help in creating the very obstruction which they attack. We have direct evidence to prove this assertion, which is certainly particular and not "general."

On the morning of the first arrest at Bell Street, there were several detectives and plain-clothes men standing on the pavement for the purpose of causing an obstruction, so that they might carry out their determination of making an arrest. This game has been carried on ever since the first interference. The people in the neighbourhood have always moved off the pavement when a speaker or any one connected with the meetings has requested them to do so, but the detectives and plain-clothes men have persisted in standing on the footway, and have insulted those who have civilly asked them to move. On one occasion one of them—a plain-clothes inspector I am told—when asked by one of our friends to be kind enough to move off the footway so that no obstruction should be caused, told him that he would "throw him into the bloody road." With regard to the other question, as to whether the police discriminate between Socialists and others on account of their opinions, let the *Pall Mall* listen to what was given in evidence at the Marylebone Police-court on Saturday last, 17th inst., as reported in the *Dispatch*, when Superintendent Draper stated in answer to a question that "the morals of the Salvation Army and temperance party were more favourable to him than the doctrines of the Socialists." It was this occasion also, by the way, upon which Inspector Bassett swore that Williams, of the S.D.F., had said, "We don't care one iota about obstruc-

tion," and then under cross-examination admitted that "he heard defendant give people advice not to interfere with the police or cause an obstruction?"

It would be easy to multiply instances of the animus of the police against the Socialists as Socialists. At Stratford and Harrow Road, both open spaces, our meetings have been stopped by the police. A letter pointing this out in the Stratford case, and offering the use of the plan which appeared in these columns, was sent to the *Pall Mall* on Monday week, but that journal did not choose to avail itself of the information so given.

Even in the parks we are continually harassed by the police—both in uniform and plain clothes—who are provided with note-books, in which they industriously record our speeches, thereby showing that they are on the lookout for the expression of opinion. We are told that if this partiality in the conduct of the police is true the Socialists will have everybody's sympathy. We hope that will happen, but the tone which the *Pall Mall* has now taken up hardly seems meant to conduce to this end.

But let me get back to Bell Street. For eighteen months meetings have been held there by the Marylebone Branch of the Socialist League without complaint of any sort until the police interfered. Since then, of course, there has been a certain amount of obstruction, as there always will be wherever and whenever the police interfere with open-air meetings.

According to announcement, William Morris addressed the meeting at Bell Street last Sunday morning. After adjuring the people to keep quiet and orderly in the event of the police interfering, he said that he had come to Marylebone to maintain the right of the Socialists to speak in the streets in the same way that people holding other opinions were allowed to do. The police meddled with our open-air meetings simply because we were Socialists—because we advocated the cause of the people. It was a very rational thing for folk to assemble in the open-air in the hot weather for the purpose of discussing their grievances. The authorities were afraid of Socialism, because the middle and upper classes knew their own wrong-doing, and that the Socialists were telling the working classes what was to their advantage. He refused to live contentedly under a condition of society which made a perpetual prison for the majority of the community. Our present society was grounded upon monopoly and corruption. Police, army, navy, magistrates, lawyers, parliament, etc., were all doing their utmost to sustain that monopoly and corruption. All wealth was the result of labour, therefore all wealth belonged to labour: those who labour should receive the wealth they create. Every worker to-day produces more than is necessary for his own bare subsistence, but the far greater portion of it was taken from him by an idle luxurious class. He was impelled to talk to them that morning because the present condition of things was a bad one. He had been asked by a lady the other day why he did not talk to the middle-class. Well, the middle-class had their books with plenty of leisure to read them; the working classes had no leisure, no books. [At this point Chief-Inspector Shepherd appeared outside the crowd, and said that he could not get in. This was false, however, and the inspector was immediately made way for by the people, who greeted him heartily as he approached the speaker. Having come to Morris he told him to desist, which Morris refused to do, on which the inspector took his name and address and left the crowd, when the speaker proceeded without further interruption.] The middle and upper classes were enabled to live in luxury and idleness on the poverty and degradation of the workers. There was only one way in which this state of things could be altered—society must be turned downside up. A true society meant to every one the right to live, the right to labour, and the right to enjoy the fruits of his labour. The useless class must disappear, and the two classes now forming society must dissolve into one whole useful class, and the labour class become society. In conclusion, he appealed to them to do all they could for the Cause; to educate themselves, to discuss the social question with their fellows, and prepare themselves for the great social revolution.

Morris's speech lasted thirty minutes, and his remarks were frequently cheered. The people then passed quietly away, after having subscribed to the Defence Fund. During the time this meeting was going on, a meeting was being held by the religious people a little way down the street; and several of the audience, seeing the way in which we have been treated by the police, passed down to the other meeting, and footways and roadway were soon completely blocked, but of course there was no obstruction there! The police did not interfere at all until some bystanders taunted them with the obvious unfairness of their conduct, and then not before these people had finished their meeting. Many instances of this kind occur in this neighbourhood; but the people of Marylebone are determined that the police shall not thus discriminate, and we are looking forward to a successful issue of the affair.

H. G. ARNOLD.

FREE SPEECH.—A man was sentenced to serve fifty days in jail in San Francisco for speaking to a crowd of working-men on the water front recently. No, San Francisco is not in Russia; it is in free America (the best government on earth), and there is perfect liberty of speech here, only you should be careful what you say; have it revised by the capitalistic bosses before you say it (or their tools, the capitalistic courts).—*Oregon Alarm*.

It was Victor Hugo, the poet, the patriot, the Intellectual Colossus of this century who said what follows. And yet if he had spoken it down on the water-front of San Francisco what a scalawag he would have been:—"To destroy the evils under which we groan there is no method but Revolution. Mark and remember it. The peace of Light must be preceded by the night of war and strife. You, the workers of the world, make all and have nothing. Those who make nothing, by law or by force, have all. It is your own. Do you now be men. Cringe not and beg for that which is thine own, but, since it is yours, go and take it."—*San Francisco Truth*.

**The Manifesto of the Socialist League.** Annotated by E. Belfort Bax and W. Morris. An exposition of the principles on which the League is founded. 16pp. crown 8vo. 1d.

**The Socialist Platform.**—1. Trades' Unions. By E. Belfort Bax, 1d. 2. Useful Work v. Useless Toil. By William Morris, 1d. 3. The Factory Hell. By Edward Aveling and Eleanor Marx Aveling, 1d. 4. A Short History of the Commune of Paris. By Wm. Morris, E. Belfort Bax, and Victor Dave, 2d.

**Art and Socialism.** By William Morris. Bijou edition, 3d.

**Chants for Socialists.** By William Morris. 16 pp. crown 8vo., 1d.

**Socialist Headquarters, New York.**—Library and Reading-room open daily (Sunday included) from 9 a.m. to 9 p.m. *Commonweal* always on the table. Gifts in books and papers thankfully received. Address "Free Socialist Library," 143 Eighth Street, New York City, U.S.

# THE SOCIALIST LEAGUE.

OFFICES: 13 FARRINGTON ROAD, E.C.

## Notices to Members.

*Reading Room.*—Open from 10 a.m. to 9 p.m.

*Library.*—The librarians, May Morris and W. Chambers, attend on Mondays and Fridays from 7 to 9 p.m.

A *General Meeting* of London Members will be held on Monday July 26, at 9.

## Branch Subscriptions Paid.

Leeds, Norwich, to April 30. Bloomsbury, Bradford, Croydon, Hammersmith, Hackney, Merton, to May 31. Clerkenwell, Dublin, Mile-End, North London, Oxford, to June 30. Manchester, to July 31. Hoxton (Labour Emancipation League), Marylebone, to Sept. 30.—P. W.

## The "Commonweal"

The weather was too wet last Saturday for the Board Brigade to go out. Next Saturday if it is fine, the West End will be visited. Volunteers are requested to be at the office by 11.30 sharp.

Posters and slips for pasting up, to advertise *Commonweal*, will be sent to any Branch or member desiring them.

Boards for the use of newsgents can be supplied to Branches at 1s. each.

## REPORTS.

(Reports and Notices should be addressed to the printer, and to insure insertion in the current issue must reach the office not later than 10 a.m. on Tuesday.)

### Branch Reports.

**BLOOMSBURY.**—At Arlington Hall, Rathbone Place, on Friday, July 16, T. E. Wardle lectured on "Home Rule" to a good audience.—During the week the Branch has held three outdoor meetings. Sale of paper good.—T. E. W.

**CLERKENWELL.**—On Wednesday, July 14, we held our usual open-air meeting on the "Green," when H. Sparling addressed a very fair audience; D. Nicoll, Allman, and Graham also spoke; no opposition; paper sold well.—On Sunday evening, July 18, R. A. Beckett lectured on "Equality" to a good audience; Hammond and Somerville also addressed the meeting; no opposition; good sale of *Commonweal*, and 1s. 1d. collected for the Defence Fund.—W. B.

**HACKNEY.**—Open-air meeting was held at Well Street, as usual, on Sunday morning, 18th inst., addressed by Westwood and Flockton. Fair audience and two new members.—At Victoria Park in the afternoon, Mowbray addressed a good audience; fair sale of *Commonweal*.—J. F.

**HAMMERSMITH.**—During the past few weeks the Branch has endeavoured to sustain the increased activity reported last month. Outdoor meetings have been held every Sunday morning in the Beadon Road, at which the speakers have been comrades Tochetti, Tarleton, Mordhorst, Beasley, and Kitchen. Attendances and sale of *Commonweal* have been better than last reported. On Sunday morning last, comrades Sparling and Tarleton held the first of what is hoped will be a series of meetings in the North End Road, Fulham. This spot is in the centre of a large working-class population, and is new ground for Socialist propaganda. Meetings have also been held in Hyde Park, at which comrades Sparling and Chambers, and G. B. Shaw have spoken. Notwithstanding the warm weather, that in former years has had the effect of reducing the size of our audiences at this season, the indoor meetings have been unusually well attended. Mrs. Annie Besant, of the Fabian Society, lectured on Wednesday, July 7th, upon "Interest and an Idle Class." The other lecturers have been v. B. Shaw ("Unearned Increment"); Andreas Scheu ("Socialism and the Theory of Evolution"); and William Morris ("My Education"); the latter led to a rather brisker discussion than we have had lately; several of those who were formerly our most vigorous opponents being now within our ranks.—F. W., sec.

**MARYLEBONE.**—On Saturday evening our meeting in the Harrow Road was opened by comrade Allman, who was followed by comrade Arnold. After the latter had spoken about twenty minutes the police arrived, and he was informed by the inspector that he would be arrested unless he got down immediately. After consulting the members of the Branch, Arnold closed the meeting and got down.—On Sunday morning, comrade Morris addressed a large meeting at Bell Street, a report of which is given in another column.—In the afternoon our meeting in Hyde Park was a very large one, and was addressed by comrades Mainwaring, Donald, Graham, Arnold, and Burcham. The people were entirely in sympathy with us, and the meeting was brought to a close amidst loud cheers, after having been kept going for over three hours.—*Collections for the Defence Fund*: Bell Street, 5s. 7d.; Hyde Park, 8s. 5d.—H. G. A., sec.

**MILE END.**—On Thursday, comrade Graham addressed a large meeting on the Waste; at the end of his address, some opposition was offered by a well-known theological debater; with Graham's consent, Davis answered his objections to the evident satisfaction of the audience; comrade Allman also took part in the discussion, and did excellent work by his exposition of the causes and effects of the French Revolution.—In accordance with a challenge thrown out on the Saturday night previous, comrade Mowbray debated with Mr. Yuill on Saturday night. The first twenty minutes was taken by Mowbray, who laid the foundation for debate by a well-pointed exposition of Socialism. Yuill utilised, or rather, wasted his twenty minutes in attacking what was either not stated or some far-fetched inference from his opponent's discourse. His audience, numbering about 200, listened very impatiently to the speaker's obvious misrepresentations. Mowbray replied in ten minutes; Yuill took ten also, but the audience, who had long despaired of getting anything like reason from him, listened for the most part with indifference. Altogether the debate was a success. Good sale of *Commonweal*.—We did not hold our usual meeting on the Waste on Sunday morning, but decided to have one in the evening, and at 7.30 comrades Lane, Benson, Quintin, and Davis met, and had a good meeting, which was very sympathetic; there was no opposition; good sale of *Commonweal*. Good work could be done here on Sunday evenings.—H. DAVIS.

**MERTON.**—The falling through of our outdoor arrangements has diminished the sale of *Commonweal*, on the other hand we have added to our list of weekly subscribers, and have held two parades, giving away all the back numbers on the hands of the Branch. Merton readers will please note that we have discontinued our outdoor meetings pending the selection of a more suitable spot than the one hitherto used. Next Sunday we purpose making a descent upon Wandsworth. Members and friends will please muster at the club-room by 8.30 sharp.—F. KITZ.

**HULL.**—On Sunday last a meeting of the members of the late Branch of the Social Democratic Federation was held. J. L. Mahon explained the position of the Socialist League in regard to palliative measures and political action. He also gave a sketch of the work which the new Branch of the League intended doing in Hull, and invited those present to join the League, and help in making a strong Branch. After some discussion, it was unanimously agreed to formally dissolve the Branch of the Social Democratic Federation, which had been long dormant, and the names of those present were given for the Socialist League Branch. A meeting-place will soon be taken, and a course of lectures begun.—M.

**LEEDS.**—Our usual meetings were held on Sunday. The article on Marshall and Co. gave the sale of the *Commonweal* a good lift, and will do much to make it known hereabouts. We have now three newsgents supplying the paper, and have good hopes of seeing the circulation soon go up.—T. M.

## The Right of Free Speech in Public Places.

### DEFENCE FUND.

Our comrades and friends are asked to bestir themselves to secure freedom of speech in our public ways, in contradistinction to freedom of speech for certain classes and sects only. The spirit of Socialism is at war with class interests: officialism is giving its support to class interests only. For endeavouring to assert the right of free speech the Socialist League has been heavily fined; and the Council of the League hereby asks that all friends of freedom should support the League with subscriptions in aid of this righteous cause. The Treasurer of the Socialist League, 13 Farringdon Rd., E.C., will gladly accept, and acknowledge the receipt of, Pence, Shillings, or Pounds from friends of the Right of Free Speech in Public Places.

### RECEIVED.

Clerkenwell, July 4th, 2s.; 7th, 1s. 8d.; 11th, 12s. 1d. Hoxton, July 12th, 3s. 5d. Mile-end, July 5th, 6d. North London, July 5th, 5s. 8d.; 12th, 6s. 10d. Oxford, July 17th, 7s. 6d. Donations: Miss Monro, 2s.; Mr. Walkden, 8s. Total, £2, 9s. 8d.—P. W.

## LECTURE DIARY.

### London Branches.

**Bloomsbury.**—Arlington Hall, Rathbone Place, Oxford Street, W. Friday, July 23, at 8.30 p.m., Annie Besant, "Why the Workers should be Socialists." 30. Mrs. Wilson, "The Revolt of the English Workers in the Nineteenth Century."

**Clerkenwell.**—Hall of the Socialist League, 13 Farringdon Road, E.C. Sunday July 25, 7.30 p.m. T. E. Wardle, "The Fallacies of Society." Wednesday 23 (8.30). D. J. Nicoll, "Law and Order."

**Croydon.**—Royal County House, West Croydon Station Yard. Business meeting at Parker Road every Sunday afternoon at 3 o'clock.

**Hackney.**—Kenton Coffee House, Kenton Road, Well Street, every alternate Tuesday at 9, for the enrolment of members and other business.

**Hammersmith.**—Kelmescott House, 26 Upper Mall, W. Sundays, at 8 p.m. July 25. Frank Podmore (Fabian Soc.), "American Socialistic Experiments."

**Hoxton (L. E. L.).**—Exchange Coffee House, Pitfield Street, opposite Hoxton Church, N. Sundays, at 7.45 p.m. July 25. W. Chambers, "The Political Parties."

**Merton.**—11 Merton Terrace, High Street. Sundays and Wednesdays at 8 p.m.

**Mile-end.**—East London United Radical Club, Mile End Road. Tuesdays at 8 p.m. July 27. C. W. Mowbray, "Woman: Her Position under Socialism and To-Day."

**North London.**—Communications to R. A. Beckett, St. Mildred's House, Poultry, E.C.

**South London.**—Business meeting every Tuesday at 8.30 at 112 Hill Street, Peckham, S.E.

### Country Branches.

**Birmingham.**—Bell Street Coffee House. Every Monday evening, at 7.30.

**Bradford.**—Scott's Temperance Hotel, East Parade, Leeds Road. Meets every Wednesday at 8 p.m.

**Edinburgh (Scottish Section).**—4 Park Street. Meets every Friday at 8.30 p.m.

**Glasgow.**—Lecture and discussion in new rooms of the Branch, 84 John Street, every Sunday at 7 p.m. Reading-room of the Branch open every day from 10 a.m. till 10 p.m. The first of a series of Saturday Afternoon Propaganda Excursions will take place on Saturday 31st July. Members and friends to gather at rooms at 4 o'clock and proceed by train to Blantyre, where open-air addresses will be given. Return on foot—songs and choruses on the way.

**Hull.**—Important Business Meeting on Sunday 25th inst., at 3 p.m., at 11 Carr Lane.

**Leeds.**—No meeting-room at present. Out-door stations notified below.

**Leicester.**—Radical Club, Vine Street. Tuesdays, at 8 p.m.

**Manchester.**—County Forum. Thursdays, at 8 p.m.

**Nottingham.**—No. 6 St. Benedict St. Lecture and discussion every Monday at 8.

Reading-room of the Branch open every day from 8.30 a.m. to 10 p.m. July 26. F. C. Slaughter, "Woman and Marriage, To-Day and under Socialism."

**Oldham.**—Mrs. Wrigley's Coffee Tavern, 9, Old Market Place. Wednesdays, 7.30.

**Oxford.**—Temperance Hall, 27 Pembroke Street. Thursdays, at 8.30 p.m. August 5, at 9 p.m., C. J. Faulkner, "Free Trade, or the Man v. the State."

## Open-air Propaganda for the Week.

LONDON.					
Date.	Station.	Time.	Speaker.	Branch.	
S. 25.	Croydon	11	J. Lane	Croydon.	
	Hackney—Well Street	11.30	H. Graham	Hackney.	
	Hammersmith—Beadon Road	11.30	The Branch	Hammersmith.	
	Hoxton Ch.—Pitfield Street	11.30	H. A. Barker	Hoxton.	
	Mile-end Waste	11.30	C. W. Mowbray	Mile-end.	
	Regent's Park	11.30	T. E. Wardle	N. London.	
	St. Pancras Arches	11.30	W. Chambers	Bloomsbury.	
	Hyde Park (near Marble Arch)	3.30	Donald & Burcham	Marylebone.	
	Victoria Park	3.30	W. C. Wade	Hackney.	
	Clerkenwell Green	7	T. E. Wardle	Clerkenwell.	
Croydon	7	J. Lane	Croydon.		
Tu. 27.	Soho—Broad Street	8	T. E. Wardle	Bloomsbury.	
Th. 29.	Hoxton Ch.—Pitfield Street	8	H. A. Barker	Hoxton.	
	Mile-end Waste	8.30	C. W. Mowbray	Mile-end.	
Sat. 31.	Euston Road—Ossulton St.	7	W. Chambers	N. London.	
	Hyde Park (Marble Arch)	7	H. H. Sparling	Clerkenwell.	
	Regent's Park	7	D. J. Nicoll	N. London.	
	Mile-end Waste	8	H. Davis	Mile-end.	

### PROVINCES.

**Hulme.**—The Viaduct, Chester Road. Sundays, at 7.30 p.m.

**Leeds.**—Hunslet Moor, 11 a.m.; Vicar's Croft, 7 p.m.

**Manchester.**—Grey Mare Corner, Ashton Old Road. Sundays, 11 a.m.

**Oldham.**—Curzon Ground. Sundays, afternoon and evening.

BATTERSEA BRANCH, N. S. S.—Sunday July 25, H. Halliday Sparling, "The Blind Samson," at 8 p.m.

UNITED SOCIALIST SOCIETIES OF LONDON.—The second excursion to Epping Forest, "Robin Hood," will take place on Sunday, August 1, 1886, for the benefit of the Socialist movement in America. The procession of the West End United Socialists will start from Charlotte Street, corner of Tottenham Court Road, and the East End from 23, Princes Square, George Street, for Liverpool Street Station, with full brass bands, banners, and standards, at 9 a.m. prompt. Return tickets from Liverpool Street Station to Loughton, 1s. each. Full entertainment of international singing clubs, dancing, concert, and games. Trains as follows:—From Liverpool Street Station, 10.40 a.m.; trains every hour after dinner. Returning from Loughton at 8.24, 9, and 9.31 p.m.