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WEEKLY; ONE PENNY.

## NOTES ON PASSING EVENTS.

In ordinary political matters there are at present but two subjects wherein any one pretends to take any interest in this country—the Irish question and the Greek. The general English public know next to nothing about the first, and nothing about the second. Yet it is not uncommon to find people more interested (even though quite ignorant) in the Greek question than the Irish, probably because they expect, or have expected, the dramatic entertainment of a war for which they will not have to pay. As to the Irish question, the so-called educated classes stick with great fidelity to the opinions of their favourite newspapers, and by this time have learned to conduct an "argument" on the subject by those means—the whole operation being called the "formation of public opinion."

Meantime that opinion seems to be setting somewhat in favour of Mr Gladstone's Bill, in spite of the shrill and almost triumphant cry of the parliamentary people and their hacks that it was doomed. One is fain to hope that the reason for this is that another and more genuine opinion, or instinct rather, is acting on the leader-made "public opinion," and that a real undercurrent of popular feeling is at work, and is teaching the people to see through the elaborately-woven veil of pretences to wisdom, foresight, and statesmanship that is hiding a mere lust for conquest and greed of exploitation in the great mass of our "respectable" classes about this Irish business. If this is so it is well, because, as I pointed out last week, it is not the details of Gladstone's Bill that we need note, but whether the Irish people see their independence in it; and the cheerful acceptance of that independence by the English working-class (the opinions of no other class are of any importance to us) would mean a great blow to Jingoism, which is one of the great foes of the Revolution, and which has already been sorely shaken by the disgraces of recent piratical wars waged by the Gladstone as well as by the Tory governments.

One cannot, however, ignore the fact that there is one thing which makes it probable that the democratic side of Liberalism will accept Irish independence—to wit, worship of Mr Gladstone. The enthronement of a temporary and most powerful king, to which (strange irony of history!) democracy, as opposed to Socialism, tends, is certainly all too obvious in this case. Nay, it is not to be thought that the burst of hero-worship which the Irish themselves have expressed towards this G. O. M. is hypocritical: they are clearly touched at so great a man condescending to befriend their contemned race. Who can wonder at this? Individually we are weak, poor, ignorant; as democrats we have not learned to understand the power of combination inspired by principle and a high ideal, or how it can transform the man whom it draws out of the slough of grovelling individualism: therefore we naturally feel grateful to a man on whom all eyes are fixed, if from his pedestal of greatness he will condescend to half-adopt, and half-spoil in adopting, the very ideas which we have forced him to express for us. Democracy while it lasts will never be free from this hero-worship, and all the traps which the heroes (poor devils!) wittingly and unwittingly lead their worshippers into. Socialism alone will give us manly independence of thought, which, again, can alone lead to harmonious action, instead of machine-made policy.

Meantime, all the hints at alternative measures to Home Rule mean nothing more nor less than the retention of our English Poland, whether they are put forward by Conservatives, Liberals, or Radicals. Provincial councils *we*, at least, should not find fault with, if they were intended to be genuine and independent; in that case they would educate people towards the condition of the free federation of free communes, which is the only solution of politics. But these "light and leading" provincial councils are just meant to choke off the demand for practical independence, which naturally is the only thing which the Irish demand. They are not meant to deal with anything on principle; they are, in fact, to be enlarged *vestries*.

Of course this means a desperate attempt to shunt the land question—which cannot be shunted. We may well believe Mr. Wilfrid Blunt when he says that it cannot be put off for even six months; matters, he says, are growing so desperate that the landlords are hard at work evicting, as if with the consciousness that their time is drawing near; and they are using their power even though its exercise rather damages than forwards their money interests. In short, it is high time that Mr. Chamberlain should leave his dreams of a possible

Radical Ireland, and that the Liberal Associations should leave off babbling pedantry about representation and taxation and the "expulsion" of the Irish members (expulsion of a man from prison!), and find out what form the Irish will accept in order to look to their own affairs.

As to the Land Purchase Bill, it provides a monstrous compensation for the Robbers of Ireland; and one would think that landlords would break their necks almost in their hurry to run to meet it; but it does not seem that they will. Perhaps they feel it as such a joke that they should be compensated for the glorious times that they have had at other people's expense, that they cannot help thinking there is something else behind it, and can scarcely believe in the reality of the English money with which Mr. Gladstone is bribing them to take themselves off from Ireland. To us all this matters little so long as in England and elsewhere landlords sit awaiting the compensation which Democracy may one day offer them; while capitalists compensate themselves by the daily and hourly robbery of labour. That the Irish accept in any way this Bill, shows probably that they consider it a mere futile and temporary experiment, which will not interfere with their dealing with the matter in their own way.

Mr. Matthew Arnold's paper in the *Nineteenth Century* is noteworthy, though not for its own sweet sake; for it is not worthy of the author's reputation as a clever essayist with an occasional gleam of insight. It is in fact a piece of Whig commonplace, such as may be seen in any Whig organ by the dozen, but helped out somewhat (not much) by adroitness and neatness of style. But as showing whitherward "Sweetness and light" are drifting, it is of interest, since it is Mr. Arnold's manner of doing what Professor Huxley has recently done more emphatically, to wit, declaring formally for Reaction, as perhaps a pensioner is bound to do in the long run.

If any of our friends may happen to think Arnold's views on the Irish question are original and valuable, they had better refer to the passages in which he openly advocates the suppression of the rights of public meeting, or note his newborn admiration for the King of Pettifoggers, Bismarck. Though perhaps he is not wrong in elevating that "buffoon," as one of our comrades called him in the *Commonweal* last week, into the rank of the statesmen, when one considers the history of those pests of the human race. Well, it is what was to be expected. Since Mr. Arnold has sorely developed the prig in him since his early days, it is natural that he should at last distinctly put forward the Prig Government: and yet it is sad that a man who once had a genuine, though not copious poetic gift, should narrow himself to the limits of such a poor world of pedantry and hypocrisy as the cultured middle-class is; that culture should greatly ignore the struggles and aspirations of the greater part of humanity, and elect at last to live and die in a flunkey's coat.

As to Greece, it was clear from the first that she was to be coerced into peace if it suited the robber powers of Eastern Europe who use England as a cat's paw. It is not worth while even to think about the dark and tortuous intrigues which have been at work in the matter, further than noting them as part of the general ignominy of European "statesmanship" to which we are forced to submit. The robber powers nearest to these weak Eastern European peoples will of course take any advantage that they can, amidst their first business of keeping down their own populations, of the development of the energies of those peoples. It is to be hoped that intrigue will fail in stimulating them into artificial outbreaks founded on unhappy race prejudices. The true opportunity for the development of Eastern Europe will be found when that war begins which will lead to Revolution: a war which is bound to be the outcome of the blatant scoundrelism of the robbers aforesaid.

Says Mr. Gladstone in his latest address to his constituents: "*The adverse host then consists of class and the dependents of class.*" This might serve as a motto for us, only we should mean something by it that Mr. Gladstone does not: he still imagines a compact Tory party and a compact Liberal one in the main, though the latter may suffer from occasional secessions. He does not see that the march of events towards real freedom is forcing men to declare themselves, that they are being frightened out of their hypocrisy. Yet his sentence is true, and coming from a bourgeois Prime Minister has even a prophetic ring about it. We accept it, but in its literal meaning, which probably is not quite Mr. Gladstone's.

WILLIAM MORRIS.

## THE COMMERCIAL HEARTH.

The throne, the altar, and the hearth—the political emblem, the religious emblem, and the social emblem—have long constituted the mystic trinity to which appeal is made when popular class-sentiment is required to be invoked against influences, disintegrative of the status quo. In the bourgeois world of to-day the first two terms may sometimes be modified. The middle-class man's respect for the throne may be more or less diluted; he may even prefer to substitute for it the presidential chair, but in either case it is the "law"—the legal system of a class-society—which is typified; to the altar he might possibly prefer the "Bible", by which he would wish to be understood Protestant dogmas without the inconveniences of direct sacerdotal domination. Such slight modifications of the original formulæ as these, matter little, however, since in any case the old feudal sentiment for the liege temporal and spiritual has been long since dead. The old formula may, therefore, be conveniently adopted as an impression of the three phases of the modern world, which its votaries are so jealous of preserving. Beneath throne, altar, and hearth, in their present form, all Socialists know that there lies the market. They know that the market is the bed-rock on which the throne, the altar, and the hearth of the 19th century rest, and that once this bed-rock be shattered the said throne, altar, and hearth will be doomed.

Respecting the throne and the altar we have not much to say in the present article. It is with the bulwark of social life, the hearth, otherwise expressed as modern family-life, that we are here chiefly concerned. We refer more especially to the family life whose special architectural expression is the suburban villa. This is the ideal of the middle-class family of a "lower," i.e., poorer degree, while in those of a "higher," i.e., richer degree, its characteristics are exaggerated into the rank luxuriance symbolised in the brand-new country mansion. Let us consider briefly the characteristics of the suburban villa in its daily life and surroundings, much as we would that of some ancient people, as thus:—I. Household Ways; early morning (item 1) Prayers. (2) Breakfast. (3) Departure of Paterfamilias and sons to business. Journey beguiled by morning papers and conversation resembling for the most part undigested "leaders" from same. (N.B.—The modern journalist is, as it were, the cook who boils down and seasons up into a presentable *entrée* the "dead cats" of middle-class prejudice). (4) At home the wife and daughters, after a possible feint at domestic duties, prepare for "shopping." (5) "Shopping," the main occupation in the day for the middle-class female, being over, luncheon follows, then calls, then afternoon tea. (6) Return of paterfamilias, more or less wearied with his daily round of laboriously endeavoring to shift money from his neighbour's pocket into his own, wearied, i.e., and degraded, with doing no useful work whatever. (7) Evening taken up with sleep, or conversation on the affairs of the family, together with its relations and connections, varied with the indifferent performance of fashionable music and the perusal of "current" literature. The above, we contend, is a fair picture of the type toward which the daily life of the average English middle-class family gravitates. We have said English, inasmuch as the commercial system has been more potent in its effect on English domestic life than on that of any other European people; but the same tendency to vapidness, inanity, pseudo-culture, which is the worst form of lack of refinement, obtains to a greater or less extent wherever a commercial middle-class exists. A few words now on the art, the literature, the sentiment, moral and religious, of the class in question.

First, as to the house decoration. Not to speak of furniture proper, what do we see on the walls? Art embodied in "furniture," pictures, among them oftentimes the terrible counterfeit presentment of connections of the family, which, were there a vestige of taste left in the household management, would never be exposed to the gaze even of the casual visitor. The superficiality of average middle-class culture is painfully illustrated in the complete ignorance displayed by the bourgeois man or woman as to the ugliness or commonplaceness of his or her relations. We quite admit that the ancestors or "connections" of a family may have a certain historical importance for those interested in its natural history, but save in a very few cases the interest attaching to them is limited to this. Now we contend that this does not justify the obtuseness of what is intrinsically disagreeable. There is, undoubtedly, considerable historical interest in Captain Burton's "Arabian Nights," but, inasmuch as there is that in it which is intrinsically unpleasant, the man of sensibility keeps it reserved under lock and key for private perusal. True, "culture" gives a man the power of rising above the standpoint of his immediate interests, and of taking an objective view of things. It may be too much to expect of a man ever to see himself as others see him, but surely he might see his relations as others see them.

Apart from portraits, what other art does our middle-class parlour present? "Reproductions" by processes varying in badness according to the length of the family purse. In some cases these mechanical reproductions may be of the old masters, in which case they are perhaps the best thing procurable in the way of art. But for the artist it is surely a melancholy best when art in the family is represented by such. Again, let us take furniture and household decorations. A visit to any large upholsterer's shop will suffice to show the superficiality of the varnish of "taste" in matters decorative, even where absolute sordidness does not prevail. But the English lower middle-class family-parlour, or the never-entered drawing-room of the next grade! Can the "family" which has produced these things be in any way worth preserving?

If it be thought that its art and furniture are only superficial, local, and temporary accidents of the modern family, it is only necessary to turn to the rest of its products, to be convinced how very constantly everything connected with it hangs together. Its literature may be divided into two classes—the variable and the constant. The first consists in the circulating library three-volume novel, in which one section of middle-class womanhood delights; the second in "books" designed for "family reading," mostly of a moral or religious tendency, got up in bright colors and gilt leaves, and available at every suburban or provincial bookseller's or stationer's shop, in which another section delights. This class of literature, by the production of which many clergymen of insufficient stipend, and spinsters with disordered organic functions, gain a livelihood, was until the last few years the sole kind certain to be available in the typical middle-class "home." Its way of life, it must be admitted, has fallen somewhat into the sere and yellow leaf of late, but it flourishes more or less still, as the publishing firms of Griffith and Farran, Nisbet and Co., the Religious Tract Society, and even Cassell, Petter and Galpin, will testify.

Closely connected with this subject is that of religious practices. Religion in one or other of its forms is a staple ingredient of bourgeois family life in this country. It constitutes the chief amusement of the women of the family, who find in Sunday-school teaching, district visiting, bazaars, etc., a virtuous mode of relieving themselves of the *ennui* which otherwise could not fail to overtake their empty lives. The singular part of it is that with all the attempts of these respectable unfortunates to enlighten and elevate the "poor," there is an entire absence of all suspicion that they themselves need enlightening and elevating. Of late years, we note, as a sign of the times, that there has been a tendency to modification of the teaching from theology to economy. Evangelicism with its "conversions," its "changes of heart," has fallen decidedly flat of late, even with that half-educated middle-class, which some quarter of a century ago were its most prominent votaries. It is tacitly acknowledged to be out of date. Its catchwords, moreover, now that they have been dragged through the Salvation Army, and had to serve as convenient trade-marks for tea, sugar, and other groceries, and, in fact, make themselves generally useful to the enterprising firm of Booth and Sons, look decidedly the worse for wear. After the appearance in a provincial town (as reported in the newspapers some time ago) of the ingenious advertisement of a Salvation Army meeting, running, "Why give 10d. a pound for mutton when you can get the lamb of God for nothing?" the well-known phrase is perhaps deemed to be somewhat spoiled for the ministrations of the respectable wife or daughter. There is the possible danger of getting "mixed-up" with the "army" and its proceedings. Be this as it may, the fact remains that "thrift," "teetotalism," "industry," and the rest of the economic virtues, are superseding "immediate repentance," "coming to the Saviour," etc., as the subjects for exhortation in the visitation of the poor.

But however unfashionable the old dogmatics may become, there is one institution which will certainly hold its own so long as the bourgeois family lasts, and that is the "place of worship." In contemporary British social life the church or chapel is the rendezvous or general club for both sexes; it is the centre of many minds, round which the melancholy institution of the suburban or provincial evening party circulates. It is the *bureau de mariage* for the enterprising youth who goes to business to qualify for "success in life," and the commercial virgin anxious to be settled, to meet and form connections. Besides all this, it serves the purpose of a fashionable lounge, where the well-dressed may disport themselves and make physiognomical observations if that way inclined. So, all things considered, the "place of worship" may watch unconcernedly the decay of dogma so long as the "great middle-class" maintains its supremacy—in this country at least.

E. BELFORT BAX.

(To be concluded).

## THE BENEVOLENT BOURGEOIS.

THIS is an interesting study from life. The benevolent middle-class man. His works can be seen around us. To him are due the hospitals, workhouses, penitentiaries, and jails which are the pride and glory of middle-class civilisation. The hospitals are for the workman who has been injured in the factory, or blood-poisoned in the slums, of course by no fault of his kind and indulgent master, and for the workman's wife, so that she may undergo a course of humane vivisection at the hand of the surgeon for the benefit of the young students, that they may understand how to treat the higher members of the human family, the female relatives of the benevolent man.

The workhouse is for the aged workman, borne down, broken before his time by excessive toil and privation.

The penitentiary for the work-girl who has fallen, possibly, through the insufficient wages paid by the amiable philanthropist, who kindly prepares a refuge for one out of every dozen that he has driven upon the streets, a refuge where she is told how wicked she has been to sell herself in order to live, and where she hears lectures from the smug philanthropist on the nobility of virtuous starvation compared with vicious abundance. The benevolent man will tell her that 5s. honestly earned gives far more joy than pounds by doubtful and unworthy means, and that above all she should be contented in that condition to which it has pleased God to call her.

Finally, the jails are for those who have become thieves because of the existence of the philanthropist. As this gentleman lives without work, others are forced to work for, and to keep him and his class in luxury: work is hard to get and hard when got. In a society founded upon theft, where he that steals the most rides in his carriage amid the cheers of thousands, while the worker is looked upon with contempt as something low and stupid, is it wonderful that there should be some who endeavour, though humbly and at a great distance, to imitate the exploits of our philanthropist and his brothers? Our philanthropist foresaw this danger, and therefore he instituted the jail and workhouse to take the place of the whip with which in old times he used to drive his slaves to their work. But this is an age of humanity, and the prison and workhouse are quite as effective in forcing men to toil as the whip he used in the past.

Our friend is also a great believer in expensive and even profitable philanthropy; he will seldom lay up any treasure in heaven or give any order for the erection of heavenly mansions, unless he can get at least five per cent. on the capital invested. Unlike the charitable robber of old he does not take from the rich to give to the poor, but professes to benefit the human race by taking from the poor and giving to the rich, namely, to himself.

It was a gentleman resembling our friend that wrote to the papers soon after Riot Monday, suggesting the distribution among the poor of all the waste and leavings of middle-class households, and stating that he had always found the poor very grateful for the scrapings from the plates of the respectable classes. His letter was entitled "A Timely Suggestion." Another relative of the amiable man who is the subject of this article, said that the workers should become vegetarians, so that their masters might lower their wages and thus be enabled to compete against the capitalists of the world. For cheap living means cheap wages, cheap wages mean cheap goods, and cheap goods drive out dearer ones. Thereupon, he held up before the British workman the delectable picture of the heathen Chinese who lives upon fat pork and rice; possibly in time he may urge them to better that bright example, and live upon the rice without the pork; then, indeed, will the British capitalists be able to have the wealth of the world at their back.

Men of this philanthropic type are not unknown to history. There was the rich man in the parable who allowed the poor one to eat the crumbs that fell from his table, and was good enough to allow his dogs to pay the beggar delicate attentions, and Foulon, who in the time of the French Revolution, advised the starving people to eat grass. These men received but a poor return for their goodness, the rich man went to hell, and Foulon was hung by a misguided people! Let us trust that philanthropists of the same kind may meet with their reward. When one hears these men jabbering, one is tempted to exclaim with Marat to the people, "O Nation of babblers, why will you not act!"

D. J. NICOLL.

## SOCIALISM IN DUBLIN AND YORKSHIRE.

I HAVE to say a few words of another lecture tour, which I hope may be of some interest to our readers. I started on the night of Thursday 8th April, made memorable by the introduction of the Home Rule Bill and Mr Gladstone's speech, which more by token I found awaiting us on our landing next morning at Kingstown. The next day I addressed an audience mostly of "ladies and gentlemen" at the Molesworth Hall, on the "Aims of Art." There were a few workmen scattered among the audience, and our comrades of the Dublin Branch put in an appearance, and two, I think, spoke in the discussion which followed. I fear that the "ladies and gentlemen" were disappointed with what I was forced to lay before them, which, as a matter of course, included advocacy of Socialism as a necessity for the new birth of art.

The next day I attended the "Saturday Club," and opened a debate on "Socialism: what it is." The audience, mostly of working men, was a large one, and naturally somewhat excited by the affairs of the week. I had no reason, however, to complain of my reception. Plenty of assent and dissent was expressed, with cheering vigour on both sides. I spoke for some forty-five minutes, and was well listened to. One slip I unwittingly made by mentioning Sackville Street, which is popularly known as O'Connell Street, a name which the authorities refuse to accept. A great to-do followed this blunder, which, on a hint from the chairman, I corrected with all good will, and so was allowed to go on, with cheers. A rather poor debate followed my speech, for the attackers of Socialism didn't know anything about it, and the first would-be defender claimed it as the "crystallisation of Christian ethics," which opened the door to a great deal of rather rampant theology. This in its turn seemed to excite the audience considerably, and brought out the bigotry which one certainly expects to find in an Irish audience. An incident finished the evening, which, as it was magnified by some of the papers into a "riot," I may as well mention. The chairman closed the debate by calling on me to answer, but the audience had not had enough, or some one was wanting to speak out of whom they expected some sport, so they got out of hand, and made some noise for 600 people; but after singing "God Save Ireland," and finding the chairman firm, they quieted down in about a quarter of an hour, and listened peaceably enough to my answer, which was shorter than it otherwise would have been. Whatever disturbance there was, it was not directed against the representative of Socialism.

On the Sunday I met the members of the Branch at comrade Schumann's rooms, and had a very satisfactory evening. It is clear that at present the religious matter is the difficulty; but I cannot help

thinking that when Home Rule is established the Catholic clergy will begin to act after their kind, and try after more and more power, till the Irish gorge rises and rejects them. The Protestant religious feeling being dogmatic and not political, is hopeless to deal with. Meantime, open-air meetings are not possible for us in Dublin—at least till we are much stronger in numbers. The Branch has taken action very judiciously, through comrade Schumann, in the glass-blowers' strike and the importation by the masters on false pretences of Danish workmen, who have behaved very well in the matter, and shown all appreciation of the solidarity of labour.

On the Saturday I lectured in the hall of the Branch on the "Political Outlook." The audience, mostly working men again, seemed for the most part heartily with me, and the meeting turned out quite a success.

Of course, though I saw many people in Dublin (and many of them, by the way, not far from Socialists), my short stay in one place in the country could not add much to my power of judging of our chances of success there. It is a matter of course that until the Irish get Home Rule they will listen to nothing else, and equally so that as soon as they get Home Rule they must deal at once with the land question. On the whole, I fear it seems likely that they will have to go through the dismal road of peasant-proprietorship before they get to anything like Socialism; and that road, in a country so isolated and so peculiar as Ireland, may be a long one. On the other hand, it will lead them straight to ruin unless they can keep out of the world-market—which they can scarcely do. Undoubtedly the Irish are bent on doing all they can to further Irish manufactures, however artificially, and to that end are sure to drive new railways through the country, and so to stimulate that production for profit which throws the peasant into the hands of the usurer, and makes peasant-proprietorship a miserable make-shift—a piece of reaction leading nowhere, save down the hill. So that after all things in Ireland may go quicker than we now think.

So much for the Irish journey. On Saturday the 17th, I went by invitation of the Leeds and Bradford Branches to Shipley, and there lectured at the Co-operative Hall on "The Political Outlook." The hall was not so full as it should have been, considering that Shipley is a very Radical place; I was unlucky, probably, in tumbling into the middle of the Bradford election; amidst such an audience also, a rational view of the Parliamentary system was not likely to be popular. However, I was well listened to, and with a good deal of assent. I gave myself up as a stalking-horse to some Radical rhetoric at a "free-and-easy" after the lecture, not much to anybody's edification I fancy, flowery vagueness being the staple of these gentlemen's remarks; nor were they so anxious for any information that I could give them as for the enunciation of the venerable platitudes that make the stock-in-trade of a Radical becoming a Whig by the force of circumstances.

The next day, Sunday, I lectured at the Temperance Hall in Bradford to a full audience, very attentive, and who caught the points well, and seemed pleased by the attack on Bourgeoisdom. A few questions were put, but, as usual, clearly not by those who were thinking most of the lecture. In the evening we had a meeting of the Leeds and Bradford Branches, partly convivial and partly business, where I had to try to clear up a few difficulties as to principles and tactics which had occurred to two or three members, though everything went in the friendliest manner possible.

On the Monday I lectured in Leeds, and found the audience rather heavy to "spring," partly, perhaps, because though there were a great many people present, over 600 I should think, the hall was too large for the audience, who were, however, very attentive at least, and cheered heartily at the necessary expulsion of one gentleman (said to be an employer of labour) who (or rather the alcohol in whom) tried to prevent my being heard. Once more those who really wanted to ask questions were prevented by vague or cavilling speeches, quite outside the four corners of the lecture.

I took leave of the Branches in the committee-room here, and had no difficulty in accepting the assurance that though they had not a very numerous membership, their members were all real, and did actual work; indeed, they were clearly working very hard, and in spite of all drawbacks with much success.

In dealing with these centres of the great industry, one is apt at first to be disappointed with the reception of Socialist principles, but it is to be remembered that those that one comes across personally in a hurried visit are the would-be progressive leaders who generally belong to the aristocracy of labour in its most limited sense, foremen and the like, who as to their material needs are comfortably off, and suppose that it will last for ever; such men, unless they have special intelligence and aspirations, are generally the narrowest of Whigs. Again, the constant weight of drill in these highly organised industries has necessarily limited the intelligence of the men, and deadened their individuality, while the system is so powerful and searching that they find it difficult to conceive of any system under which they could be other than human machines. Nevertheless, the average intelligence is high, and when they once find time to understand what the stealing of labour means, that very drill will make them move in a mass, and then—then, Mr. Self-made Man, you must turn to and work once more, an equal amongst equals.

Meantime, we are really getting on in these places. Two years ago, when I lectured at Bradford, the place seemed hopeless to me; the one or two converts whom I—I will not say made, but perhaps helped on that occasion, in conjunction with one or two at Leeds to make, must be congratulated on the results of their steady courage and hard work.

WILLIAM MORRIS.



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.

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### 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.

WORKINGMEN and women in factories, workshops, stores or mills, are requested to go around among their comrades and get up a list of subscribers for the *Commonweal*, and lend a helping hand in the struggle for labour's freedom.

P. TAYLOR (Edinburgh).—A series of articles by E. B. Bax and Wm. Morris, entitled "Socialism from the Root up," will meet your requirements, and will be commenced in next week's *Commonweal*.

J. WILD (Huddersfield).—We regard Socialism as a religion in itself, potent as any other for the safeguarding men from "selfishness and sensuality." Just how far it may be reconcilable with Christianity must be settled by each one for himself.

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. *Belgium*: La Guerre Sociale (Brussels). *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, Le Devoir (Guise)—Le Forçat du Travail (Bordeaux). *Germany*: Neue Zeit (Stuttgart). *Holland*: Recht voor Allen. *Hungary*: Arbeiter-Wochen-Chronik (Budapest). *India*: Voice of India (Bombay)—Hindu Patriot (Calcutta)—People's Friend (Madras). *Italy*: La Question Sociale (Turin)—Il Fascio Operaio (Milan). *Morocco*: Almoghreb Al-aksa (Tangiers). *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 (Cadix). *Switzerland*: Sozial Demokrat (Zürich). *U. S. A.*: (New York): Volkzeitung—Der Sozialist—Freiheit—Progress—John Swinton's Paper—Spread the Light—Our Country—Amerikanische Arbeiter-zeitung. (Boston): Liberty—Woman's Journal—Index. Denver (Col.) Labor Inquirer—Little Socialist—Chicago (Ill.) Alarm—Detroit (Mich.) Labor Leaf—Princeton (Mass.) Word—Cleveland (O.): Carpenter—Chronicle. Cincinnati (O.) Unionist—San Francisco (Cal.) Chronicle—Stockton (Cal.) Mail—Petersburg (Ill.) Voice of Labor—New Haven (Conn.) Workmen's Advocate—St. Louis (Mo.): Die Parole—Altruist. Kansas (Mo.) Sun—Pittsburg (Pa.) Labor Herald—Paterson (N. J.) Labor Standard—Baltimore (Md.) Labor Free Press—Valley Falls (Kan.) Lucifer—Atlanta (Ga.) New Working World—Newfoundland (Pa.) La Torpille—Litchfield (Minn.) Radical—Manchester (N. H.) Weekly Budget—Portland (Oregon) Alarm.

### BURMAH.

"THE mill of the gods grinds slowly but it grinds exceeding small," says the old proverb. Unfortunately in some cases the grinding would seem to be very slow indeed. The British crime in Burmah has been followed by the first instalment of Nemesis in the shape of cholera. But unhappily the form chosen by the goddess for her visitation does not affect those who profit by, and are responsible for, the cowardly plunder and invasion. What matters it that a few hundred soldiers rot on the banks of the Irawady? Are there not hundreds more at home to supply their places, and further hundreds of unemployed men who, though not now soldiers, would be ready at any time to join the army for the sake of bread? No, truly, in our present society, there will never be a lack of mercenary troops—cholera or no cholera. But the annexation, nevertheless, has not been accomplished with the ease and comfort to the official and the taxpayer that were expected. The "dacoits" have turned out to be the whole population, and "dacoity" only another name for the patriotic impulse of a people "bravely struggling to be free"—free from the intolerable yoke of British place-hunters, swindlers and traders. Mandalay has been burnt, a patrol of five-and-twenty British defeated and slain—"massacred" of course in the cur-

rent newspaper slang. (A British force is always "massacred," and a native or "rebel" force "driven off with great loss," according to the despatches.) Every honest Burmese heart burns with zeal to deliver his country from the ruffians in British uniform, whose conception of "order" consists in the hanging and shooting of brave men who would snatch their country from the claws of that accursed civilisation that threatens it, whose instruments are Prendergasts and provost-marshals.

No man who has even so much as the expiring embers of feeling for real heroism left in him, can watch the unequal struggle now going on in Burmah and not be moved to pity. The struggle for justice and right is here as in all similar cases such a forlorn hope. The harpy had only too long been eyeing its prey. Already in 1880 Colonel Laurie could descant thus with brutal frankness on the desirability of completing the annexation of Burmese territory: "If we can get a controlling as well as a commercial power in a country we conquer . . . annexation is unnecessary. If we cannot get these requisites to civilisation (to further which Destiny impels us forward) without annexation, then what remains to be done?" ("Our Burmese Wars," p. 417.) The answer is obvious: from Colonel Laurie's point of view. "Upper Burmah" strikes him "most forcibly" as "just one of those countries" where, without annexation, "our obtaining any controlling or commercial power of a lasting, useful, and productive character, would be simply impossible. The difficulty, he says, is increased by the fact that Pegu is already a British possession. The annexation being thus half accomplished, the rest must follow as a matter of course.

Thus it will be seen that the Burmese expedition was long in contemplation, and that the terrible pictures painted of King Theebaw by the British press were not without a very definite purpose. According to the latest accounts the property "looted" by the British troops is to be sold to defray the expenses of the expedition. This is interesting news. The sacredness of "private property," so jealously respected in European warfare, it appears, does not apply to Asiatics. British capitalists require Burmah as a market and a trade-route. Their governments lay in wait (after having previously prepared the public mind by imaginary or exaggerated horrors) for the first opportunity of pouncing upon it. The opportunity is rather long in coming, so a bogus quarrel has to be concocted to keep up appearances. The country is invaded and its capital plundered. Not content to pay for his market himself, the so honourable Briton seeks to realise the cost on the goods he has stolen. Such honesty is in commercial souls. The public opinion which sanctions this, be it remembered, is the same public opinion which, as represented by its lackeys of the press, is so revolted at Irish dynamite outrages, at West End riots, and which can shed tears over the injustice of "confiscation," when practised on landlords or capitalists nearer home.

E. BELFORT BAX.

### NOTES.

Of the May 1 movement of the American workers our only record at present is *via* the capitalistic press. That medium is warranted to suppress (as much as in it lies) all that tells in favour of the workers; and the parenthetical qualification certainly gives large scope for suppression.

According to these faithless scribes and telegraphers, 30,000 men marched through Chicago streets and 20,000 met in Union Square, New York City. The speeches were by "foreign Socialists" chiefly—as if there were such a thing as a foreign Socialist! There may be foreigners who are Socialists, but not foreign Socialists.

Still following, for want of more reliable guidance at present, our diurnal mis-leaders of the press, we learn that the eight-hours movement is to be a failure, and that at least a million labourers are idle in America.

The scale of charges made for those who had the honour of seeing the Queen open the Colonial and Indian Exhibition on Tuesday ranged from £1 to £25. I should like to see the face of one of the £25-gentlemen if an employé of his asked for an extra 10s. a-week—a rise of wage that would cost the employé annually about the price of his box to see the Queen.

Even the bourgeois folk are more than hinting at money-jobbery wholesale in connection with these exhibitions—the folk that have no finger in the pie that has turned out so rich in plums, of course. It is quite a wonder that the opponents of Socialism have not instanced the ambiguity as to the management of the funds as an example of the horrors likely to occur under the coming régime. They might forget so conveniently that jobbery of this kind could not be, if for no other reason, for the reason that there would be no possibility of profitably exploiting labour afterwards with the spoils resulting from the speculation.

That last word, in our capitalistic society, ought to be spelt without an "s."



The ordinary working-men's organisations are a sad evidence how blind their members yet are to the real facts of their position. The United Friendly Societies hold on Sunday next their fourth annual demonstration in aid of certain hospitals. Socialists with tracts and leaflets should be with them on the occasion. Very fitly, the procession starts from a public-house (the "Bull and Gate"), and ends at a church (St Pancras). Working-men subscribing to a hospital might almost as fitly subscribe to a workhouse. Let their betters, the aiders and abettors of all four institutions—gin-shop, gospel-shop, hospital, union—be responsible for the maintenance, as they are in the main for the filling, of all these.

The exceeding loveliness of competition is beautifully shown in two controversies now raging. One is the Early Closing discussion. On this the London Chamber of Commerce has spoken quite oracularly against any mercy to shop-assistants. The force of its objection will be gathered from the following analysis of its composition: One barrister, one brewer, one wine-merchant, three ship-owners, one wool-broker, one stockbroker, four various brokers, two bankers, two wharfingers, two wholesale stationers, one Cape merchant, one West India merchant, two East India merchants, three Australian merchants, six various merchants, and only five wholesale warehousemen. It will be seen at a glance how strongly the small shop-keepers are represented here.

The other controversy is as to the employment of women in collieries. The women themselves are opposed to any change. They only work nine hours a day, that is all, so there is plenty of time for domestic work. And if the dress and work are rough and filthy and inhuman, still the average of illegitimate births among the pit-brow women is not higher than that among their cleaner sisters of the factory. Their vested interests, they cry, must not be interfered with, and this is their answer to the colliers complaining that the women competition lowers their wages. Oh, most holy and blessed and glorious Trinity—Capitalism, Competition, and Free Contract!

Mr Mansfield seems anxious to rival Mr Saunders. The case of Marie Böhme against Henry Winderbank, constable, is a case in point. The only evidence against the woman was police evidence (and some of us know the value of that), except a man's, who heard quarrelling in a language he did not understand, and actually heard whistling. Knowing the nature of the average policeman, what a more than average lie he can tell, and what a charming unanimity there is about inspectors and constables when they are backing one another up, I take leave to suspend my own judgment in the case, and to doubt that of Mr Mansfield, who dismissed it.

The great Blundell Maple is still having letters written for him. He is quite pathetic over the deprivation of young people of their means of subsistence. As one of a firm that has been doing this ever since it was founded, he certainly ought to be an authority on the point of depriving people of their means of subsistence.

Mr. Maple objects to a reversion to the "primitive stage of slave-master civilisation." Naturally. Its more advanced form suits him better.

Ninety-one per cent. of the Edinburgh masons are in favour of an eight hours working-day. "Wonderment guesses," in the language of the bone-of-contention book slightly altered, "who are the nine" that are not in favour of it?

There are 37,000 miners in the Southern Division of the West Riding of Yorkshire who have a vote. In these men, and such as these, and in the use of their power, even of the suffrage, lies much of our hope for the future. Truly, as their pastors the Radical papers tell them, to secure fair wages, and to form equitable contracts and genuine agreements with their masters, they must have a wise and strong organisation. But the organisation will have to be of all workers—and that is Socialism.

Such associations as that of the Yorkshire Miners are the future soil for the seed of Socialism. One of these days we shall be wise and strong enough to organise a regular crusade among these men, and to win them from meagre Radicalism to sturdy Socialism. Then they will learn that there is something better worth striving for than any arrangement with masters, and that is the abolition of masterdom altogether.

No arrangement can be equitable into which the word "Master" enters. The very meaning of the thing makes equity an impossibility. Ed. A.

## THE PILGRIMS OF HOPE.

### XI.—A GLIMPSE OF THE COMING DAY.

It was strange indeed, that journey! Never yet had I crossed the sea  
Or looked on another people than the folk that had fostered me,  
And my heart rose up and fluttered as in the misty night  
We came on the fleet of the fishers slow rolling in the light  
Of the hidden moon, as the sea dim under the false dawn lay;  
And so like shadows of ships through the night they faded away,  
And Calais pier was upon us. Dreamlike it was indeed  
As we sat in the train together, and toward the end made speed.  
But a dull sleep came upon me, and through the sleep a dream  
Of the Frenchman who once was my master by the side of the willow stream;  
And he talked and told me tales of the war unwaged as yet,  
And the victory never won, and bade me never forget,  
While I walked on, still unhappy, by the home of the dark-striped perch.  
Till at last, with a flash of light and a rattle and side-long lurch,  
I woke up dazed and witless, till my sorrow awoke again,  
And the grey of the morn was upon us as we sped through the poplar plain,  
By the brimming streams and the houses with their grey roofs warped and bent,  
And the horseless plough in the furrow, and things fair and innocent.  
And there sat my wife before me, and she, too, dreamed as she slept;  
For the slow tears fell from her eyelids as in her sleep she wept.  
But Arthur sat by my side and waked; and flushed was his face,  
And his eyes were quick to behold the picture of each fair place

That we flashed by as on we hurried; and I knew that the joy of life  
Was strongly stirred within him by the thought of the coming strife.  
Then I too thought for a little, it is good in grief's despite,  
It is good to see earth's pictures, and so live in the day and the light.  
Yea, we deemed that to death we were hastening, and it made our vision clear,  
And we knew the delight of our life-days, and held their sorrow dear.

But now when we came unto Paris and were out in the sun and the street,  
It was strange to see the faces that our wondering eyes did meet;  
Such joy and peace and pleasure! That folk were glad we knew,  
But knew not the why and the wherefore; and we who had just come through  
The vanquished land and down-cast, and there at St. Denis e'en now  
Had seen the German soldiers, and heard their bugles blow,  
And the drum and fife go rattling through the freshness of the morn—  
Yet here we beheld all joyous the folk they had made forlorn!  
So at last from a grey stone building we saw a great flag fly,  
One colour, red and solemn 'gainst the blue of the spring-tide sky,  
And we stopped and turned to each other, and as each at each did we gaze,  
The city's hope enwrapped us with joy and great amaze.

As folk in a dream we washed and we ate, and in all detail,  
Oft told, and in many a fashion did we have all yesterday's tale:  
How while we were threading our tangle of trouble in London there,  
And I for my part, let me say it, within but a step of despair,  
In Paris the day of days had betid; for the vile dwarf's stroke,  
To madden Paris and crush her, had been struck and the dull sword broke;  
There was now no foe and no fool in the city, and Paris was free;  
And e'en as she is this morning, to-morrow all France will be.

We heard, and our hearts were saying, "In a little while all the earth,"  
And that day at last of all days I knew what life was worth;  
For I saw what few have beheld, a folk with all hearts gay.  
Then at last I knew indeed that our word of the coming day,  
That so oft in grief and in sorrow I had preached, and scarcely knew  
If it was but despair of the present or the hope of the day that was due,—  
I say that I saw it now, real solid and at hand.

And strange how my heart went back to our little nook of the land,  
And how plain and clear I saw it, as though I longed indeed  
To give it a share of the joy and the satisfaction of need  
That here in the folk I beheld. For this in our country spring  
Did the starlings bechatter the gables, and the thrush in the thorn-bush sing,

And the green cloud spread o'er the willows, and the little children rejoice  
And shout 'midst a nameless longing to the morning's mingled voice;  
For this was the promise of spring-tide, and the new leaves longing to burst,

And the white roads threading the acres, and the sun-warmed meadows athirst.

Once all was the work of sorrow and the life without reward,  
And the toil that fear hath bidden, and the folly of master and lord;  
But now are all things changing, and hope without a fear  
Shall speed us on through the story of the changes of the year.  
Now spring shall pluck the garland that summer weaves for all,  
And autumn spread the banquet and winter fill the hall.  
O earth, thou kind bestower, thou ancient fruitful place,  
How lovely and beloved now gleams thy happy face!

And O, mother, mother, I said, had'st thou known as I lay in thy lap,  
And for me thou hopedst and fearedst, on what days my life should hap,  
Hadst thou known of the death that I look for, and the deeds wherein I should deal,  
How calm had been thy gladness! How sweet had'st thou smiled on my weal!

As some woman of old had'st thou wondered, who hath brought forth a god  
Of the earth,  
And in joy that knoweth no speech she dreams of the happy birth.

Yea, fair were those hours indeed, whatever hereafter might come,  
And they swept over all my sorrow, and all thought of my wildered home.  
But not for dreams of rejoicing had we come across the sea.  
That day we delivered the letters that our friends had given to me,  
And we craved for some work for the cause. And what work was there indeed,

But to learn the business of battle and the manner of dying at need.  
We three could think of none other, and we wrought our best therein;  
And both of us made a shift the serjeant's stripes to win,  
For diligent were we indeed: and he, as in all he did,  
Showed a cheerful ready talent that nowise might be hid,  
And yet hurt the pride of no man that he needs must step before.  
But as for my wife, the *brancard* of the ambulance-women she wore,  
And gently and bravely would serve us; and to all as a sister to be;  
A sister amidst of the strangers—and, alas! a sister to me.

WILLIAM MORRIS.

Sir Michael Hicks Beach the other day said that he was anxious that the railways should not be so dealt with as to "deprive the public of the benefits of competition." Perhaps something might be said on the other side as to competition; but in the meantime Sir M. H. Beach was in point only using language to conceal thought when he used the word. What he meant was *monopoly*, not competition; and the benefits of monopoly can be studied by us Londoners very satisfactorily in the beastly sewers through which run stink-traps under the name of carriages—the whole of which arrangement is dignified by the name of the Metropolitan and District Railways. This monopoly we may be sure the railways won't give up until they are forced to by more comprehensive measures than Mr Mundella's Bill. W. M.

It is evident that an attempt will be made by the courts to stop boycotting. An attempt was once made in this country to stop the progress of freedom. If fools choose to wrestle with a cyclone, why, let 'em wrestle. Those who in this country sow the wind will some day reap the whirlwind.—*Rochester Sun.*

## INSURRECTION IN BELGIUM.

### II.

(Continued from page 37.)

THE insurrection which in a few days spread over half the country, commenced at Liège, on the very day of the anniversary of the Commune. The groups of the Communistic Anarchists in that city, had for some days been circulating an appeal to their fellow-workers, in which they said: "Everywhere the working men are agitating; the crisis—so terrible and lamentable—instead of diminishing, increases from day to day; everywhere also, ideas of emancipation penetrate the labouring classes. In London, Amsterdam, New York, everywhere in fact, the working men are making their voices heard in the ears of the selfish upper class. Shall we remain in culpable apathy? Shall we continue to leave our wives and children without bread, when the warehouses are full of the riches which we have created? Shall we for ever allow the upper classes to enjoy all the rights and privileges, and to refuse all justice and liberty to those who support them—the class of producers? We think not; this is why we appeal to all the victims of the capitalists, to the starving, to all those who have been out of work during the severe winter we are experiencing. Remember, comrades, that on Thursday March 18, fifteen years ago, the heroic population of Paris rose to emancipate the people, and that this attempt at social renovation was drowned in the blood of 35,000 working men."

At the close of the meeting organised by the Anarchists, an imposing procession marched through the principal streets of the city, crying: "Down with the capitalists!" Two companies of the civic guard, a number of artillery and some cavalry, were quickly sent to disperse it. A sanguinary collision occurred in the Place Delcour. Seventeen of the gendarmes, policemen and soldiers were wounded, some of them severely. The commander of the civic militia, the Count de Looz, was disabled. The insurgents traversing the large streets pillaged and ransacked everything on their way. The Rue Neuvice, the jewellers' quarter, was nearly completely sacked. In the Rue Léopold and elsewhere, all the large cafés were demolished; the revolutionary people were masters of the city until one o'clock in the morning. Then the Socialists, overwhelmed by numbers, were obliged to give way. Wager, the chief orator at the meeting, was arrested at six o'clock in the morning. During the whole of the 19th, extreme agitation prevailed amongst the working men of the city, but Liège had in a few hours been filled with troops. The police made above forty arrests.

The insurrection checked in the city, transferred itself to the collieries round Liège. On the 19th, a strike broke out at the colliery of La Concorde at Jemappes. The workmen insisted on ascending to the surface notwithstanding the orders of their overseer, and left, crying out: "Vive la République sociale!" Lignon, the instigator of the strike, was arrested. The agitation was renewed with increased intensity, and the strike extended every hour. The colliers at Maquet, those at Chant-des-Oiseaux, at Flémalle and Marihay struck. Cockerill's establishments at Seraing were occupied by the military. Troops sent from Liège and Namur occupied both banks of the Meuse with detachments of cavalry. On the 20th, the collieries at Baldaz, Lahore and Xhoré stopped work. At Jemappes the steam tramcar was stopped by the rioters; all the windows were shattered to pieces; shots were exchanged, the bullets whistling in the ears of the conductors and passengers. These answered by firing into the crowd, and several working men were wounded. In the night, at Seraing and at Tilleur, some pistol shots were fired at the troops; the gendarmes charged the people, and a sanguinary fight took place. The strikers fired their revolvers, a discharge of musketry followed, and a number of wounded were left on the ground. A lieutenant of the gendarmes had his skull fractured. On the 21st at two o'clock in the afternoon, an Anarchist meeting was held at Seraing. Tason, the secretary of the Socialist group at Seraing, made a firm but temperate speech. When the meeting broke up a collision took place between the workmen and the troops, gendarmes and lancers. Many of the strikers were wounded, and a number of others were arrested. But at 10 o'clock at night the people were still in possession of the top of the Rue Moulinay and the small side streets. Then the gas pipes were cut. In the complete darkness the military tried to charge with the bayonet. The people replied with revolver shots, and becoming furious, threw themselves on the carbines of the soldiers, improvising weapons by twirling round pieces of iron tied to cords, or using pikes and tomahawks. During this time on the left bank of the Meuse, another engagement between the insurgents and the troops had occurred.

On the 22nd, all the collieries in connection with Marihay were on strike, as well as the miners of Patience and Beaujonc at Ans, and that at Bois d'Avray. At Tilleur, the military had charged the people and a violent conflict had followed; one man fell dead and others were wounded; a woman received a bayonet thrust in her thigh. Breckenkamp, a German Communist, was arrested. An agent, named Jacob, opened his window while the soldiers were passing—they shot him dead.

The Minister of War now arrived on the spot; at this time the effective force cantoned at Seraing, and in the immediate neighbourhood exceeded five thousand men.

At Horloz, at the foot of the Mount of Tilleur, there was another affray. The miners at Gosson, having endeavoured to force an entrance, were repulsed with fire-arms, a cross-fire being directed on the heights which dominated the spot, from which the insurgents, armed with carbines, were firing upon the troops. A fierce bayonet charge was

made, and a great many were wounded, of whom several have since died. A number of prisoners were taken and sent to Liège.

On the 24th, the strike became nearly general in all the mining districts around Liège. Montegnée, Sart, Berleur, Gosson, La Nouvelle, Espérance, were all occupied by the military. Nearly all the men at Herstal, Wandre, La Concorde, Bonne-foi, La Haie, St. Marguerite, and Aumonier were out on strike. At La Haie there was a collision with the troops. One workman received a bayonet wound in the chest, another had a sabre cut on the head.

Meanwhile, the Correctional Tribunal at Liège had tried forty-two prisoners, who were sentenced to different terms of imprisonment varying from six to twelve months. Among these was Comrade Wager, who will also be charged with inciting to pillage, and seditious language, and will appear at the Court of Assize next session.

Gradually the excitement subsided; the men on strike, although they have not recommenced work, are more quiet and peaceable. At the time we are writing, the district round Liège has resumed its normal condition, at least in outward appearance, for at the bottom of their hearts remains the hatred of the oppressed towards their pitiless masters.

The incidents we have just related form only a small part of the events which have taken place in Belgium. From the province of Liège, we will pass to the province of Hainault, where the insurrection assumed much more formidable proportions, and a very different revolutionary character.

VICTOR DAVE.

(To be continued.)

## OBJECTIONS TO SOCIALISM.

(A reply to Mr. Charles Bradlaugh, M.P.)

### II.

THE next chief points made against Socialism for England are (1) that it is of foreign origin and (2) that it is especially preached "by persons claiming to be scientific Socialists—mostly middle-class men."

It is quite true that hitherto "Socialistic theory has been specially urged in Germany." But the reasons that our objector gives for this are not sufficient. He alleges as causes of this effect and of the Socialist leaders there having acquired greater influence—the poverty of the people and "the cruel persecution to which Social Reformers, as well as Socialists, have been subjected by Prince Bismarck's despotic government." Here there is a complete ignoring of the main reason for the wider prevalence of Socialism in Germany and for its deeper reaching into the minds of the people.

In the first place, I am not at all sure that the German labouring classes are poorer than our own. Let us always remember that in any comparison of this kind and in all discussions on the position of the working-classes, we must take into account the ignoble army of paupers. Every possible, every would-be worker enters into the calculation, and the interesting averages of statisticians have to be discounted by the consideration of the surplus-labour population conveniently ignored in all their optimistic mathematics.

But in truth neither the poverty of the people nor the Socialist Law is the real cause of the greater hold of Socialism in Germany. The really important point is that the first great preachers of the doctrine have been Germans. There has not been in England any scientific teacher comparable with the German teachers.

It is the old story of our lagging behind in the march of science. In almost any branch of so-called Natural Science to-day we have to turn for our best guidance to Germany. Our best Zoology book is a translation of Gegenbauer; our best Chemistry book is by Roscoe and Schorlemmer, as to the respective merits of whom chemists are not likely to dispute; our Physiology is confessedly based on German models and tuition; our Botany books are English versions of Thomé, Prantl, Sachs. And the same general principle holds in respect to Political Economy. We have not in England any thinker who has dealt with this subject as it is dealt with in "Das Kapital."

With this superiority of teachers goes a like superiority of learners. The German proletariat has to a large extent mastered the scientific principles of Socialism, and understands it as a historical development. Would that this were true of the English proletariat! But to say that it is would be to declare ourselves blind. Our workers feel the pinch of misery not less keenly than their brethren. Not a few among them are as eager as the best of any nation to remove the one great cause of ill. But, not unnaturally under the stress and strain of their wage-slave life, they are something indifferent to the scientific explanation of why things are as they are, and why they must before long be even as these enthusiasts would have them.

After missing these two vital reasons why the Germans are better Socialists than we in this country, Mr. Bradlaugh, in a little paragraph of some six lines, gives us the key to the Radical misunderstanding of our position. "German emigrants to the United States and to Great Britain, speak and write as if precisely the same wrongs had to be assailed in the land of their adoption as in the land of their birth." Exactly. That is the very thing that shows the keenness of their sight; or rather, that shows they have their eyes open in a way that one would call most ordinary, if it were not that the whole crowd of politicians give no indication of it. Exactly the same wrongs have to be assailed in all countries. There is, in truth, one Aaron's rod of a wrong that swallows up all others—or better, one mother evil of which

all the rest are only the teeming spawn. And that is the method of the production and the distribution of goods.

The real question for all serious men and women is not of a peddling extension of the franchise, or a peddling abolition of the House of Lords, or a yet more peddling reformation of it, but of the foundation of society, and that foundation is exactly the same in England, Germany, any civilised land. It is for this reason that the limiting title of the St. James's Hall debate between Messrs. Hyndman and Bradlaugh begged by anticipation the whole question. Against that limiting title Mr. Hyndman very properly protested. "Will Socialism benefit the English people?" Who in the name of all gods and devils are the English people? The point is—Will it benefit the people?

The same narrowness of view comes out in the next paragraph. The revival of Socialist propaganda we are reminded in a pathetic parenthesis has been "largely at the instance of foreigners." The same sort of objection that the ignorant workmen of one country feel to those that speaking another language undersell them—the same incapacity of recognising a common brotherhood, appears again, in the outcry against scientific Socialism as foreign.

And this leads me to the next point. In spite of the laughter or the sneers of our antagonists we claim for our creed the name Scientific. And on the use and meaning of that name I may perhaps speak with just so much confidence as becomes a student of science. Socialism is based on those five foundations on which all science rests; observation, experiment, recordal, reflection, generalisation.

Another pathetic parenthesis reminds us that the "scientific Socialists" are mostly middle-class men. That is true. But the blame of this recoils on the individualistic and capitalistic society that makes this a necessary fact. For the matter of that, anything with the adjective "scientific" in front of it must be to-day "largely middle-class." Scientific students and scientific observers are "largely middle-class." What time has the lower class man (that such names should be possible!) working with the sweat and reek of his body to be a scientific anything? No wonder that if he is a Socialist he is of the suffering and impatient order.

Then comes the word with which so much of the conjuring against Socialism is done—"Revolution." The scientific Socialists—of the middle-class—preach revolution; "a revolution which they say must come in any event, but which they strive to accelerate." There are two mistakes here along with one correct statement. The correct statement is that it must come. Revolution in the method of production of goods is, as Tony Lumpkin says, "a sure thing." Our objector is far too shrewd not to be conscious of this himself. He may object to our methods, to our principles. But I do not for a moment doubt but that he knows as well as we do that the capitalistic method is doomed. It is staggering on its last legs. The most that can be hoped by its supporters is that they may be able to prop it up for their time and die before its final collapse.

One mistake, or rather understating of the case, is made in the words "they say." All things are saying that the change is at hand. The diapason may perhaps close in man, but all the other stops of the organ known as human society are singing or grumbling or wailing to the same tune. The signs of the past and of the present point with innumerable immutable fingers to the inevitable change hurrying on apace.

Do we try to accelerate it? I do not think so. We strive to prepare for it. No man may make this revolution any more than any man may prevent it. Nor can any tell the day or hour or the occasion of its coming. But one thing we dare not do; another thing we must do. We dare not be silent as to its approach. As rightly might one, seeing a railway train rushing down upon a human being, not knowing, be silent as we preach peace when there is no peace. That which we must do is incessantly to cry "The Revolution comes." Could a word of some among us bring it upon us to-morrow, I do not think the word would be spoken. We are not ready. But that we may be ready, let us by education and by organisation prepare ourselves and one another.

EDWARD AVELING.

(To be continued.)

## SOCIALISM IN NORWICH.

ACCORDING to a promise made by the Council, and at the invitation of the Norwich Branch of the League, Comrade Frank Kitz and myself went to that quaint old city to follow up the work begun by a band of earnest workers in the cause of Socialism. We arrived on Thursday, the 22nd, and began a series of enquiries as to the position of working-men and women in the factories and workshops in general. The result of our enquiries was, that we found the workers were in a very deplorable condition. Especially so were the girls in the tailoring trade. One case out of a number that came to our notice was that of a girl who was working at a tailoring establishment, the proprietors of which are "God-fearing" people, receiving as wages the very handsome sum of 2s. 6d. per week. Out of this she had to keep herself and an aged mother. They lived in a room not two miles from the new cathedral which is being built at the expense of the tenants and labourers of the Duke of Norfolk, and paid 2s. 6d. per week for rent. This girl went to work for days without food, until, no longer able to bear it, she fainted, and her case and that of her mother was brought before the Christian guardians of the poor, whom Christ bade feed, clothe, and care for them. By the guardians they were allowed 1s. 6d. per week out of the rates in order that they might not starve. Having found that numbers of cases of this kind are to be seen in this city of 34

churches, we braced ourselves up to preach Socialism with redoubled energy, and on Good Friday morning at 11.30 we addressed a very good and remarkably attentive meeting on St. Mary's Plain, and at three o'clock we made another attack on the enemy in the Haymarket, where our audience numbered about 400. It came to my notice that the expected future ruler of this nation was riding by with a labour exploiter of mustard fame. I thereupon drew the attention of our hearers to the case of the girl on 2s. 6d. per week, and contrasted the relative position of girl and prince and mustard maker. Comrade Kitz afterwards further enlarged on the subject, and explained how this was the inevitable result of the present system. We afterwards adjourned to the "Gordon Cafe," and held a conversation with the branch members on Socialism, and how it could best be spread among the people.

On the Saturday we commenced the day's attack on St. Andrew's Plain, and met with slight opposition from some who, however, had not the courage of their opinions to meet us in debate. We had a very good audience. We commenced our work on the Sunday on St. Catherine's Plain, and had another and very much larger audience. We answered several objections to Socialism, the answers to which were received with cheers, and in the afternoon at three we addressed about 1,000 persons in the Market Place.

On Monday we addressed another meeting in the Market Place, and in view of the fact that a fair was being held not far from us, and that the Salvation Army were having an Eternity Campaign in very fine weather, our audience was by no means small. Having to address a meeting in the evening at the Victoria Hall, we did not hold a meeting in the afternoon, so we rested awhile for the final attack at 8 o'clock in the Victoria Hall, when Mr. Burgess, the plucky editor of *Daylight*, took the chair for us, and began by saying that if what Mr. Morris had said was Socialism, then he was happy to say he was a Socialist. Then having pointed to the rapid march of events towards Socialism, and to the anxiety that existed to-day among fathers as to what was to become of their children, he introduced our Comrade Kitz to the audience, who received him with very great cheering. I must say that by the time our comrade had done with the subject, which was, "A Glance at the Working Classes for 100 Years," the audience was enthusiastic. I afterwards spoke on the "Position of Women to-day and under Socialism." The women (and there were a goodly number in the audience) were extremely well pleased, and were very anxious to know how they could best help on the cause. Our Comrade Reynolds also spoke. Upwards of 2,000 handbills and leaflets, and 1,000 copies of the *Commonweal* were distributed free, and thus we obtained a good advertisement for our weekly *Commonweal*; but, most important of all, we enabled the earnest enquirers after the truth to study the question for themselves.

In conclusion, I should like to appeal to all our country branches to adopt a similar course of action, and to our friends and sympathisers to contribute towards a fund for the especial purpose of spreading the Light in the Provinces. There are surely some among our contributors and subscribers who would be glad to help if they only knew the purpose it was intended for, and they may be assured that this is one way, and a most valuable way also, of spreading the Light of Socialism.

C. W. MOWBRAY.

## RECORD OF THE INTERNATIONAL MOVEMENT.

### ITALY.

Italy will shortly be in the midst of electioneering excitement, and the Labour Party have decided to run candidates. The Milanese section publish in the *Fascio Operato* a programme of the party, in which they go as far as Socialistic lines as they can venture with any hope of electoral success.

The Italian official looks upon Socialists and Democrats with fear and anxiety; for instance, at Varese the other day, on hearing of a projected conference of the Labour Party, carabinieri were solemnly placed at the two stations to receive the principal speakers, while a company of infantry was held in readiness in case of emergency.

At Brindisi, and one or two towns near by, there have been disturbances consequent on the introduction of flour adulterated with plaster, *by permission of the authorities*. The soldiers charged the crowd, amongst whom some were wounded, and many arrested.

Last Friday the workmen entering Milan on being forced as they came into the town to pay the *octroi* (municipal tax) on the bread with which they provided themselves for the day, resisted; the people joined in and a riot began. The troops charged the people repeatedly, and only dispersed them after a sharp resistance. The municipality hastily abolished the tax on bread brought in by workmen, but the excitement still continues. The people claim the release of their arrested brethren, twenty of whom have been condemned to six weeks' imprisonment, and thirty sent before the assizes.

In these days a Corsican bandit makes a very respectable figure. A correspondent to *Le Révolté* writes with enthusiasm of a bandit family that since 1848 have been living in innocent contentment amid their flocks, their corn-fields, even their manufactures. They give a "safe conduct" to a visitor, and receive him hospitably; but they have balls to receive "him who does not demand hospitality."

MAY MORRIS.

### SPECIAL NOTICE.

The extreme pressure upon our space necessitates the holding over of several items of interest, including some already in type. As we go to press, news reaches us of "riots" in Chicago and elsewhere. In view of the great importance of the subject, an exhaustive account of the American labour troubles will appear in next week's issue.

## THE SOCIALIST LEAGUE.

### Notice to Members.

**General Meeting.**—On Monday May 24, at 8.30 p.m. Council meets at 7.30.  
**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.  
**Annual Conference.**—Whitsunday, June 13. Attention of Branches is especially called to Rule V. (pages 3 and 4 Constitution and Rules).  
 All members changing their address are earnestly requested to send notice either to Branch secretaries or to Secretary of the League.  
 London members not yet belonging to any Branch are informed that a Clerkenwell Branch is in process of formation at the Central Office, to which, or to some other Branch, they must join themselves if they desire to be represented at the coming Conference.

### Notice 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.

### Free Concert at Farringdon Hall.

On Saturday May 8 a concert will be given by comrade E. Snelling and friends, to conclude with a farce. All are invited.

### "THE COMMONWEAL."

The *Commonweal* will be published in future at 10 a.m. every Thursday. A series of articles on "Socialism from the Root up," by E. Belfort Bax and William Morris, will be commenced in the number for 15th May.  
 Members should at once give notice to Manager of all political and other meetings of which they are cognisant, so that arrangements may be made for supplying literature.  
 Branches desiring to have back numbers for distribution will be supplied with a limited quantity free, they paying carriage.  
 The cartoon issued with last week's number, will shortly be printed on good paper, for framing. Date when ready, and price, will be duly announced.  
 Every one should assist, not only in pushing the sale of the paper, but in furnishing it with all information they possess upon any and every point of political and social interest.  
 H. H. S.

### 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.)

At the General Meeting of London members on Monday April 26, it was resolved "That the open-air speakers be advised not to desist from speaking when the place can fairly be considered a recognised open-air lecturing-place, but otherwise that they desist and report to the League." The discussion upon comrade Lessner's motion as to political action was further postponed to May 24.—H. H. S.

**MARYLEBONE.**—We held a meeting in the Harrow Road on Saturday evening, for the purpose of selling the first number of the weekly. In spite of very cold weather, the success of the meeting was most encouraging. Our meeting at Bell Street on Sunday morning was very large, and the audience listened attentively to an interesting address from comrade Barker. The meeting in Hyde Park in the afternoon was not quite so successful, owing to the noise created by the useless jabber between the Secularists and Christians. We have to record the sale of eight quires of the first number of the weekly *Commonweal*.—H. G. A.

**NORTH LONDON.**—Meetings have been addressed by comrades Chambers, Nicoll, Beckett, and Burcham. Good discussions have followed; over three quires of *Commonweal* sold.—H. BARTLETT.

**LEEDS.**—On Sunday last two open-air meetings were held: in the morning the usual gathering at Vicar's Croft, and in the afternoon the first of a new series at Woodhouse Moor. The afternoon meeting was very successful, the speeches being listened to with much interest by about a thousand people. At the breaking up of the meeting the snob element, which had been rather restless during the proceedings, indulged in some horseplay and provoked a scrimmage, out of which, however, the Socialists came all right. The Branch has now secured a good-sized lecture-room, and a meeting will henceforth be held every Tuesday night.—M.

**MANCHESTER.**—A good meeting was held at the "Grey Mare" corner on Sunday morning, comrades Parkinson, Snowdon, and Unwin addressing an attentive audience of about three hundred. A quire of the *Commonweal* was sold.—R. M.

### LECTURE DIARY.

HALL OF THE SOCIALIST LEAGUE 13 FARRINGDON ROAD, E.C.

#### Sunday Evening Lectures, 7.30.

May 9. J. Lane, "Will Land Nationalisation alone benefit the Workers?"  
 16. H. Barker, "The Poor's House."

#### Wednesday Evening Lectures, 8.30.

May 12. W. Morris, "Art and Labour." 19. T. Binning, "Citizen v. Subject."

### BRANCH MEETING ROOMS.

#### LONDON.

**Bloomsbury.**—Business meeting at central office every Wednesday at 7.30.  
**Croydon.**—Royal county House, West Croydon Station Yard. Sunday, May 9, at 7.30 p.m., Mrs C. M. Wilson, "The Future of Radicalism." Business meeting at Parker Road every Sunday afternoon at 3 o'clock.  
**Hackney.**—The Hackney Branch meets at the Kenton Coffee House, Kenton Road, Well Street, every Monday at 8 p.m., for the enrolment of members and other business.  
**Hammersmith.**—Kelmescott House, 26 Upper Mall, W. Sundays at 8 p.m.  
**Hoxton (L. E. N.).**—Exchange Coffee House, Pitfield Street, opposite Hoxton Church, N. Sunday evenings at 7.45. May 9, C. Wade, "Faith, Hope, and Charity."  
**Merton.**—11 Merton Terrace, High Street. Sundays and Wednesdays at 8 p.m.  
**Mile-end.**—I. W. M. Educational Club, 40 Berners Street, Commercial Road. Tuesdays at 8 p.m. May 11, H. Davis, "Labour and Capital: a Criticism." A challenge to C. Bradlaugh, M.P.  
**North London.**—Communications to R. A. Beckett, St. Mildred's House, Poultry, E.C.  
**South London.**—Business meetings at 103 Bird-in-bush Road, on Sundays at 7.30.

### PROVINCIAL.

**Birmingham.**—Bell Street Coffee House. Every Monday evening, at 7.30.  
**Bristol.**—Laycock's Temperance Hotel, Kirkgate. Tuesdays, at 8 p.m.  
**Dublin.**—30 Great Brunswick Street. Every Tuesday at 7.45 p.m.  
**Edinburgh (Scottish Section).**—4 Park Street. Meets every Friday at 8.30 p.m.  
**Glasgow.**—Neilson's Hotel, Ingram Street, every Saturday at 7 p.m. Lectures and discussions. Members and friends are invited to assist in selling *Commonweal* at Green (Jail Square) Saturdays, 5 p.m.  
**Leeds.**—The St James' Hall Café, Bridge End, Briggate. Meets every Tuesday at 7.30 p.m. for business and at 8 p.m. for lecture. May 11, J. L. Mahon, "The Wages Question."  
**Leicester.**—Radical Club, Vine Street. Tuesdays, at 8 p.m.  
**Manchester.**—County Forum. Fridays, at 8 p.m.  
**Norwich.**—Gordon Café. Every Monday at 8 p.m.  
**Oldham.**—Mrs. Wrigley's Coffee Tavern, 9, Old Market Place. Wednesdays, 7.50.  
**Oxford.**—Temperance Hall, 27 Pembroke Street. Thursdays, at 8.30 p.m.  
**Royton.**—"Greyhound Inn." Every Sunday evening at 7.30.

### Open-air Propaganda for the Week.

#### LONDON.

Date.	Station.	Time.	Speaker.	Branch.
S. 9.	Canning Town	11.30	R. Banner	Central.
	Edgware Road—Bell Street	11.30	A. K. Donald	Marylebone.
	Hackney—Well Street	11.30	H. Graham	Hackney.
	Hammersmith—Beadon Road	11.30	F. Kitz	Hammersmith.
	Hoxton Ch.—Pitfield Street	11.30	T. Wardle	Hoxton.
	Mile-end Waste	11.30	C. W. Mowbray	Mile-end.
	Regent's Park	11.30	D. Nicoll	N. London.
	St. Pancras Arches	11.30	W. Chambers	N. London.
	Hyde Park	3.30	H. Barker	Marylebone.
	Victoria Park	3.30	H. Burcham	Hackney.
Tu. 11.	Euston Road—Osselton St.	7.30	W. Chambers	N. London.
	Soho—Broad Street	7.30	D. Nicoll	Bloomsbury.
W. 12.	Kingsland Road Arches	8	C. W. Mowbray	Hoxton.
Th. 13.	Hoxton Ch.—Pitfield Street	8	T. Wardle	Hoxton.
	Mile-end Waste	8	W. Chambers	Mile-end.
F. 14.	Hackney Road—Triangle	8	H. Barker	Hoxton.

#### PROVINCES.

**Hulme.**—The Viaduct, Chester Road. Sundays, 7 p.m.  
**Leeds.**—Sunday, May 9: Vicar's Croft, 11 a.m. Woodhouse Moor, 3 p.m.  
**Manchester.**—Grey Mare Corner, Ashton Old Road. Sundays, 11 a.m.  
**Oldham.**—Curzon Ground. Sundays, afternoon and evening.

### MEETINGS OF OTHER SOCIETIES.

**Liverpool.**—THE WORKERS' BROTHERHOOD.—Wood Street Assembly Room. May 20, 8 p.m., Councillor Threlfall, President of last Trades Union Congress, on "Eight Hours." Open-air.—Old Haymarket, Sundays, 3.30.—R. F. E. WILLIS, hon. sec.

**NOTTING HILL DEBATING SOCIETY,** "Monarch Tavern." Manchester Street (near Latimer Road Railway Station).—May 16. C. W. Mowbray, "Modern Money Lending."

### LIST OF LEAGUE LECTURERS AND THEIR SUBJECTS.

**AVELING, EDWARD.**—Curse of Capitalism—Charles Darwin and Karl Marx—The Struggle for the Working Day—The Labour Christ.  
**BANNER, ROBERT.**—The Social Revolution—The Fraud of Politics.  
**BARKER, H. A.**—The Poor's House—The Land and the People—The Deserted Village—The Struggle for Existence.  
**BAXTER, E. J.**—The Coming Revolution.  
**BECKETT, R. A.**—Happiness—Equality—Wealth.  
**BLUNDELL, WILLIAM.**—Poverty, Disease, and Crime—Modern Evils and their Remedies—Money and Competition.  
**BROCHER, G.**—Icarian Communities—The Familistère.  
**CHAMBERS, W. A.**—The Gospel of Discontent—Right and Duty—Clerks—Socialist League Manifesto.  
**CHARLES, H.**—State Socialism, Socialism, and Anarchism—Society versus State—Bourgeoisism—Development of the German Labour Movement.  
**DONALD, A. K.**—The Conflict of Classes—Solidarity—The Prophecy of Socialism.  
**GRONLUND, LAURENCE.**—England's Future in the Light of Evolution—Are the Rich getting Richer and the Poor Poorer?  
**KITZ, FRANK.**—Dwellings of the Poor—Socialistic Experiments—Lessons from the lives of eminent Workers—A Glance at the History of the Working Class—Our Civilisation—The Criminal Classes, High and Low.  
**LANE, JOSEPH.**—Different Schools of Socialistic Thought—Poverty, its Cause, Result, and Cure—The National Loaf, who earns it and who eats it—Will Land Nationalisation alone benefit the Workers?—Capitalistic Morality versus Socialistic Morality—Socialistic Experiments and their Results—Revolution or Reform.  
**LIDDELL, JOHN H.**—Internationalism—Emigration.  
**MORRIS, WILLIAM.**—Misery and the Way Out—How we Live and How we Might Live—Work as it is and as it might be—Competition—Art and Labour—Commercial War—How can we Help?—Socialism—The Political Outlook—The Aims of Art.  
**MOWBRAY, C. W.**—Development of Revolutionary Ideas—Modern Money-lending—The Land Question from a Socialist Standpoint—Woman, her Position under Socialism and To-Day—Slavery—What is Profit?  
**NICOLL, DAVID.**—The Coming Revolution—Socialism and Political Economy—The Charms of Civilisation—Law and Order—The Benevolent Bourgeois.  
**SCHEU, ANDREAS.**—The Essence of Freedom and of Servitude—The Source of Wealth and the Cause of Poverty—Some Objections to Socialism—Love and Hunger—Socialism and the Theory of Evolution—The Labour Movement on the Continent—Owen, Marx, and Blanqui.  
**SPARLING, H. HALLIDAY.**—Meaning of the Revolution—The Latter-day Devil—Pseudo-Socialism—The Münster Commune—Blind Samson—The Noble Army of Martyrs—Unrest and Unreason—A Larger Hope—Shoulder to Shoulder—"Killing no Murder."  
**THEODOR, CHARLES.**—The Wage-worker's Struggle for Emancipation—Woman's Share in Social Revolution.  
**WADE, W. C.**—England in the 15th Century and Now—The Cry of the Children—Brotherhood—Free Trade and Socialism—The Riots and the Revolution—Faith, Hope and Charity.  
**WARDLE, T. E.**—Society—Civilisation, Religion and Socialism.

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