

panic-stricken scare, such a reign of terror as London displayed on the Wednesday was truly a sight for the gods. The want of solidarity between the tradesman-employer and his over-worked shop-assistant was also illustrated. The "hand" wisely abstained from risking his skin merely in defence of the wares by means of which he is exploited. Yet further, and looking only to the immediate gain of the unemployed, no honest man can deny that the events of February 8th have called attention to their condition in a manner no number of peaceful meetings could have done. Their immediate result was to extort from the President of the Local Government Board an extension of outdoor relief. The capitalistic press hypocritically pretended concern lest the Bourgeois out of spite should close his purse to the appeal for aid. What are the facts? Are they not written in the figures of the Mansion House Fund before and after the eventful day? Verily the rattle of plate-glass windows speaks more eloquently to the capitalist heart than any sentimental appeal. No desire to relieve the destitute can approach in strength the desire to preserve one's shop-fronts. A sop must be thrown to Cerberus at all hazards, even though we damn him the while. To those who have none but harsh words for the February rioters we commend the statement of the *Times'* leader-writer, who declares that the absence of serious bloodshed and loss of life was solely due to the "forbearance of the crowd," there being no police on the spot. But what avails that with the Bourgeois world against "destruction of property?"

"They are coming up," said the Regent Street shopkeeper to the painter Vereschagen. The sooner the "respectable" middle-class man recognises this inevitable truth in the full meaning which Vereschagen hinted at, say we, and prepares to make up his account with it, the better will it be for him and his.

E. BELFORT BAX.

## THE RECENT RIOTS.

A MEETING of the unemployed took place in Trafalgar Square on Monday February 8, 1886. After it rioting, exaggerated as it has been by the literary proletariat at the bidding of their own and their masters' fear, certainly occurred. Since then in more than one town there has been similar rioting.

All Socialists are in most ardent sympathy with the unemployed of this and of all other countries. Nor is that sympathy in any way lessened by the fact that they recognise the reasons of the unemployment, recognise that it is inevitable under present conditions, and that it is hopeless to expect any serious and lasting relief, apart from a revolutionary change in the conditions of production and of distribution, under which we live and die.

Further, all Socialists are in complete harmony with the idea of calling together mass meetings of men out of work, and of those sympathising with them—mass meetings that by their vast size may show, at once, how widely-spread is that suffering which is the necessary outcome of our capitalistic method of production, how general is the feeling that a momentous change must come, and is even at hand, and how great is the force at the command of those recognising that change as inevitable. Nor must another use of these large assemblages of the working class be forgotten. They give unequalled opportunity of preaching the doctrine. It is I think better to seize that opportunity than to incite to discursive and aimless pillage.

But most Socialists must feel that the scattered, unorganised use of force is of little use. Further some are of opinion that those who broke windows, and broke into a few shops on Monday February 8, were to a large extent not the active, intelligent members of the working class, to whom especially Socialism appeals, but those unhappy members of the working class, whom the accursed system of capital has forced into the ranks of the rough and of the criminal.

Socialists are seriously conscious of the fact that the great revolution towards which they work will not be brought about in any other fashion than that in which all revolutions have been wrought—viz., by force. The force may be that of mind or, at worst, that of the show of numbers. But the student of history is bound to expect that other force—that commonly known as physical—will come into action. The time for this, however, in England is, I think, not yet. And when the time comes, the source of that force-outburst will be probably not the proletariat, but the capitalistic class, with their human machines, the police and soldiery.

That this will be the way in which the physical struggle will initiate has been seen by the eye of poet and philosopher alike. Shelley in his "Masque of Anarchy," figures a time when the great assembly of the fearless and the free, gathered together to declare itself free, will be attacked by the charged artillery, the horseman's scimitar, the fixed bayonet. Whether we agree with Shelley that then we are to suffer and be strong, until wrath dying away, the assailants are ashamed, or whether we hold, as I do, that other than passive resistance then becomes a duty—we can, in either case, feel with him that the first serious use of physical force must come from the capitalists. And that feeling is intensified when we see the philosopher taking the same line of thought. Marx constantly points out that the first serious aggression must come from the possessors of the means of production. Once let us show them that Socialism is a power, that the workers are practically unanimous in the determination to end the present system, and the force-outburst will come assuredly.

In any case, I think that such unsystematic, isolated action as that of Monday February 8, is to be deprecated. For even supposing that the easily-frightened Government of an easily-frightened nation, subsi-

dises certain individuals of certain classes of labourers—that some temporary employment is found for a small fraction of the unemployed, the real question is not touched. This remedy partakes too much of the nature of an ordinary Radical measure. It affords a passing relief to a handful of people. It does not get at the real heart of the matter—the relations of capital and labour. Even if every man and woman out of work to-day could be employed by the State to-morrow, yet the essential principle on which our present capitalistic system with all its misery rests, would not have been touched.

From that which has occurred, however, Socialists in England can learn at once their weakness and their strength. Their weakness is want of completeness of organisation; their strength is in the numbers of the people and the abject cowardice of their oppressors. We must have an organisation co-extensive with the working-classes. Once let us be able to gather together a crowd like that of Monday February 8 in numbers, but unlike it in unanimity as to the reasons and the remedies for misery, and our cause is won.

It is for that end that Socialists work. Always conscious that the ultimate solution of the social problem will be by means of force, many of us yet feel the time for that solution is not yet, and that the present work is to educate and organise the workers until they form a mass of Socialists so earnest, so overwhelming that the end must come.

This feeling in no way prevents our sympathy with the speakers whom the Government are foolish enough to prosecute. We must do our best for all in whom is attacked the right of openly declaring wrongs, their causes and their remedies. They must be defended and supported in this and we must continue to preach Socialism, in season, and out of season, to educate and to organise, until out of the few voices yet articulate grows the cry of "an exceeding great nation."

EDWARD AVELING.

## THE PILGRIMS OF HOPE.

### IX.—A NEW FRIEND.

I HAVE promised to tell you the story of how I was left alone Sick and wounded and sore, and why the woman is gone That I deemed a part of my life. Tell me when all is told, If you deem it fit that the earth, that the world of men should hold My work and my weariness still; yet think of that other life, The child of me and of her, and the years and the coming strife.

After I came out of prison our living was hard to earn By the work of my hands, and of hers; to shifts we had to turn, Such as the poor know well, and the rich cannot understand, And just out of the gutter we stood, still loving and hand in hand.

Do you ask me if still amidst all I held the hunt in view, And the hope of the morning of life, all the things I should do and undo? Be easy, I am not a coward: nay little prudence I learned, I spoke and I suffered for speaking, and my meat by my manhood was burned. When the poor man thinks—and rebels, the whip lies ready anear; But he who is rebel and rich may live safe for many a year, While he warms his heart with pictures of all the glory to come. There's the storm of the press and the critics maybe, but sweet is his home, There is meat in the morn and the even, and rest when the day is done, All is fair and orderly there as the rising and setting sun; And I know both the rich and the poor.

Well, I grew bitter they said; 'Tis not unlike that I did, for bitter indeed was my bread, And surely the nursing plant shall smack of its nourishing soil. And here was our life in short, pinching and worry and toil, One petty fear thrust out by another come in its place, Each scrap of life but a fear, and the sum of it wretched and base. E'en so fare millions of men, where men for money are made, Where the poor are dumb and heedless, where the rich are not afraid. Ah, am I bitter again? Well, these are our breeding-stock, The very base of order, and the state's foundation rock; Is it so good and so safe that their manhood should be outworn By the struggle for anxious life, the dull pain dismally borne, Till all that was man within them is dead and vanished away. Were it not even better that all these should think on a day As they look on each other's sad faces, and see how many they are: "What are these tales of old time of men who were mighty in war? They fought for some city's dominion, for the name of a forest or field; They fell that no alien's token should be blazoned on their shield; And for this is their valour praised and dear is their renown, And their names are beloved for ever and they wear the patriot's crown; And shall we then wait in the streets and this heap of misery, Till their stones rise up to help us or the far heavens set us free? For we, we shall fight for no name, no blazon on banner or shield; But that man to man may hearken and the earth her increase yield; That never again in the world may be sights like we have seen; That never again in the world may be men like we have been, That never again like ours may be manhood spoilt and blurred."

Yea even so was I bitter, and this was my vilest word: "Spend and be spent for our hope, and you at least shall be free, Though you be rugged and coarse, as wasted and worn as you be."

Well, "bitter" I was, and denounced, and scarcely at last night we stand From out of the very gutter, as we wended hand in hand. I had written before for the papers, but so "bitter" was I grown, That none of them now would have me that could pay me half-a-crown, And the worst seemed closing around us; when as it needs must chance, I spoke at some Radical Club of the Great Revolution in France. Indeed I said nothing new to those who had learned it all, And yet as something strange on some of the folk did it fall. It was late in the terrible war, and France to the end drew nigh, And some of us stood agape to see how the war would die,

And what would spring from its ashes. So when the talk was o'er  
 And after the stir and excitement, I felt the burden I bore  
 Heavier yet for it all, there came to speak to me  
 A serious well-dressed man, a "gentleman," young I could see;  
 And we fell to talk together, and he shyly gave me praise,  
 And asked, though scarcely in words, of my past and my "better days."  
 Well, there,—I let it all out, and I flushed as I strode along,  
 (For we were walking by now) and bitterly spoke of the wrong.  
 Maybe I taught him something, but ready he was to learn,  
 And had come to our workmen meetings some knowledge of men to learn.  
 He kindled afresh at my words, although to try him I spake  
 More roughly than I was wont; but every word did he take  
 For what it was really worth, nor even laughter he spared,  
 As though he would look on life of its rags of habit bared.

Well, why should I be ashamed that he helped me at my need.  
 My wife and my child, must I kill them? And the man was a friend indeed,  
 And the work that he got me I did (it was writing you understand)  
 As well as another might do it. To be short, he joined our band  
 Before many days were over, and we saw him everywhere  
 That we workmen met together, though I brought him not to my lair.  
 Eager he grew for the Cause, and we twain grew friend and friend:  
 He was dainty of mind and of body; most brave, as he showed in the end;  
 Merry despite of his sadness, quick-witted and speedy to see:  
 Like a perfect knight of old time as the poets would have them to be.  
 That was the friend that I won by my bitter speech at last.  
 He loved me; he grieved my soul: now the love and the grief are past;  
 He is gone with his eager learning, his sadness and his mirth,  
 His hope and his fond desire. There is no such thing on the earth.  
 He died not unbefriended—nor unbeloved maybe.  
 Betwixt my life and his longing there rolls a boundless sea.  
 And what are those memories now to all that I have to do,  
 The deeds to be done so many, the days of my life so few?

WILLIAM MORRIS.

## NOTES.

The British raid in the Soudan which took place at the beginning of last month has not been followed up. General Stephenson has returned together with the additional troops sent to the front, and the project of any further advance is evidently abandoned, for the present, at all events. Meanwhile it is instructive to note the exasperation of the little ring of journalistic stock-gamblers at Cairo and their frantic efforts to obtain another expedition whereby increased activity in "Egyptians" might be effected. Their telegrams to the "dailies" contain reiterated accounts of "reported advances of the Arabs in strong force," of "consternation among the European residents at Cairo," and other items of news to the same effect.

We are glad to see that the Burmese are not submitting tamely to the British marauders. "Dacoity," we are informed, is "rampant." Would that General Prendergast and his dacoits might be effectually "suppressed" by their victims! But of course, this is impossible. If the native races of India and the neighbouring states would but unite as one man against the oppressor, then even the resources of the British empire might be insufficient to prevent their freeing themselves. But the power of a little ready cash and any amount of promises, seems unfortunately in these cases, always enough to make one or other of them prove "friendly," i.e., traitors to their country.

The following extract from a letter received from a comrade shows us the manner in which the police-slaves do their lords' work on those who are trying to set them free:

"7 Clyde Road, Tottenham, London, N., 13th Jan., 1886.

"I was arrested at the High Cross, Tottenham by Sergeant Murphy, while addressing a crowd of about 100 people on the "crisis." Murphy was in plain clothes and quite unknown to me. He thrust and shook me for some moments without giving any sign of authority. I was hurried to the Tottenham police station, and after some bullying, I was offered my liberty if I would promise not to address the public. That I refused; after which a charge of obstruction as usual was made out and as I refused to send for bail, I was confined in the usual ignominious cell with insufficient bedding all night."—R. THOMPSON.

Ultimately Comrade Thompson was remanded on bail, and finally fined 10s.

## LITERARY NOTICES.

"The Malthusians." By P. J. Proudhon. International Publishing Company. Rhetoric rather than argument. And the great pity of this is in the fact that it is evident Proudhon understood the real fallacy and the evil teaching of Malthusianism. Both fallacy and evil teaching stand condemned the moment the Malthusian offers over-population as an explanation, and parental prudence as a solution, of the misery of the working-classes.

The *Ploughshare*. Reversing the scriptural transformation, this ploughshare has become a sword. "The Creation of Hell," on the outside of the little journal, nearly made us throw it away as only an anti-religious periodical. But a paper on Labour and Capital in the heart of it—the right place for this question—caught our eye, and we found that the *Ploughshare* understands that the true hell is earth and that the capitalist is the devil of it.

Do trades unionists ever ask themselves, what makes us so poor while the "bosses" are so rich? How is it that our pay is so low and their profits so high? Why is it that we are turned adrift to starve while we need the very things our labour creates? Why should there be a class to work and other classes to enjoy all the benefits? Why should not labour, like capital, control its own destinies, and regulate its own wages and hours of work? These and scores of other questions should come up for discussion in Trades Unions.—J. F. BRAY.

The following extract from a private diary kept by Thomas Carlyle and given to the world by Mr. Froude is interesting: "A man with £200,000 a year eats the whole fruit of 6,666 men's labour through a year; for you can get a stout spadesman to work and maintain himself for the sum of £30. Thus we have private individuals whose wages are equal to the wages of seven or eight thousand other individuals. What do these highly benefited individuals do to Society for their wages? Kill pay-ridges? Can this last? No; by the soul that is in man it cannot, and will not, and shall not!"

## CORRESPONDENCE.

## MARX ON CAPITAL.

1. Those things only which tend towards life can be valuable; materialised human labour does not necessarily fulfil that condition, therefore it is not in itself valuable. Yet I believe you say (*Commonweal*, p. 21) that apart from utility and power in exchange, a product has value. 2. The two statements: "A natural object as such has no exchange value," and "the land ought to have no exchange value," are not parallel, indeed the word "ought" justly discredits the former one. I learn from Rae that Marx admits price is only a particular form of value. Virgin soil has a price, therefore value does not depend solely on the socially necessary time of labour. 3. Is this the solution? "The power in exchange of a piece of virgin soil is in an ever-remaining relation to the labour of obtaining a like piece, and also to its social desirability?" 4. Are the utility and power in exchange of all labour of average productivity accurately measured by time alone? 5. You say (p. 33) gold money "is not a mere sign." Does not its power in exchange depend upon its conventional acceptance as a general equivalent? 6. "Commodities pass from places where their use-value is not recognised" (p. 45). Should it not be "realised"? For a product is not a commodity if its utility be neither imagined nor recognised (p. 21). 7. Is it just to say (p. 57) "orthodox economists believe they find surplus-value by reason of a confusion . . . and of an ignoring . . ." Why not briefly state their argument?

R. F. E. W.

[ (1) and (4) Confusion between the three values, of which only one, "value", is due to human labour. (2) and (3) Land has a price, though it "ought" not to, because it can to-day be used as a means for exploitation. Fabulous value (so-called) of land in cities, to wit. (5) Value of gold dependent on labour expended in getting the gold. 6. Recognition involves potential realisation. (7) I think it is just.—E. A.]

## 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.]

It is no use striking against the introduction of machinery. The only way to reap the benefit is to own it.—*Labor Leaf*.

There is much prating about Capital and Labour being brothers. Yes, such brothers as Esau and Jacob—the one defrauding the other of his birthright.—*John Swinton's Paper*.

The danger is not in the possible uprising of the people. It is in their submission to the wrong. "If the people remain quiet under oppression," said Jefferson, "it is lethargy, the forerunner of death to public liberty."—*Our Country*.

Toilers, organise for co-operation; organise not to strike against capital under a wage system, but to free yourselves from both the capitalist and the system which has made him one.—*Decatur* (Ill.) *Bulletin*.

Because all that is produced is not consumed is no reason for saying there is overproduction—by no means. If a man cannot get employment whereby he can buy a dinner, that doesn't argue that he is not hungry.—*Devilson* (Tex.) *Siftings*.

For every one who is poor because he is ignorant, there are twenty who are ignorant because they are poor; and for every one who is poor because of intemperance there are twenty who are intemperate because they are poor.—*Alarm*.

The day is coming when the toilers will demand to know "the reason why" in plain English; and will refuse to yield up three-fourths of the products to the non-producers without a clear explanation of the necessity for so doing.—*Hayes Valley* (Cal.) *Advertiser*.

When labour combines for the purpose of securing to itself a portion of its products as it produces them, it is communism; but when monopoly combines to take all and reduce labour to want, it is shrewd business management, and even the enslaved labourer looks on with admiration and wonders when he will be a monopolist.—*Industrial News*.

The railroads take about half the products of this country, and then the banks come in for a good share of what is left. When both banks and railroads are satisfied, the people are left to quarrel over the balance. And the balance is so small that there is a struggle for it among those who produced it. The people had better quit quarrelling over the crumbs, and direct their attention to the fellows who are getting away with the loaves.—*Kirwin* (Kan.) *Independent*.

At a political meeting a few days since one of the speakers took credit to himself for coming to the town and giving employment to the citizens. He might be entitled to credit if he reaped no benefit himself. He might then pose as a philanthropist. But, like most capitalists, his idea was to reap a return for himself. The employment was preliminary to this. He would reap nothing without sowing the seed first.—*Labor Leaf*.

You may strike till sheel congeals, but as long as you sell your labour to another that other will try to reduce your wages, and if you object to a reduction and quit work and try to dissuade others from taking your place, fraud and force are used to intimidate you and compel you to yield to the will of capital. This will be the way as long as a few men have the power to buy your labour. Under our present social system you are forced to sell your labour or starve, and if you would better your condition you must change the system.—*Topeka Citizen*.

The labour movement is not a political movement. It is essentially a social movement, and he who does not see it in the light of the social revolution is but a trimmer and a hindrance to the attainment of what is right and just. The proof that this movement is not political lies in the fact that under every form of political government, from the autocracy to the democracy, the same agitation is going on, and the same demands are made of the ruling classes. But some of our friends grow impatient because such questions as these are discussed in labour papers. They desire that "practical" questions should be handled, and these "abstract theories" left to professors and doctrinaires. But I notice that "practical questions" almost always lead us to the support of some political mountebank who has no word of condemnation for the legalised methods of robbing the labourer of his earnings.—J. A. LABADIE, in *Labor Leaf*.

While pretending to lean towards the side of the workers, the *New York World* opens an article on the cigarmakers' strike depicting the desolate home of a non-union cigarmaker who was locked out, and making the miserable wife say that the little money her husband received from the boss was better than nothing. "There are seven mouths in the family to fill, and I tell you we can't afford to strike." This is probably supposed to be an argument against striking, and no doubt seems sound to the *World* man. But if the head of this poor family had received the value of his labour in the past, they would not need to fear a few weeks' vacation, which could be rather enjoyed than otherwise. And it is to gain this that Labour organises. The *World* knows this, but appeals to the ignorant and thoughtless, to the starving, to defeat the objects of Organised Labour. But then, the *World* is a capitalistic sheet, and is only showing hypocrisy when it says a good word for Labour.—*Workmen's Advocate*.