



"HAVE YOU NOT HEARD HOW IT HAS GONE WITH MANY A CAUSE BEFORE NOW: FIRST, FEW MEN HEED IT; NEXT, MOST MEN CONTEMN IT; LASTLY, ALL MEN ACCEPT IT—AND THE CAUSE IS WON!"

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

As all articles are signed, no special significance attaches to them because of their position in these pages. None to be taken as more than in a general manner expressing the views of the League as a body, except it be so explicitly declared by the Editors.

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TO CORRESPONDENTS.

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

Periodicals received during the week ending Wednesday November 17.

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

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

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

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

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

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

D. N.

MR. JAWKINS AT THE MANSION HOUSE.

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

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

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

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

WILLIAM MORRIS.

SOME NOODLES' ORATIONS.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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