

THE COMMONWEAL

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ONE PENNY.

THE MORROW OF THE ELECTIONS.

THE results of the elections so far are curious and instructive, although apart from the Irish question, surely no voting contest has ever been held on such apparently trivial issues. In spite of which fact it must be said that the elections have gone in a way satisfactory to revolutionists. For in the first place they have been a humiliation to both the two nominal parties that govern the State; nay, they certainly tend to make parliamentary government ridiculous and impossible under those two parties. Only by intensifying the party hypocrisy to a degree which will make it obviously monstrous, can the Liberals and Tories continue the pretence of their existence as separate and opposing forces. The formation of the Moderate or Anti-revolutionary Party is going on much more quickly than one dared to hope it would a few months ago.

The Tories have been forced from one entrenchment after another of their untenable position of sham feudal reaction, and have been forced to become Whigs. The Whigs on the other hand have had, and still have, a groundwork of reality for their position, namely the resistance of Capitalistic society, at present so powerful, to any and every change which will further the emancipation of labour. Therefore they have not budged an inch, and neither will nor can do so until Revolution sweeps them away. Here are two parties then, with absolutely no difference in their policy, who have been struggling desperately for office at the poll, and striving to discover differences between them which might warrant their contention in the eyes of the electors.

It would have been quite impossible to sustain this appearance of difference but for the fiction of the Great United Liberal Party including in itself the advanced opinions of the Radicals. Mr. Chamberlain has been worth his weight—in votes—to both Tories and Whigs in the past elections; first by giving a cry to the Tories against the Liberals, which drew a great many "Liberal" voters into the Tory-Whig ranks, and next when the Whigs were in process of being soundly beaten, coming to their rescue with the field-labourers and other genuine Radicals who saw (never having been taught anything better) in the vague hints and meagre programme of the Radical leader hopes of progress or even revolution, and thought that he might at some time or other (date not given) be able to impress his opinions on his Whig colleagues.

This is a farce which is not likely to be played again; indeed Mr. Chamberlain in his speech at Leicester as good as promised that he would not be a party to it. So that we are on the eve of the declaration of a distinct Radical Party which will force the so-called Liberals into alliance with the Tories, although that coalition is not likely to come about so bluntly and frankly as the Tories seem to imagine it will; though it is natural in them, since they are now beaten into non-entity, to call on the Whigs, who really agree with them, to declare their agreement at once with no more palaver.

But the Radicals deceive themselves if they think they are likely to form a strong party in Parliament. For if they are progressive they must become revolutionary, as I believe many of them are disposed to be; and as events open before them and they declare themselves, section after section will fall off from them. When the Nonconformists find that the disestablishment of the Church will not further their form of superstition they will become Whigs; when the lower middle-class find that democracy will not keep the rates down they will become Whigs. And so the game will go on till we have Whigs on one side, and on the other those who are against privilege of all kinds, that is to say who are striving for the abolition of all classes: such people are now called *Socialists*, whatever they may be called in the future.

In short Parliament is not kept together for such a "residuum"; the powerful party in it, now that the strife for the people and against them is declaring itself, will always be the party that sees in all progress demands to be resisted or evaded as time and circumstance may serve. This party may change its name and may within the next few years even be called the Radical party, but it will not include in it a vast number of those who for want of the knowledge of a really popular creed are now proud to be called Radicals, and who will then oppose it (though I hope not in Parliament) as they have just been opposing the Tories, and in a few months it is to be hoped will be opposing the Whigs.

One word of warning meantime to such men as these. The Radical Party, at least through its leaders, has declared against the right of the Irish to govern themselves; it has now at any rate become impossible for anyone to deny that the Irish nation is determined that their government shall be Irish and not English; the Radicals, therefore, had best ask themselves what right a party has to be considered progressive that denies their right to this. The question is a serious one, for it means no less than this: Is England prepared to grant the demands of the Irish people in this matter, or to govern them by court martial? There is no third course open in the matter, even to Mr. Gladstone. The members of the Radical Party who cannot see their way straight in this question will soon find themselves Whigs and declared reactionaries.

Finally, it may seem a small matter to many Socialists that the field-labourers have generally voted Liberal; but it must be remembered what their circumstances are, and how strong the influences brought to bear upon them have necessarily been, and then I think it will be acknowledged that the fact is encouraging, although, of course, their "representatives" that were all they had to choose from, will betray them. For they have at least voted against their masters, and generally shown much spirit in so doing. It is our business now to show them what their masters are, and why they are their masters, and when we do this I cannot think that they will be slow to learn that there is something more helpful for them than Parliamentary Radicalism, to wit the combination of themselves with their other brethren in the Residuum for the doing away with the master-class altogether.

WILLIAM MORRIS.

CAPITALISM IN INDIA.

It may be interesting to English readers to be told something of the people of India.

In order to show the radical difference between Englishmen and Indians in their whole manner of life, it is necessary to point out that while with the former the individual is the unit, with the latter the unit is the community, or caste, in which the particular individual is born. The caste consists of a certain number of families, it may be fifty, it may be five thousand, though the latter number is rarely exceeded. There are tens of thousands of castes in the continent, each one exclusive of and distinct from the other.

As the population increases, the tendency manifests itself for castes to split up into still smaller communities, and so to isolate individuals from each other. The basis of the caste life is the community of families; each one is personally acquainted with the other, they marry only in the caste, they may not marry any outside person. The whole system is of course based upon religion. The priest is supreme. He regulates every detail of ceremony in marriage, birth, death, of religious observances and astrological epochs, at anniversaries of birth-days, deaths and other family events. Every event is accompanied by a feast either to the nearly allied families or to the whole caste. Extensive premises are built and kept up by caste subscription, for the purpose of providing sufficient accommodation for the thousands of people who have to be fed at these festive gatherings, not infrequently for a week at a time.

Though the different peoples comprised under the definition of Hindoos are divided into thousands of communes or castes, each one complete in itself for every relation of life, yet there are four broad classes into which these communities are sometimes aggregated—viz., the priest or Brahmin, the soldier, the merchant or shopkeeper, and the cultivator, while outside of these are millions of so-called outcastes, *i.e.*, people supposed to have no caste, who notwithstanding they are degraded in the social scale, are just as exclusive as the rest and as tenacious of the customs appertaining to their particular communities. The priest caste, consisting of probably twenty millions of people, arrogate to themselves the right of belonging to one indivisible community, entitled to drink, eat, and marry among themselves without restriction. No Brahmin woman dare marry one not a priest; the penalty of such a breach of dignity is lifelong exclusion from caste. But on the other hand, especially in Bengal, a priest is allowed to marry fifty wives or more, selected from lower castes, the only condition being a good dowry from each.

The penalties attached to the loss of caste are hardly conceivable. It is a system of boycotting extending to food, drink, servants, business

connections, marriage and burial. The priests and the community dependent upon the priests, will have no communication with such a person while life lasts. But fortunately an offending party may purge his offence by paying a fine to the caste and to the priests, besides having his moustache shaved and undergoing certain extremely objectionable ceremonies having for their object a deterrent effect. A Hindoo would rather lose his life than break one of the social customs appertaining to his community. These customs are not as one would suppose related to so-called morality—the law of the land looks after these—but to religion as exemplified in the ceremonial observances, and developed by three thousand years of continuous priestly rule, all exerted in one direction, along one systematised line of teaching.

It is evident that the Hindoo commune has never got beyond the first stage, that of the family, or the village community of families. The principle of evolution has not had free scope with them. The explanation is I think to be found in the power of the priestly caste, which has necessarily acted as a palsy upon any development that would adversely affect their own influence as supreme rulers of the commune.

This priestly caste formed the nucleus of that race of invaders who driven from their ancestral home in the highlands of Persia, irrupted into India 3000 years ago and conquered the aboriginal tribes. In Europe, priests as a separate community, have never been able for any length of time to dominate and permeate the political and social life of the peoples to the same complete extent as they have in India. There they began as the conquerors, assisted by the soldiers whom they formed into a separate caste, settling them as feudal lords upon the aborigines, who for many years were fearfully oppressed. These last gradually developed into the merchant and cultivator castes. Outside these again were other races conquered from time to time as the priests spread over India, who as outcastes were made to perform scavenging and other menial duties.

The priestly caste do not seem to have governed the people directly to any considerable extent, but to have attended to sacrificial duties and the ritual of religion. In this capacity they became the advisers of the feudal lords or kings, and the family priests throughout the land. All knowledge was centred in them. After a time animal sacrifices were abolished. When writing was invented, they disseminated it among their own caste. They wrote all documents for the king and signed his name. They acquired and tabulated the astronomical knowledge of the Egyptians, and it is to their writings, through the Arabians, that we are indebted for our knowledge of arithmetic and algebra. They developed a wonderful system of metaphysics, and used this to act upon the fears of the peoples and to increase their hold upon them.

So it has gone on to this day; they are one caste and indivisible, found in every nook and corner of the land, at the court of the prince and in every family of any consequence. They are a strong united body, not strong openly, but in their influence, their solidarity, their oneness of feeling, ever directed to their own aggrandisement, and against any development of the peoples in which they cannot take a part. All the thinking power having been for so many centuries centred in them, it is not to be wondered at that they have physically magnificent heads, narrow, high, with prominent foreheads and aquiline noses. They exhibit in one sense, the highest type of man, so that a Brahmin can be recognised anywhere by his face.

It can well be conceived that with such a system of communal life as obtains in India, no one is destitute, no poor law or State administration of poor relief is needed. Each commune takes care of its own. But unfortunately the urgent necessity for providing funds for the numerous feasts and ceremonies incumbent upon each family upon every important anniversary of each individual's life—a system developed and fostered by the priestly rule under which they exist—has brought matters to such a pass, that with the exception of a comparatively few wealthy families, everybody is in debt. It must be conceded that the fact of wealth being now in the hands of a few is a proof of decadence from the original type of communal life. The festal gatherings seem to be the principal means by which the community is held together, but the expenditure upon them is fast causing the ruin of the whole country.

These feasts, though instituted and rendered obligatory by the community, are paid for, not by that body, but by the individual family, who in that way are made to commemorate the birth, marriage, death, or other important event in their family life. The poor have to borrow to meet these recurring unusual items of expenditure, and from whom should they borrow but from their more favoured brethren? If a man has a house unincumbered, or jewels, he may possibly borrow at $\frac{3}{4}$ per cent. per month, though the more usual rate is one per cent. The Indian money-lender has a keen appreciation of the value of monthly receipts; he does not lend upon yearly interest. If the unfortunate man wants a second mortgage, or can only offer personal security, he must pay two per cent. per month.

With domestic servants, mill-hands, and ordinary workpeople, who can only afford to borrow from £2 to £3 at a time, the usual rate is one anna per rupee per month, and as 16 annas make one rupee, this is equivalent to 75 per cent. per annum, or calculated upon monthly receipts, cent. per cent. The poor struggle on year by year paying this fearful interest, year by year becoming poorer. Where the caste brother is the lender, he will never sell up the unfortunate man. He will take what he possesses and be satisfied, ever receiving, of course, a portion of the monthly earnings; but in all large cities there is a class of money-lenders come from the north of India, veritable Shylocks. These are fast bringing such discredit upon the trade, as in the opinion of thinking people will cause the Government to interfere, go behind the bond and restrict the rate of interest claimable.

Under the present law the man goes on bleeding his victim till he can be bled no longer. The servant class attached to Europeans, are known regularly to give about one half their earnings to these people, and occasionally, when one by reason of large families and debt-complications has to stop further payment to a particular man, he puts him into court, gets judgment for the full amount or six months' imprisonment as a maximum in default. In which case a kind master, knowing how matters stand, advises the servant to pay no more, but go to jail, keeps the family going in the interval, and takes the man back after he has served his time.

The Small Cause Court in Bombay has five judges, one of whom attends to mercantile cases, the other four devoting nearly all their time to money-lending suits, and as these are rarely disputed, each judge will get through 50 to 100 suits per day. The judges are kind to the extent of their power. They give judgment for the amount claimed, but to be paid by monthly instalments proportioned to the debtor's means, so that the Shylock may in some cases have to wait ten years or more before he gets paid his claim, and he cannot claim interest upon the judgment.

Such is the aspect of capitalism in towns. In the country the matter is further complicated by famine years, and the pressing need of paying the Government rent. Taking India as a whole, there are no private landlords. The land belongs to and is held direct from the Government, subject to the paying a yearly rent varying from one to ten shillings per acre calculated upon the value of the crops obtainable. This rent is extremely moderate, for the better class land is equal in fertility to fine English soil. The Government also act in as paternal a way as possible by receiving it in two to three instalments.

But owing to the causes already detailed, the farmer, who seldom owns more than five acres, is in debt for caste feasts to the village grain-dealer, and when the revenue is due has not the wherewithal to pay it. The rent is paid by this man, who exacts a bond at two per cent. per month. He receives the whole crop in payment calculated at the cheap price of new corn, and lends the former grain to feed the family throughout the season and seed-grain for the next crop, calculated at the price of dear corn, upon which he makes up in his books the monthly account at two per cent. interest. The lender thus succeeds in exacting from the farmer in interest upon his claim for feasts and rent from two to five times as much as the yearly rent due to Government, and the object the State has in asking only a moderate rent is thus defeated.

The country being miserably poor, the State has to act harshly by passing laws by which the official in charge of the district is empowered and directed, upon non-payment of the rent on the due date, to sell the land by auction to the highest bidder, giving him a state-title for his purchase. These purchasers as a rule are of the money-lending class, and one of the saddest things incidental to the English administration of India is the knowledge that under its cast-iron system, the ownership of the land is passing rapidly from the farmer to the money-lender. In ordinary years the rent is paid somehow; it is in periods of famine that the system acts with crushing severity.

Thus an apparently beneficent system, in which all the land is held direct from the State at a low rent, is rendered nugatory because the Government has to look to the money-lender for payment. Here, again, thinking people have placed their hand upon the black spot. It is known that the difficulty has arisen because the English officials insist upon payment in money; the old Indian system allowed payment in kind, that is, by a proportion of the crop. The system of payment in kind is flourishing in the native Indian States alongside our own, and succeeds in securing the prosperity of the people where ours fails. The farmer can always pay in kind when his crops are reaped, but he cannot pay in money until he has sold his crops to the capitalist. But the Indian Government must have money payments because it has to pay in money for army, police, state officials, and pensions.

The same system is in vogue and the same ruin is overwhelming the farmers in Egypt. Until the Marquis of Salisbury initiated the "Dual Control," the Government rents were paid in kind. An English official of Indian experience was then appointed, who directed that the payments should be made in money. Since that time the continental bankers have got their grip upon the farmers' land, and are rapidly bringing things to a deadlock. Year by year it has been found more difficult to get in the revenue, because the farmer has to work now, not for his own good, but for that of his banker, a man of alien race and devoid of sympathies.

D. GOSTLING.

THE CRIMINAL COURT JUDGE.

THE occupant of the judicial bench is, as we all know, the functionary selected by the Governmental "ring," to enforce or put into action the cumbersome machinery of law which the civilised world has been compelled to invent as a feeble corrective to the results of its civilisation. We have spoken of the governmental "ring," but we might more accurately describe a modern State-bureaucracy as a system of "rings," interlacing one within the other. Each "department" has its traditions carefully kept up by its staff of permanent officialdom. The "bosses" of these departments, that is of the central or ministerial ring (and for that matter the others also), emanate, of course, from "Society" as it is termed, that is, from the aristocratic and plutocratic cliques of the West-end; but what is more, under our system of party government, a particular ministerial post is generally the exclusive appanage of two or three individuals who take it in turns and then begin again. Now the appointment and regulation of the judicial

bench rests respectively with the Lord Chancellor and the Home Secretary. It is true the powers of these worthies are practically limited by the "traditions" of the subordinate judicial "ring" itself (a brotherhood as jealous of its privileges and dignity as the Corporation of London, or any other mutual benefit society), but appointments, revision of sentences, and general supervision rest in the last resort with the dignitaries in question. The Lord Chancellor, for the most part, appoints the judge from a successful barrister with "influential" connexions.

Now, our object in thus exposing in a few words the mechanism of our constitutional government in general, and its relation to the judicial system in particular, is the better to grasp the nature of the semi-divinity which with the public at large seems to hedge a judge and all his utterances. The jurymen obediently follows his directions as to the verdict he shall return, in fact, in many instances juries would seem to regard it as the sole reason of their being, to please the presiding judge and give glory to him. The public in court, and the public out of court, hang upon the pronouncement from the bench as placing beyond question the enormity of the guilt of the luckless victim (it may be) of judicial rancour. How is this reverence for the judicial fiat to be accounted for? Doubtless, to a large extent, it has its origin like the divine right of kings and many other things in a state of society where the judicial authority was also the religious and civil head of the community—in short, that it is one of those numerous sentiments which had a meaning once, in bygone stages of Human Society and intelligence—but which have survived their meaning and hence become superstitions. It is, in fact, only one instance of that respect for law and order in the average mind on which the stability of the Bourgeois state rests, and which masks the true character of the latter as the prop of economical rottenness.

But let us consider for a moment what judgeship involves. We have every day illustrations of the fact that the judicial "ring" presumes upon the respect accorded it, so there can be no doubt that if the people could be induced to see the judge in the light merely of an overpaid servant of the modern state, who absorbs an enormous proportion of their earnings, the better would it be for the soul's welfare of the judicial bench itself, as well as for the cause of the Revolution. Paradox as it may seem it is an undoubted truth that no judge can be an honest man. The judge must necessarily be a man of inferior moral calibre. Though it is a thing I would say of no other man or body of men, yet I say unhesitatingly that a judge by the fact of his being a judge proclaims himself a creature on a lower moral level than myself—the declaration involving no assumption of moral superiority above the average on my part. And why? Because the aspiring member of the bar when he accepts a judgeship knows that in so doing he *deliberately pledges himself* to functions which may at any moment compel him to act against his conscience and wrong another man. He *deliberately pledges himself*, that is, to be false to himself. He may any day have to pass sentence on one whom he believes to be innocent. He lays himself under the obligation of administering a law which he may know to be bad on any occasion when called upon. He makes this surrender of humanity and honour for what? For filthy lucre and tawdry notoriety. Now, I ask, can we conceive a more abjectly contemptible character than that which acts thus? If we want further proof of the utter degeneracy of moral tissue in such a being, let us examine the sophistries he uses in his defence, and which he endeavors on occasion to force down the throat of the recalcitrant jurymen. He does not make the law he will tell you, he merely administers it. In the same way Bill Sykes does not make his jenny and other burglarious implements, he merely administers them. This is the sort of oil he pours on his uneasy conscience when he has one. The jurymen disapproving of capital punishment objects to convicting a murderer. He is told he has nothing to do with the sentence but only with the evidence, in other words that the fact that the verdict he gives will have for its direct consequence a result he regards with abhorrence, is to count for nothing with him. Those who can willingly *pretend*—I say *pretend*, since it must be remembered we are dealing with men of ability and culture, capable of exposing many a subtler fallacy when it suits them—men who can *pretend* to accept such flimsy trash as cogent argument must surely be dead to all respect for honesty and truth.

But the festering mass of hypocrisy of which benchdom consists is only too evident at every turn. There is, of course, the hypocrisy which is racy of the judicial calling, just as there is the hypocrisy which is racy of the clerical calling. To this belongs the professed deep reverence for the "law of England," when no one knows better than the benchman who has studied it, that wellnigh one half of English law is based on effete superstition, of which it presents in many cases the most grotesque instances—interesting and instructive from a historical point of view, doubtless, but not in themselves calculated to awaken feelings of reverence in the modern mind—and that the other half is founded on the baldest class interest and prejudice. So that all things considered there is hardly a branch of learning the pursuit of which is more calculated to inspire the average student with a contempt for its subject-matter than English Law—hardly even excepting Divinity. But what is more offensive than this is the impudent assumption of moral superiority, which is one of the properties of the profession. Quite apart from any of the considerations just adduced, it is perfectly well known that there are among members of the English Bench men of a deb—, well, men that enjoy life on its animal side, as is, indeed, only natural, considering the amount of time and money on their hands. Yet who can orate with a richer profusion of impressively delivered platitudes of the current morality than the

puisse in addressing the prisoner, who has, in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, brought himself within reach of the law by the desire to obtain some of those very pleasures in which the judge himself revels. Now it is scarcely to be expected, but that a man who in a "higher" grade of society so-called, is capable of accepting a judgeship (with its conditions as described above), would not in a "lower," where the temptations were of a different order and much more severe, be capable of doing a little housebreaking, forgery, or even bigamy or rape. Such being the case the elimination from judicial proceedings of the "John Jacob Jackson, you have been convicted on the clearest evidence of, etc. . . . To remonstrate with such a man as you would be useless, etc., etc.," with the epilogue, "I should be failing in my duty if I did not pass a heavy sentence," etc.—the elimination, I say, then, of this somewhat stale "gag" from judicial proceedings, might possibly have a tendency to keep alive respect for law somewhat longer than bids fair otherwise to be the case.

In France even middle-class public opinion has had to assent to the abolition of the scandal of the judge's summing-up, but respect for law and order is too great in this country to allow of this instalment of justice towards accused persons. But, surely, even in this country, a muzzle might be applied to the judge after the verdict. If Parliament were to employ itself in doing this it would at least prevent offending persons being sickened by the nauseous rant which on the occasion of every important trial now emanates from the whitened sepulchre in wig and gown, whose function it is to administer the law.

That society which is based on property and privilege must have a criminal code as its necessary consequence we are well aware, but we none the less protest against its "administrator" the judge being regarded in any more honourable light than its other "administrator," the hangman.

E BELFORD BAX.

MOROCCO.

We call the attention of our readers to the fact which some of them may have overlooked, that Morocco is at the present time the elect morsel of the capitalist harpies of Europe. All the "powers" are simultaneously negotiating treaties of commerce with the Moorish potentate, and it is rumoured that Germany has been pressing for permission for a syndicate of her capitalists to "open up" the country in approved fashion, though, it is said, as yet without success.

The most ominous sign of all, however, is the appearance in the field of the capitalist's right-hand man, the professional "philanthropist." For a long time past the press has presented us with periodical fragments of intelligence from Tangiers, all tending to impress the virtuous British public with the terrible wickedness of the Moorish authorities, and, above all, to inculcate a due sense of horror at the domestic slavery which exists there as in all Oriental civilisations.

The domestic slaves of the East, it has often been pointed out, are as a rule better off than the domestic servants of the West, while compared with that of the factory-slave, their lot is heaven upon earth. But the capitalist's aim is to replace the domestic slavery and hand production for use, which prevails in the Moorish Empire, by the "free contract" and factory system of the "great industry." For Morocco is a virgin soil, invaluable not merely as a market, but from its proximity to the sea and to Europe as a field for direct industrial exploitation. Hence the meeting recently convened in Tangiers by Messrs. Crawford and Allen, of the Anti-Slavery Society, at which a local Committee was formed for the transmission to this country of reliable (?) information on the subject of the slave-trade, is extremely significant. It shows the beginning of the end. Our readers may before long expect to hear of atrocities which compel intervention on the part of the humane capitalist governments of Europe, and to read "leaders" glowing with the hues of that emotion which commercial needs engender, even as the phosphorescent tints of blue and green in some suburban swamp are engendered by the decomposition of the defunct domestic cat. Then follow "military operations," decorations, annexations, and "occupations."

There is a grand attraction in the shape of a beautiful "Jewess," moreover, in this business; she alleges she was flogged *two years ago!* The present, if we are not mistaken, is not the first appearance of this young lady before the British public. Very nice are Morocco Jewesses—dark languishing eyes, voluptuous figures, etc., quite Arabian Nightsesque. Their wrongs appeal to the man of taste so much more than those of stunted, sallow, bleary-eyed factory hands at home. Slavery and flogging, too, of beautiful Jewesses is barbarous—free-contract and starvation of common-place factory-hands is civilised!

We shall keep the readers of the *Commonweal* well posted up as to the main incidents in the development of this nice little Morocco plot.

E. BELFORD BAX.

"A Parliamentary candidate is in this position," says the Bishop of Peterborough, "He is standing, wants to sit, and is compelled to lie." Not bad of the Bishop; but the amount of compulsion need not be very great, it would seem.

PARTY POLITICS.—"What is the psalm of victory?" "Three cheers for our candidate." "And what is a hideous howl from a score of drunken throats?" "Three cheers for the other candidate." "What is meant by the millions of free hearts and honest hands upon which rest the hopes and destinies of the Republic?" "Us." "And to whom does the grovelling horde of blatant demagogues that wallow in a fetid cesspool of festering corruption refer?" "Them." "Correct all around. To-morrow bring your Blue Book with you, and we'll pick out what is good for you. Remember, on the way home, the opposition members all live on the shady side of the street. The pupils will find a basketful of stones in the front area as they pass out. Now, be good boys, and don't create any disturbance. The class is dismissed."—*Albany Argus*.



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

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

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

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

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

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

LIVERPOOL.—Anyone willing to form a Labour Emancipation League here is asked to communicate with Fred Willis, 49 Wood Street.

BEKANNTMACHUNG!—Genosse Theodor hält jeden Donnerstag abend einen Cursus für Elementar Unterricht in der englischen Sprache, woran alle Genossen welche derselben noch nicht mächtig sind, theil zunehmen eingeladen werden. Näheres beim Secretär, 13 Farringdon Road, E. C.

RECEIVED—*England*: Anarchist—Worker's Friend—Daylight (Norwich)—Christian Socialist—Church Reformer—National Review—Republican—Journal of Vigilance Association—Justice—To-Day—Der Rebelle—Freethinker. *Belgium*: Ni Dieu ni Maître—L'Insurgé. *France*: Cri du Peuple (daily)—La Revue Socialiste—La Bataille—Le Bévôlté—La Question Sociale (Paris)—Le Socialiste (Paris). *Greece*: Harden (Athens). *Germany*: Neue Zeit (Stuttgart). *Holland*: Recht voor Allen. *Hungary*: Arbeiter-Wochen-Chronik (Budapest). *Italy*: La Question Social (Turin)—Il Paria (Ancona). *Morocco*: Almoghreb Al-aksa (Tangiers). *New Zealand*: Watchman. *Portugal*: O Campino—Voz do Operario—O Protesto Operario (Lisbon). *Roumania*: Drepturile Omului (daily, Bucharest). *Serbia*: Tehas (Belgrade). *Spain*: El Angel del Hogar—Revista Social (Barcelona)—Bandera Social (Madrid). *Switzerland*: Sozial Demokrat. *U. S. A.*: (New York): N. Y. Volkszeitung—Der Sozialist—Freiheit—Progress—John Swinton's Paper—Spread the Light. (Boston): Liberty—Woman's Journal—Index. Denver (Col.) Labor Inquirer—Chicago (Ill.) Alarm—Detroit (Mich.) Labor Leaf—Princeton (Mass.) Word—Cleveland (O.) Carpenter—Brattleboro (Vt.) Woman's Magazine; National Bulletin—San Francisco (Cal.) Chronicle—Stockton (Cal.) Mail—Petersburg (Ill.) Voice of Labor—New Haven (Conn.) Workmen's Advocate—St. Louis (Mo.) Die Parole—Kansas (Mo.) Sun—Pittsburg (Pa.) Labor Herald—Paterson (N. J.) Labor Standard—Baltimore (Md.) Labor Free Press—Valley Falls (Kan.) Lucifer—Atlanta (Ga.) Working World—Newfoundland (Pa.) La Torpille.

SINCE last acknowledgment books for the library have been received from Sparling.

Notice to Members.

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

Choir.—The choir meets for practice every Friday evening at 8 o'clock. All members and friends who can do so are urgently requested to attend and help. No previous knowledge of music is necessary, as a class for elementary instruction is carried on in connexion with the choir.

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

General Meeting.—On Monday 25th Jan. at 8.30 p.m. Council meets at 7.30.

NOTES.

MR. GLADSTONE has got the difficult task before him of propounding a scheme of Home Rule which the Parnellites can accept and which the Whigs will accept; but perhaps, after all it is not so difficult as it looks; for at present the Whigs seem prepared to swallow anything, absolutely anything, if they can only get into office and keep there. They have made their wry faces over the Home Rule pill; that is a thing of the past now; memory has no sorrows for them. Of course the Tories would have done the same thing if they had had the chance; nor can we hide the fact that the Radicals have cried out just as loudly against the dose. It is a good thing that they do not see where this Irish affair is leading. They think it a mere matter of party politics; fortunately it means—revolution.

There is Arab war again in Egypt, and there are plenty of signs that it will not be the fault of those whose business it is to fish in troubled waters if we do not have another Soudan affair. In spite of all disclaimers, we seem to be in danger of getting into the stream let loose by the exploiters and of drifting in it once more. In excited articles the *Pall Mall Gazette* cries out against the folly of conquering Dongola—meaning clearly Dongola only without all the rest. This has a suspicious resemblance to the "Don't drag him through the horse-pond!" of the old election candidate. Mr. Wilfrid Blunt did not get into Parliament, which is scarcely to be regretted, as he would have been an honest and intelligent man thrown away there; but it is to be hoped he will remember that there are extra-parliamentary means of agitation.

W. M.

THE PILGRIMS OF HOPE.

VIII.—THE HALF OF LIFE GONE.

THE days have slain the days, and the seasons have gone by
And brought me the summer again; and here on the grass I lie
As erst I lay and was glad ere I meddled with right and with wrong.
Wide lies the mead as of old, and the river is creeping along
By the side of the elm-clad bank that turns its weedy stream,
And grey o'er its hither lip the quivering rushes gleam.
There is work in the mead as of old; they are eager at winning the hay,
While every sun sets bright and begets a fairer day.
The forks shine white in the sun round the yellow red-wheeled wain,
Where the mountain of hay grows fast; and now from out of the lane
Comes the ox-team drawing another, comes the bailiff and the beer,
And thump, thump, goes the farmer's nag o'er the narrow bridge of the weir.

High up and light are the clouds, and though the swallows flit
So high o'er the sunlit earth, they are well a part of it,
And so, though high over them, are the wings of the wandering herne;
In measureless depths above him doth the fair sky quiver and burn;
The dear sun floods the land as the morning falls toward noon,
And a little wind is awake in the best of the latter June.

They are busy winning the hay, and the life and the picture they make,
If I were as once I was, I should deem it made for my sake;
For here if one need not work is a place for happy rest,
While one's thought wends over the world north, south, and east and west.

There are the men and the maids, and the wives and the gaffers grey
Of the fields I know so well, and but little changed are they
Since I was a lad amongst them; and yet how great is the change!
Strange are they grown unto me; yea I to myself am strange.
Their talk and their laughter mingling with the music of the meads
Has now no meaning to me to help or to hinder my needs,
So far from them have I drifted. And yet amidst them goes
A part of myself, my boy, and of pleasure and pain he knows,
And deems it something strange when he is other than glad.
Lo now! the woman that stoops and kisses the face of the lad,
And puts a rake in his hand and laughs in his laughing face—
Whose is the voice that laughs in the old familiar face?
Whose should it be but my love's, if my love were yet on the earth?
Could she refrain from the fields where my joy and her joy had birth,
When I was there and her child, on the grass that knew her feet
Mid the flowers that led her on when the summer eve was sweet?

No, no, it is she no longer; never again can she come
And behold the hay-wains creeping o'er the meadows of her home;
No more can she kiss her son or put the rake in his hand
That she handled a while ago in the midst of the haymaking band.
Her laughter is gone and her life; there is no such thing on the earth,
No share for me then in the stir, no share in the hurry and mirth.

Nay, let me look and believe that all these will vanish away,
At least when the night has fallen, and that she will be there 'mid the hay,
Happy and weary with work, waiting and longing for love.
There will she be, as of old, when the great moon hung above,
And lightless and dead was the village, and nought but the weir was awake;
There will she rise to meet me, and my hands will she hasten to take,
And thence shall we wander away, and over the ancient bridge
By many a rose-hung hedgerow, till we reach the sun-burnt ridge
And the great trench digged by the Romans: there then awhile shall we stand,

To watch the dawn come creeping o'er the fragrant lovely land,
Till all the world awaketh, and draws us down, we twain,
To the deeds of the field and the fold and the merry summer's gain.

Ah thus, only thus shall I see her, in dreams of the day or the night,
When my soul is beguiled of its sorrow to remember past delight.
She is gone. She was and she is not; there is no such thing on the earth
But e'en as a picture painted, and for me there is void and dearth
That I cannot name or measure.

Yet for me and all these she died,
E'en as she lived for awhile, that the better day might betide.
Therefore I live, and I shall live till the last day's work shall fail.
Have patience now but a little and I will tell you the tale
Of how and why she died, and why I am weak and worn,
And have wandered away to the meadows and the place where I was born;
But here and to-day I cannot; for ever my thought will stray
To that hope fulfilled for a little and the bliss of the earlier day.
Of the great world's hope and anguish to-day I scarce can think;
Like a ghost from the lives of the living and their earthly deeds I shrink.
I will go adown by the water and over the ancient bridge,
And wend in our footsteps of old till I come to the sun-burnt ridge,
And the great trench digged by the Romans; and thence awhile will I gaze,
And see three teeming counties stretch out till they fade in the haze;
And in all the dwellings of man that thence mine eyes shall see,
What man as hapless as I am beneath the sun shall be?

O fool, what words are these? Thou hast a sorrow to nurse,
And thou hast been bold and happy; but these if they utter a curse,
No sting it has and no meaning—it is empty sound on the air.
Thy life is full of mourning, and theirs so empty and bare,
That they have no words of complaining; nor so happy have they been
That they may measure sorrow or tell what grief may mean.
And thou, thou hast deeds to do, and toil to meet thee soon;
Depart and ponder on these through the sun-worn afternoon.

WILLIAM MORRIS.

EVERY man who builds a house, or plants an orchard, or invents a machine, or discovers a law of nature, or does anything which tends to promote human comfort or happiness, is a public benefactor; but any man who stands between industry and the natural elements, to levy a tribute upon labour or to keep a foot of land out of use, is a curse to his country and a despoiler to his fellowmen.—Francis Volney.

LESSONS IN SOCIALISM.

VIII.—THE PRODUCT.—THE WORKING DAY.

EVERY product consists of three parts. (1) One that represents the human labour embodied in the raw material and in the means of labour that have been consumed in making the product. (2) Another that represents the necessary labour, *i.e.*, the labour that produces the equivalent of the labourer's means of subsistence. (3) Another that represents the surplus labour.

Let us take again the particular concrete example of the production of 20 lbs. of yarn worth 1s. 6d. a lb, out of 20 lbs. of cotton worth 1s. a lb. Of the 30s. realised by the sale of the yarn 20s. (for raw material) + 4s. (for the means of labour consumed) represent constant capital (c. c). Therefore $\frac{2}{3}$ or $\frac{2}{3}$ of the 20 lbs. of the product, yarn, *i.e.*, 16 lbs., represent the constant capital.

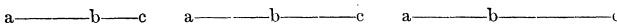
Again, of the 30s. realised by the sale of the yarn, 3s. (for wages) represent the necessary labour of the labourer in producing the equivalent of his means of subsistence. Therefore, $\frac{3}{30}$ or $\frac{1}{10}$ of the 20 lbs. of the product, yarn, *i.e.*, 2 lbs. represent the variable capital (v. c.).

Finally of the 30s. that are realised by the sale of the yarn, 3s. (margin for profit) represent the surplus labour of the labourer after he has produced the equivalent of his means of subsistence. Therefore $\frac{3}{30}$ or $\frac{1}{10}$ of the 20 lbs. of the product, yarn, *i.e.*, 2 lbs. represent the surplus value (s. v.)

In a similar way any commodity can be analysed into three parts, corresponding respectively to c. c., v. c., s. v. The part of the product corresponding with surplus-value is the surplus product.

The time taken in the day of 24 hours to produce the equivalent of the variable capital + the time taken to produce the surplus-value, or in other words the necessary labour time + the surplus labour time in the 24 hours is the working day. To the consideration of that working day we now pass.

Notice, first, that the working day is not, under the capitalistic system, equal to the necessary working time. If it were, no production of surplus-value could result, and there could be no such thing as capital, and therefore no capitalistic system. Again, the necessary working time does not determine the length of the working day. To know how long a man takes to produce the equivalent of his means of subsistence is to know nothing of the length of the working day beyond the fact that it will exceed this necessary working time. This will come out the more clearly if following Marx in this as in all else we make three diagrams to represent three cases of working days :



Here the line a b represents the necessary working time, say 6 hours, and the line b c, represents the surplus working time, say 3, 6, 9 hours. a b in a given case of a particular industry and a particular labourer under constant conditions, is of the same length. But b c may vary. Hence we see that the actual length of a c, *i.e.*, of the working day, depends not on a b, *i.e.*, not on the necessary working time, but on b c, *i.e.*, on the surplus working time.

We saw that the rate of surplus-value was determined by dividing the surplus working time by the necessary working time. This ratio $\frac{s.v.t.}{n.w.t.}$ may now be written $\frac{b.c.}{a.b.}$. The minimum limit of the working day might be a b. A man might only work so long as to produce the equivalent of his means of subsistence. But this cannot be under the capitalistic system. Nor would a b be the limit necessarily under a socialistic régime. Capital in the sense of the results of human labour that are to be used for further production will exist then. But such capital will not become the property of any private individual, and will not be used to exploit the many for the benefit of the few.

The maximum limit of the working day—the length of a c—depends upon two things. The working day is limited by certain physical things and by certain moral or social considerations. One of the physical limitations is imposed on it by the revolution of the earth on its own axis and is without doubt regarded by the capitalist as an imposition. Ac cannot represent more than 24 hours. Actually, of course, it represents considerably less than 24 hours, for the nature of labour-power itself again limits the time during which the labourer can work. Of the limitations to the length of the working day dependent on morality, *i.e.*, on social conventions, the history of our factory legislation gives us some account as far as one particular time and one particular country are concerned. Upon certain phases of the contest in respect to these moral or conventional limitations to the working day the next article or two will touch. Let us end this one by reminding ourselves that a contest on this point has been and is.

The one end of the capitalist is surplus-value. For this, and for this alone he produces commodities. Hence his interest is to lengthen b c. No matter what happens to a b (necessary working time)—whether this be shorter or longer—the one thing needful is the lengthening of b c (surplus working time). This must be effected at all costs, except the loss of the source of surplus-value. Bc must be stretched out, literally to the crack of doom.

This also the capitalist claims as a right. He has bought the labour-power for the 24 hours. May a man not do what he likes with his own? Is not this his moral, *i.e.*, his conventional right?

On the other hand, the very nature of the commodity, labour-power, that he has bought, puts a limit to its consumption, and the labourer, in whom it is embodied, not whose it is, has a moral right to a limit to the working day. In this case the moral or conventional is of necessity. It must be.

Here, then, is right (of capitalist) *versus* right (of labourer). Hence a struggle—force on the one hand, force on the other. The issue force has decided hitherto and force (whether of muscle or brain or numbers or all of these) will decide the ultimate issue.

Let us hear, as a contribution to the struggle and to its end, the voice of the labourer crying in the wilderness of capitalism. I take from Marx a passage that has been translated into most European tongues and is here once again translated. Even this Englishing of it may give some idea of that dramatic intensity of Marx which these dry notes of mine cannot in any sense put before those that read them :

"The commodity that I have sold to you differs from the crowd of other commodities in that its use creates value, and a value greater than its own. That is why you bought it. That which on your side appears a spontaneous accretion to capital, is on mine extra expenditure of labour-power. You and I know on the market only one law; that of the exchange of commodities. And the consumption of the commodity belongs not to the seller who parts with it, but to the buyer who acquires it. To you therefore belongs the use of my daily labour-power. But by means of the price that you pay for it each day, I must be able to reproduce it daily and to sell it again. Apart from the natural exhaustion through age, etc., I must be able on the morrow to work with the same normal amount of force, health and freshness as to day. You preach to me constantly the gospel of "saving" and "abstinence." Good! I will, like a sensible, saving owner, husband my sole wealth, labour-power, and abstain from all foolish waste of it. I will each day expend, set in motion, put into action only so much of it as is compatible with its normal duration and healthy development. By an unlimited extension of the working day, you may in one day use up a quantity of labour-power greater than I can restore in three. What you gain in labour I lose in substance. The use of my labour-power and the spoliation of it are quite different things. If the average time that an average labourer doing a reasonable amount of work can live is 30 years, the value of my labour-power which you pay me from day to day is $\frac{1}{365 \times 30}$ or $\frac{1}{10,950}$ of its total value. But if you consume it in 10 years you pay me daily $\frac{1}{10 \times 365}$ instead of $\frac{1}{365 \times 30}$ of its total value, *i.e.*, only $\frac{1}{3}$ of its daily value, and you therefore rob me every day of $\frac{2}{3}$ of the value of my commodity. You pay me for one day's labour-power while you use that of three days. That is against the contract and the law of exchanges. I demand therefore a working day of normal length, and I demand it without any appeal to your heart, for in money matters sentiment is out of place. You may be a model citizen, perhaps a member of the Society for the prevention of cruelty to animals, and in the odour of sanctity to boot, but the thing that you represent face to face with me has no heart in its breast. That which seems to throb there is my own heart-beating. I demand the normal working day, because I, like every other seller, demand the value of my commodity."

Three parts of product... (1) Corresponding with c. c. (2) Corresponding with v. c. (3) Corresponding with s. v.
Working day ... Part of the 24 hours necessary to produce equivalent of v. c. and s. v.

$\frac{b.c.}{a.b.}$... Another expression for rate of surplus-value, where b c represents surplus working time, a b necessary working time.

Limitations to length of working day } Minimum length determined by time necessary to produce equivalent of labourer's means of subsistence. Maximum determined by certain physical and moral (*i.e.*, conventional) conditions.

EDWARD AVELING.

"THE LABOURER AS MAN MADE HIM."

FROM MORE'S "UTOPIA."

FROM the Continent something less than 400 years ago the New Learning had just crossed over to Oxford with Colet and Erasmus, and the spirit of Hellenism was readily transferred by these great teachers to Thomas More. Liberty, equality, just laws, and a general diffusion of happiness which appeared in one or other of the early Greek States, filled him with a vigorous sense of the enormous injustice done to the producers of his own land by the tyranny, asserted superiority, injustice and luxury of the idlers. By the light of the new learning he attempted to dissipate the darkness enveloping our social and political customs, and in the "Utopia" he aims at neutralising those continuously disturbing forces, produced by the attraction and repulsion of the alternate poles of civilisation—of fashion and famine, idlers and workers, tyranny and slavery, church and jail.

The "Utopia" was written 370 years ago, and John Richard Green speaking of it, says: "From a world where fifteen hundred years of Christian teaching had produced social injustice, religious intolerance, and political tyranny, the humourist philosopher turned to a "Nowhere" in which the mere efforts of natural human virtue realised those ends of security, equality, brotherhood and freedom, for which the very institutions of society seemed to have been framed."

As a social reformer, More was even in advance of our own times. The Statute Book has embodied many of his suggestions, and our strongest political thinkers are bringing into the region of practical politics some of his long-neglected views. Sympathetically and vigorously More exposed the sorrow and misery of the labourers. He saw

that no legislative tinkering would materially alter their condition, and he was led to point out the true remedy—the socialisation of wealth. For the people to be truly happy, money and property must be abolished and then poverty would cease. The heart would no longer ache with its burden of depressing care and sickening anxiety, and those terrible crimes which startle us by their hideousness would for ever vanish.

The "Utopia" furnishes us with two pictures—the opposites of each other by their vivid contrast of light and shade—the one "The Labourer as Man made him," the other "The Labourer as Nature designed him." Let us look at the first. We see the labourer wronged, suffering, and oppressed, pinched by poverty, his whole existence rendered miserable, so that even "the beast's condition is much better than his." Justice, blind to the exploiting of the poor, was by "a conspiracy of the richer sort" (called the government) employed to shamefully rob him. He was harassed by laws regulating his wages, food, sleep, clothing, and hours of work. If at leisure, he could be compelled to work for any who desired his services, under the penalty of imprisonment until he could find security for good behaviour, in the event of refusal.

From five in the morning till eight at night, he was ceaselessly to toil, excepting the intervals of half an hour for breakfast and one hour and a half for dinner. If during these times he was idle or slept, woe betide him, for he was fined at pay-day. And his remuneration was to be one half the year 2d. with food or 4d. without, and the other half 1½d. with food or 3d. without; and this with the price of wheat varying from 3s. 4d. to £1 per quarter, according to the season and time of year.

No wonder that More could say: "The richer sort are often endeavouring to bring the hire of the labourer lower not only by their fraudulent practices but by the laws which they procure to be made to that effect, so that it is a thing most unjust in itself to give such small rewards to those that deserve so well of the public, yet they have given these hardships the name and colour of justice, by procuring laws to be made for regulating it."

As at the present time, so then, the nobles lived idle lives, "existing on other men's labours, who are their tenants, and whom they pare to the quick, and thereby raise their revenues." We are brought face to face also with the land question. Houses are pulled down, towns depopulated, commons enclosed, agriculture stopped, owners robbed, tenants evicted and the land turned into vast sheep-farms. The attendant consequences we can readily guess. Provisions are dear, for a cattle monopoly is now possessed by the rich, "who as they are not pressed to sell them sooner than they have a mind to it, so they never do till they have raised the price as high as possible." Wool is so dear that it does not pay to manufacture it into cloth, and the workmen are turned out of employment. And as the land is now gone down to grass, there is a scarcity of corn, the price of which is so high that all the helpers that can be at all spared, are dismissed from the families. And "there is no more occasion for country labour, to which the labourers have been bred, when there is no arable ground left."

These unfortunate people are obliged to sell for almost nothing their few things, and with their families to tramp in search of work, that it is almost impossible to get. And when their little all is gone, what is left but to steal and be hanged, or beg and be imprisoned as idle vagabonds? Where lies the justice of the present social condition? More cries, under which the idlers are allowed to roll in luxury, while the producers are compelled to struggle on with a bare subsistence, hopeless as to the future for which they are unable to provide, and knowing that when smitten by want, all "the good they have done will be forgotten, and all the recompense given them be that they are left to die in great misery." All the poor have left after their long toil, is to be allowed "to die in great misery," with the ecclesiastical consolation mocking their misery, that they shall enjoy a happy hereafter. Carlyle in sarcastic irony may well exclaim: "Liberty is a divine thing, but liberty to die by starvation is not so divine."

T. TONKIN.

OUR EXCHANGES.

II.—FRENCH.

THE French revolutionary press has been active at all times, but more than ever our friends are most remarkably energetic and productive at the present moment. The papers in the French language which are regularly received by the Socialist League are the best proof thereof, and we will now consider them one by one.

Le Cri du peuple, grand format, in folio, a daily paper, often with illustrations representing revolutionary scenes, etc. (Paris, 10 centimes the number) has existed several years. Founded by the late member of the Commune, Jules Vallès, it is carried on since the lamented death of Vallès by citoyenne Séverine. Principal contributor and political and economical chief of the journal is Jules Guesde, author of numerous Socialistic works. With him are citizens Lucien Victor, Meunier, and Paul Alexis, the most active and energetic co-workers.

L'Intransigeant, same size and price as the former, was founded by Henri Rochefort. It is a revolutionary paper which at one time exercised tremendous influence over the spirits of the French proletariat. Citizen B. Malon edits the economical part of the paper.

La Justice is the official organ of the Radical or Left wing of the French advanced parties, and M. Clémenceau, leader of the Radical or Left party in the French Parliament, is the political director and head

of the paper. Its editors are M. Camille Pelletan and M. Charles Longuet, formerly a member of the Paris Commune, a man among the best informed of Frenchmen with regard to social, political, and economical matters. He is besides one of the most distinguished disciples of Proudhon.

Next comes *La Bataille*, a revolutionary daily paper, small size, sold at a halfpenny per number. M. Lissagaray is the editor thereof, but he leaves to his contributors wide margins. By these means Citizens Jean Valjean and Crié are enabled to defend anarchistical doctrines in its columns. Citizen Valjean is a writer of great ability. During the last elections some of the revolutionary bodies who believed parliamentary action might benefit the Socialists, founded especially for the purpose of parliamentary agitation a paper called *L'Union Socialiste Révolutionnaire*, which of course has disappeared again since the circumstances which called it into life have passed away.

We arrive now at the journals which distinctly represent special shades and creeds of the Social Revolutionary Party.

Le Socialiste (a weekly paper at 10 c. the number) is the organ of the French Collectivists. Its editorial staff or committee is composed of the citizens Deville, Fréjac, Jules Guesde, Paul Lafargue, and A. Le Tailleur. Besides *Le Socialiste*, which appears at Paris, there are the following provincial periodicals representing the same shade of Socialistic opinion, namely, *La Défense des Travailleurs*, appearing at Rheims; *Le Socialiste de Lyon*, published at that city; *La Défense des Ouvriers*, which appears at Montluçon; and *Le Réveil du Forçat*, printed at Lille. All these papers propagate the ideas of the French Collectivist Socialists.

There has appeared also for some months at Paris the *Révolution*, formerly published at Geneva, and there during the last prosecutions in Switzerland seized and the office closed by the police. It is the principal organ of the French-speaking Communist-Anarchists. Its principal editors are Jean le Vagre and Elisée Reclus. Citizen Kropotkin is also a regular and important contributor to its columns.

As fortnightly papers there appear further in French *La Voix de l'Ouvrier*, edited by L. Bertrand, but inspired by Dr. César de Paepe, leader of the Belgian Reform Socialists. Next comes *L'Insurgé*, which some time ago made room for *Ni Dieu ni Maître*, and again this latter has recently been superseded by *La Guerre Sociale*, dedicating its columns to the propagation of Anarchistic-Communitistic ideas.

Last, not least, we receive two monthly publications, both printed in Paris. One styled *La Question Sociale*, founded by P. Argyriades and having Gaillard, Lefrançais and others, for its contributors; and *La Revue Socialiste*, dedicated to Scientific Socialism, with Benoit Malon as its editor. It appears every month 150 pages strong and costs 1 franc the number.

In addition to the above enumerated Socialistic publications, there exist several other French papers advocating the cause of Socialism, but as the League does not receive copies of them, we are unable to judge as to their particular line of propaganda. C. T.

THE PEOPLE'S PRESS.

[Under this heading will be found a collection of pithy paragraphs collated from various journals published in the interest of the workers. Comrades and friends are invited to forward cuttings from English and translations from foreign labour journals.]

The poor do not really possess the ballot. The poor give their votes to those who give them bread. The man without bread is therefore without a vote.—*Alarm*.

"Will the coming man work?" "He will, if I get him!" says a wise girl.—*Wilmington Star*.

The Chicago *Tribune*, in summing up the business of Chicago, for the year 1884, shows that the average value of the product of each wage-worker in Chicago was 2764 dollars, while the average wages paid were 457 dollars.

A system which is starving and freezing tens of thousands of little children right in the midst of a world of plenty, cannot be defended against dynamiters on the ground of humanity!—*Chicago (Ill.) Alarm*.

When labour employs capital it can dictate the rate of wages for that capital, but while the capitalist employs labour he will dictate wages every time.—*Detroit (Mich.) Labour-Leaf*.

If the wage-workers will but sink religious and national differences, and combine for their own benefit, they can solve the questions which affect them without bloodshed.—*Labor Leaf*.

When a man is compelled to work from morning till night all the year round for a bare subsistence, is he not a slave? And when almost upon bended knee he begs his employer to give him work to keep body and soul together, is he not worse than a slave?—*Express*.

When it takes seventy-five bushels of a Western man's corn to buy a ton of coal mined in Ohio, and the miner has to dig out twelve tons of coal to buy one bushel of corn, we may well stand aghast at our boasted system of developing the country.—*Labor Enquirer* (Denver, U.S.A.).

Any system that requires a stoppage of production in order to prosper, is so clearly wrong, that it ought not to need a second thought to see the wickedness of continuing such a system. Away with the barbaric old scheme!—*Chicago (Ill.) Alarm*.

The man who attempts to reduce wages, or lengthen the hours of labour, is an enemy to humanity, to his country, and to his God. To humanity, for he would debase it; to his country, for he would degrade its citizens; to his God, for he would cause man to curse his creator and hate his own existence.—*Los Angeles (Cal.) Union*.

Workingmen, with you the laws of competition are reversed. Instead of the purchaser competing for the article, it is the article that competes for a purchaser. When the capitalist sells an estate, it is the purchaser who competes for it, and the estate goes up; when the workingman sells himself, it is he who competes for the purchaser, and the man goes down.—*Capital and Labour*.

It is a strange sight, sad and pitiable, to see a man so poor he can't set up and so helpless that he can't protect his wife and children from the squalls of poverty, defending the rights, powers and privileges of the capitalistic class as outlined by present laws and systems. No word for himself, wife or children, a hopeless, helpless victim, a fawning, cringing slave.—*Kansas Workman*.

Correspondence.

SOCIALISM AND REMUNERATION.

Whilst agreeing in the main with comrade Smith's remarks upon the payment of labour in a Socialist State, I should like to suggest, what I am inclined to believe would be an easier method of dealing with the difficulty, so far as production is concerned, and it is: to measure the individual's labour by product, or "piece," as usually understood, instead of measuring it by time.

My reasons I will state as briefly as I can. In the first place, taking men as we find them, the generality would object to bear one another's burdens. To tell the average man that it is his duty to do more work than his fellow for the same remuneration is not the way to attract him towards Socialism or impress him favourably respecting your sanity. The plague of it is because he does not believe himself to be merely an "average man." In his own opinion the only thing he lacks in order to shine, as a dazzling luminary in some particular walk, is the opportunity. It is a commendable feeling essential to progress, but it has been brutalised under existing conditions into that sordid selfishness which resents all effort unfringed with pecuniary gain.

The next reason is that in taking men as we find them, some of the fain-to-be loafers of society would find their way into the Brotherhood. These might be readily apt to fall, from set purpose, into the class of "inferior calibre," and so become a burden for their more generous brethren to bear. Whereas if a quality and quantity standard were fixed to be reached by every capable and accredited citizen in his, or her, special calling, it would serve to stimulate the activities of all in the performance of their necessary duties; since when the accepted standard was complied with, leisure and recreation for the individual would follow. Of course this method is mainly applicable to productive labour. It cannot be applied in distribution, transit and other forms of labour. Happily the time method can be brought into operation in these forms, with much greater surety and facility than in production.

I believe that the idle and selfishly disposed would soon die off in a Socialist atmosphere. Only the generous and fraternal would find the conditions genial to their growth. In the beginning would be the only difficulty; but given Society on a Socialist basis and a generation's trial, the salutary influences of fraternal, communal principles, as opposed to the brute competition obtaining, would so effectually regenerate men as to leave society able to dispense afterwards with the lightest of her man-made laws.

T. M.

"THE HUSKS THAT THE SWINE DO EAT."

"At the Aldershot police court, on Thursday, Henry Smith, labourer, was charged with stealing refuse food, value 3d., the property of William Newland. George Squires, provost corporal of the Medical Staff Corps, stated that he saw the prisoner taking food off the men's dishes as they were taking it to swill tubs for the contractor. In cross-examination the witness said that no soldier had any right to give any portion of his food away, whether he paid for it or not, as all broken food was sold to the contractor. Smith, for his defence, stated that he was hungry, and that a soldier asked him to take a little food off his dish. The accused was sentenced to a month's hard labour."—*Daily Telegraph*, Dec. 12th, 1885.

The Prodigal Son is starved out, then; "the husks that the swine do eat" are to have their full share in the apotheosis of property; they are become holy things, which no unprivileged person must touch. Ghost of William Cobbett here is another "vast improvement" for you on the Scandinavian law that decreed a thousand years ago that he who stole from necessity of hunger was to go scot free. The whole case seems like a cruel practical joke, and it may be hoped that the Home Secretary will at least carry the jest on by pardoning Henry Smith for the crime of eating when he was hungry.

But when Henry Smith comes out with his prospects brightened by his having been in jail, if he has any leisure to think amidst the pangs of hunger, he might ponder on the meaning of the words *free, freedom, enfranchisement*, as they are used in political language to-day. He may have the leisure, if it be true that at one period in the process of death by starvation it is possible to think, or at least to dream.

Apart from the question of what punishment was given to a Roman slave at the worst period, or a plantation nigger for "stealing" 3d. worth of hogswash, I feel a curiosity on the following questions: How much hogswash Henry Smith ate? How it agreed with his digestion? What is in scientific accuracy the amount of nourishment (to a man, not a hog) in 3d. worth of hogswash? What weight of hogswash one can buy for 3d.?

It seems, though, this matter of hogswash for men is becoming a burning question; for I have noticed in the papers charitable suggestions that collections of that article shall be made and sold to our "poorer brethren"; sold, if you please, not given, lest pauperisation should result.

Two more questions yet: How much worse—or better—is Aldershot hogswash than the ordinary food of Henry Smith and of the many thousands that he represents? And lastly, How long is it to be borne?

W. M.

RECORD OF THE INTERNATIONAL MOVEMENT.

HOLLAND.—A week or two ago our friend and indefatigable co-worker, F. Donela Nieuwenhuis spent a few days in London, and the account he gave of our movement in Holland was most encouraging. He has promised to send us a letter on the subject. Meantime I may mention one or two of the facts he told me. Of course it was easy to see even from the bourgeois press that Socialism is the question of the day in Holland as elsewhere; but few of us realise—I certainly did not—what immense strides have been made by our friends within the last three or four years. "There is not a town, barely a village," said Comrade Nieuwenhuis, "where we have not a considerable following. One reason of our success is that there has never been anything like the misery there now is in Holland. Not only the thousands of town-labourers out of work, but the peasants, till recently comparatively well off, are now everywhere on the point of starvation, and when we come and tell the people why this is they flock to hear us and soon become eager to work with us. In country places the people—men and women—often tramp ten, twelve, and in some cases as much as twenty miles to hear our 'gospel.' We

often sell as much as 60,000 copies of our paper. When the movement begins—and naturally it must begin in one of the large countries, our little Holland would soon be crushed if it rose alone—you will find us ready." Our friend also asked me to state that the so-called Socialist deputy Heldt is no Socialist at all, and has no more to do with the movement in Holland than, say Mr. Howell, has with ours.

BELGIUM.—From Belgium, too, comes good news. The correspondent of a Socialist contemporary, giving an account of a demonstration when 3000 workmen marched beneath the red flag from Gand to Ledeburg, says: "We marched silently, thinking of the past, dreaming of the future. . . . Flemish tenacity had surmounted all obstacles, was moving on in spite of everything. The tens of yesterday had become the hundreds of to-day, and will become thousands to-morrow. On the Socialist map the two Flanders hardly a year ago formed one enormous black stain only illumined by one great red mark at Gand, and two or three small ones near the French frontier. And now the map of these provinces is like a beautiful starry sky. The inert masses that had seemed hopelessly brutalised by centuries of bigotry and misery have awakened at the voice of their brothers. Their apparent indifference was only ignorance. The daily paper *Vooruit* (Forwards) and the *Tokomst* (the Future) were sold by volunteers in all the towns and all the villages of Flanders. As many as 20,000 copies were bought in one day, and eagerly read by the people, who there found set forth in clear words what they had only vaguely felt. . . . The new evangel of happiness and of deliverance roused sleeping hearts, gave new courage. . . . And associations were founded. Already hundreds of workers have come to strengthen the army of the proletariat. The weak to-day will, by uniting, be the strong of to-morrow. . . . Placed resolutely on the ground of the struggle of classes, they recognise only friends and enemies, and refuse every equivocal alliance. All soldiers of the same cause, with no other rivalry than that of devotion, they can trust all who follow their banner. . . . Full of confidence in the future of their cause, they have the courage to await the propitious hour. . . . The war (between Socialism and Capitalism) must break out one day; the atrocious consequences of the present system make this inevitable. The Flemish Socialists know this, and determined to conquer then, use the time left them to augment their forces and improve their organisation."

SPAIN.—While the bourgeois press is eagerly discussing whether a little baby of five is to "rule" over several millions of Spaniards, or whether she will be replaced a few months hence by a still younger baby or by a republic, the terrible economic crisis through which Spain is passing is completely overlooked, either intentionally or from sheer ignorance. This crisis has lasted for months, and is daily growing more intense. A Spanish friend writing to the *Socialiste* (Paris) says: "Thousands of arms are idle in Arragon in the ancient kingdom of Valentia, in Galicia, in Castille and Estramadura. In Andalusia the want of work and misery of the inhabitants have reached proportions unknown to this day. . . . The public powers, who only care for these questions when they threaten to endanger the interests of the bourgeois class, are rather uneasy—and they are right. For the misery of the workers of this vast region of Andalusia—celebrated for its fertility and its richness, this paradise of which the capitalist régime has made a hell—grows menacing. . . ." In Catalonia, the chief industrial centre of Spain, the situation is the same. "Most of the factories are closed, others open for a short time, only to close again. . . . so that thousands are without bread in this province. At Barcelona in the single industry of printed stuffs, that employs about 2000 hands, 1700 are out of work. 4000 engineers are idle. It is the same with thousands of weavers, spinners, bricklayers, tailors and shoemakers. The printing trade is in an almost more precarious condition. . . . Half the printers in Madrid are out of work. . . ." A bourgeois journal, *El Dia*, says: "The pawnshops and loan offices have not premises large enough to store the things brought thither by vice, but most often by misery. We must have no illusions: the precarious state of the population the hunger and the misery cannot wait." And our friend rightly adds "think what the situation must be when a bourgeois organ paints it in such black colours."

FRANCE.—A new weekly journal, *La terre aux Paysans* (The Land for the Peasants), gives some interesting facts drawn from the official agricultural report of 1873. According to this report, of 49 million hectares (about one million acres), peasants cultivating their own land possess only four millions, house property and gardens occupy 1 million, and the remaining FORTY-FOUR millions are in the hands of idlers and exploiters, "old and new nobles, and bourgeois of all sorts." The idlers, therefore, have eleven times more land than the workers. And this within about 100 years of the "great revolution" that was to give the land to the peasant!

While there has been such a decided reaction of the bourgeoisie against not only free, but even against education of any sort in England, it is curious to note that the French bourgeoisie is equally anxious to prevent the "risks that social order will run from the spread of education." Some of the bourgeois are quite pathetic on the subject, while others, as our friend the *Socialiste* points out, are driven to plead for good education because the uneducated workman cannot compete with the educated. "Thus while the bourgeois on the one hand exclaim against the dangers and the cost of education, others proclaim its necessity in the interests of national industry." A pretty state of affairs!

AMERICA.—The papers announce a curious "new departure" at Harvard University. A "professor of Socialism," in the person of the Rev. John Graham Brooks, has been appointed. Of course we know the kind of thing the Rev. Mr. Brooks is likely to lecture about, and that he is not likely to preach revolutionary Socialism to the gilded youth of Harvard—but still the appointment is an interesting "sign of the times."

A labour journal published in North Carolina (*The Workman*) states that in the factories at Durham (N.C.), children for the least neglect of work or carelessness are whipped by the overseers. After all this is not so surprising in an old slave-state. The Knights of Labour are to look into the matter.

From New York comes a pleasant piece of news—another sign of the time, too—i.e., that artists are beginning to see that they must make common cause with the workers. The director of the Thalia Theatre, a German called Auberger, has lately employed a "scab" orchestra, specially imported by him to undersell the already ill-paid American musicians. These, through the Mutual Musical Protective Union, have appealed to the Central Labour Union, with the result that the latter has called upon the workers to "boycott" this theatre (which is a popular one), and to prevent so far as they can others from going there.

One thinks of South America as the land of constant "revolutions"—o

the upsetting of one "President" by another, and of internecine warfare. But, apparently, even here Socialism is beginning to spread. From Buenos Ayres a correspondent writes to the *New York Socialist*, that though weak in its infancy the movement is growing steadily. "In those towns that have larger industrial centres, like Rio de Janeiro, Buenos Ayres, Montevideo, etc., the immigrant, Socialistically-minded workmen are beginning to organise. In Buenos Ayres the Italians have formed a group, that publishes an organ, the *Questione Sociale*." The Club *Vorwartz* is also doing good work, and "now counts over a hundred members. . . . The other nationalities, Frenchmen, Spaniards, English, have not yet any Socialist associations, but, naturally, there are among them individual Socialists and Communists." This is, at any rate, a beginning.

ELEANOR MARX-AVELING.

THE SOCIALIST LEAGUE.

SUMMARY OF MONTHLY REPORTS.

Farringdon Hall.—Since last report about 25,000 leaflets and 5,000 copies of "For whom shall we vote?" have been distributed. An elementary singing-class has been some time started for the purpose of instruction in the rudiments of music those desirous of forming a choir. The choir committee would now be glad if some friends more advanced in the study of music would help by joining the choir. Soprani and alti particularly wanted. Choir meets for practice on Jan. 8th and every subsequent Friday at 8 p.m. The election fever and other causes have caused a slight falling off in the attendance at our lectures. It is to be hoped, however, that with the new year, our propaganda will be carried on with renewed activity and vigour. At the general meeting on Dec. 7, the following resolution was passed:—"That this meeting of London members of the Socialist League views with indignation the action of certain members of the Social Democratic Federation in trafficking with the honour of the Socialist party, and desires to express its sympathies with that section of the body which repudiates the tactics of the disreputable clique concerned in the recent nefarious proceedings." On Saturday Dec. 5, a very successful concert and dramatic entertainment was given by Edward Aveling and other friends.

London Branches.—*Bloomsbury* has had very successful lectures and has gained five new members. It is about to engage a larger hall. Finances good, and fair sale of literature. *Hammersmith.*—Membership stationary, slight falling off in attendance at lectures, but discussions fairly good. A general meeting of members will be held at 5 o'clock on Sunday afternoon, Jan. 10, to improve organisation. *Hoxton* has been working hard as usual in all possible ways. The Sunday morning Readings have proved an attractive auxiliary, and those who can spare an hour or two on Sunday mornings, can there utilise their time very pleasantly and profitably. *Marylebone.*—Open-air meetings have been held during the month both morning and evening and have been fairly successful. The sale of literature has been very good. This Branch is in want of a hall; any one who knows of one in the neighbourhood would oblige by giving particulars to the secretary either of the Branch or the League. *Merton* has increased membership and strengthened finances to report. Still carrying on two lectures a week, enlivened by an occasional concert, it cannot be reproached with inactivity. *Mile-end* carries on a very successful series of lectures and readings and is slowly gathering strength and influence. *North London* has been working well, financial position satisfactory, and membership increasing. *South London* has not reported. *Stratford* hopes soon to have an abiding-place in the club-house of the West Ham Radical Alliance, to whose members Sparling delivered a lecture by invitation on Sunday 20th Dec., on "Three Acres and a Cow," which was well received.

Provincial.—*Bradford* reports a meeting at the Newmarket Hotel, on Nov. 29, addressed by Maguire, Sgillitt, and other comrades from Leeds, and a lecture on "Competition," by comrade Bland at Trinity Baptist Schools. *Dublin* sends most cheering report. Speakers from the Branch have addressed the Saturday Club on various questions. On Thursday, 17th Dec., Coulon gave an address on "The Revolution," Kavanagh, Gabriel and Fitzpatrick taking part in discussion which followed. *Edinburgh.*—Detailed report not to hand; position described as satisfactory; five meetings held during the month. *Leicester* sends interesting report of lectures by Eleanor Marx-Aveling and G. B. Shaw. The Branch is about to form a class for the study of Economics on the basis of Karl Marx, with Aveling's "Lessons" as text-book. *Leeds* reports hopefully. During the month an address has been given to a Branch of the Engineers' Union, and a debate held at the Secularist meeting-place upon Socialism v. Individualism. Our Leeds comrades claim to have made a satisfactory impression on both occasions, and intend to follow up vigorously the advantage they have gained. They welcome the arrival of our comrade Mahon to help in the good work and look hopefully forward. *Manchester* has had to suspend outdoor work owing to severe weather, but the indoor meetings have been successfully carried on. Aveling's visit stirred up a great deal of interest in our cause. He lectured to a large audience in the Forum on the "Curse of Capital." Lectures with good results have been delivered at *Royston* and good work has been done by some comrades in lecturing at the *Hulme Radical Club*. A connexion has been formed with *Liverpool* which is likely to prove beneficial. Large sale of literature. *Oxford* has held its meetings weekly and has given two public lectures which have been fairly well attended and discussed, viz., on Nov. 30, "Socialist Experiments in America," on Dec. 9, "The Theory of Population in regard to Socialism."

"THE COMMONWEAL."

The title-page, index, and covers for binding the volume of the *Commonweal* for 1885, can be obtained of the manager, 13 Farringdon Road, for 2s.

THE GUARANTEE FUND.

In September last an appeal was published asking for subscriptions to a fund to enable the *Commonweal* to be issued weekly. It was hoped that we might have been able to have commenced the year in this way, but the response to our appeal has not been sufficient to warrant such a risk at present. It has, however, been definitely resolved by the Council that when the Guarantee Fund reaches £100, the *Commonweal* shall at once be issued as a weekly. We are convinced that there are many outside our own ranks who would willingly subscribe to such an object who find it impossible in other ways to take part in our work, and we urge upon all members, friends, and sympathisers, to work strenuously for the bringing-about of this much needed extension of our educative power.

E. BELFORD BAX. WILLIAM MORRIS.
H. H. SPARLING. CARL THEODOR.

LECTURE DIARY: January, 1886.

FARRINGTON HALL (Offices of the League), 13 Farringdon Road, E.C.—*Lectures.*—Every Wednesday at 8.30 p.m. Admission free; discussion invited. Jan. 6: E. Carpenter, "Private Property." 13. Ed. Aveling, "The Struggle for the Working Day." 20. G. B. Shaw, "Laissez Faire." 27. W. Morris, "The Political Outlook."
Concerts, etc.—On Saturday 26th Dec. at 3.30 p.m., Children's Party, with Christmas Tree, etc. On Saturday 9th Jan. and Saturday 23d Jan. at 8 p.m. there will be Music, Readings, etc. All are welcome to these Saturday Sociables. Admission free.

CLEVELAND HALL, Cleveland Street, W. (near Portland Road Station).—A grand concert and ball will be held at the above hall on January 1st 1886. Doors open at 7.30 p.m., commence at 8 p.m. Admission by programme, 6d. and 1s. It is hoped that all members and their friends will attend. The proceeds, after payment of necessary expenses, will be devoted to the propaganda of the Socialist League. Programmes can be obtained at the following places:—T. E. Wardle, 9 Charlotte Street, Bedford Square; H. H. Sparling, 13 Farringdon Road, E.C.; C. W. Mowbray, 36 Boundary Street, Shoreditch; and at Cleveland Hall, before and on the night of the concert.—T. E. WARDLE.

BRANCH MEETING ROOMS.

LONDON.

Hoxton (L. E. L.).—Exchange Coffee House, Pitfield Street, opposite Hoxton Church, N. Sundays, 11.30 a.m., Readings, etc.; 8 p.m., Lectures. Jan. 3. 11.30 a.m.; T. Westwood, "Food and Physic"; 8 p.m., H. Sparling, "The Münster Commune." 10. Morning, Readings, etc.; Evening, W. A. Chambers, "Gospel of Discontent." 17. Morning, C. Mowbray, "Political Aspect"; Evening, T. Binning, "Citizen and Subject." 24. Morning, Readings, etc.; Evening, G. Brocher, "The Familistere." 31. Morning, H. Sparling, "History and Associations of Tobacco"; Evening, W. C. Wade, "The Story of Ireland's Wrong."
Hammersmith.—Kelmescott House, 26 Upper Mall, W. Sundays at 8 p.m. Jan. 3. Edward Carpenter, "Private Property." 10. William Morris, "The Political Outlook." 17. H. H. Sparling, "The Blind Samson." 24. A. K. Donald, a lecture. 31. George Bernard Shaw, a lecture.
Marylebone.—Corner of Bell Street, Edgware Road. Sundays at 11.30 a.m.
Merton.—11 Merton Terrace, High Street. Every Sunday, 8 p.m. Jan. 3. D. Nicoll, "Charms of Civilisation." 10. G. Brocher, "The Familistere." 17. W. A. Chambers, "The Agony Column." 24. H. H. Sparling, "The Blind Samson." 31. J. Lane, "Poverty, its Cause, Result, and Cure."
Mile-end.—I. W. M. Educational Club, 40 Berner Street, Commercial Road. Tuesdays at 8 p.m. Jan. 5. H. Davis, "Are Wages drawn from Capital?" 12. R. A. Beckett, "Happiness." 19. W. A. Chambers, "The Gospel of Discontent." 26. W. C. Wade, "The Story of Ireland's Wrong."
North London.—Camden Hall, King Street, Camden Town, N. Wednesdays at 8.30 p.m.
South London.—Camberwell Radical Club, Gloucester Road, Peckham. Every Thursday at 8 p.m. Jan. 7. William Morris, "How we live and how we might live." 14. W. C. Wade, "Free Trade and Socialism." 21. R. A. Beckett, "Equality." 28. E. J. Baxter.

PROVINCIAL.

Bradford.—Laycock's Temperance Hotel, Kirkgate. Meetings every Tuesday at 8 p.m. Sympathisers invited.
Dublin.—Oddfellow's Hall, 10 Upper Abbey Street. Thursdays at 7.30.
Edinburgh (Scottish Section).—4 Park Street. Meets every Friday at 8.30.
Glasgow.—Albion Halls, College Street. Sundays at 7 p.m.
Leeds.—54, Myrtle Street. Meets every Wednesday.
Leicester.—Secular Hall, Humberstone Gate. Sundays at 3 p.m.
Manchester.—City Café, Swan Street. Meets each Tuesday at 8 p.m. Jan. 5. Parkinson, "The Gospel of Discontent." 12. Harry, "Capitalism a Curse; a plea for Socialism." 19. Morley, "The County Elections and what they teach Socialists." 26. Peach, "Liberty Equality and Fraternity." General business meeting on Monday Jan. 4, at the County Forum, at 8 o'clock.
Royston.—"Greyhound Inn." Every Sunday evening at 7.30.
Oldham.—Mrs. Wrigley's Coffee Tavern, 9, Old Market Place. Meets every Wednesday at 7.30 p.m. The Secretary will be happy to give lectures on Socialism to any of the Liberal and Radical Clubs in the town and neighbourhood; address 57 Landsdowne Road, Chadderton, Oldham. Comrade Tod, 73 Book Street, off Ashton Road, will be glad to see or hear from *bona fide* inquirers.
Oxford.—"Elm Tree Tavern," Cowley Road. Every Monday at 8.30 p.m.

OPEN AIR PROPAGANDA.

Hyde Park.—Sundays, 3.30 p.m., near Marble Arch.
Regent's Park.—Sundays, 11.30 a.m.
Hulme.—The Viaduct, Chester Road. Sundays, 7 p.m.
Leeds.—Vicar's Croft, Sundays, afternoon.
Manchester.—New Cross, Oldham Road. Sundays, 2.30 p.m.
Oldham.—Curzon Ground. Sundays, afternoon and evening.

MEETINGS OF OTHER SOCIETIES.

SOCIAL DEMOCRATIC CLUB, Goldsmith Row, Hackney Road.—Lectures on Sundays at 7.45 p.m. Jan. 3. J. G. Fitzgerald, "Emigration." 10. No meeting. 17. H. M. Hyndman, "First Morning under Socialism." 24. William Morris, "Socialism." 31. A. K. Donald, "The Prophecy of Socialism."
PECKHAM AND DULWICH RADICAL CLUB, 144 Rye Lane, Peckham.—Lectures on Tuesdays at 8.30 p.m. Jan. 5. Edward Carpenter, "Spoliation of Labour." 12. William Morris, "Socialism." 19. H. H. Sparling, "The Meaning of the Revolution." 26. C. W. Mowbray, "Development of Revolutionary Ideas."

A SOCIALIST PICTURE.

"Fiat Justitia, Pereat Mundus," designed and drawn by Comrades Daubenspeck and Walter, and sold by the former at 42 Sun Street, Finsbury, E. C. at 2s. 6d., is a pictorial presentment of the contrast between the Chaos of To-day and the coming Order of Socialism. To right and left of the lower portion are shewn with medieval directness the preaching and practice of Church and State, while in the centre the murderous Spirit of Commercial War slays those who foster it; behind grows the Social Revolution. Rolling forward to cover the ruin below, a bank of clouds stretches across the middle. Above it stands an emblematic figure of Humanity supported by Justice and Armed Freedom, while Peace and Plenty look out upon land and sea, teeming under their beneficent influence with the products of nature and of industry. H. H. S.

Now ready, by Edward Carpenter.

"TOWARDS DEMOCRACY," new edition, with numerous added poems, crown 8vo. cloth, pp. 260, price 2s. 6d. "MODERN SCIENCE; a Criticism," crown 8vo. stiff paper, pp. 75, price 1s. Also, pamphlets: ENGLAND'S IDEAL, 2d., and "MODERN MONEY LENDING, or the meaning of Dividends," 2d.—Published by J. Heywood, Deansgate, Manchester, and 11 Paternoster Buildings, London.

REVOLUTIONARY RHYMES AND SONGS FOR SOCIALISTS. Fifteen selections from various International Revolutionary poets, printed on good paper. 1d. Published by T. Binning, 13 Farringdon Road, E.C.

Note.—Our regular and our occasional readers are often anxious to know where they can obtain Socialist literature. We are glad to tell them that William Blundell, 14 Camden Passage, Islington, not only sells works of the type they require, but issues a printed list that will be found of use to those desirous of consulting Socialist works.