

THE COMMONWEAL

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WEEKLY; ONE PENNY.

THE MORAL OF LAST LORD MAYOR'S DAY.

THE Lord Mayor's Show has come and gone, and it may be supposed that many respectable people, including probably the city magnates who formed part of the procession, are easier in their minds that it is well over. But perhaps they will not on reflection be thoroughly reassured. The procession was far from being a triumphant one, and was escorted by hoots and groans all along. The success of the police in preventing a demonstration was only partial, since a huge meeting was held and harangued in Trafalgar Square, in spite of Sir Charles Warren's proclamation, besides the large meeting in Hyde Park held together by members of the League in spite of the pouring rain. All this is not very like a police triumph. But the most significant fact is that the allies counted on by the police, judging by Colonel Fraser's letter, entirely failed them. It goes without saying that the Kenny and Kelly gang were nowhere, and that the Liberty and Property Defence League might as well have saved themselves the expense of printing and circulating the handbill which was plentiful in the city on the 8th, and which was practically an incitement to the crowd to attack the Socialists. All this was a small matter, but what was important was that the crowd everywhere were in sympathy with the Socialists; and it must be said this is a very important fact, and shows that the propaganda of the past year has produced its effect. The middle-class—the respectables—certainly expected it to be all the other way, and the press has shown its disappointment clearly enough, though some part of it has tried to hide its uneasiness at the affair. The *Standard* probably expresses the general feeling on the matter, and the tone of its article is regret that the police did not stop the meeting at any cost, because authority has received a blow from what took place—as indeed it has. The *Pall Mall* admits the collapse of authority. The *Daily News* loses its respectable head from sheer peevishness, even to the extent of allowing itself to publish the following remarkable sentence: "The spirit in which they [the Socialists] conduct their agitation is a good deal more important than their principles." Really, Mr. Bourgeois, "even for your own purposes," you should try not to be so empty as that. Socialist principles, whether they are right or wrong, profess to deal with a subject no less than the whole of human life; and however rude and offensive we, the present agitators, may be in our agitation, those principles will be discussed, whether they are acted upon or not, long after the world has got rid of such passing matters as us and our rudeness.

A very few words upon, not the cause of this demonstration, but its occasion. The *Daily News* ends its article by saying, "Socialism is one thing, and the prevention of the threatened winter's sorrow at the East End is quite another. Those who doubt it have only to read the resolutions carried at Trafalgar Square yesterday." Yes, that is true, but nearly in the inverse sense that the *Daily News* means it. The steps suggested by those resolutions, or rather the action of the Government which the whole agitation is meant to force on, would certainly do something towards "preventing the winter sorrow." But, let alone the very little that the Government could be forced to do for poor people, even the whole of the resolutions do not mean Socialism or anything like it, though they do mean an attempt to palliate present poverty. An attempt, it must be said, which, even as a palliative, is bound to fail, because it is a palliative that looks towards Socialism. No bourgeois government could carry out the measures claimed by these resolutions, even if they would; and certainly none will try to do so, or can be forced to try, so long as they are a constitutional government and not a revolutionary body.

Nevertheless the crowd in Trafalgar Square did not draw, and had no chance of drawing, any nice distinctions. They were there supporting the Socialists in general, who they believed were trying to raise them from the terrible condition in which they are, and they were at least in a fair way of understanding that they are poor because the masters of the police and soldiers are rich. The net gain of this strange Lord Mayor's Show is that, as far as it goes, it has struck a blow at bourgeois authority, and that it has emphasised the class distinctions which rob us all of our due life. That at least is something. Until people find out either by learning to see it, or by instinctive feeling, that there is a class war going on, any great change for the better is impossible. When the poor begin to know that they are poor not by irremediable accident, but because they are robbed by a useless class who can be got rid of, the beginning of the end is at hand.

WILLIAM MORRIS.

COMMUNAL LIFE.

WE are oftentimes met with a smile of incredulity and scorn when we speak of the pleasant life we look for in the future, when free federated communes replace the cumbrous machinery of modern Society, and when national, class, and individual rivalries have been ended by the fall of the system which originated and fostered them. Those who in their own families practise Communism unconsciously; who find life infinitely more full of enjoyment when passed in close communion with their kindred; who know the advantages of association with sympathetic folk; even these look with dread upon the prospect, distant as it is, of communal life. To them it appears inevitable that it must be bald, uninteresting, monotonously utilitarian, and that it will necessitate their close contact with people toward whom they cannot now maintain even a negative attitude. A picture rises in their minds of "model dwellings" and "Peabody buildings" multiplied a thousand-fold, of jerry-built bastilles towering toward the sky, and overshadowing straight streets of dull brick and bad iron; the libraries they imagine under the semblance of some "free" one to which they are admitted on sufferance, and made to feel it; the common rooms are thought of as resembling railway waiting-rooms at a third-rate station; and the feeding arrangements equal to those of a back-street cookshop. After evolving such a terrific and appalling prospect from the depths of their inner consciousness, they stand and cry out in alarm that to this are we tending—woe worth the while!

What will be done during the period of transition we cannot foresee; nor are we, of course, able to speak of more than what *can* be done when Socialism is fairly established, but at that we can make a pretty close guess. Let it be remembered that in those days the producers will be the whole body politic; there will be no parasite class living upon their labour; the whole of the wealth produced in the community will be free to be devoted to the support of life and the comfort and pleasure of it.

What size the communes will be is of no consequence. They may be of any area, from that of a small parish to a large county; that will be decided by the special needs of the locality and all attending circumstances. Whatever their size, their population will arrange itself in proportion to their productivity, agricultural or manufacturing. There will be no fear of overcrowding until the well-nigh inconceivable time when the whole habitable earth shall be covered with folk. Until then it will be easy for those who cannot readily find sustenance within one commune to move on to where it is not so difficult to procure. Monopoly and its myriad accompanying evils having disappeared, each worker's life having been relieved of the drain upon it of providing for several idlers as well as for himself and family, each and all with light labour can produce their sustenance and more.

Every faculty of each member of society at large will be stimulated to utmost healthful exercise by the direct interest which each will have in increasing the common resources and thus adding to his own share of them. In those days each would feel that every time he added to the available wealth of the community he benefited himself. To-day a worker can but recognise that his toil adds to others' enjoyment, not his own; and even where his reward increases with his work, so also does the amount of surplus-labour wrung from him increase. Every faculty would in a rationally organised society have due play, and all would seek new ways of securing a larger return for less exertion. This would mean multiplied opportunities for the enjoyment of life to each, not, as now, increased profit to the exploiter and a lessened wage, or none, to the labourer. What was saved upon the labour of each would add to the common store of all, and not go to build up the fortunes of an "employing" class.

It is of paramount importance to society that it afford facilities to all its members to exert their full faculties in its service, and, in order thereto, that the mental and physical needs of all be bountifully supplied. Society should be, and will be when monopoly is ended, a co-operation of individuals for mutual aid and benefit, associated for the purpose of producing and distributing all things necessary to their existence or conducive to their comfort. It may be trusted not to indulge in the enormous mad waste of labour, potential and actual, that goes on to-day. Where production is for consumption, not profit, goods being made for use and not simply to bear profit or be used as counters in the universal gambling we know as competition, valuable time and energy will not be flung to the winds recklessly as they are in myriad instances to-day. Nor will the production of more than is required for immediate consumption produce the disastrous consequences that now

follow it. The control of all things in the hands of a class, labour subordinate to that class and compelled to toil for its enrichment and cease when it is satisfied, this now makes an overplus of wealth entail dire misery upon its producers; but when the community regulates its own affairs without the aid of heaven-born potentates and "captains of industry," every jot added to its stored-up wealth will mean more chance of enjoyment to every one of its members. To-day an "over-production" of wealth, as it means only that more has been produced than is required by the dominant class, conduces to the increased poverty of the workers by throwing many of them out of employment; but when "over-production" means that more goods have been produced in a community than are required for immediate consumption, labour may be turned to any field of exercise in which it is required. Thus there would be continual and progressive accumulation of riches in the hands of the community, most of it in the shape of buildings and other enduring forms. Not only would the increase of durable possessions enlarge the common resources, but would also yield increase of leisure and of comfort. The whole pressure of circumstances would be against poor materials or bad workmanship, for either would signify conscious unimpelled waste of labour.

Even those who now shrink from the prospect of communal homes and life, would forget their fears were they to think over what Socialism means actualised. A people free from class domination; production wholly for use; commerce merely the exchange of equivalents between commune and commune; co-operation in all things replacing the fierce unrelenting warfare waged now between man and man, class and class; energies now directed upon useless or harmful pursuits restored to their due career; work for all, food for all, rest for all; these things will ensue unavoidably upon the accomplishment of the Social Revolution.

It is unquestionably true that hitherto the experiments made by Owen, Godin and others in Europe, and the various communities in America, have resulted rather in bare bleak usefulness than in comfortable beauty. We must bear in mind, however, that all these have been *but* experiments; that they have been isolated amid the ocean of commercialism; that they have been outposts as it were pushed forward into the enemy's country by the advancing army of the Revolution; that lacking the sense of security and compelled to exercise never ending vigilance as an indispensable condition of continued existence, they have never found space wherein to cultivate repose. But when society has once for all freed itself from injustice, and the people own all things necessary for their livelihood, men will be enabled to start from the foundation and build slowly up. First they will set about arranging all things, so that every one, old and young, has enough of all requisite material supplies; having done this, they will go on step by step as opportunities arise. The commune, or the members of them, will be incessantly adapting their lives and customs to increased knowledge, for science will not then be the servitor of a class, but the handmaid of society. As education advances, and men discover gradually the gain accruing from combination for definite purposes, communal methods of life will be more and more adopted, and we may picture to ourselves the cluster of good houses round the great common hall for lectures and the like, while amid the trees arise the roofs of stately buildings, interspersed with cloistered squares and glorious gardens, such as we can but think of with a sigh.

Art will arise as never in the world before. Hitherto she has expressed the power of a nation upon the brink of its decay, has lavished her profusion upon the triumph of a tyrant or the luxury of a class. Then she will manifest herself in her full majesty as the expression of a people's delight in life. However men distribute themselves, in city or small thorp, they will look to their surroundings and will make them beautiful. It will not be only the *kitchen* and its work that will be the common care; library and lecture-hall, theatre and garden will receive their due heed of attention, nor will schools, colleges, and playgrounds be overlooked. Architecture emancipated from commercialism, released from the yoke of the speculative builder, will unite with sculpture and painting freed from the glorification of hereditary plunderers or "self-made" parasites, to provide adequate abodes for a folk who have cast out shoddy from among them; for whom there is no class-division or caste-prejudice; who see that all are educated and cared for; who are free from the corruption of excessive one-sided wealth or the crippling effects of poverty. This is a fair world toward which we wend, not "a nameless city in a distant sea," but one to be realised even here by the organised educated force of a combined people.

H. HALLIDAY SPARLING.

¶ WANT OF IMAGINATION IN THE COMFORTABLE CLASSES. — People in general have too little imagination, and habit does not tend to improve it. Hunger with themselves is brief; they can soon satisfy it. Cold is brief; they can go to the fire. They become unable to sympathise with the continual operation of want. Take one of the clergymen, for instance, who have been writing addresses of late to the poor to advise them to bear hunger and cold with patience. One of these gentlemen sits down to his writing-table, with his feet on a rug, before a good fire, after an excellent breakfast, to recommend to others the endurance of evils, the least part of which would rouse him into a remonstrance with his cook or his coal-merchant, perhaps destroy his temper, and put him into a state of un-Christian folly. His dinner is not ready when he returns from his ride. "Tis very shameful of the cook," quoth he, "I have eaten nothing to signify since breakfast, and am ready to sink." The dinner is brought in with all trepidation, and he does sink—that is to say, into an easy chair, and fish, flesh, and fowl sink into him. Little does he think, and less does he endeavour to think (for the thought is not a comfortable one) that the men to whom he wrote his address in the morning are in the habit of feeling this sinking sensation from morning till night, and of seeing their little crying children suffering from a distress which they know to be so wretched. Many of these poor people "sink" into the grave. — *Leigh Hunt's 'Table-Talk.'*

A DREAM OF JOHN BALL.

(Continued from p. 258.)

I entered the door and started at first with my old astonishment, with which I had woken up, so strange and beautiful did this interior seem to me, though it was but a pothouse parlour. A quaintly carved side-board held an array of bright pewter pots and dishes and wooden and earthen bowls; a very stout oak table went up and down the room, and a carved oak chair stood by the chimney corner now filled by a very old man dim-eyed and white-bearded. That, except the rough stools and benches on which the company sat, was all the furniture. The walls were panelled roughly enough with oak boards to about six feet from the floor, and about three feet of plaster above that was wrought in a pattern of a rose stem running all round the room, very freely and roughly done, but with (as it seemed to my unused eyes) wonderful skill and spirit. On the hood of the great chimney a huge rose was wrought in the plaster and brightly painted in its proper colours. There were a dozen or more of the men I had seen coming along the street sitting there, some eating and all drinking; their cased bows leaned against the wall, their quivers hung on pegs in the panelling, and in a corner of the room I saw half-a-dozen bill-hooks that looked made more for war than for hedge-shearing, with ash handles some seven foot long. Three or four children were running about among the legs of the men, heeding them mighty little in their bold play, and the men seemed little troubled by it, although they were talking earnestly and seriously too. A well-made comely girl leaned up against the chimney close to the gaffer's chair, and seemed to be in waiting on the company: she was clad in a close-fitting gown of bright blue cloth, with a broad silver girdle, very daintily wrought, round her loins, a rose wreath was on her head and her hair hung down unbound; the gaffer grumbled a few words to her from time to time, so that I judged he was her grandfather.

The men all looked up as we came into the room, my mate leading me by the hand, and he called out in his rough good-tempered voice, "Here, my masters, I bring you tidings and a tale; give it meat and drink that it may be strong and sweet."

"Whence are thy tidings, Will Green?" said one.

My mate grinned again with the pleasure of making his joke once more in a bigger company: "It seemeth from heaven, since this good old lad hath no master," said he.

"The more fool he to come here," said a thin man with a grizzled beard, amidst the laughter that followed, "unless he had the choice given him between hell and England."

"Nay," said I, "I come not from heaven, but from Essex."

As I said the word a great shout sprang from all mouths at once, as clear and sudden as a shot from a gun. For I must tell you that I knew somehow, but I know not how, that the men of Essex were gathering to rise against the poll-groat bailiffs and the lords that would turn them all into villeins again, as their grandfathers had been. And the people was weak and the lords were poor; for many a mother's son had fallen in the war in France in the old king's time, and the Black Death had slain a many; so that the lords had bethought them: "We are growing poorer, and these upland-bred villeins are growing richer, and the guilds of craft are waxing in the towns, and soon what will there be left for us who cannot weave and will not dig? Good it were if we fell on all who are not guildsmen or men of free land, if we fell on socage tenants and others, and brought both the law and the strong hand on them, and make them all villeins in deed as they are now in name; for now these rascals make more than their bellies need of bread, and their backs of homespun, and the overplus they keep to themselves; and we are more worthy of it than they. So let us get the collar on their necks again, and make their day's work longer and their beaver-time shorter, as the good statute of the old king bade. And good it were if the Holy Church were to look to it (and the Lollards might help herein) that all these naughty and wearisome holidays were done away with; or that it should be unlawful for any man below the degree of a squire to keep the holy days of the Church, except in the heart and the spirit only, and let the body labour meanwhile; for does not the Apostle say 'if a man work not, neither should he eat'?" And if such things were done, and such an estate of noble rich men and worthy poor men upholden for ever, then would it be good times in England, and life were worth the living."

All this were the lords at work on, and such talk I knew was common not only among the lords themselves, but also among their sergeants and very serving-men. But the people would not abide it; therefore, as I said, in Essex they were on the point of rising, and word had gone how that at St. Albans they were wellnigh at blows with the Lord Abbot's soldiers; that north away at Norwich John Litster was wiping the woad from his arms, as who would have to stain them red again, but not with grain or madder; and that the valiant tiler of Dartford had smitten a poll-groat bailiff to death with his lath-rendering axe for mishandling a young maid, his daughter; and that the men of Kent were on the move.

Now, knowing all this I was not astonished that they shouted at the thought of their fellows the men of Essex, but rather that they said little more about it; only Will Green saying quietly, "Well, the tidings shall be told when our fellowship is greater; fall now to the meat, brother, that we may the sooner have thy tale." As he spoke the blue-clad damsel bestirred herself and bought me a clean trencher—that is, a square piece of thin oak board scraped clean—and a pewter, pot of liquor. So without more ado, and as one used to it, I drew my knife out of my girdle and cut myself what I would of the flesh and

bread on the table. But Will Green mocked at me as I cut, and said, "Certes, brother, thou hast not been a lord's carver, though but for thy word thou mightest have been his reader. Hast thou seen Oxford, scholar?"

A vision of grey-roofed houses and a long winding street and the sound of many bells came over me at that word as I nodded "Yes" to him, my mouth full of salt pork and rye-bread; and then I lifted my pot and we made the clattering mugs kiss and I drank, and the fire of the good Kentish mead ran through my veins and deepened my dream of things past, present, and to come, as I said: "Now hearken a tale, since ye will have it so. For last autumn I was in Suffolk at the good town of Dunwich, and thither came the keels from Iceland, and on them were some men of Iceland, and many a tale they had on their tongues; and with these men I foregathered, for I am in sooth a gatherer of tales, and this that is now at my tongue's end is one of them." So such a tale I told them, long familiar to me; but as I told it the words seem to quicken and grow, so that I knew not the sound of my own voice, and they ran almost into rhyme and measure as I told it; and when I had done there was silence awhile, till one man spake, but not loudly: "Yea, in that land was the summer short and the winter long; but men lived both summer and winter; and if the trees grew ill and the corn throve not, yet did the plant called man thrive and do well. God send us such men even here." "Nay," said another, "such men have been and will be, and belike are not far from this same door even now." "Yes," said a third, "hearken a stave of Robin Hood; maybe that shall hasten the coming of one I wot of." And he fell to singing in a clear voice, for he was a young man, and to a strange wild melody, one of those ballads which in an incomplete and degraded form you have read perhaps. My heart rose high as I heard him, for it was concerning the struggle against tyranny for the freedom of life, how that the wild wood and the heath weather was better than the court and the cheaping town; of the taking from the rich to give to the poor; of the life of man rather than the existence of machines. The men all listened eagerly, and at whiles took up as a refrain a couplet at the end of a stanza with their strong and rough, but not unmusical voices; and as it were a picture of the wild-woods passed by me, as they were indeed, and no park-like dainty glades and lawns, but rough and tangled thicket and bare waste and heath, solemn under the morning sun, and dreary with the rising of the evening wind and the drift of the night-long rain.

But amidst my musing the song dropped suddenly, and one of the men held up his hand as who would say, Hist! Then through the open window came the sound of another song, gradually swelling as though sung by men on the march. This time the melody was a piece of the plain-song of the Church, familiar enough to me to bring back to my mind the great arches of some cathedral in France and the canons singing in the choir.

All leapt up and hurried to take their bows from wall and corner; and some had bucklers withal, circles of boiled and hardened leather, some two hand-breadths across, with iron or brass bosses in the centre. Will Green went to the corner where the bills leaned against the wall and handed them round to the first comers as far as they would go, and out we all went gravely and quietly into the village street and the fair sunlight of the calm afternoon, now waning into evening. None had said anything since we first heard the new come singing save that as we went out of the door the ballad-singer clapped me on the shoulder and said: "Was it not sooth that I said, brother, that Robin Hood should bring us John Ball?"

The street was pretty full of men by then we were out in it, and all faces turned toward the cross. The song still grew nearer and louder, and even as we looked we saw it turning the corner through the hedges of the orchards and closes; a good clump of men, more armed, as it would seem, than our villagers, as the low sun flashed back from many points of bright iron and steel. The words of the song could now be heard, and amidst them I could pick out Will Green's challenge to me and my answer; but as I was bending all my mind to disentangle more words from the music, suddenly from the new white tower behind us clashed out the church bells, harsh and hurried at first, but presently falling into measured chime; and at the first sound of them a great shout went up from us and was echoed by the new comers, "John Ball hath rung our bell!" Then we pressed on, and presently we were all mingled together at the cross.

Will Green had good-naturedly thrust and pulled me forward, so that I found myself standing on the lowest step of the cross, his seventy-two inches of man on one side of me. He chuckled while I panted, and said: "There's for thee a good hearing and seeing stead, old lad. Thou art tall across thy belly and not otherwise, and thy wind, belike, is none of the best, and but for me thou wouldst have been amidst the thickest of the throng, and have heard words muffled by Kentish bellies and seen little but swinky woollen elbows and greasy plates and jacks. Look no more on the ground, as though thou sawest a hare, but let thine eyes and thine ears be busy to gather tidings to bear back to Essex—or heaven!"

I grinned good-fellowship at him but said nothing, for in truth my eyes and ears were as busy as he would have them to be. A buzz of general talk went up from the throng amidst the regular cadence of the bells, which now seemed far away and as it were that they were not swayed by hands, but were living creatures making that noise of their own wills.

I looked around and saw that the new comers mingled with us must have been a regular armed band; all had bucklers slung at their backs, few lacked a sword at the side. Some had bows, some "staves"—that is, bills, pole-axes, or pikes. Moreover, unlike our villagers, they had

defensive arms. Most had steel-caps on their heads, and some had body armour, generally a "jack," or coat into which pieces of iron or horn were quilted; some had also steel or steel-and-leather arm or thigh pieces. There were a few mounted men among them, their horses being big-boned hammer-headed beasts, that looked as if they had been taken from plough or wagon, but their riders were well armed with steel armour on their heads, legs, and arms. Amongst the horsemen I noted the man that had ridden past me when I first awoke; but he seemed to be a prisoner, as he had a woollen hood on his head instead of his helmet, and carried neither bill, sword, nor dagger. He seemed by no means ill-at-ease, however, but was laughing and talking with the men who stood near him.

Above the heads of the crowd, and now slowly working towards the cross, was a banner on a high-raised cross-pole, a picture of a man and woman half clad in skins of beasts on a background of green trees, the man holding a spade and the woman a distaff and spindle, rudely done enough, but yet with a certain spirit and much meaning; and underneath this symbol of the early world and man's first contest with nature were the written words:

"When Adam delved and Eve span,
Where was then the gentleman?"

The banner came on and through the crowd, which at last opened where we stood for its passage, and the banner-bearer turned and faced the throng and stood on the first step of the cross beside me. A man followed him, clad in a long dark-brown gown of coarse woollen, girt with a cord, to which hung a "pair of beads" (or rosary, as we should call it to-day) and a book in a bag. The man was tall and big-boned, a ring of dark hair surrounded his priest's tonsure; his nose was big but clear cut and with wide nostrils; his shaven face showed a longish upper lip and a big but not blunt chin; his mouth was big and the lips closed firmly; a face not very noteworthy but for his grey eyes well opened and wide apart, at whiles lighting up his whole face with a kindly smile, at whiles set and stern, at whiles resting in that look as if they were gazing at something a long way off, which is the wont of the eyes of the poet or enthusiast.

He went slowly up the steps of the cross and stood at the top with one hand laid on the shaft, and shout upon shout broke forth from the throng. When the shouting died away into a silence of the human voices, the bells were still quietly chiming with that far-away voice of theirs, and the long-winged dusky swifts, by no means scared by the concourse, swung round about the cross with their wild squeals; and the man stood still for a little, eying the throng, or rather looking first at one and then another man in it, as though he were trying to think what such an one was thinking of, or what he were fit for. Sometimes he caught the eye of one or other, and then that kindly smile spread over his face, but faded off it into the sternness and sadness of a man who has heavy and great thoughts hanging about him.

But when John Ball first mounted the steps of the cross a lad at some one's bidding had run off to step the ringers, and so presently the voice of the bells fell dead, leaving on men's minds that sense of blankness or even disappointment which is always caused by the sudden stopping of a sound one has got used to and found pleasant. But a great expectation had fallen by now on all that throng, and no word was spoken even in a whisper, and all men's hearts and eyes were fixed upon the dark figure standing straight up now by the tall white shaft of the cross, his hands stretched out before him, one palm laid upon the other. And for me, as I made ready to hearken, I felt a joy in my soul that I had never yet felt.

(To be continued.)

WILLIAM MORRIS.

"DIVES AND HIS DINNERS."

The *Pall Mall Gazette* of November 10 contains the following suggestive letter from the Rev. G. S. Reaney:

"Sir,—The Lord Mayor's banquet, you say, cost £2500. What could be done with that down east? This: a good dinner of beefsteak pudding and coffee for 200,000 men, or a meal for 1000 men daily for seven months, or a dinner every day for 1000 children for twelve months. This is not fiction, but fact, as I have given 100 men a good dinner for £1, 5s., and a dinner for 100 children for less than half. Dives ought to be more than satisfied with his Guildhall banquet."

Anent the same subject a correspondent sends the following grim suggestion for the next 9th of November foolery, if unhappily the miserable make-believe festival survive the shock it has received:

"I would suggest to the city magnates that as they parade their fine clothes, their sables and their ermines, before the shivering multitude to make it understand the difference between the clothing of the rich and the poor, so they might further heighten the contrast by having a number of men appointed to carry the smoking tureens of turtle-soup in their procession, and portable fires might be arranged before which the legs of mutton and sirloins of beef could be cooked as the mayor moves on to Westminster, so that the people might get an inexpensive treat by smelling the savoury dishes as they passed by. Of course this would be a good idea, and give a good deal of employment, not only in carrying the viands, but in providing a staff of policemen to keep the famishing ones from rushing in to seize them."

Will the monopoly press inform us whether it would permit every producer to enjoy the products of his own labour or not? If so, will they tell us why any one should be compelled to give any portion of the products of his labour to any one for an opportunity to toil?—*Industrial News*



"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 invited on Social Questions. They should be written on one side of the paper, addressed to the Editors, 13 Farringdon Rd., E.C., and accompanied by the name and address of the writer, not necessarily for publication.

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

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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.

Periodicals received during the week ending Wednesday November 17.

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| ENGLAND Justice Norwich—Daylight Club and Institute Journal Freethinker | INDIA Madras—People's Friend CANADA Toronto—Labor Reformer Montreal—L'Union Ouvriere NEW SOUTH WALES. Sydney—Bulletin | UNITED STATES New York—Volkszeitung Freiheit Truthseeker Der Sozialist John Swinton's Paper Boston—Woman's Journal Liberty Denver (Col.) Labor Inquirer Cincinnati (O.) Unionist Toledo (O.)—Industrial News New Haven (Conn.)—Workmen's Advocate Paterson (N. J.) Labor Standard | SPAIN Cadiz—El Socialismo | FRANCE Paris—Cri du Peuple (daily) Le Socialiste Le Revolte La Revue Socialiste Guise—Le Devoir Lille—Le Travailleur | HOLLAND Hague—Recht voor Allen | BELGIUM Brussels—Le Chante-Clair En Avant Liege—L'Avenir Antwerp—De Werker | SWITZERLAND Zurich—Sozial Demokrat | ITALY Milan—Il Fascio Operaio | SPAIN Cadiz—El Socialismo | Madrid—El Socialista Bandera Social Barcelona—El Grito del Pueblo El Angel del Hogar | PORTUGAL Lisbon—O Protesto Operario Voz do Operario O Seculo Villafranca de Xira—O Campino | AUSTRIA Brunn—Volksfreund | HUNGARY Arbeiter-Wochen-Chronik | ROUMANIA Bucharest—Pruncul Roman Jassy—Lupta | NORWAY Kristiania—Social-Democraten | SWEDEN Stockholm—Social-Demokraten | DENMARK Social-Demokraten | GREECE Athens—Ardin |
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NOTES.

The value of police evidence was illustrated last Wednesday. William Plumbridge was charged at Marylebone with heading a riotous mob on the 9th, and aggravating the offence by assaulting an inoffensive policeman. He had, however, a different story to relate; he said that he was leaving Hyde Park quietly with some friends, when the active and intelligent officer before referred to committed an assault upon a man in the crowd. He cried out "Shame!" and was immediately taken into custody. Luckily for him, Baron de Rutzen was on the bench, a magistrate who does not take for granted every word that proceedeth out of the mouth of a policeman. He evidently believed the workman, and simply bound him over to keep the peace. If Mr. Newton had been on the bench, Plumbridge would very probably have got two months. This case ought to make the most confiding begin to doubt the infallibility of police evidence.

"A melancholy moralist," who gives vent to his woe in the columns of the *Pall Mall*, is very much shocked at the bestial and degraded condition of the London rough, and reflects with a shudder that perhaps in thirty or forty years the sons of middle-class men may sink into a similar state. The question arises whether the sons of most middle-class men are not even as these roughs at the present time. It may be that they are cleaner in their persons, that they are better fed and clothed, but as for their language, manners, and morals, many a rough would feel insulted if he was compared to them. The greatest blackguard is the well-dressed, not the one in fustian. How much difference is there between the conversation and habits of, say, those two hundred medical students who marched into Trafalgar Square the other day, and that of the loafer, dirty and diseased as he may be in body and mind? If these middle-class roughs do meet with a fall in life they have not got far to fall, if that is any consolation to them, and to people who claim them as their own children. Fit children for such parents, contented Pharisaic bourgeois.

Mr. D'Eyncourt, of Westminster Police-court, has made a great discovery. A youth of respectable parentage was brought before him,

charged with illegal appropriation of tobacco and other luxuries. His solicitor asked the magistrate to let him off with a fine, as his parents were most respectable people. (Had his respectable parentage got anything to do with thievish propensities, I wonder?) Mr. D'Eyncourt said piteously: "How can I deal lightly with an offender like this, when I have poor wretches brought before me every day who have been forced into crime by their poverty?" What a discovery for a magistrate! People are criminal because they are poor. It has always been laid down as a judicial axiom that poverty was no excuse for crime. But if poverty, as Mr. D'Eyncourt says, forces people into crime, you ought not to punish the people but the poverty, and the best way to punish poverty is to exterminate it. The respectable youth was let off with a fortnight's imprisonment. If he had been a "poor wretch forced into crime by poverty," I wonder whether he would have escaped so easily. Let the reader judge.

The gallant police distinguished themselves greatly on Lord Mayor's day. The way these brave officers made the most daring attacks upon small boys and cripples, filled the minds of the riotously inclined with terror and amazement. Their energy in the performance of these arduous and difficult duties has only been equalled by the vigour displayed by three brave constables in Oxford Street during the February riots. These brave fellows, after aiding in the scattering of the crowd, espied a poor half-starved tramp crawling along the pavement more dead than alive. They rushed on him at once, seized him and beat him brutally with their truncheons, while he shrieked so piteously for mercy that even the shopkeepers interfered and asked the police to leave him alone. After a time they magnanimously consented to do so. These policemen are fit representatives of the law they enforce. Base and brutal as themselves, it is, like them, a protection of unjust privilege, a safeguard to evil-doers if they be but of the well-to-do, and a terror only to the unfortunate.

D. N.

MR. JAWKINS AT THE MANSION HOUSE.

LORD SALISBURY, in his speech at the Mansion House, did in some respects only strengthen somewhat the words of his colleague, Lord Randolph Churchill. Like him he tried to bury dangerous Jingoism decently. It was pretty much the old story: "Sir, you have called me a liar, you have pulled my nose, you have kicked me downstairs, now beware, lest you rouse the sleeping lion!"

As to Ireland again, he, like the other, declared for stiff support to landlordism, and hinted at coercion; and his only contribution to the stock of news of Government intentions, was his assertion that no discretionary powers had been given in the matter of eviction to his bum-bailiff Buller. It is hardly worth while criticising his speech on these points therefore; it was, of course, only natural that he should praise the valour of the Bulgarian people, whose independence he had done his best to prevent; nor did any one for a moment expect he would have anything to say on the subject of Ireland; but, perhaps, some persons were curious to see how far he would endorse the Tory Democracy of Lord Randolph Churchill; on that side their minds may now be at rest, he has taken the position of Mr. Jawkins, of the firm of Spenlow and Jawkins in Dickens's 'David Copperfield.' Mr. Spenlow can now show his good-will by making any amount of promises dependent on Mr. Jawkins consent, which privately he knows will be withheld. Three acres and a cow, embraces to Jesse Collings, free education, local self-government, railway reforms, besides many another blessing dim in the distance; all these you shall have for the asking, my friends, if only Jawkins will consent. Well, and what says Jawkins to all this fine flower of reform? Hear him: "But, in truth, as far as domestic affairs are concerned, the whole interest of home politics is absorbed in the consideration of that one Irish question." (Hear, hear.) Thus does Jawkins put down his foot, and crush mercilessly the fairy fabric of Radical hope, tinged even with a slight suspicion of Socialism, raised by the kindly Spenlow. The firm is certainly a convenient one; and, moreover, it is likely to last as long as such conspiracies usually do, because, in fact, the Salisbury-Jawkins woodenness is really and truly the thing which all respectable people are asking for. Do not let us forget that not only are the Hartington-Whigs and the Chamberlainite Radicals supporting this man, but that practically the Gladstonian Radicals have come to the same conclusion, as was shown by the Leed's Conference, whose dullness on every question except the Irish one, which had got to be their party war-horse, was pointed out in this journal so lately. Strange to say (since Lord Salisbury said it) it is true that "as far as domestic affairs are concerned, the whole interest of home politics is absorbed in the consideration of that one Irish question." That is, it is true of the Constitutional machine which we have made a god to rule over us; that is about the measure of its capacity for managing the affairs which we, fools that we are, have handed over to its management; whatever there is which is dealing with the real problems of life is outside that machine, which is absolutely helpless for "considering" them even; and when it has considered them will find it can get no further.

Surely on that day, if never before, that wooden Tory-Whig might have "considered" something besides the Irish question; or even in his dim mind might have "considered" that that question owed its absorbing interest to its being at bottom part of the great question now being thrust into the faces of all Governments by the workers: "What do you want sitting there, while we who made you are miserable and degraded?" There sat that dull man, that party politician,

amongst the City magnates, who found their wine tasted better because they were drinking it in their joy of having escaped being rolled in the mud by the half-starved population of London; amongst the shops barricaded against "domestic affairs." Why, the ball-cartridges were scarcely out of the pouches of the soldiers who had come to take a part in a "domestic affair;" and yet he had nothing to say about it, and the servile mob of respectabilities had the baseness to cheer him for his evasion. Yet, indeed, no one expected him to say anything about the condition of this frightful centre of our empire of force and fraud, and all the misery of which, after all, its misery is but a sample. And why did they not expect him to do so? Because he is the leader of a Parliamentary party; and really, when one thinks of the absurdity of his position, which, once again, necessitates his ignoring the real questions of the day, one has to restrain one's indignation against the cruel stupidity of the man by steady determination to do one's best to abolish the system. Besides that, there is a danger that one's readers might think that he who attacks one party leader is condoning the others for their blindness and evasion. Lord Salisbury is only doing after his kind; and even the Jawkin's business will most certainly be repeated by the Government which will supplant him, though it may not take quite such a grotesque form as the present one. That, after all, is mostly due to the other member of the Tory-Whig firm of Spenlow and Jawkins.

WILLIAM MORRIS.

SOME NOODLES' ORATIONS.

THE following report has been forwarded to us. It seems to have been written for a Conservative paper; but we have no objection to give it publicity, merely premising that we in no way vouch for its accuracy.

THE first meeting of the winter session of the Old Constitutional Society took place on the 9th November at the Carlton Club. Nearly six hundred gentlemen were present.

THE DUKE OF BARNSBURY, who presided, said that in view of the alarming advance of Socialistic and other subversive views in England, the Society had determined to invite a limited number of advocates of these views to put before an open meeting of the society a plain statement of their theories and aims. Twelve tickets had been issued to the various working-men's organizations in the metropolis; and the greatest care had been taken to prevent the intrusion of strangers unprovided with tickets. Everything had been done to secure the comfort of the audience and the safety of the building, without interfering with perfect freedom of discussion. Of the twelve tickets issued, six had been accepted by the Anti-Foreigner Association for the Restoration of Fair Trade. (Hear, hear.) It had been thought expedient to exclude two delegates who were, he regretted to say, inebriated; and one of the others, mistaking the nature of a public meeting, had refused to enter unless paid in advance—a laugh, and cries of "Order!"—but the remaining three were present, and he (the President) would take that opportunity of assuring them that they should be no losers by their attendance. (Applause.) Of the six other tickets, one had been presented by a delegate from the Socialist League—(hisses)—but this person, on being requested quite courteously to submit to being searched, had thought fit to decline. However, on the necessary coercion being applied, his pockets were found to contain nothing but a latch-key, two and eightpence in bronze money wrapped in a piece of paper inscribed "Clerkenwell Green collection," and a mass of papers addressed "Editor of the *Commonweal*," and consisting chiefly of manuscript poetry. It was right to add that the money had been scrupulously returned to him. (Hear, hear.) Two Land Nationalization Societies had sent clergymen as delegates—(sensation),—but the society, in the exercise of its discretion, had felt that the scandal these gentlemen—(A Voice: "Cads!")—the appearance of these persons must create, would be intolerably painful to the society, and admission had consequently been refused them. (Applause.) One ticket had been presented by an Anarchist, who was present. (Disturbance.) There was no ground for alarm: the gentleman had submitted to a thorough search, and was known to be distantly related to the Duke of Camden's gamekeeper, a most respectable man. (Cheers.) His Anarchist views were purely theoretical. (Renewed cheers and laughter.) The eleventh ticket was that of Mr. Robertus Mazzini Smith, who was to address them presently. Of the twelfth ticket no account had been received, but every precaution had been taken against the consequences of its miscarriage. A company of the 60th Rifles were in charge of the gas meter; and the basement was strongly occupied by a picked company of the 1st Life Guards. The outdoor arrangements were in the hands of Sir Charles Warren, who had pledged himself that the members should run no risk. (Applause.) He would now call on the speaker, and, whilst appealing to the audience to give him a fair hearing, would beg Mr. Smith to state his case as inoffensively as the nature of his subject would allow.

MR. ROBERTUS MAZZINI SMITH, in a rambling address, repeated the threadbare fallacies with which the public is already familiar. He stated that three-fourths of the national wealth went into the pockets of twenty-eight dukes, two-thirds to the capitalist class, one-third to the ground landlords, rather more than half to the royal family and the holders of perpetual pensions, about a tenth to the Church, and only the remaining five-sixths to the workers. The average lifetime of a labourer was only quarter that of a rich shareholder; and two hundred per cent. of the children of the workers died before they were five years old. He could prove from statistics that the deaths from small-pox had increased greatly since the introduction of machinery, which was a curse to the workers. There was no remedy for this, in his opinion, but Socialism. (A Voice: "What is Socialism?") Socialism meant equal laws for all. Competition and selfishness were the curse of the age, and laws ought to be made abolishing them. The rich were getting richer and the poor poorer every day. All brain-work should be done away with. (Great laughter.) Well, gentlemen might laugh; but the Conservative party had got along pretty well without brains; and—(Tumult, which the President vainly endeavoured to quell. After a stormy altercation, the speaker, who refused to sit down, and persisted in shouting at the top of his voice, was ejected by two policemen.)

THE PRESIDENT then called upon one of the Anti-Foreigner delegates. This gentleman spoke for some time in favour of Socialism, which he defined quite differently from the previous speaker. Eventually a police inspector,

rising to order, warned the President that the supposed Fair Trader was a disguised member of the Social Democratic Federation.

THE PRESIDENT, amid uproar, called on the speaker to withdraw.

THE ANTI-FOREIGNER admitted that he was a Socialist, and considered himself as good a man as the President, and perhaps better. He refused to withdraw. (Cries of "Out with him!" "Chuck him downstairs!" etc.) If they meant to chuck him out they had better not shake him too much, as he had enough dynamite in his pockets to blow the Carlton Club half-way to Chelsea. (Here the speaker was very carefully removed in a horizontal position by several policemen. Considerable disturbance followed, the President vainly ringing his bell to restore order. When partial silence was at length obtained,

THE PRESIDENT called on Lord Bubleby Jockington. (Cheers.)

LORD BUBLEBY JOCKINGTON said that his first duty was to reassure the audience as to the intruder who had lately been conveyed from the room. His statement that his pockets contained dynamite was just as true as the statements of Socialists usually were. After the usual precaution of immersing him in the cistern—(laughter)—he had been searched. The contents of his pockets were of an ordinary character, consisting chiefly of tobacco and small coin. With the exception of a cheap reprint of the 'Pilgrim's Progress,' in which, by way of bookmarker, had been stuck a photograph of Mr. H. M. Hyndman—(prolonged hooting),—nothing of a dangerous character had been found. It only remained for him (Lord Bubleby Jockington) to say a few words with reference to what had been said to-night by specially selected representatives of the Socialist party—if party it might be called. (Laughter, and a Voice: "They'd all fit in a four-wheeler.") Well, he would not go so far as that; but he would not mind undertaking to find room for them and himself as well in an omnibus. (A Voice: "What do you know about omnibuses?" and cries of "Order!") He had seen omnibuses in the streets, where many things of which he had no personal experience forced themselves upon his attention. But he was digressing. The Socialists said that all wealth was due to the labour of the working-man. Well, he would just put one question to them. What were the most valued possessions of this country? Were they not the arts, the sciences, the culture, and he would even say the commerce of the country? (Cheers.) Were they made by the working-man? Were our pictures and statues made by working-men? Was the theory of gravitation due to a working-man? Was the teaching at our universities done by working-men? Was the Church—(great cheering)—that Church upon whose property some people were in such a hurry to lay dishonest hands—(Cheers; and a Voice: "Not for Joseph!")—were the clergy working-men? On the contrary, they were gentlemen, as were the officers of our army—(applause, and cries of "Some of 'em!")—and the heroes of our navy. (Vehement cheering.) They were workers in the highest sense; but they were not working-men; and it would be a black day for the labouring class if the country ever lost them. The working-class was a helpless class. It never initiated great enterprises such as railways, telegraphs, and steam engines. It could blindly obey the orders of an educated man; but when left to itself it could do nothing but drink, beat women—(Shame! Cowards!)—and set dogs to fight and bark and bite, as had been well said by Dr. Watts, the celebrated inventor of the steam engine, which enabled us to put a girdle round the earth in forty minutes. Our rich classes, our elegant classes, our cultured classes, our leisured classes, our learned classes were not composed of working-men. Enter the house of a working-man, and you saw at once by its squalor, its ugliness, and its ill-chosen neighbourhood, the sort of person who lived there. The working-classes herded together absolutely like swine. It was no uncommon thing to find a labourer crowding all his family into one room when plenty of other rooms were to be let in the same house, and even on the same floor. Put these people into a palace, and they would degrade it to a filthy rookery in a month. But put a gentleman into one of these rookeries, and he would make a palace of it in a week. It was in vain that we strove to change human nature. These differences were ordained for some wise purpose, we might depend on that, and it was useless to strive to eradicate them. If wealth were divided equally to-day, in six months time we should again be just as we are at present. (Applause.) Drink, ignorance, sloth, and crime would have done their work on the one hand; industry, intelligence, thrift, and high breeding—(cheers)—on the other. And the people knew that; for the heart of the British nation was sound. Socialism might flourish on foreign soil; but the English people would never listen to proposals of confiscation. (Cheers.) For himself he would say that he objected to be plundered by people who thought wealth could be had for nothing. Some of them seemed to think that he stole his food and clothes from the workers. They never made a greater mistake. If the Socialists knew a tailor who would charge him nothing for his clothes, he would be glad to have the address. (Laughter.) He not only paid for his clothes, but he paid three times as much for them as a workman, and wore half-a-dozen suits to the workman's one. Which then, was he or the workman most useful to the trade of the country? Go and ask the tradesmen what sort of customers they prefer—workmen or gentlemen! (Cheers, and several Voices: "So they do!") The gentry not only consumed twice as much as the workers, but they paid twice as much for what they consumed, and yet they gave up a full half of the annual produce of the country in wages to the workers. Plain arithmetical statements like these were worth bushels of windy declamation. The noblemen and gentlemen of England supplied the workmen with land, with capital, with wages, with employment, with education, with hospitals, with spiritual and medical advice, and with refuges against old age and want. They asked nothing in return except gratitude and loyalty, and they would get it in spite of foreign incendiaries and native lunatics. (Great cheering.) Applying the touchstone of history to the veil of futurity, he could see its troubled waves dashing in vain against our Queen and our Constitution,—(cheers)—and only adding another glorious page to the torch of liberty that had always been, and, please God, would always be the keystone of the arch under which our tight little island lay snugly sheltered, and upon which its foundations were indissolubly based. (Loud and prolonged cheering.)

THE PRESIDENT said that the speech they had just heard possessed the two supreme qualities of eloquence—imagination and logic. He hoped that a full report of it would find its way into the hands of every working-man in the kingdom. It would be a better defence against Socialism than all the precautions of his friend, Sir Charles Warren. ("Bow-wow," laughter, and a Voice: "Cut it short, old man!") As it was getting late, he would not detain the meeting longer.

The usual votes of thanks were then passed; and the meeting dispersed.

Inequality is the source of all revolution, for no compensation can make up for inequality.—Aristotle.

THE LORD OF BURLEIGH.

(FROM THE POINT OF VIEW OF HIS DISAPPOINTED RIVAL.)

(Concluded from p. 259.)

And almost I turned me about and departed ; but then there came
The flash of a sudden thought that mine would be all the blame,
If Annie were wooed by the blackguard, and won, and ruined, and left,
Of her pure sweet peace of heart and her own fair fame bereft ;
And I thought I at least would warn her, and put her pride on its guard ;
And I suddenly opened the door, and entered. But oh, it was hard
To be greeted at last by Annie with welcome embarrassed and cold,
No longer eye to eye and heart to heart as of old.
But I feigned to be glad of the greeting, and not to have noticed the change,
And I asked her to set me a task, and she said I could help her arrange
The things in the dairy for churning. I saw with a pang to my pride,
That she wanted to keep me away from the fool on the lawn outside ;
And I magnified each little thing, as a jealous lover will do,
Each sign that showed she thought him the better man of the two.

And I talked at first of the weather, and tried to quiet the pain
That surged like a sea in my soul, and kept my voice on the strain ;
But I was not greatly successful, for ere very long the smart
Of her cold indifferent answers had hurt me so to the heart,
That I saw I must say right out what had to be said, and take
My chance if Annie would listen at all for our love's sweet sake,
Or would flare in sudden anger, and bid me be silent and go ;
For then, though it broke my heart, at least the worst I should know.

And I told her all that I knew, or all that was fit to be told,
Of the evil life of the man whose image had taken hold,
As I thought, of the heart of my Annie ; and how I had heard men speak
Of the girls he had ruined already, and more than the days in a week
Was the number of those whose names I had certainly heard them say ;
For too well known was the name he had told us yesterday.

At that she looked up quickly, and said I had made a mistake,
And she hoped I would contradict it, if only for truth's own sake ;
He had told her that very morning when first he came to the house,
He was only a landscape painter, as poor as a starved church mouse,
Though the name of a man who was richer than any man ought to be
Was a name that was also his ; and she hoped that now I should see
How wicked and mean it was to slander a man's fair fame
Because I had happened to hear ill tales of another man's name—
Such tales ! she would not listen to anything more of the kind.
Then I, in my utter amazement that she should have been so blind,
Burst out, "The infamous liar ! and does he dare to deny
That the blackguard and he are the same ? His heart is as black as his lie,
And his lie is as foul as his heart, and both are fathered in hell,
And will go to their own place soon, as the devil knows full well."

And more I may haply have said that I do not remember now ;
But Annie turned her about with a frown on her beautiful brow,
And bade me begone from the house, since I knew not how to behave
As I ought when I stood in her presence, and could but rant and rave
In words that it hurt her to hear—and she would not listen to more.
With pain that tugged at my heart-strings I turned and went to the door,
Looked back but once, and departed, and crossed the brow of the hill,
And came to the house where I lived, where in sooth I am living still.

Well, years have gone by since then, and much has happened, and I
Stand here, as you see, by her grave. But what of the lord ? I will try
To give you the rest of the story. There is not much to be said,
Except that Annie, my darling, was once alive, and is dead.
It seems he was jaded with pleasure, and after an ill-spent life,
Being weary of riotous living, determined to find him a wife,
And cast his insolent eyes upon Annie ; and half in jest,
And half with an earnest purpose to put her heart to the test,
And win her unhelped by his title, he told her a pack of lies,
And meant, when at last he had won her, to give her a grand surprise
By changing her landscape painter again to a high-born peer.

I cannot tell if she loved him, or why she consented. I fear
She was tired of life at the farm, and wanted to see the world,
And to flit to a brighter abode, like a moth when its wings are unfurled ;
For the long, long lane of routine with never a turn or a bend,
Stretched out to her uttermost view, and beyond, and had no end ;
And life with a landscape painter could hardly be other than sweet.
And so she was ready to listen ; and often they used to meet,
And walk in the lanes and fields and the pleasant paths of the wood,
Till the day was fixed for the marriage. But when it was all made good
Down here at the village church, and she was his wedded wife,
He told her at last to her terror a truer tale of his life,
And decked her name with his title, and thought it would make her glad,
And took her with him to London ; and there she was richly clad,
And there she lived in splendour, and took, like a queen, her place,
And moved amid high-born ladies ; and ever her simple grace
Made all that talked with her count her for happy. But none the less
Her life that seemed so bright had its secret bitterness,
That none but her own heart knew. And none the less did the earl
Find out he had made a mistake when he married a village girl,
Who was all too meek for his grandeur, and all too pure for his taste ;
And at leisure did he repent of the marriage he made in haste ;
For he saw that she had no heart to confront the world as his wife,
And was frightened and shocked by the splendour of his luxurious life.

As the fox-glove high in the hedge is shamed and put to scorn
By the banner of blood-bright poppies ablaze in the standing corn ;
As the pale-petalled golden-cupped weed, 'mid the tangle of tendrils it weaves,
Dies down in the lordly light of the lily a-lounge on its leaves ;
As pales the morning star in the beams of the rising sun,
So paled and shrank and dwindled the maiden whose hand he had won.
There is not much more I can tell, for how could I anywise know
Of the sorrow she suffered at heart and the little-availing woe ?
But three sad years she spent in the shade of his high-built halls,
Then went, as we all must go when the voice is Death's that calls.

And she bore three children before she died. Yes, they are alive,
And happy, I hope ; if a plant like happiness e'er can thrive
With luxury choking its life, and the weeds of enormous wealth
With their rank growth tainting the air till it hardly can grow by stealth.
And Annie is buried here, and the grass grows over her grave,
And the poppies are bright in the sun, but the lilies are taller, and wave
Their pure white petals above them, the lilies I planted myself.
And there at my home on the hill there stands alone on the shelf
A book that she gave me once, and her dear name written within.

And here in this troublesome world with its turmoil and sorrow and sin,
Two things in my cold heart yet set its sweet dead dreams astir,
The book that she gave to me, and the flowers I have given to her.

J. L. JOYNES.

REVOLUTIONARY RUMBLINGS.

BRITAIN.

NORWICH.—At the late municipal elections our comrade F. J. Crotch won the Eighth Ward, defeating an ex-mayor who had held the seat for 15 years.

THE SKYE CROFTERS.—The most important event in connection with the Skye expedition is the arrest and imprisonment of John Macpherson, locally known as the "Glendale Martyr," and the Rev. Donald McCallum, minister of Watnish, on a charge of inciting to violence. Mr. McCallum was chairman of a meeting where a resolution was passed to resist any attempts on the part of the authorities to remove cattle or other effects belonging to the crofters ; and Macpherson was a speaker at the same assembly. The latter was arrested in bed at an early hour on Saturday morning, and McCallum was apprehended in the neighbouring parish of Stenscholl, where he was to have preached yesterday. Neither was examined on Saturday night, and they are both detained at Portree. A crofter was evicted on Saturday from his holding for arrears of rent. The decree of removal was in force for a year. The eviction took place quietly, the officer not requiring any police or military.

AMERICA.

CHICAGO.—A dispatch from Chicago to the *Sun* says : "The election in this city developed the power of the Labour party. Its strength is something beyond the wildest dream of the Socialists themselves, and has carried consternation into the ranks of the Democratic party. The returns indicate that the Labour party will hold the balance of power in all future elections in this city. The streets after the election were filled with crowds of toilers, frantic with joy." The total Labour vote cast was between 17,000 and 18,000. They elected two members of the State Senate and eleven members of the House, besides minor officers ; and of the four judiciary candidates whom they picked from the old party ticket, and who were described by the capitalist press as "Red Flag Judges," all four were elected, while the Republican candidates for the bench whom they scratched were all defeated.—*John Swinton's Paper.*

MILWAUKEE.—In Milwaukee the People's (Labour) party carried things by storm. The vote was over 13,000, or more than both of the capitalist parties combined. The whole county ticket was elected, and also the People's (Labour) candidate for Congress, Henry Smith, by heavy majorities, in a clean sweep.—*John Swinton's Paper.*

FRANCE.

PARIS.—The talk in the Chamber just now is all about the Budget, where they are discussing deficits, and proposing new imposts and economies, and all the while it does not occur to any one to suggest that thousands of francs are being wasted annually in the payment of officials who do no work, and thousands again of the public money is being quietly and gently absorbed by the drones who fatten on the workers, while they make no pretence even of working themselves.

LILLE.—The other day a soldier was acquitted by the court-martial of Lille for a brutal and cowardly piece of "amusement," for which he should have received a severe punishment. While on duty around the prison, he caught sight of a boy at a second-floor window, whom he bade get down, at the same time covering him with his musket. The *gamin*, of course, "cheeked" him, and opening his shirt dared the man to fire. The temptation seems to have been too much for human nature to resist, and he did fire "just to see what would happen" we imagine. What happened was that the youthful prisoner was badly wounded and narrowly escaped being killed. Brutality against a prisoner and by a soldier seems, however, to be a very small offence.

DECAZEVILLE.—The arrival of Basly at Decazeville has caused the authorities some uneasiness, shown by the stir and movement among the authorities, the garrison of the place being placed immediately at the disposal of the Company, etc., etc. All to no purpose, however, as the population is calm, and only peaceable though enthusiastic meetings have been held to celebrate Basly's coming.

BELGIUM.

The excitement among the leagues and various working-men's societies, caused by the sudden departure of Schmidt and Falleur for the prison at Louvain, is very far from calming down yet ; numerous meetings of working-men will be held on Sunday in the district, and this business will be everywhere the subject for discussion. *La Chronique* says that there have been 350 pardons and 300 postponements of sentence, but it adds, regarding Schmidt and Falleur, "not only nothing has been done, but nothing will be done." The Procureur Général must have notified the Government that it would be dangerous for them to concern themselves further with the condemned men, Schmidt and Falleur, and that to pardon them would make the people believe that the Government was alarmed.

SPAIN.

The Spanish court-martials have sentenced to hard labour for life all the soldiers who took part in the insurrection of September 19. The officers have already been dispatched to Africa.

It is said that the Government suspects the "enemies of Law and Order" of planning a revolutionary move before the coming opening of the Cortés.

MADRID, Nov. 14.—A meeting of workmen, convoked by the Socialist Committee, took place this afternoon, at which about 800 persons were present. Several speakers defended in energetic terms the principles of Socialism, and urged the necessity of maintaining the right of association and manifestation. Resolutions were passed expressing hostility towards the various political parties.—*Reuter.*

THE LABOUR STRUGGLE.

Strike Committee of the Socialist League.

The Committee during the past week have issued the following circular, which will be widely circulated amongst labour organisations. Sympathisers with the work of the Committee can do good service by forwarding to the Secretary particulars of the various trades' unions and other societies in their respective localities, and the addresses of the secretaries and others with whom it is desirable to communicate.

"The object of this Committee is to assist in bringing about a common understanding with Workers of all grades and nations; to federate Labour Organisations both nationally and internationally, so as to counteract the endeavours of the Capitalists to defeat the efforts of Workers of one locality to improve their condition by bringing those of another to take their place, or by the importation of Foreign Labour, and *vice versa*; to discourage Emigration; to collect and disseminate information concerning the condition of the Workers; and generally to promote that feeling of solidarity so essential to the final emancipation of Labour.

"The Committee invites your co-operation in this work. The exceptional advantages enjoyed by the League are that it comprises a large number of active Trades-Unionists throughout Great Britain; that it is in close sympathy with and has correspondents in the Labour Movement in America and in every country in Europe, as well as in India and the Colonies; and that its international character—containing as it does men and women of various nationalities—will be of considerable value in the case of strikes where foreign workmen are brought over. The character of the organisation makes it particularly easy for it to send delegates to foreign workmen; and this it will be glad to do at any time. In the *Commonweal* it has an organ in which anything bearing on the Labour Question can be published which is likely to advance the interests of the Workers.

"In conclusion, the Committee earnestly asks for your valuable assistance in the important work it has undertaken.—H. A. BARKER, Gen. Sec."

THE GLASS-BOTTLE MAKERS.

The men—numbering about 150—employed by the Castleford Glass-Bottle Company refuse to submit to the proposed reduction in their wages, notice of which was given a week ago. They are therefore now out on strike, and there seems no prospect of the matter being settled for some time.

On the 12th inst. the following telegram was received from the General Secretary of the Glass-Bottle Makers' Union: "Strike pending in Lancashire. Communicate to Continent, Sweden and Norway particularly. Stop all men from coming if possible." A letter received since states that the employers are now in Glasgow endeavouring to get at the foreign workmen employed there, and invites the assistance of the Committee to defeat their purpose. Immediately on receipt of the news the Foreign Secretaries sent word to Sweden, Norway, and Germany, as requested.

RAILWAY SIGNALMEN'S WAGES—84 HOURS FOR NINETEEN SHILLINGS.

A meeting of signalmen employed on the Midland Railway in the district was held yesterday in Birmingham to protest against the proposed reduction of signalmen's wages, and to discuss the eight hours' movement. There was a good attendance of signalmen, but for obvious reasons the men desired that their names should not be published. The chairman said ninety per cent. of the Midland signalmen were working twelve hours a-day, and the lowest class of them were receiving wages which were no more than those paid to agricultural labourers. They had from 16s. to 21s. a-week, and it was this third or worst paid class of signalmen of whose wages the Company had given notice of reduction. On Saturday the notice came down that the wages of these men would be reduced from 21s. to 19s. a-week, without the annual bonus of 50s., which had hitherto been paid. The Secretary said there were many signalmen working for 3½d. an hour, but if the proposed reduction were carried out they would be getting only a fraction over 3d. an hour. This was a scandalous wage for a man who held a responsible position, in whose hands rested the safety of hundreds of lives. The chairman asked how could a man support a wife and family and live a respectable life on a miserable pittance of 19s. a-week? There were officials receiving £6000 a-year, but it was not their salaries that were to be reduced, but the wages of the poor men who were struggling along on 17s. or 18s. a-week. A signalman stated that to his knowledge there were two signalmen on the West Suburban Railway who worked 84 hours a-week—14 hours every day. Those men had been reduced to 19s. a-week. They were not getting 3d. an hour, nor anything like it.—*Manchester Guardian*, Nov. 12.

AMERICA.

NEW YORK.—A most remarkable strike of 128 young women is in progress in Perkins' Carpet Factory over in Brooklyn. They have struck, not for higher wages, but for protection of their honour against the assaults of the villains in charge of the factory. Their stories of gross immoralities have been put in the shape of affidavits, and have resulted in the arrest of several of the culprits. The Knights of Labor took up their case by appealing to the head of the firm, who, however, would take no action in their defence, and so, as a last resort, they seek the law, through the aid of the protective order. It is well that this work has begun. The demoralisation of young women in the factories here, as well as elsewhere, is carried on to a fearful extent. It is one of the shocking results of our modern system of industry. *Cincinnati Unionist*.

Nov. 15.—A summons will shortly be issued for a Convention of the Trades Unions of the United States and Canada to assemble on December 8th to form a Trade Congress. The working men of Philadelphia are organising for the purpose of nominating Labour candidates at the municipal elections to be held in February next.

John B. Stetson, the scab hatter of Philadelphia, don't want to be dictated to. The General Convention advises Knights of Labor everywhere to let Stetson hats severely alone, and under no circumstances dictate to him.—*Industrial News*.

FRANCE.

The Minister of Commerce and Industry, after a discussion of the Committee of arts and manufactures, has decided to hold an inquiry before the Committee to modify the Text of an article in the Law of 1877 relating to the work of children in factories. To this end he has invited those masters and employers who have any remarks or suggestions to offer thereabout to

send in their names to the Committee before such and such a date, etc. It does not look very promising for the children, this summoning of the birds of prey to discuss the welfare of those and the profit-making and themselves! It is a well-meant move, no doubt; but, be the law bettered or made worse, I fear that, as heretofore, the children's welfare will depend largely on the fortuitous and inadequate assistance of public opinion, whose power of relieving folk's troubles is exceedingly unequal and uncertain.

VIERZON.—At a recent meeting of the Syndicate of metallurgists, the Council has excommunicated "as traitors to the Cause of Labour" the 28 renegades who persist in working for the *Societe Francaise*. The Syndicate is at present over 300 strong, consisting of men united and firm in their resolve to stand by and help their fellow-strikers to the last. All this in spite of, or rather thanks to, arrests, imprisonments, and all the usual kind of judicial and military terrorism. In getting at the leaders, the powers that be hoped to kill the Socialist party in Vierzon, and have the pleasure of discovering that they have driven towards it new and vigorous adherents.

BELGIUM.

THE STRIKES IN THE CHARLEROI DISTRICT.

The situation at Charleroi grows disquieting; two fresh strikes were declared on Saturday morning, the first being at the Pays Pit, by Chatelineau, where the miners refuse to go down. The strikers number 400; they demand the dismissal of the director of the works, who is accused of being harsh and unjust.

Scarcely is the strike at the Grand Mambourg pit at Lodelinsart, than a fresh one (only partial) is declared. On Saturday a great part of the workers in the veins refused to begin the night-work, because their salary was insufficient for the support of their families. They claim an increase of ten per cent., demanding at the same time that the salaries of the directors and sub-directors be reduced.

At the coal mines of Amercoeur, at Jumet-Gohygart, the situation continues strained; the strike has lasted more than fifteen days, and the administration will make no concession, contenting themselves by sending in letter form through the pen of their director, bundles of copy to the Charleroi journals, in which the said director amuses himself by a show of wit at the expense of the unfortunate miners. The strikers are determined to remain firm whatever comes. They declare openly that they will follow the example of the Decazeville miners. The burgomaster of Jumet has given them permission to circulate subscription-lists, and the small tradespeople as well as all the rest of the population show much sympathy with the strikers.

CHARLEROI.—EMIGRATION.

The emigration of our glass-workers, miners, and founders, which had seemed to be diminishing somewhat for the last four or five weeks, is again becoming very marked. We hear of the departure of numerous workers, who set out with their families with no idea of returning, being unable to earn enough to live on in their own country. A great number of overseers are much annoyed, because it is the best and most intrepid among the workers who go away. The glass-workers for the most part set out for Brazil and South America; the founders for Mexico, Chicago, Buenos Ayres, and the miners for Egypt, Scotland, and the North of England. The strongest contingents of emigrants are furnished by the communes of Jumet, Courcelles, Marcinelli, and Couillet. It certainly will not be long before their departure is regretted in our varied industries.

SPAIN.

VILLAFRANCA DEL PANADES.—The strike among the weavers of the Bresca factory still continues. The strikers maintain a firm attitude, and will most likely hold out until they have gained what they demand.

VILLANEVA Y GELTRU.—Last week the men and women at the factory of Messrs. Sama and Company declared themselves on strike, the complaint being that the materials they have to work upon are of such inferior quality that the work is retarded, and in consequence their wages seriously diminished. They demand that the price of every piece of work shall be arranged previously instead of when it is finished, as heretofore.

SAN MARTIN DE PROVENSALS.—The master carpenters here are trying to get an extra hour's work out of their employés without any increase of wage. The workers, however, are not disposed to suffer this further exploitation, and are endeavouring to defend themselves with the only weapon they can use at present, and have gone on strike.

CORRESPONDENCE.

"THE PARIS CONFERENCE."

When I wrote my corrections in regard to my speech at the Paris Congress as reported by Mr. Smith, I thought Mr. Smith had no reason for a reply, but I see now it was a delusion on my part. I have read Mr. Smith's reply, and find it a very weak one. That Dr. de Paepe is very satisfied with the report, does not prove that it is correct in my case, and that it is generally correct I have never doubted in my letter. Mr. Smith could have easily prevented this unpleasantness by sending me a proof before going to the press, or find means himself to put the matter right, as I have sent him my corrections nearly a fortnight before I wrote my letter to you. As it was, I felt it my duty to do as I have done. That I ought to be "very grateful" to Mr. Smith for printing such an erroneous report of my speech I fail to see. When Mr. Smith is able to put it right in his second edition I shall feel much obliged, and shall never ask whether my position in regard to the English delegates is weakened or not, as my first principle is always truthfulness. HENRY RACKOW.

P.S.—I may say at once that I have not any more to say about this matter.

TO BE HANGED FOR FREE SPEECH!

THE ENGLISH ANARCHISTS announce that a PUBLIC MEETING will take place At CLEVELAND HALL, Cleveland Street, W., On Tuesday Evening, November 23, at Eight o'clock prompt, in support of THE ANARCHISTS OF CHICAGO (CONDEMNED TO DEATH),

And to protest against the action of the Chicago Court of "Justice," and its bribed and packed Jury, which suppressed the evidence of the Anarchists and kidnapped their chief witness. Also to denounce the arbitrary refusal of Judge Gary to grant a new trial, through which the condemned affirm their ability to incontestably prove their innocence. Admission Free.

THE SOCIALIST LEAGUE.

OFFICES: 13 FARRINGDON ROAD, E.C.

Executive.—Election of new secretary was postponed to end of year, Sparling consenting to retain office for the time being. Graham and Knight resigned from Strike Committee; Mainwaring added to it.

Branch Subscriptions Paid.

Mile-end, to June 30. Birmingham, Bradford, Clerkenwell, Hackney, Leeds, North London, to August 31. Croydon, Dublin, Marylebone, to Sept. 30. Manchester, Merton, Norwich, to October 31. Bloomsbury, Hammersmith, Hoxton (Labour Emancipation League), Oxford, to Dec. 31.

BRANCH REPORTS.

BLOOMSBURY.—We held our first lesson on Joyne's 'Socialist Catechism,' on Friday, November 12. Donald was in the chair. The answers to the question were given by each member in turn, and then followed a general discussion. This method of teaching the economics of Socialism is an experiment on our part, and it proved very satisfactory.—W. A. C.

CLERKENWELL.—On Wednesday, November 10, P. Barry lectured on "The Bankruptcy of Capital;" a good discussion followed. Usual meeting at the Green on Sunday evening. In the hall, Dr. Wm. H. von Swartwout addressed a good audience on "Wherein Socialists have come short of the Truth." Sale of *Commonweal* and pamphlets good.—W. B.

FULHAM.—We held a large meeting on Sunday morning at Walham Green. The speakers were Tochatti, Mordhurst, and McCormack. A resolution was passed condemning the illegal action of the police on Lord Mayor's day, and calling upon all workmen to attend the meeting in Trafalgar Square on the 21st to demand the right of free speech. Lane spoke at our rooms in the evening; a hot discussion followed on palliative measures. Sale of *Commonweals* 81.

HACKNEY.—On Wednesday, November 10, we held a meeting in the Broadway, London Fields, Morris lectured to a very attentive audience; one new member and good sale of papers. On Sunday, Somerville, Graham, and Davis addressed a large meeting opposite the Salmon and Ball; six new members and good sale of papers.—F. R. H.

HOXTON.—On Sunday morning a meeting of members, and business in connection with proposed club was transacted. In the evening, W. C. Wade lectured on "Socialism and Individualism;" excellent lecture and discussion; sale of literature fair.—H. B.

MERTON AND MITCHAM.—On Sunday last, H. Sparling lectured to a large audience upon Mitcham Fair Green. In the course of his remarks he said that the espionage and brutality exercised towards us by the police, showed that the ruling class appraise the true value of Socialism as a means to redress injustice and inequality, a lie always needs armed force to support it. He concluded with an earnest appeal to his auditors to combine for the realisation of a revolutionary change. In the evening, our comrade lectured at the Merton Branch on "Workers of the Past," contrasting the conditions of the mediæval craftsmen with the wage-slave slum-dweller of today.—F. Kitz, sec.

NORTH LONDON.—Arnold, Nicoll, and Mainwaring addressed a large meeting in Regent's Park, on Sunday. An opponent who advocated co-operation as a remedy for the present evils of Society, was replied to by Arnold seemingly to the satisfaction of the audience. Collected for *Commonweal* fund, 6s. 5½d.

DUBLIN.—On Thursday, November 11, Gabriel delivered an address on "The Temperance Question from a Socialist Standpoint." The lecturer pointed out that while the adoption of temperance might benefit only a section of the workers, it would make them more thoughtful, more discontented, and thus pave the way for the Social Revolution. An interesting discussion followed, in which O'Connor, Fitzpatrick, Karpel, McCarthy, and O'Gorman took part.

GLASGOW.—On Sunday at 11.30, Glasier addressed a large meeting on the Green. At 12.30 a meeting was held in George's Square. There was a large attendance of the better-to-do class. After Glasier and Torly, Mr. D. McLachan, of the Land Restoration League, spoke earnestly on behalf of our propaganda. We hear that the police are so determined to suppress Socialist teaching in the streets, that they will, if necessary, prohibit also meetings of religious and other bodies. Such unsolicited testimony to the important work being done by the Socialists of Glasgow is very gratifying, although the form in which it is conveyed may be somewhat firmly resented. On Sunday evening, Glasier lectured on "Swinburne and Walt Whitman." An interesting discussion followed.

HAMILTON.—On Thursday, November 11, Geer, from Glasgow, gave an instructive lecture on the "Robbery of Labour." The lecture produced a good effect on the audience. A few local members also spoke. Three new members made. The sale of *Commonweal* is increasing greatly.—W. M., sec.

HULL.—We have got into our new rooms, and have every prospect of making active progress. A business meeting was held last Sunday, when rules for the conduct of the club were formulated, a committee appointed, and other important business transacted. The public meetings begin on Sunday evening next with a discussion on the Manifesto of the League.

IRSWICH.—Henderson spoke to two good audiences at the Ship Launch last Saturday. All papers sold out.

NORWICH.—Very successful meetings on Sunday, made six new members. At night C. W. Mowbray lectured on C. Bradlaugh's "Objections to Socialism," which evoked a good discussion.—C. W. M.

LECTURE DIARY.

London Branches.

Bloomsbury.—Communist Club, 49 Tottenham Street. Friday Nov. 19, at 8 p.m. Mrs. Gostling on "The Middle Class in Socialism."

Clerkenwell.—Hall of the Socialist League, 13 Farringdon Road, E.C. Sunday Nov. 21, at 8.30 p.m. A. K. Donald, "Primitive Communism." Wednesday 24, at 8.30 p.m. H. H. Sparling, "The Delights of Laziness."

Croydon.—Royal County House, West Croydon Station Yard. Sunday Nov. 21, at 7.30 p.m. W. Morris on "Socialism: The End and the Means."

Fulham.—338 Fulham Road. Sunday at 8.

Hackney.—Sheep Lane, Broadway, London Fields. Business Meeting every Tuesday at 8.30 p.m.

Hammersmith.—Kelmescott House, Upper Mall, W. Sunday Nov. 21, at 8 p.m. W. H. Utley, "The Scientific Aspect of Socialism."

Hoxton (L. E. L.).—Exchange Coffee House, Pitfield Street, opposite Hoxton Church, N. Sunday Nov. 21, at 11.30 a.m. T. Binning, "The Duty of Socialists in Relation to Trades' Unionism." 8 p.m. A. K. Donald, "Primitive Communism."

Merton.—11 Merton Terrace, High Street. Club Room open every evening. Committee every Thursday.

Mitcham.—Corner of Merton Lane and Fountain Place. Club Room open every evening from 7.30 till 11.

North London.—Business Meeting at 32 Camden Road Fridays at 8 p.m.

Country Branches.

Bingley.—Coffee Tavern. Every Monday at 7.30 p.m.

Birmingham.—Carr's Lane Coffee House. Every Monday evening, at 8.

Bradford.—Scott's Temperance Hotel, East Parade, Leeds Rd. Wednesdays, at 8.

Dublin.—102 Capel Street. Sunday at 7.30 p.m.; Thursday at 8 p.m.

Edinburgh (Scottish Section).—4 Park Street. Meets every Thursday at 8 p.m.

Glasgow.—Reading-room of the Branch, 84 John St., open from 10 a.m. till 10 p.m. daily. On Saturday evening at 6 o'clock open-air meeting at the Green.

—On Sunday open-air meeting on George's Square at 12.30, and on the Green at 11.30 and 4.30. In the evening, at 7, in the Waterloo Hall, Waterloo Street, Prince Kropotkin will lecture on "Socialism: Its Growing Force and Final Aim." Admission 3d., 6d., and 1s.

Hamilton.—Branch meets every Thursday evening at 7.30 in the British Workman Meeting Room. On Thursday first Comrade Glasier of Glasgow will lecture on "The Prophecy of Socialism."

Hull.—11 Princess Street, off Mason Street and Sykes Street. Club Room open 7 to 10 every evening; Sundays 10 a.m. to 10 p.m. Public Meeting on Sundays at 7 p.m. Nov. 21. "The Manifesto of the Socialist League."

Ipswich.—Co-operative Hall, Sat. 20, at 8, F. Henderson, "The Meaning of Socialism."

Leeds.—New Fleece Inn, Pemberton St., Dewsbury Rd.

Leicester.—Radical Club, Vine St. Tuesdays, at 8.

Manchester.—145 Grey Mare Lane, Bradford, Manchester. Club and Reading Room open every evening. Business meeting every Thursday at 7.30 p.m. prompt. Lecture with discussion at 8 o'clock.

Norwich.—No. 6 St. Benedict St. Lecture and discussion every Sunday and Monday at 8 p.m. Reading-room open every day from 8.30 a.m. to 10 p.m.

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

Oxford.—Temperance Hall, 25½ Pembroke Street. Thursdays, at 8.30 p.m.

Open-air Propaganda for the Week.

Sa. Harrow Road ("P. of Wales") 8 ... T. Wardle
S. Mile-end Waste 8 ... T. Wardle
Hackney—"Salmon and Ball" 11.30... H. Sparling
Hammersmith—Beadon Rd. 11.30... Tarleton
Marylebone—Salisbury St. 11.30... Somerville
Mile-end Waste 11.30... D. J. Nicoll
Mitcham Fair Green 11.30... Lane
Regent's Park 11.30... Mainwaring
St. Pancras Arches 11.30... Mahon
Walham Green, opposite Station 11.30... Kitz
Hyde Park (near Marble Arch) 3 ... Mainwaring
Clerkenwell Green 7 ... H. Graham
Tu. Euston Road—Ossulton St. ... 7 ... Cantwell
Mile-end Waste 8 ... The Branch
Soho—Broad Street 8 ... T. Wardle
W. London Fields—Broadway, 8.30... H. Charles

PROVINCES.—SUNDAY.

Ipswich.—Ship Launch, Sunday, morning and evening.

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

Manchester.—Gorton Lane and Ashton Old Road, 11.30.

Norwich.—St. Mary's Plain, 11; Market Place, 3.

Oldham.—Curzon Ground. Afternoon and evening.

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