The gallant police distinguished themselves greatly on Lord Mayor's Day. The way these brave officers made the most daring attacks upon small boys and cripples, filled the minds of the riotously inclined with admiration and amazement. The energy, bravery, and ardour displayed by the three brave constables in Oxford Street during the February riots. These brave fellows, after aiding in the scattering of the crowd, espioed a half-starved trump crawling along the pavement more dead than alive. They rushed on him at once, seized him and beat him brutally with their truncheons, while he shrieked so pitifully for mercy that it was a wonder to leave him alone. After a time they magnanimously consented to do so. These policemen are fit representatives of the law they enforce. Brave and brutal as themselves, it is, like them, a protection of unjust privilege, a safeguard to evil-doers, if they be but of the well-born and a terror only to the unfortunate.

D. N.

MR. JAWKINS AT THE MANSION HOUSE.

Lord Salisbury, in his speech at the Mansion House, did in some respects only strengthen somewhat the words of his colleague, Lord Randolph Churchill. Entertainment, he told his audience, was a charmingly well-deserved and perfectly fitting jest. It was pretty much the old story: "Sir, you have called me a liar, you have pulled my nose, you have kicked me downstairs, now beware, lest you receive the same treatment in future.

As to Ireland again, be, like the other, declared for stiff support to landlordsism, and hinted at coercion; and his only contribution to the stock of news of Government intentions, was his assertion that no discriminatory powers had ever been used under the new law favoring the small-bum-bullier Buller. It is hardly worth while criticizing his speech on these points therefore; it was, of course, only natural that he should praise the valour of the Bulgarian people, whose independence he had done his best to prevent; nor did any one for a moment expect he would have anything to say on the subject of Ireland; but, perhaps, some persons were curious to see how far he would endorse the Tory Democracy of Lord Randolph Churchill; on that side their minds may now be at rest, he has taken the position of Mr. Jawkins, of the firm of Spenlow and Jawkins in Dickens's 'David Copperfield.' Mr. Spenlow may now show his good and true heart and be praised by those who depend on Mr. Jawkins' consent, which privately he knows will be withheld. Three acres and a cow, embraces to Jesse Collings, free education, local self-government, railway reforms, besides many another blessing dim in the distance; all these you shall have for the asking, my friends, if only Jawkins will consent. Welcome, and what says Jawkins to all this fine flower of reform? Hear him: "But, in truth as far as domestic affairs are concerned, the public demand of house politics is absorbed in the consideration of that one Irish question." (Hear, hear.) Thus does Jawkins put down his foot, and crush mercilessly the fairy fabric of Radical hope, tinging even with a slight suspicion of Socialism, raised by the kindly Spenlow. The firm is certainly a convenient one; and, moreover, it is likely to last as long as such conspiracies usually do, because, in fact, the Salisbury-Jawkins combination is ready and true the things which all respectable people are asking for. Do not let us forget that not only are the Hartington-Whigs and the Chamberlainite Radicals supporting this man, but also the practically the Gladstonian Radicals have come to; as was shown by the Lord's Conference, whose dullness on every question except the Irish one, which had got to be their party war-horse, was pointed out in this journal so lately.

Strange to say (since Lord Salisbury said it) it is true that the Government, the whole interest of home politics is absorbed in the consideration of that one Irish question. That is, it is true of the Constitution, that machine which we have been discussing the Irish question; or, in a word, about the measure of its capacity for managing the affairs which we, fools that we are, have handed over to its management; whatever there is which is dealing with the real problems of life is outside that machine, which is absolutely humbling them even; and when it has considered them will find it can get no further.

Surely on that day, if never before, that wooden Tory-Whig might be considered something. Well, that in his dim mind might have considered that that question owed its absorbing interest to its being at bottom part of the great question now being thrust into the faces of all Governments by the workers: 'What do you want sitting there, while we who made you are miserable and degraded?' There sat that dull man, that party politician,
November 20, 1886.

THE COMMONWEAL

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

The first meeting of the winter session of the Old Constitutional Society took place on the 9th November at the Carlton Club. Nearly six hundred gentlemen were present, and the meeting was opened by the Rev. R. F. Buxton, M.P., who delivered a long and tedious address on the political condition of the country.

The Duke of Bulkeley, who presided, said that in view of the alarming advance of Socialist and other subversive views in England, the Society had been induced to hold a meeting of this nature. The object of the meeting was to put before an open meeting of the society a plain statement of their theories and aims. Twelve tickets had been issued to the various working-men's organizations, and of these the greatest care had been taken to prevent the intrusion of strangers unprovided with tickets. Everything had been done to comfort the audience and to make it a businesslike meeting, without interfering with perfect freedom of discussion. Of the twelve tickets issued, six had been accepted by the Anti-Foreigner Association and three by the Liberal League, while three had been rejected. It was hoped to exclude a number of delegates, who, it was regretted, were uninterested in the welfare of the working-men, but who had been admitted to the Society to prevent their action in a way unbecoming to them. Ten delegates were present, and he (the President) would take that opportunity of expressing his appreciation of their presence.

A voice: "Applause."

(Applause.)

The President then called upon one of the Anti-Foreigner delegates. This gentleman spoke for some time in favour of Socialism, which he defined quite differently from the present speaker. Eventually a police inspector, rising to order, warned the President that the supposed Fair Trader was a disturbative member. The point was carried by a vote of the members present, and the President, amid uproar, called on the speaker to withdraw.

Mr. Forster, also, who was a Socialist, and considered himself as good a man as the President, and certainly as bad a speaker, was refused to withdraw. (Cries of "Out with him!" "Chuck him downstairs!" etc.)

The president attempted to clear the way, and the Socialist rushed out of the room as if he had enough dynamite in his pockets to blow the Carlton Club half-way to Chelsea. (Here the speaker was very carefully removed in a horizontal direction by several landscape architects, and the President vainly ringing his bell to restore order. When partial silence was at length obtained.)

The President called on Lord Bulkeley Jockling. (Cheers.)

Lord Bulkeley Jockling said that his first duty was to reassure the addresses of the inhumanities of the Socialist democratic system, which was spread abroad by newspapers, calendars, and pamphlets issues, which have been issued, and which are intended to injure the interests of the working-men of the country. His statement that his pockets contained dynamite was just as true as the statements of Socialists usually were. After the usual precaution of intimidation, he added, he would address the audience on the subject. He glanced through the list of delegates, among which were a number of his pockets of an ordinary character, consisting chiefly of tobacco and fivepenny bits. With his usual dignity, he read a passage of Progress, in which, by way of bookmark, had been stuck a photograph of Mr. H. Myndman—(prolonged hooting)—nothing of a dangerous character had been found. It only remained for him (Lord Bulkeley Jockling) to say a few words with reference to what had been said by specially selected representatives of the Socialist party—if it might be called so; Mr. Forster, and a Voice: "They all fit in a four-wheeler." Well, he would not go so far as that; but he would not mind undertaking to find room for himself as well as in an omnibus. (A Voice: "What about omnibuses?" and cries of "Order! Order!" He had seen omnibuses in the streets, where many things of which he had no personal experience formed withers upon his mouth.) That wealth which was the result of labour was the wealth of the working-men. Well, he would just put one question to them. What were the most valued possessions of this country? Art. Why not ask what was the best country in Europe? Would he even say the commerce of the country? (Cheers.) Were they made by working-men? The commerce of the country was made by working-men? Was the theory of gravitation due to a working-man? Was the teaching at our universities done by working-men? Was the Church—great cheering)—the Church, that great bulwark, that source of such a hurry to lay dishonest hands—(Cheers; and a Voice: "Not for Joseph?"—were the clergy working-men? On the contrary, they were gentlemen, as were the members of the House of Commons, and the clergy were of the best men in the world, and the jingoes with the hootings) and the heros of our days. (Vehement cheering.)

They were working-men in the highest degree; but they were not wanted to show the dead end of a bad day for the black labouring class in the country ever lost them. The working-class was a helpless class. It never imitated great enterprises such as railways, telegraph, steamers to the ends of the earth. The working-class was the poorer children of an educated man; but when left to itself it could do nothing but beat, beat, women! (Shame! Cowards!)—and set dogs to fight and back and face, and dogs had been taught by Manchester "steam engine, steam engine, steam engine," which enabled us to put a giggle round the earth in forty minutes. Our rich men, our outside people, our cool and clever, were in our trained classes, our liberal classes were not composed of working-men. Enter the house of a working-man, and you saw at once by its splendour, its application. He would show how they had been made by working-men.

The working-classes hurled together absolutely like swine. It was no uncommon thing to find a labourer crowding all his family into one room where they had to sleep as close together as in the same house, and even on the same floor. Put these people into a palace, and they would degrade it to a filthy rookery in a month. But put a gentlemen into one of these rookeries, and he would make a palace of it in a week. It was in vain that we strove to change human nature. These differences were ordained for the purpose of classing people. Yet, with all the good nature in the world, how could we hope to eradicate them? If wealth were divided equally to-day, in six months time we should again be just as we are at present. (Applause.) Drink, ignorance, and crime, and other things that tend to make that good nature which is so impatient of the existence of Socialism might flourish on foreign soil; but the English people would never listen to proposals of confiscation. (Cheers.) For himself he would say that he had been elected to represent the working-men of this country, and they had nothing for it. Some of them seemed to think that he stole his food and clothes from the workers. They never made a greater mistake. If the Socialists knew a tailor who would charge him nothing for his clothes, he would be glad to have the address. (Laughter.) He not only paid for his clothes, but he paid three times as much for them as a workman, and were half-a-drown suits to the workman's one. Which was, then, he or the workman most useful to the trade of the country? Go and ask the tradesmen what sort of customers they prefer—workmen or gentlemen? (Cheers, and several Voices: "So they do!"

The gentles not only consumed twice as much as the workers, but they paid twice as much for what they consumed, and they gave three times as much for the trouble of bringing wages to the workers. Plain arithmetical statements were such as were worth bringing. The working-men of this country had supplied the workmen with hand, with capital, with wages, with employ- ment, with education, with hospitals, with spiritual and medical advice, and the working-men were proved in every way to be a great example of merit and virtue, with their knowledge, and sense of gratitude and loyalty, and they would get it in spite of foreign incen- diaries and native inmatics. (Great cheering.)

Applying the touchstone of the well-worn words "the voice of the people is the voice of God," and the "people's voice" against our laws, and our Constitution, and our Rules, and every order of the day, and a Voice: "Cut it short, old man!"

As it was getting late, he would not detain the meeting longer.

The President replied, that it was then passed; and the meeting dispersed.

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