

THE COMMONWEAL

The Official Journal of the Socialist League.

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WEEKLY; ONE PENNY.

NOTES ON PASSING EVENTS.

Lords, generals, barons, justices, doctors, aldermen all, gathered together to dine, capitalist-fashion, in celebration of the Cab Drivers Benevolent Association. Grand and inspiring news for the cab-drivers. No less than thirty-eight aged or infirm cabmen, some, possibly aged and infirm, receive annuities of a whole £20 a year, payable (with wise foresight of the habitual recklessness of the working-classes) by monthly instalments. Some of the thirty-eight have driven cabs for more than fifty years. Quite one-third of the thirty-eight are rheumatic from bad weather, and another one-third disabled by accidents.

Pleasing, in these days of want of thrift among the "lower classes," to find this magnificent institution, producing such magnificent results, is partly self-supporting. Much of the fund for giving the thirty-eight their huge annuities, has been squeezed out of the meagre earnings of the cab-drivers themselves. But, as the newspapers feelingly put it, the subscriptions of the cabmen themselves are [like their earnings] far too small to allow of annuities without the generous (*sic*) support of a benevolent (*sic*) public.

The workers and would-be-if-they-could workers of Whitechapel and Mile-end Road, had this week quite irresistible temptations to holiday-making. Not that every-day one of worn-out life and limb and of mind sick of overwork, homesick for a little rest and peace; not that every-other-day one, in the summer, of warmth and sunshine, making the city air more gross than ever. These were, as usual. But added to these and making temptation quite irresistible, was the presence of royalty. So those who were out of work came forth and made quite a respectable crowd from Aldgate eastward, whilst behind this fringe of desolate idlers, within the hard-visaged houses and the multitudinous dense side-streets their desolate brothers and sisters toiled on as usual. These were making first the equivalent of their own means of subsistence, then that of the means of subsistence of the crowd cheering mechanically or as mechanically silent in the streets, then all that surplus-value which makes alike possible royal pageants and desolate crowds, within and without.

Soldiers, capitalists, and priests were all present. Prayers and hymns were said and sung. And then the Beaumont Trustees, addressing the Prince, told him and so much of the world in general as chose to listen how the People's Palace is in very truth the People's Palace. It is no gift of Mr. Barber Beaumont, or of the Draper's Company, or of the Duke of Westminster, or of the Earl of Rosebery. The £75,000 have, every penny, been produced by the people, and the interest on this that is to keep the palace going, after it has built the palace, will come, every penny, out of the unpaid labour of the working-classes. Verily, it is the People's Palace. They build it, they pay for the building of it; they will maintain it, and some stray few of them will have their sudden lives touched a little, here and there, by its influence.

Even the Prince of Wales calls the East End "this important district of the metropolis." But its full importance he probably does not quite grasp. Yet many a man and woman there could tell him, had he ears to hear, that the real importance of that land of labour and of suffering is in this. It is the type of all places where production is going on, and where the workers are exploited for the maintenance of the privileged. It is also the type of all places where this tremendous truth is slowly dawning on men's minds. And from it, and hundreds like it, will come forth the irresistible voice of Labour, claiming at last its own, bidding him and such as he

"Come down, be done with, cease, give o'er,
Hide thyself, strive not, be no more."

One Sir George Bowen has been lucubrating at Oxford on behalf of the colonists. "As England's trade—the bulwark of England's greatness, of course—fell off with foreign nations, it increased with the colonies, her own children." Doubtless. And then sets in with the colonies, as with foreign nations, the era of competition, and the weakest go to the wall as inevitably when both combatants speak English as when they use different tongues. Sir George Bowen was at Oxford, and the atmosphere of the place might have reminded him of certain classical cases of the relation between parents and offspring, very apt when England and her colonies are under consideration. Medea slew her children, and Saturn devoured his or they would have devoured him.

The same noble "Sir" could only feel that "if he had been an Irishman he should have looked upon it as a most degrading thing to have a course suggested that would have severed him from the history and association of the grandest empire that ever existed." If Sir George had been an Irishman (thank the powers, he is not!), he would have longed for such a severance, as a slave longs for the breaking of the chain that binds him to the chariot-wheels of a brutal conqueror.

EDWARD AVELING.

A LETTER FROM SCOTLAND.

On Tuesday 22nd I found myself at Arbroath, a pleasant stone-built town of some 20,000 inhabitants on the German Ocean, the original of "Fairport" in Scott's 'Antiquary,' the remains of a magnificent church and abbey dominating the homely houses. The industry practised there is sail-cloth making, and it is in a very dismal condition at present. There was much suffering there in the past winter. In a walk that I took with my host (a Free Kirk minister and a Socialist), we got into conversation with a field-labourer who was resting from his job of harrowing at a field's end. I should premise, for the benefit of our English readers, that Scotch field-labourers are hired by the half-year, and receive their "meal-and-milk" lodging in a "bothy"—or a not too luxurious pig-stye—and a sum of money. This friend, who was a brisk and intelligent young man, told us that wages were low, and that he was now receiving £9 for the half-year, instead of £12, which he used to receive. He also told us, perhaps unnecessarily, that he could not save out of this splendid salary. I was told afterwards that wages had fallen back to what they were ten years ago, at which time they had risen suddenly. A foreman, our friend told us, was now getting £28 per annum, which used to be the wages of a full private labourer.

In the evening I lectured to an audience of upwards of 600 very attentive persons, mostly of the working-class. They cheered me heartily, and took up the points well. There was a goodly attendance on the platform of the committee who had organised the meeting, and who were chiefly co-operators. Questions being asked for, I only got one, from the irrepressible temperance champion, which was received with some laughter. In fact, the meeting was rather huddled up at the end, as there was no gas and the light began to fade into the mid-summer twilight, which is all the darkness of those northern regions at this time of the year. A fair amount of literature was sold.

On the 23rd I lectured at Edinburgh, in the Oddfellows' Hall, for the committee which is the fag-end of the Industrial Remuneration Conference of last year. We expected but a poor attendance, as there were several meetings of parliamentary candidates going on in the city; but after all it turned out well, the attendance being better than at any previous lecture. Again the audience seemed sympathetic—nay, enthusiastic. I asked for questions in writing, dreading the meandering speech which usually accompanies spoken questions. I got quite a pack of cards of them; and the answers were well received. A clergyman was in the chair, another (our friend Mr. Glasse, who made a Socialistic speech) moved the vote of thanks, and a third seconded it. This last gentleman poked some heavy ecclesiastical fun at me, interlarded with buttery compliments. Once for all, I must ask our comrades to forgive me for receiving votes of thanks, on the ground that I could not help it. The sale of literature was good. I had a short but pleasant interview with the members of the Branch afterwards.

They seemed rather depressed; lack speakers, and so find it difficult to make much way; but are getting a few new members, in spite of the slackness of their propaganda. They told me that a branch of the Social Democratic Federation started, apparently with good prospects, early this year or late last (I forget which), had quite disappeared after a few weeks' existence. One comrade said that in talking to fellow-workmen they would agree with everything that he said in favour of Socialism, but could not be brought further than this passive adherence. On the other hand our comrades are making most commendable efforts to push the *Commonweal*, and with much success. The news-shops take it and sell it, too, and they are also getting newsboys to sell it; so that propaganda of some sort is going on, only our comrades feel the want of public and obvious propaganda. I should add, the University Society, who have a good deal retreated from their position, at all events in appearance, are starting a kind of progressive debating society, appealing to trades' unionists and co-operatives to join it, which our comrades intend to use for their own and other people's education.

The 24th I gave the same lecture at Glasgow. A wet evening, meetings of candidates throughout the town, and again apprehensions of a failure; but again a good audience, perhaps rather more in assent than at Edinburgh; a somewhat overwhelming amount of questions, the answers to which were very well received. A sprinkling of Ruskinians were there, somewhat inclined, I fancy, to take exception to the roughness of the opinions: indeed, the mover of that (terrible) vote of thanks said as much, and was somewhat cheered.

I may here remark that it seems to me that the Scotch are much given to "lion-hunting," and that therefore it is necessary for a Socialist who wants to get at the facts to discount a certain amount of the enthusiasm with which he is received, if he happens to have any reputation outside Socialism. Still enough remains in these cases to show that there were many in the audience who really agreed. At Glasgow there was a good sprinkling also of Land Restorers; but these, I think, are beginning to see out of the narrow close in which Henry George has hedged them.

The 25th I lectured at Dundee, and had much such an audience as at Glasgow, only that they lacked the instruction that our Branch has, with all drawbacks, given to the Glasgow folk, and therefore did not seem so ready to take up the points. Trade is very slack at Dundee; the jute business nearly gone, Indian competition having destroyed it. I was told that there are few places where the difference between the classes is more felt than it is at Dundee. I much regretted that I could not stop there and get to know some of the workers. Our comrades here (Glasgow) ought to make a push to get up a branch at Dundee.

I meet the Branch to-day, and in the evening lecture again. Tomorrow I lecture at Bridgeton, a suburb of Glasgow. But I send this off to be in time for the current number, and will give an account of whatever else happens next week.

WILLIAM MORRIS.

Glasgow, June 27.

WHIGS, DEMOCRATS, AND SOCIALISTS.

[Read at the Conference convened by the Fabian Society, at South Place Institute, June 11.]

(Concluded from p. 97.)

BUT again, it may be said, some of the Democrats go further than this; they take up actual pieces of Socialism, and are more than inclined to support them. Nationalisation of the land, or of railways, or cumulative taxation on incomes, or doing away with inheritance, or new factory laws, or the restriction by law of the day's labour—one of these or more than one sometimes the Democrats will support, and see absolute salvation in one of these planks of the platform. All this I admit, and once again say it is a hopeful sign, and yet once again I say there is a snare in it—a snare lies lurking in the grass. Those who think that they can deal with our present system in this piecemeal way very much under-rate the strength of the tremendous organisation under which we live, which appoints to each of us his place, and if we do not chance to fit it grinds us down till we do. Nothing but a tremendous force can deal with this force; it will not suffer itself to be dismembered, not to lose anything which really is its essence without putting forth all its force in resistance; rather than lose anything which it considers of importance it will pull the roof of the world down upon its head. For indeed, I grant these semi-Socialist Democrats that there is one hope for their tampering piecemeal with our Society; if by chance they can excite people into seriously, however blindly, claiming one or other of these things in question, and could be successful in Parliament with driving it through, they would certainly draw on a great civil war, and such a war once let loose would not end but either with the full triumph of Socialism or its extinction for the present; it would be impossible to limit the aim of the struggle; nor can we even guess at the course which it would take, except that it could not be a matter of compromise. But suppose the Democratic party peaceably successful on this new basis of semi-State Socialism, what would it all mean? Attempts to balance the two classes whose interests are opposed to each other, a mere ignoring of this antagonism which has led through so many centuries to where we are now, and then after a period of disappointment and disaster the naked conflict once more; a revolution made and another immediately necessary on its morrow!

Yet, indeed, it will not come to that; for whatever may be the aims of the Democrats, they will not succeed in getting themselves into a

position from whence they could make the attempt to realise them. I have said there are Tories and yet no real Tory party, so also it seems to me that there are Democrats but no Democratic party; at present they are used by the leaders of the Parliamentary factions, and also kept at a distance by them from any real power. If they by hook or crook managed to get a number of members into Parliament, they would find out their differences very speedily under the influence of party rule; in point of fact the Democrats are not a party because they have no principles other than the old Whig-Radical ones, extended in some cases so as to take in a little semi-Socialism which the march of events has forced on them; that is, they gravitate on one side to the Whigs and on the other to the Socialists. Whenever if ever they begin to be a power in the elections and get members in the house, the temptation to be members of a real live party which may have the government of the country in its hands, the temptation to what is (facetiously, I suppose) called practical politics, will be too much for even many of those who gravitate towards Socialism; a quasi-Democratic Parliamentary party, therefore, would probably be merely a recruiting ground, a nursery for the left wing of the Whigs, which would indeed leave behind some small nucleus of opposition, the principles of which, however, would be vague and floating, and it would be but a powerless group after all.

The future of the Constitutional Parliament, therefore, it seems to me, is a perpetual Whig rump, which will yield to pressure when mere political reforms are attempted to be got out of it, but will be quite impossible for any real change in social and economical matters; that is to say so far as it may be conscious of the attack, for I grant that it may be betrayed into passing semi-State-Socialistic measures, which will do this amount of good, that they will help to entangle commerce in difficulties, and so add to discontent by creating suffering; suffering of which the people will not understand the causes definitely, but their instinct will tell them truly that it is brought about by *government*, and that, too, the only kind of government which they can have so long as the Constitutional Parliament lasts.

Now, if you think I have exaggerated the power of the Whigs, that is of solid, dead, unmoving resistance to progress, I must call your attention to the events of the last few weeks. Here has been a measure of pacification proposed; at the least and worst an attempt to enter upon a pacification of a weary and miserable quarrel many centuries old. The British people, in spite of their hereditary prejudice against the Irish, were not averse to the measure: the Tories were, as usual, powerless against it, yet so strong has been the vis inertiae of Whiggery that it has won a notable victory over common-sense and sentiment combined, and has drawn over to it a section of those hitherto known as Radicals, and probably would have drawn all Radicals over but for the personal ascendancy of Mr. Gladstone. The Whigs, seeing if but dimly that this Irish Independence meant an attack on property, have been successful in snatching the promised peace out of the people's hands, and in preparing all kinds of entanglement and confusion for us for a long while in their steady resistance to even the beginnings of revolution. This, therefore, is what Parliament looks to me; a solid central party, with mere nebulous opposition on the right hand and on the left. The people governed; that is to say, fair play for the money-privileged classes to make the most of their privilege, and to fight sturdily with each other in doing so. But the government concealed as much as possible, and also as long as possible; that is to say the government resting on an assumed necessary eternity of privilege to monopolize the means of the fructification of labour.

For so long as that assumption is accepted by the ignorance of the people, the Great Whig Rump will remain inexpugnable, but as soon as the people's eyes are opened, even partially—and they begin to understand the meaning of the words, the Emancipation of Labour—we shall begin to have an assured hope of throwing off the basest and most sordid tyranny which the world has yet seen, the tyranny of so-called Constitutionalism.

How, then, are the peoples eyes to be opened? By the force evolved from the final triumph and consequent corruption of Commercial Whiggery, which force will include in it a recognition of its constructive activity by intelligent people on the one hand, and on the other half-blind instinctive struggles to use its destructive activity on the part of those who suffer and have not been allowed to think; and to boot, a great deal that goes between those two extremes. In all this all those who can be truly called Socialists will be involved. The modern development of the great class-struggle has forced us to think, our thoughts force us to speak, and our hopes force us to try to get a hearing from the people. Nor can one tell how far our words will carry, so to say. The most moderate exposition of our principles will bear with it the seeds of disruption; nor can we tell what form that disruption will take. One and all, then, we are responsible for the enunciation of Socialist principles and of the consequences which may flow from their general acceptance, whatever that may be. This responsibility no Socialist can shake off by declarations against physical force and in favour of constitutional methods of agitation: we are attacking the constitution with the very beginnings, the mere lispings, of Socialism.

Whiggery, therefore, in its various forms, is the representative of Constitutionalism—is the outward expression of monopoly and consequent artificial restraints on labour and life; and there is only one expression of the force which will destroy Whiggery, and that is Socialism; and on the right hand and on the left Toryism and Radicalism will melt into Whiggery—are doing so now—and Socialism has got to absorb all that is not Whig in Radicalism. Then comes the question, What is the policy of Socialism? If Toryism and Democracy

are only nebulous masses of opposition to the solid centre of Whiggery, what can we call Socialism? Well, at present, in England at least, Socialism is not a party but a sect. That is sometimes brought against it as a taunt; but I am not dismayed by it; for I can conceive of a sect—nay, I have heard of one—becoming a very formidable power, and becoming so by dint of its remaining a sect. So I think it is quite possible that Socialism will remain a sect till the very eve of the last stroke that completes the Revolution, after which it will melt into the new Society. And is it not sects, bodies of definite, uncompromising principles, that lead into revolutions? Was it not so in the Cromwellian times? Nay, have not the Fenian sect, even in our own days, made Home Rule possible? They may give birth to parties, though not parties themselves. And what should a sect like we are have to do in the Parliamentary struggle—we who have an ideal to keep always before ourselves and others, and who cannot accept compromise; who can see nothing that can give us rest for a minute save the emancipation of labour brought about by the workers gaining possession of all the means of the fructification of labour, and even then pure Communism ahead to strive for?

What are we to do, then? Stand by and look on? Not exactly. Yet we may look on other people doing their work while we do ours. They are already beginning, as I have said, to stumble about with attempts at State-Socialism. Let them make their experiments and blunders, and prepare the way for us by so doing. And our own business? Well, we—sect or party, or group of self-seekers, madmen, and poets, which you will—are at least the only set of people who have been able to see that there is and has been a great class-struggle going on. Further, we can see that this class-struggle cannot come to an end till the classes themselves do: one class must absorb the other. Which, then? Surely the useful one, the one that the world lives by, and on. The business of the people at present is to make it impossible for the useless, non-producing class to live; while the business of Constitutionalism is, on the contrary, to make it possible for them to live. And our business is to help make the people conscious of this great antagonism between the people and Constitutionalism; and meantime to let Constitutionalism go on with its government unhelped by us at least, until it at last becomes conscious of its burden of the people's hate, of the people's knowledge that it is disinherited, which we shall have done our best to further by any means that we could.

As to Socialists in Parliament, there are two words about that. If they go there to take a part in carrying on Constitutionalism by palliating the evils of the system, and so helping our rulers to bear their burden of government, I for one, and so far as their action therein goes, cannot call them Socialists at all. But if they go there with the intention of doing what they can towards disruption of Parliament, that is a matter of tactics for the time being; but even here I cannot help seeing the danger of their being seduced from their true errand, and I fear that they would become, on the terms above mentioned, simply supporters of the very thing they set out to undo.

I say that our work lies quite outside Parliament, and it is to help to educate the people by every and any means that may be effective; and the knowledge we have to help them to is threefold—to know their own, to know how to take their own, and to know how to use their own.

WILLIAM MORRIS.

A PROTESTANT CLERGYMAN ON HOME RULE.

A PROTESTANT clergyman of Tipperary, writing to me the other day a letter opposing Home Rule in Ireland, made the following significant statements, which, coming as they do, "from the seat of war," are worthy of some attention at the hands of certain politicians. He wrote, speaking of his own district: "All who have any stake in the country (shopkeepers, manufacturers, and all connected with land-ownership) are greatly relieved that the Bill is even postponed. . . . I believe with you that Home Rule would mean Nationalisation of the Land, but it would not stop there: the movement is purely a Communitistic one, and will if not checked attack *all* property—witness the various leagues on foot to redress various legal responsibilities in no way connected with the land." This news seems almost too good to be true, but there can be no doubt that unless Home Rule tends in the direction he indicates, it will be of little use to the Irish workers, though the politicians will be the very last to comprehend this.

T. D. A. COCKERELL.

SAUCE FOR THE GANDER.—He was a locked-out carpenter and in quest of a job from an employer who possessed sympathy with the hard lot of those doomed to the routine toil of wage-slavery. "Are you in want of a hand?" he asked of a sleek and well-fed member of the Builders' Association, as he leaned out from his carriage in front of a row of buildings. "Yes," said the employer, "I am." "I want a job," said the man afoot, as he laid his hand upon the tire of a front wheel. "Are you a member of either one of the carpenters' organisations?" asked the well-fed man in the buggy. "I am a member of one of these organisations," replied the anxious journeyman. "Well, sir," said the boss, "I'll employ you if you will do one thing. Bring me a written certificate from your organisation that will show that you have severed your connection with it." "I will do it," said the workman, "provided you will sever your connection from the Builders' Association." "I can't do that." "Why not?" "Because I would have to violate my pledge of honour!" "Your pledge of honour?" "Yes, sir." "Do you suppose that I have no sense of honour?" replied the union carpenter. "My obligations," said he, "are as sacred to me as any you have taken upon yourself. I may not get work from you, but I never will desert my colours on that account. Good day, sir."—*Baltimore Free Press.*

THE PILGRIMS OF HOPE.

XIII.—THE STORY'S ENDING.

(Continued from page 75.)

How can I tell you the story of the Hope and its defence? We wrought in a narrow circle; it was hither and thither and thence; To the walls, and back for a little; to the fort and there to abide. Grey-beards and boys and women; they lived there—and they died; Nor counted much in the story. I have heard it told since then, And mere lies our deeds have turned to in the mouths of happy men, And e'en those will be soon forgotten as the world wends on its way, Too busy for truth or kindness. Yet my soul is seeing the day When those who are now but children the new generation shall be, And e'en in our land of commerce and the workshop over the sea, Amid them shall spring up the story; yea the very breath of the air To the yearning hearts of the workers true tale of it all shall bear. Year after year shall men meet with the red flag over head, And shall call on the help of the vanquished and the kindness of the dead, And time that weareth most things, and the years that overgrow The tale of the fools triumphant, yet clearer and clearer shall show The deeds of the helpers of menfolk to every age and clime, The deeds of the cursed and the conquered that were wise before their time.

Of these were my wife and my friend; there they ended their wayfaring Like the generations before them thick thronging as leaves of the spring, East falling as leaves of the autumn as the ancient singer hath said, And each one with a love and a story. Ah the grief of the early dead!

"What is all this talk?" you are saying; "Why all this long delay?" Yes, indeed, it is hard in the telling. Of things too grievous to say I would be, but cannot be, silent. Well, I hurry on to the end. For it drew to the latter ending of the hope that we helped to defend. The forts were gone and the foemen drew near to the thin-manned wall And it wanted not many hours to the last hour and the fall, And we lived amid the bullets and seldom went away To what as yet were the streets by night-tide or by day. We three, we fought together, and I did the best I could, Too busy to think of the ending; but Arthur was better than good; Resourceful, keen and eager, from post to post he ran, To thrust out aught that was moving and bring up the uttermost man. He was gone on some such errand, and was absent a little space, When I turned about for a moment and saw my wife's fair face, And her foot set firm on the rampart, as she hastened here and there, To some of our wounded comrades such help as she could to bear. Then straight she looked upon me with such lovely, friendly eyes Of the days gone by and remembered, that up from my heart 'gan rise The choking sobbing passion; but I kept it aback, and smiled, And waved my hand aloft— But therewith her face turned wild In a moment of time, and she stared along the length of the wall, And I saw a man who was running and crouching, stagger and fall, And knew it for Arthur at once; but voiceless toward him she ran, I with her, crying aloud. But or ever we reached the man, Lo! a roar and a crash around us and my sick brain whirling around, And a white light turning to black, and no sky and no air and no ground, And then what I needs must tell of as a great blank; but indeed No words to tell of its horror hath language for my need: As a map is to a picture, so is all that my words can say.

But when I came to myself, in a friend's house sick I lay Amid strange blended noises, and my own mind wandering there; Delirium in me indeed and around me everywhere. That passed, and all things grew calmer, I with them: all the stress That the last three months had been on me now sank to helplessness, I bettered, and then they told me the tale of what had betid; And first, that under the name of a friend of theirs I was hid, Who was slain by mere misadventure, and was English as was I, And no rebel, and had due papers wherewith I might well slip by When I was somewhat better. Then I knew, though they had not told, How all was fallen together, and my heart grew sick and cold. And yet indeed thenceforward I strove my life to live, That e'en as I was and so hapless I yet might live to strive. It was but few words they told me of that murder great and grim, And how with the blood of the guiltless the city's streets did swim, And of other horrors they told not, except in a word or two When they told of their scheme to save me from the hands of the villainous crew.

Whereby I guessed what was happening in the main without detail. And so at last it came to their telling the other tale Of my wife and my friend; though that also methought I knew too well. Well, they said that I had been wounded by the fragment of a shell, Another of which had slain her outright, as forth she ran Toward Arthur struck by a bullet. She never touched the man Alive and she also alive; but thereafter as they lay Both dead on one litter together, then folk who knew not us, But were moved by seeing the twain so fair and so piteous, Took them for husband and wife who were fated there to die Or, it may be lover and lover indeed—but what know I?

Well you know that I 'scaped from Paris, and crossed the narrow sea, And made my way to the country where we twain were wont to be, And that is the last and the latest of the tale I have to tell. I came not here to be bidding my happiness farewell, And to nurse my grief and to win me the gain of a wounded life, That because of the bygone sorrow may hide away from the strife. I came to look to my son, and myself to get stout and strong, That two men there might be hereafter to battle against the wrong; And I cling to the love of the past and the love of the day to be, And the present, it is but the building of the man to be strong in me.

WILLIAM MORRIS

(To be concluded.)

Equality in the ballot box is a mere juggle when there is social and industrial inequality all around.—*Labor Enquirer.*



"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!"

Communications are invited from all concerned with social questions. They should be written on one side of the paper only and should be addressed to the Editors of the COMMONWEAL, 13 Farringdon Road, E.C. They must be accompanied by the name and address of the writer, not necessarily for publication.

As all articles are signed, no special significance should be attached to them because of the position they may occupy in these pages. None, therefore, are to be taken as more than in a general manner expressing the views of the League as a body, except it be so explicitly declared by the Editors.

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

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

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

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.

QUESTIONS bearing upon the principles propounded and the objects had in view by the *Commonweal*, will be welcomed by the Editors.

CORRESPONDENTS wanted in Dundee, Rotherham, and Workington.

D. GOSLING (Bombay).—We regret that £5 kindly sent by you was not acknowledged before through inadvertence.

ENQUIRE.—Yes. The *Commonweal* may be procured from, and subscriptions received by, David Dick, Bookseller, Eastport, Forfar.

D. C.—Any one having friends in Ireland should send them copies of leaflet, "Shall Ireland be Free?" None at any time should neglect this most effective form of propaganda.

RECEIVED—*England*: Anarchist—Worker's Friend—Daylight (Norwich)—Christian Socialist—Church Reformer—National Review—Republican—Journal of Vigilance Association—Justice—To-Day—Freethinker—Practical Socialist—Leicester Co-operative Record—Imperial Federation—Our Corner—The Socialist. *Belgium*: Le Chante-Clair (Bruxelles). *Canada*: L'Union Ouvrière (Montreal). *France*: Paris: Cri du Peuple (daily)—La Revue Socialiste—Le Révolté—Le Socialiste—La Tribune des Peuples—Revue du Mouvement Social—La Citoyenne. Le Devoir (Guise)—Le Forçat du Travail (Bordeaux). *Germany*: Neue Zeit (Stuttgart). *Holland*: Recht voor Allen. *Hungary*: Arbeiter-Wochen-Chronik (Buda-Pest). *India*: People's Friend (Madras). *Italy*: Il Fascio Operaio (Milan). *New Zealand*: Watchman. *Portugal*: O Campino—Voz do Operario—O Protesto Operario (Lisbon). *Spain*: El Angel del Hogar—Revista Social—Acracia—La Justicia Humana (Barcelona)—Bandera Social—El Socialista (Madrid)—El Socialismo (Cadiz)—La Perseverancia (Huelva). *Switzerland*: Sozial Demokrat (Zürich). *U. S. A.*: (New York): Volkszeitung—Der Sozialist—Freiheit—Progress—John Swinton's Paper—Spread the Light—Our Country—Amerikanische Arbeiterzeitung—Truthseeker. (Boston): Liberty—Woman's Journal. *Denver* (Col.) Labor Inquirer—Little Socialist—Chicago (Ill.) Alarm—Detroit (Mich.) Labor Leaf—Princeton (Mass.) Word—Cleveland (O.): Carpenter. Cincinnati (O.) Unionist—San Francisco (Cal.) Truth—Stockton (Cal.) Mail—Petersburg (Ill.) Voice of Labor—New Haven (Conn.) Workmen's Advocate—St. Louis (Mo.): Altruist. Kansas (Mo.) Sun—Pittsburg (Pa.) Labor Herald—Baltimore (Md.) Labor Free Press—Valley Falls (Kan.) Lucifer—Newfoundland (Pa.) La Torpille—Litchfield (Minn.) Radical—Evansville (Ind.) Neue Zeit Milwaukee (Wis.) Volksblatt—Portland (Oregon) Alarm—Salem (Oregon) Advance—Thought—Paterson (N. J.) Labor Standard.

ARTICLES RECEIVED.—Will appear: "Malthusianism"—"A Word in Time"—"Some Instructive Facts"—"The Voice of Freedom"—"Co-operation and Competition."

SOCIALISM FROM THE ROOT UP.

CHAPTER VI.—PREPARATIONS FOR REVOLUTION—FRANCE.

As we have said, Louis XIV. succeeded in making the French monarchy a pure autocratic bureaucracy, completely centralised in the person of the monarch. This with an ambitious king like Louis XIV. involved constant war, for he felt himself bound to satisfy his ideal of the necessary expansion of the territory and influence of France, which he looked upon as the absolute property of the king. The general success of Louis XIV. brought with it the success of these wars of aggrandisement, and France became very powerful under his rule. Under the rule of his minister Colbert industrialism in France became completely commercialised. Colbert spared no pains or energy in bringing this about. Often, with more or less success, he drove an industry forward artificially, as with the silk and woollen manufactures. For he was eager to win for France a foremost place in the world-market, which he thought but the due accompaniment of her monarchical glory; and he knew that without it that glory would have died of starvation, since the taxes would not have yielded the necessary food.

It is true that even in England growing commercialism was subordinate to constitutionalism, the English form of bureaucracy; but the idea was already afoot there that the former was rather an end than a means, whereas in France commercialism was completely subordinated to the glory of the autocratic monarchy—a mere feeder of it.

The religion of this period of the "Grand Monarque" shows little more than an ecclesiastical struggle between Gallicanism on the one hand, which claimed a feeble spark of independence as regards Rome for the French Church, and is represented by Fénelon and Bossuet, and Jesuitry on the other hand, which was the exponent of Roman centralisation. The leading intelligence of the time was on the Gallican side; but the king in the long run favoured the Jesuits, as being the readier instruments of his bureaucratic rule. Outside this ecclesiastical quarrel there was no life whatever in religion, except what was shown by the existence of a few erratic sects of mystics, confined to cultivated persons like the Quietists and Jansenists. The former of these may be said to have put forward the complete abnegation of humanity in the presence of God, while the latter attempted a revivification of the pietism of the Catholic Church.

The Regency which succeeded to the reign of Louis XIV. saw the definite beginnings of the last corruption which betokened the Revolution. The wars of aggrandisement still went on but were now generally unsuccessful; the industrialism set a-going by Colbert went on steadily, but the profits to be gained by it did not satisfy the more adventurous spirit of the period, and the Regency saw a curious exposition of stock-jobbery before its time in the form of the Mississippi scheme of Law, which had its counterpart in England in the South-Sea Bubble. It was a financing operation—an attempt to get something out of nothing—founded on the mercantile theory of economy then current, which showed but an imperfect knowledge of the industrial revolution beginning under men's very eyes, and assumed that the wealth of a country consists in the amount of the precious metals which it can retain. This assumption, by the way, is curiously exemplified in the half-commercial half-buccaneering romances of Daniel Defoe, whose works we should have mentioned in our last chapter as a relief to the monotony of dullness of eighteenth century literature in England.

It is necessary to say something about the literature and art of this period that goes before the Revolution in France, because that country is the especial exponent, particularly in art, of the degradation which indicated the rottenness of society. As in England, literature was formal and stilted, and produced little except worthless clever essays and still more worthless verses that have no claim to be called poetry. The French verse-makers, however, aimed at something higher than the English, and produced works which depend on pomp and style for any claim to attention they may have, and for the rest are unreal and lifeless. Amidst them all one name stands forward as representing some reality—Molière, to wit. But the life and genuineness of his comedies serve to show the corruption of the times as clearly as the dead classicalism of Racine; for this, the one man of genius of the time, was driven into the expression of mere cynicism; though in one remarkable passage of his works he shows a sympathy for the ballad-poetry of the people, which, when noticed at all in England at the same period, and even much later, received a kind of indulgent patronage rather than admiration. At the same time as there was a sham tragedy current at this time, so also there was a sham love of simplicity. The ladies and gentlemen of the period ignored the real peasants who were the miserable slaves of the French landlords, and invented in their dramas, poems, and pictures sham shepherds and peasants, who were bundles of conscious unreality, inane imitations of the later classics. This literature and art would be indeed too contemptible for mention, if it were not a sign of a society rotting into revolution.

The fine arts, which had in the end of the sixteenth century descended from the expression of the people's faith and aspirations into that of the fancy, ingenuity, and whim of gifted individuals, fell lower still. They lost every atom of beauty and dignity, and retained little even of the ingenuity of the earlier Renaissance, and became mere expensive and pretentious though carefully finished upholstery, mere adjuncts of pomp and state, the expression of the insolence of riches and the complacency of respectability. Once again it must be said of the art as of the general literature of the period, that no reasonable man could even bestow a passing glance at them but for the incurable corruption of Society which they betokened.

So the time wore away through the disgraceful years of the Regency and of Louis XV., till the accession of the once Dauphin, now Louis XVI., to the throne, which was hailed as a new era by the respectability of France; and was, indeed, the inauguration of a new era undreamed of by the actors in it. Of the conscious hopes and aims which came to the surface with this change, there were indications in the opposition of the higher bourgeoisie to the whimsical and scandalous courtesan-Absolutism, the rule of the Pompadours and Dubarrys, which was predominant under Louis XV., this opposition took the form, amongst others, of the assertion of the formal legal rights of Parliament so-called, which in France was but a privileged body of lawyers, representative of nothing but the crystallisation of the abuses of a sham feudality, but which, nevertheless, both under Louis XV. and his successor, found itself put forward as a champion of the respectability of Bourgeoisdom against the rampant corruption of the Court. But on the accession of Louis XVI. this tendency of respectability to assert itself received fresh impulse, and took a more definite form, and became almost a party in the country, though it had no chance of exercising any direct influence on the government, which was a mere mass of abuses. This respectable reforming party, although for the most part outwardly orthodox, amongst themselves professed

materialism and the worship of reason, and was inspired by a bourgeois humanitarianism which was its most genuine side, and which was largely fed, if not created, by the writings of Voltaire, and still more of Jean Jacques Rousseau and Diderot. This party was a most important element amidst the causes of the revolution; it rallied to it all who had any pretence to cultivated progress, and though it meant nothing but intelligent Conservatism, it formed a screen as it were behind which the true revolutionary forces could gather for the attack on privilege. Its formation was the last sign of the approaching end of the absolutist bureaucracy which was, so to say, propped up by the bodies of its former enemies which it had triumphed over, the feudal rights of the older nobility. That great French centralised monarchy had been a long time ripening, but once ripe it decayed very speedily, and no wonder since it was the corruption of a corruption.

Here, then, we have in France a contrast to the state of things in England. No constitutionalism here; an absolutism despised even by the privileged classes; unable to move in the direction of progress, even when, as in the case of Louis XVI., its head has a tendency to the intelligent conservatism above mentioned; bankrupt also amidst a people broken down, and a commerce hampered by the exactions of the hereditary privilege which is its sole support, discredited by unsuccessful wars, so that the door is shut to its ambition in that road; at home it has to face uneasily the new abstract ideas of liberty and the rights of men. These ideas are professed, indeed, by those who have an interest in preserving the present state of things, but are listened to and pondered by people who find that state of things unbearable. In short, while England, at peace at home and prosperous under reasonable conservatism, is forced to be seeking colonies and markets abroad, while within her own bounds industrialism is quietly developing toward the great change, France, driven back on herself, is forced face to face with the elements of violent change at home; on the one hand bankruptcy and deadlock, on the other intellectual activity directed wholly towards theories of material well-being of a well-to-do class. And at the back of all a commercial bourgeoisie oppressed by privilege, and a miserable proletariat of mere starvelings. From such elements political revolution *must* be born.

E. BELFORD BAX AND WILLIAM MORRIS.

(To be continued.)

RUSKIN AS A REVOLUTIONARY PREACHER.

II.

IN the columns which from time to time may appear under the above heading, I propose to give, with the smallest possible of connecting thread, such passages as shall, to use one of his book-titles, be veritable "arrows of the chace."

I do not propose much in the way of criticism; if I were doing this I should take exception to much of Ruskin's writing. The authority of a great name is potent with so many of the bourgeois, that we must use great names if they help us to attack great abuses. While I adopt Ruskin's political economy, I totally disregard his superstitions and supernaturalisms. His great regard for lawyers and soldiers seems to me utterly evil.

I shall give exact references, but shall abbreviate titles after the first citation.

That Ruskin has been regarded as dangerous enough in his teachings to be boycotted out of two important magazines is not known to every reader. 'Unto This Last,' the first rough draft of his political economy, was commenced in *Cornhill* in 1860. The storm raised was so fierce that the editor had to shut down on the articles. After a little space of time the editor of *Frasers Magazine* invited some contributions on same lines, and Ruskin during 1862-3 wrote in that journal, somewhat tamer, by the way; but now the publisher put on the veto, and again Ruskin's political economy was out in the cold. 'Munera Pulveris' is the book-form of this second series. The ideas of those two books have been touched upon and filled out in almost every book of his since. What could have raised such a storm? Much exception cannot be aken to the following:

"Primarily, which is very notable and curious, I observe that men of business rarely know the meaning of the word 'rich.' At least, if they know, they do not in their reasonings allow for the fact that it is a relative word, implying its opposite, 'poor,' as positively as the word 'north' implies its opposite, 'south.' Men nearly always speak and write as if riches were absolute, and it were possible, by following certain scientific precepts, for everybody to be rich; whereas riches are a power like that of electricity, acting only through inequalities or negations of itself. The force of the guinea you have in your pocket depends wholly on the default of a guinea in your neighbour's pocket. If he did not want it, it would be of no use to you; the degree of power it possesses depends accurately upon the need or desire he has for it; and the art of making yourself rich, in the ordinary mercantile economist's sense, is therefore equally and necessarily the art of keeping your neighbour poor." ('Unto This Last,' 2nd ed., 1877, p. 40.)

There seems in this passage something which the worshippers of the great god "Thrift" would, if cornered, have some difficulty in getting over. He next suggests that a distinction should be made between the two economies, "political" and "mercantile."

"Political economy (the economy of a State or of citizens), consists simply in the production, preservation, and distribution, at fittest time and place, of useful or pleasurable things." (P. 41.)

"At fittest time and place" cuts at our present production-wholly-for-profit system.

"But mercantile economy . . . signifies the accumulation, in the hands of individuals, of legal or moral claims upon, or power over, the labour of others, every such claim implying precisely as much poverty or debt on one side as it implies riches or right on the other." (P. 42.)

E. B. Bax seems to think that Ruskin in the region of economics fails to see things as they are (see *Commonweal*, 15th May, p. 50). I suppose we all think that any authority we appeal to makes more for our particular view than any other; but I am sure no Socialist need wish any stronger argument for his position than Essay II. of the work I am now quoting. "The real gist of these papers, their central meaning and aim, is to give, as I believe for the first time in English, . . . a logical definition of 'Wealth'" (Preface, xi.). He goes on then to deride the claims of any book which proposes—as he says Mill's 'Principles of Political Economy' does—to treat of any science without definition. This he asserts—and returns again and again to the charge—has *always* been the method of the economists; and in this, I take it, most of us agree.

To return to Essay II., entitled "Veins of Wealth":

"It [mercantile economy] does not, therefore, necessarily involve an addition to the actual property or well-being of the State in which it exists. But since this commercial wealth or power over labour"—[Here is the supreme point of all]—"is nearly always convertible at once into real property, while real property is not always convertible at once into power over labour, the idea of riches among active men in civilised nations generally refers to commercial wealth; and in estimating their possessions they rather calculate the value of their horses and their fields by the number of guineas they could get for them, than the value of their guineas by the number of horses and fields they could buy with them." (P. 42.)

To most of us, I take it, it seems clear that so-called riches of so-called rich people do not add to the well-being of the State. The last part goes to show what an "unscience" political economy must be when the values of one side of the balance are not the equivalent of the other.

"There is, however, another reason for this habit of mind; namely, that an accumulation of real property is of little use to its owner unless, together with it, he has commercial power over labour. Thus, suppose any person to be put in possession of a large estate of fruitful land, with rich beds of gold in its gravel, countless herds of cattle in its pastures, houses and gardens and storehouses full of useful stores; but suppose, after all, that he could get no servants! In order that he may be able to have servants, some one in his neighbourhood must be poor and in want of his gold, or his corn. Assume that no one is in want of either, and that no servants are to be had. He must, therefore, bake his own bread, make his own clothes, plough his own ground, and shepherd his own flocks. His gold will be as useful to him as any other yellow pebbles on his estate. His stores must rot, for he cannot consume them. He can eat no more than another man could eat, and wear no more than another man could wear. He must lead a life of severe and common labour to procure even ordinary comforts; he will be ultimately unable to keep either houses in repair or fields in cultivation, and forced to content himself with a poor man's portion of cottage and garden, in the midst of a desert of waste land trampled by wild cattle and encumbered by ruins of palaces, which he will hardly mock at himself by calling his 'own.' The most covetous of mankind would, with small exultation, I presume, accept riches of this kind on these terms. What is really desired, under the name of riches, is essentially power over men; in its simplest sense, the power of obtaining for our own advantage the labour of servant, tradesman, and artist." (Pp. 43, 44.)

. . . "So that, as above stated, the art of becoming 'rich,' in the common sense, is not absolutely nor finally the art of accumulating much money for ourselves, but also of contriving that our neighbour shall have less." In accurate terms, it is 'the art of establishing the maximum inequality in our own favour.' (Pp. 45, 46.)

. . . "Thus the circulation of wealth in a nation resembles that of the blood in the natural body. . . . There is a flush of the body which is full of warmth and life, and another which will pass into putrefaction. The analogy will hold good down even to minute particulars; for as diseased local determination of the blood involves depression of the general health of the system, all morbid local action of riches will be found ultimately to involve a weakening of the resources of the body politic." (Pp. 48, 49.)

Will any care to contest this? What is our "Trade Depression" but in reality a determination of blood—capital—to the (punningly) capita (list), the head?

Consequent is the death, want of blood at the other parts of the body. A death, however, not so much from want of the capital itself as by the power which the capitalist has over labour by prohibiting productiveness:

"Any given accumulation of commercial wealth may be indicative, on the one hand, of faithful industries, progressive energies, and productive ingenuities; or, on the other, it may be indicative of mortal luxury, merciless tyranny, ruinous chicane" (p. 58). . . . "One mass of money is the outcome of action which has created—another, of action which has annihilated—ten times as much in the gathering of it; such and such strong hands have been paralysed, as if they had been numbed by nightshade; so many strong men's courage broken, so many productive operations hindered. . . . That which seems to be wealth may in verity be only the index of far-reaching ruin." (P. 59.)

Even the bourgeois political economists are beginning to allow much of the above, that "wealth" and "health" do not have the exact relationship they should have:

"Since the essence of wealth consists in its authority over men, if the apparent or nominal wealth fail in this power, it fails in essence; in fact, ceases to be wealth. It does not appear lately in England, that our authority over men is absolute. The servants show a disposition to rush riotously upstairs, under an impression that their wages are not regularly paid. We should augur ill of any gentleman's property to whom this happened every other day in his drawing-room. So also the power of our wealth seems limited as respects the comfort of the servants, no less than their quietude. The persons in the kitchen appear to be ill-dressed, squalid, half-starved. One cannot help imagining that the riches of the establishment must be of a very theoretical and documentary character." (Pp. 63, 64.)

On the sham, documentary character, of our much talked of wealth, he is never tired of insisting, and its reverse, the all importance of labour.

In "Fors," No. 2, February, 1871, p. 15, he says :

"There are, practically, two absolutely opposite kinds of labour going on among men for ever. The first, labour supported by capital, producing nothing. The second, labour unsupported by capital, producing all things."

And he gives as to the first one of the aptest examples possible :

"A little while since, I was paying a visit in Ireland, and chanced to hear of the pleasures of a picnic party, who had gone to see a waterfall. There was, of course, ample lunch, feasting on the grass, and baskets full of fragments taken up afterwards. Then the company, feeling themselves dull, gave the fragments that remained to the attendant ragged boys, on condition that they should 'pull each other's hair.'"

What are Kempton coursing meetings, Hurlingham, and Ascot but forms of the same game? Returning once more to our "Veins of Wealth," he says :

"In fact, it may be discovered that the true Veins of Wealth are purple—and not in Rock, but in Flesh—perhaps even that the final outcome and consummation of all wealth is in the producing as many as possible, full-breathed, bright-eyed, and happy-hearted human creatures. Our modern wealth, I think, has a tendency the other way." (P. 64, 65).

He concludes by suggesting it as advisable to produce Souls of good quality as a lendingly lucrative national manufacture.

THOMAS SHORE, jun.

A TRAMP'S WALLET.

II.

I was up betimes next morning away on my journey. I purposed reaching the Sussex coast, and searching for work in its pleasure resorts, where I was assured work in my trade was brisk. My ignorance of the route and the conflicting directions I received from passers-by caused me to lose much ground, and the evening found me very little advanced on my journey, but, tired and footsore, at an old village that in coaching times had been of some importance, but is now but a cluster of houses. It possessed, however, one resource of modern civilisation, viz., a tramp's lodging-house, and thither I went and secured a bed for the night.

I found a motley company gathered in the common room, and as it was my first experience of a rural common lodging-house I keenly scrutinised my neighbours, who in return summed up my dejected appearance, and whispered the audible verdict that I was a greenhorn and "fresh at it." I had expended my last penny in the purchase of a hunk of dry bread, and as I gloomily munched it, a woman who was feeding some sunburnt youngsters from a heap of broken victuals offered me a scrap of butter and a cup of weak tea, both of which I gladly accepted. "Poor lad," said she, sympathisingly, "its hard lines to eat dry bread after a days' travel." From which direction had I come, and maybe I had a mother who was worrying over me. I had to give a gulp to prevent a burst of tears. It was the first kindness I had had shown me since my journey's outset. She said that her old man, pointing to a stalwart countryman, was working hereabouts thatching, trussing, and such like, but she expected they'd soon be on the move again, and it's hard lines for the poor brats to cover the ground and not know where to lie at the end of the journey. The winter is the worst of all. The broken victuals she said were the result of a "mump" the eldest had done at a kitchen gate. I found that my fellow lodger carefully avoided the use of the word tramp, and spoke of their class as "travellers."

Outside of the few itinerant agricultural labourers, there were the regular cockney cadgers and vendors of cheap jewellery on their way to — races. One of these, a diminutive, narrow-chested individual, who professed to be a blacksmith, struck up a conversation, and offered to work a "lay" with me at the race-meeting. He laughed at my ignorance of his meaning, and was I only two days' out of the "Smoke," and stumped up already. "No grub! What a flat!" said he, and took a long steady look at me as he said it, to see, I expect, what a real unsophisticated "flat" looked like. "Yer pal in with me, and I'll show yer something better than that." The prospect of the morrow without money or food had depressed me, and I asked how was it to be altered. "Why 'mump,' of course!" said he, and then, because of the blank look of my countenance, indulged in a good laugh at my expense. "Yer see all those dishes up there, filled with grub,—there was a row of yellow dishes on a shelf,—'that's all been 'mumped,' and you could buy a bit of it if yer had any money, and yer can get money too if yer only knew yer book!"

"Yer'll be all right with me," he continued in a patronising way, and after a while left me to have a drink with the labourer, and I retired to rest. The bedroom was a long apartment filled with truckle beds. One end was parted off with a flimsy curtain for the "married" lodgers and their young children, who all herd together. In my after experience of similar places I found that in rural places the provisions of the Common Lodging-Houses Act were more honoured in the breach than the observance, and the division of the sexes and young very loosely observed; and as any couple can agree to say they are "married," those who talk of the sanctities of the family tie under our atrocious system have here a fine field in which to exercise their imaginations. My slumber was soon disturbed by a light. It was the countryman's wife and youngster, on their way to the curtained par-

tion. They were soon followed by the countryman and my acquaintance of the evening, both in that happy stage known as "half-seas over." The blacksmith (*sic!*) assured me of his eternal friendship, and the countryman commenced a quarrel with his wife, which ended in a battle-royal, in the course of which they nearly demolished the curtain around their "private apartment." The children screamed and the other lodgers joined in a chorus of contradictory sounds, some adjuring the woman to hold her condemned jaw, and others telling the man to let the woman alone. After a while the storm subsided, and after the youngsters had all been smacked for "hollering," silence was restored. To me these scenes were horrible. Brought up as a working lad, comparatively comfortable, my immediate surroundings caused me the greatest mental suffering. But here were tender children, whose early reminiscences would be filled up with such scenes; and when they develop into the adult way-worn travel-stained tramp, bringing in yet another generation of homeless unfortunates. Society outlaws and punishes the victims for the crime Society has committed against them. But I will keep any further reflections for my next.

JOHN LITSTER.

(To be continued.)

"A GOOD SERMON."

A "sympathetic subscriber to the *Commonweal*" sends the following extracts from a sermon preached recently in St. Vincent Street Unitarian Church, Glasgow, by the Rev. A. Lazenby, which our correspondent says, "made a good impression on a congregation that contains a large number of well-to-do folks":

"The large accumulations of wealth in a few hands can only leave the rest of the world comparatively poor. And the question arises: Doesn't this mean an unequal and unjust distribution of the rewards of industry? Wealth we know is the result of labour, of industry, of skill, of enterprise, of frugality, of foresight. Some one must have dug it out of the earth, or ground it out of her dust, or gathered it from the four corners of the earth, or fetched it from the ocean depths, or reaped it from nature's fruits. While nature is its mother, labour is its father; and the wealth of the world has been made by the co-operation of man with nature. . . . But who performs the labour, and who reaps the fruits? Does the largest share of the product of labour go to those who do the work, or to those who are called the capitalists? It is easy to find instances. Take the report of the N. E. Railway for the last half of the year 1884. The total revenue for that half year was £3,299,000. This was divided as follows: Materials, law-costs, taxes, £689,000; wages or salaries of all kinds, £1,078,000; bond and shareholders £1,531,000. Roughly speaking, one million pounds went to the workers who carried on the line, and one million and a half to those who never lifted finger save to hand over capital; in other words, out of every ten hours the servant worked he gave six for the benefit of the bondholder and only had four for himself. Is that a fair proportion? I saw in the papers the other week, that the great match-making firm in London—which is now by junction of the two leading companies virtually a monopoly—has just declared a dividend of 22½ per cent., and that they pay 2½ per gross for the making of match-boxes, the people who make them finding paste, etc. I need not ask if that is a *just* proportion. Our very heart cries out against it. We feel that it is an evident principle of humanity and justice that property and the means of comfort should have some proportion to men's industry. 'Ah!' it is said, 'these cases are exceptional and rare;' (would to God they were!) 'the proportions—or rather disproportions—are not all so great.' Possibly not. But taking a rough estimate of the results—and rewards—of labour, it is estimated after the cost of material is deducted, that one-half of the products go in wages, and the other half in interest on capital, in rent, and in profit. In other words, of a thousand men engaged in this manufactory, ten, perhaps (an unusual number), possess the capital, own the property, and superintend the work; the 990 do the work. Those ten divide between them as much as is shared by the 990.

"That is a fair illustration of the relative reward of capital and labour. Looking at it from a moral point of view is that equitable? I know it is affirmed that capital has its claims. But methinks they are over-rated in comparison with the claims of the human nerves, and brain, and sinews, and life. 'Something must be allowed for the risk taken by the capitalist. He is liable to fail. Often does fail.' But risk should not claim all the reward. Who makes the risk? Is it not often the capitalist? And that, too, by his too eager pursuit of wealth? And have the workers, the poor, nothing to risk? Can they lose nothing? Let a wave of depression in trade sweep over the country, and the regular working-man falls out of work, and immediately he is carried under, and all those dependent upon him—and there is no help for them. Yes, the poor are liable to 'fail,' and often do 'fail,'—God pity them! There is nothing in all God's universe more ruthlessly wasted than man and woman—and for what? To satisfy the world's passion for wealth!"

LITERARY NOTICES.

We have received the *Industrial News* of Toledo, O., an advanced, well-written labour paper, which we are sincerely glad to welcome as one of our exchanges.

San Francisco *Truth*, "in small doses," keeps up to the level at which it started. "She's a daisy," girls, and does you credit! We do not wonder at the work done in Frisco now the women take such a share in it.

The *Labor Lyceum* is a four-page (royal 8vo) little paper, published weekly in New York at 1 cent, by Julius Bordollo. It contains announcements and reports of meetings, smart leaderettes and bright paragraphs, and should result in a larger attendance at the lectures advertised.

The *Labor Leaf*, published by the Clerkenwell Branch of the League, is a child of the Denver *Little Socialist* and San Francisco *Truth*. It is a small four-page monthly, designed to advertise the Branch meetings and the *Commonweal*. Its promoters advise their readiness to adapt it to the arrangements of other Branches, and supply it at 8s. 6d. per 1000. Any provincial Branch which took it up would be benefited thereby.

INTERNATIONAL SOCIALIST AND LABOUR NOTES.

IRELAND.

DUBLIN.—Although to a superficial observer Socialism has not made much progress in this country, the doctrines we have been for the past six months propounding have not been without fruit. The more thoughtful of the workers are beginning to see the capitalist system in its true light; they are slowly but surely learning that mere political progress will not avail them much whilst they are socially slaves. This has been to a certain extent exemplified in the strikes that have lately taken place here; one noticeable feature of them all being the altered tone of the worker in demanding a larger share of the wealth that he himself creates. Heretofore, in seeking an advance in his wages, or, as was much more frequently the case, in protesting against a reduction, he threw himself entirely upon the generosity of his employer. He craved as a boon what he should have demanded as a right. Now he insists that labour is entitled to its just reward. This is not much of a change, yet I look upon it as a hopeful sign for the future. When the Irish workman shall have learned the truths of Socialism, when he really understands his true position, the bourgeois system will get but a short shrift in this country. The strike of the bottlenakers, the successful efforts of comrade Schumann on their behalf, the self-sacrificing conduct of the Swedes, have already been described in your columns by "Bruno." Believing that the particulars of two other and more important strikes, now in active progress, those of the Stonecutter's and Quay Labourers, may be of some interest to the readers of the *Commonweal*, I shall set them forth in as brief a manner as possible. The stonecutters were engaged in the building of the new Museum of Science and Art, the contractors being Messrs. Beckett, South King Street. At the commencement of the work in January, there being great numbers out of employment at the time, the Stonecutter's Guild permitted their members to work for 32s. per week, being 3s. less than the recognised wages of the trade. In addition to the members of the Operative Stonecutters, Messrs. Beckett had also engaged "scab labour," or non-society men. These latter during the progress of the work joined the union, so that all the men engaged to the number of ninety struck work. The men demanded 35s. per week for sixty hours work, the employers offering 32s. for sixty-one hours. I may mention that the Messrs. Beckett have always been noted for their harsh and tyrannous conduct towards their workers, never losing an opportunity of adopting the "skin 'em" capitalist device of using the existence of the unemployed as a lever for forcing down the wages of the employed. So far they have failed, no stonecutters have been got to take the place of the men on strike.—About three weeks ago, the quay porters engaged by the City of Dublin Steam Packet Company and the Dublin and Glasgow Steam Packet Company, struck, not for higher wages, but because the managers of these companies occasionally engaged labourers not belonging to the Emmet Amalgamated Labourers Union, a body to which most of the quay labourers belong. Other labourers who had taken the place of those on strike having been attacked, several arrests were made, five or six men were fined 20s., two men and one woman were sent forward for trial to the Commission. In one case, although the man alleged to have been attacked refused to attend, and the manager of the Company refused to prosecute, the magistrate issued a summons for their attendance. In dealing with all the cases the magistrates take care to lecture the labourers upon their foolishness in throwing up their good employment, and upon the *illegality* of their trying to prevent other men from doing what they have a *legal right* to do—making slaves of themselves. To guard against any further intimidation the men now at work are protected by the police; groups of men are not allowed to stand on the quays even when looking out for work. Left-handed justice is impartially dealt out—the interests of the shipping companies are carefully looked after by the authorities, whilst the labourers (despite the efforts of well-meaning persons to bring about a settlement) are not allowed to protect themselves. On all sides can be heard the murmurs of the coming storm. Let us hope to soon witness the Lexington of the Social Revolution.

KELT.

AMERICA.

"SHE-TOWNS" IN AMERICA.—Some of the cotton manufacturing towns of Massachusetts are so crowded with women and child operatives, to the exclusion of men, that they are popularly known as "she-towns." In that State, out of 61,246 operatives in cotton-mills, 22,180 are males, 31,496 are women, and 7,570 are children. In some of these mills nearly all are women receiving forty cents a day, living on the poorest of fare. This large preponderance of poorly-paid women makes these towns so poor that property owners groan under taxation and oppose all improvements. This change in the character of the inhabitants is spreading, so that in the not distant future it is predicted all the cotton-manufacturing districts will become "she-towns." The question will then arise, What will become of the men? They can find nothing to do, and their wives and children cannot earn enough to support them.—*Cotton Factory Times*.

AN UNPARALLELED INCIDENT.—The Chicago papers report an incident to which there is probably no parallel. The Nailers of the Cummings Mill have been on strike for four months against the further clipping of their skin-and-bone wages, and their families are about as close to starvation as they were in working times. It was reported on

the morning of the 4th that several car-loads of nails were to be moved from the mill. At ten o'clock 200 of the wives and children of the strikers appeared on the railroad track at the nail mill, some of them with sticks or switches in their hands. According to the reports, they were half-clad, starved and haggard-looking, and a general air of anxiety and desperation overspread their countenances. Their talk was wild and excited, and it was evident that their feelings were at the highest pitch. Hours passed, and they still stood on the tracks. After a while, one of the pickets came running breathlessly along the track, waving her shawl and shouting, "To the cars! to the cars!" This signalled the approach of the engine. A rush was made to where the loaded cars were standing. Mothers with infants in arms and dragging youngsters by the hand hurried along. The women grouped their little ones along the track some distance ahead of the first freight car and packed them according to age along the rails, the youngest toward the approaching engine, the mothers and grown-up daughters taking positions in the rear. The engine steamed up slowly a short distance, but seeing the living obstacle on the track, whistled shrilly and returned. Then the women dispersed, jeering and abusing the representatives of the company at the gate, calling them the most opprobrious names. The police prevented violence by the infuriated women. At two o'clock, when engines appeared again, fully 2,000 women and children were thronging the tracks and apparently determined to hold them. Capt. Hunt, with sixty police, attempted to clear the tracks, but could do it only with great difficulty. The women closed up again on the tracks, unless absolutely held back by the police, and the engines were unable to get by the women without killing them. The greatest excitement prevailed, and all attempts made to move the cars proved futile. After several charges by the police, the frenzied women were finally driven to their homes and the tracks were cleared, but no further attempt to move the cars was made. Next day, June 5th, an engine arrived about noon, and the women were again out in force, headed by two of their number, one of whom held a baby aloft, while the other waved a blue flag. The police again dispersed them, and guarded the tracks.—*John Swinton's Paper*.

AUSTRALIA.

THE UNEMPLOYED IN SYDNEY.—The labour bureau at the top of King Street was surrounded all yesterday by groups of men discussing—not political, but the unemployed situation. The relief works at Rookwood were put in full swing in the morning, and a body of 150 married men were sent out there by an early train. To the works at Little Bay, 145 single men were forwarded. This morning, by a train leaving at seven o'clock, a second contingent of married men, numbering 200, will be sent on to Rookwood. At present the men do not reside on the works. A train will be dispatched every evening from Rookwood to return the men to their homes in the metropolis. Yesterday the names of 331 men, married and single, were registered for employment, and of 86 single men for railway passes into the country, bringing the total up to 417. Tickets for supper were distributed among the men last evening. It has been suggested to the Colonial Secretary that permanent relief works for the employment only of single men should be instituted in the New England district, with a view to the establishment of an agricultural farm. The subject is likely at some future time to be considered by the Cabinet.—*Sydney Daily Telegraph*, March 13.

BOURKE.—Great dissatisfaction is expressed here at a number of the unemployed being shipped to Bourke, as there is absolutely no work stirring, and if necessary hundreds of able-bodied men able to turn their hands to anything could be got. The new-comers in the district have either to beg or starve, as there is no place to make for from here. It is absolute cruelty sending men here while Bourke is so fearfully depressed.—*Sydney Daily Telegraph*, March 13.

PORTUGAL.

LIFE OF THE WORKERS.—"The rate of wages in Northern Portugal is low, and the hours of labour long in all trades. The working hours have not been shortened within my recollection of the last eighteen years, but wages in nearly all directions have steadily risen from 10 to 25 per cent." In the cotton mills both males and females work from sunrise to sunset. The average wages of male operatives, which, we suppose, includes males in all departments of the mill, average 320 reis per day, and females earn 140 reis per day on an average, and as 100 reis only equal 5½d. in English money, in point of wages they are miserably low, and their general condition allows great scope for improvement. "In Oporto alone," says the Consul, "it is estimated there are fully 10,000 hand-loom. To each machine is attached the whole family of the weaver, and at the lowest calculation these miserable slaves of the loom must exceed 30,000. They work from ten to twelve hours a day, but the wages earned are too small for a decent living, and their diet is poor indeed; still it is said to be nutritious, but it is a rarity if ever they taste roast meat, wheaten bread, butter, tea, and coffee."—*Consular Report*.

Home Rule for Ireland and the Present Election.

The Lecturers of the SOCIALIST LEAGUE will be pleased to address any club or association upon this vital question. It is imperative that all should give their closest attention and most earnest thought to the solution of the problems that confronts us, and everyone who can assist in this should be heard.—Address Lecture Secretary at this office.

THE SOCIALIST LEAGUE.

OFFICES: 13 FARRINGDON ROAD, E.C.

Notices to Members.

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

Reading Room.—Open from 10 a.m. to 9 p.m. All papers received by the Secretary are sorted and filed and are at the disposal of members.

Notices to Lecturers and Branch Secretaries.

To avoid confusion and mistake, lecturers and Branch secretaries are requested to at once advise the Lecture Secretary of all engagements made by them. Branches will find it more convenient to make their arrangements with speakers through the Lecture Secretary, who will undertake to make all necessary announcements unless otherwise instructed.

Branch Subscriptions Paid.

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

The "Commonweal."

After next week, all settlements of Branch accounts for *Commonweal* will be acknowledged under this heading. *Branches please note.*

Strenuous efforts are needed to enlarge the circulation and make our paper self-supporting. Any one who is not yet putting his energies forth should begin now.

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

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

Copies of the cartoon by Walter Crane, "Mrs. Grundy frightened at her own shadow," printed on fine hand-made paper for framing, price 6d., postage 1d.

The Right of Free Speech in Public Places.

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. It is well known that the clear open space at the east end of Stratford Church is a spot where the expression of public opinion can take place with little or no obstruction or annoyance to the general public. For endeavouring to assert the right of free speech at Stratford, 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 Road, 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.

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.)

Free Speech at Stratford.

Several of our comrades who up to now have been engaged in fighting for the right of Free Speech at Stratford, attempted to hold another meeting at the Grove last Saturday, but, owing to the disgraceful conduct of the police, they found themselves unable to carry out their resolution. On arriving, our comrades were not only confronted by an unusually large force of police, police in plain clothes, mounted police and detectives, but they had also to contend against new—and we must confess very effective—tactics on the part of the "law-and-order" people, namely, a complete organisation to make every attempted meeting as disorderly as possible. The detectives and some middle-class snobs were busily engaged in inciting the rough element and the boys to do their utmost to interrupt, ridicule, and hustle every speaker, and one fat greasy bourgeois distributed money amongst the boys, probably with the object of stimulating the force of their lungs. To protect the women our comrades had to shelter them in a neighbouring coffee-house, but wherever the detectives could get sight of a Socialist the unfortunate individual was sure to be mobbed by boys vociferously shouting, "That is one of them!" Having gained this experience, our comrades think it best to abstain from holding any further meeting till the demonstration has proved to Sir Charles Warren that the British public is not as yet prepared to permit him to interfere with public rights. It should be said, however, that the attitude of the public, apart from the official and amateur "guardians of the peace," is still distinctly friendly towards us.—H. C.

Delegates from various clubs and associations met at 13 Farringdon Road on Wednesday, June 23—Mrs Besant in the chair—when it was decided that, owing to the election, no attempt should be made at present to hold a demonstration, but a further delegate meeting should be held at the Tower-Hamlets Radical Club, Redman's Row, on Thursday July 8, at 8.30, to which all clubs are invited to send delegates. It is also proposed that a combined demonstration take place on Sunday July 18.—J. LANE and C. W. MOWBRAY, *Joint-Secs.*

Branch Reports.

CLERKENWELL.—On Wednesday, June 23, F. Verinder lectured on "The Land and the Drink Question," and pointed out that the 136 millions represented to be spent in drink was incorrect, a very large proportion of it really being taxation and money paid to State officials; slight opposition; good discussion; satisfactory reply.—On Sunday, June 27, H. Sparling lectured to a small audience on "What is a Religion?"—W. B.

HACKNEY.—We held a meeting in Well Street at 11.30 on Sunday morning, when comrade Mowbray addressed a large audience; we had a good sale of *Commonweal*, and made three members at the close of the meeting.—J. F.

MARYLEBONE.—On Saturday evening, comrades Burcham, Arnold, and Barker addressed a large meeting in the Harrow Road; the audience was very attentive and sympathetic, and nearly three quires of *Commonweal* were sold.—On Sunday morning, comrades Arnold and Charles spoke at the corner of Bell Street.—In the afternoon we had a very large and enthusiastic audience in Hyde Park, and comrades Burcham and Chambers addressed the meeting, the large concourse of people loudly cheering the speakers.—*Collections for Propaganda Fund:* June 19, Bell Street, 1s. 4d.; Hyde Park, 4s. 4d.; June 26, Hyde Park, 3s. 3d.—H. G. A., sec.

MERTON.—On Wednesday, June 23, comrade Hill lectured in our rooms on "Co-operation v. Competition."—Last Sunday, comrades Mowbray and Bull spoke in the open-air to a fair-sized audience; a good number of *Commonweals* sold.—F. K.

MILE END.—Comrades Vanderhout and Allman spoke at an indoor meeting on Tuesday, June 22, in the absence of Mrs. Wilson; good audience.—On Thursday, June 24, comrade Davis spoke on the Mile End Waste.—E. G.

LEEDS.—An assemblage of about 400 people listened to Mahon and Maguire on Hunslet Moor last Sunday morning. Two quires of the *Commonweal* were sold.—T. M.

MANCHESTER.—On Sunday morning we found a good audience at the Grey Mare corner willing to listen to a Socialist's view of Home Rule; they seemed quite to see the force of our statement that a mere change of government would be little good without it was used to get possession of the means of production. We have now promise of 15 members in this district as soon as we can get a room to meet in. Some Apostolic Christians had forestalled us at the Viaduct in the evening, and kept up their meeting till after ten o'clock, in spite of our request to be allowed some share of the evening. If they will not manage to share the station with us, we shall be obliged to go early and keep them out altogether. A neighbouring landlord kindly offered us the use of a room in his inn for meetings, so we shall, I hope, get some there shortly.—R. U., sec.

LECTURE DIARY.

London Branches.

Bloomsbury.—Arlington Hall, Rathbone Place, Oxford Street, W. Friday, July 2nd, at 8.30 p.m., J. Lane, "Revolution or Reform?" 9. H. H. Sparling, Killing no Murder."

Clerkenwell.—Hall of the Socialist League, 13 Farringdon Road, E.C. Sunday July 4, 7.30 p.m. J. Clay, "The Land Question." Wednesday 11 (8.30), W. Chambers, "Tory, Liberal, and Radical."

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 Tuesday at 9, for the enrolment of members and other business.

Hammersmith.—Kelmescott House, 26 Upper Mall, W. Sunday, July 4, 8. "Home Rule;" Wednesday 7th, 8. Annie Besant, "Interest and an Idle Class."

Hoxton (L. E. L.).—Exchange Coffee House, Pitfield Street, opposite Hoxton Church, N. Sundays, at 7.45 p.m. July 4. C. Wade, "Brotherhood." 11. W. Morris, "Education."

Merton.—11 Merton Terrace, High Street. Sundays and Wednesdays at 8 p.m. Mile-end.—I. W. M. Educational Club, 40 Berner Street, Commercial Road.

Tuesdays at 8 p.m. July 6. D. Nicoll, "Law and Order."

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.

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. sympathisers invited.

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

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.

Norwich.—Gordon Café. Every Monday at 8 p.m.

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.

Open-air Propaganda for the Week.

LONDON.					
Date.	Station.	Time.	Speaker.	Branch.	
Fri. 2.	Hackney—Well Street	8	C. W. Mowbray	Hackney.	
Sat. 3.	Harrow Road—opposite the	7	C. W. Mowbray	Marylebone.	"Prince of Wales"
	Hyde Park (Marble Arch)	7	H. H. Sparling	Hammersmith.	
	Regent's Park	7	H. Charles	N. London.	
	Euston Road—Ossulton St.	7	D. Nicoll	N. London.	
S. 4.	Croydon	11	S. Llewellyn	Croydon.	
	Edgware Road—Bell Street	11.30	C. W. Mowbray	Marylebone.	
	Hackney—Well Street	11.30	Graham & Sparling	Hackney.	
	Hammersmith—Beadon Road	11.30	Tochatti	Hammersmith.	
	Hoxton Ch.—Pitfield Street	11.30	D. Nicoll	Hoxton.	
	Mile-end Waste	11.30	H. Barker	Mile-end.	
	Regent's Park	11.30	T. E. Wardle	N. London.	
	Stamford Hill	11.30	H. Davis		
	St. Pancras Arches	11.30	W. Chambers	Bloomsbury.	
	Hyde Park (near Marble Arch)	3.30	W. Chambers	Marylebone.	
	Victoria Park	3.30	H. Davis	Hackney.	
	Croydon	7	S. Llewellyn	Croydon.	
	Merton—High Street	7	J. Lane	Merton.	
Th. 8.	Hoxton Ch.—Pitfield Street	8	C. Wade	Hoxton.	
	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.

MEETINGS OF OTHER SOCIETIES.

FABIAN SOCIETY.—South Place Institute, Finsbury, Friday July 2. William Morris, "The Aims of Art."

UNITED SOCIALIST SOCIETIES OF LONDON.—An excursion to Epping Forest, "Robin Hood", will take place on Sunday, July 4, for the benefit of the Socialist movement in Belgium. The procession of the United Socialists will start from Charlotte Street, corner of Tottenham 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 can be obtained from the secretaries, porters, and stewards at the United Clubs, not later than Friday, July 2, at 1s. 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.

FRENCH LESSONS.—Courses of French Lessons will be given by M. PHILIPPE, 40 Berner Street, Commercial Road, E., at the beginning of next week. Terms: Three Lessons weekly, 1s. Time and day to suit convenience of Pupils.

REVOLUTIONARY RHYMES AND SONGS FOR SOCIALISTS. Fifteen selections. 1d.

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