In Memoriam.

Murdered by law, Nov. 11, 1887.

GEORGE ENGEL

ADOLPHE FISCHER

ALBERT R. PARSONS

AGUSTINE SPIES

Killed himself in prison, Nov. 10.

LOUIS LENGDO

SIEGFRIED FISCHER

FITTERS, in prison

LONDON IN A STATE OF SIEGE.

Sir CHARLES WARREN has kept his promise and prevented the meeting organised by the Radical Clubs. From the military point of view he has been eminently successful, and deserved to be so, and it is now proper that we should make him a peer of the realm and Commander-in-Chief of the British forces, if he will truly consent to waive the title of Emperor or three-tailed Bashaw or whatever else is the proper nick-name of a supreme and irresponsible ruler. Sir Charles, I repeat, made his military dispositions admirably, and revolutionists should study them, since they have had a little piece of real war suddenly brought to their notice. The "Square," i.e., the sunken space, was guarded by foot-policemen four deep, whose business was simply to guard it and who had orders not to stir from their posts; outside these were strong bodies of horse-police who took careful note of any incipient gathering and at once scattered it. The defence was simple: anything except an organised attack from determined persons acting in concert and able to depend on one another. In order that no such body should be formed and no such attack be possible, the careful general had posted strong bodies of police with due supports to fall back on if necessary, about a quarter of a mile of the Square, so that nothing could escape falling into the meshes of this net.

In the middle of the night, a column from which the comrades of the League were started, from Clerkwenwell Green in company with some of the East-end clubs, including a Branch of the S. D. F. I see the correspondent of the Daily News estimates this column at 6000, but I think that is an exaggeration. Anyhow, we marched in good order through Theobalds' Road, and up Hart Street, crossing Oxford Street and Shaftesbury Avenue without attack from the police, but we had no sooner come to the latter street and were about to enter the Seven Dials streets to make our way to St. Martin's Lane, than the attack came, and it was clearly the best possible place for it. The divergence of the streets would confuse any procession which had lost its rallying point; the side streets and the width of the thoroughfare at the spot gave a good opportunity for a flank charge, and at our rear was the open space of Shaftesbury Avenue to allow a charge in that quarter to finish us up after the attack on front and flank. It was all over in a few minutes: our comrades fought valiantly, but they had not learned how to stand and turn their column into a line, or to march on to the front. Those in front turned and faced their rear, not to run away, but to join in the fray if opportunity served. The police struck right and left like what they were, soldiers attacking an enemy, amidst wild shrieks of hatred from the women who came from the alums on our left. The band instruments were captured, the banners and flags destroyed, there was no rallying point and no possibility of rallying, and all that the people composing our once strong column could do was to struggle into the Square as helpless units. I confess I was astounded at the rapidity of the thing and the ease with which military organisation got its victory. I could see that numbers were of no avail unless led by a band of men acting in concert and each knowing his own part.

The death of those who died so bravely and the thought of those in prison who won't readily have died also, will hearten us to fresh effort and renew our faith in the only cause for which men can now be heroes and martyrs like those of old. Far above the petty game of politics, or the squabbling of rival creeds, these men stand out on a nobler height, a sublimer level; their heroism has lifted them out of the world in which men bargain and get rich, into the purer air in which stand Huss and Bismarck and all those great souls whose lives were spent that Man might live.
THE COMMONWEAL.
Norwegian Lightguard.

November 19, 1887.

"BROKEN CISTERNS."

We Socialists are often asked to justify our revolutionary position; we are charged to show why we are fighting, not on a different basis instead of going on improving that which has grown up on the present one. Our questioner dilates upon all the improvements that have been made, especially in the last 30 years. He points to the increase of education and educational facilities, the reform of trade unions and of trades' unions, their consequent spread, which resulted in raising the wages of the most skilled trades, the amount of rise being variously stated from 25 to 50 per cent. Then the movement ceased to provide the oversight of children, to enforce sanitary arrangements, and to ensure the safety of the workers in mines and on the sea. They point triumphantly to the reduction of pauperism, and they try to tell us that we Socialists have only to go on in the same direction to put things as right as they can ever be in this world. They would have us believe that all action in the future must be a carrying on of the policies of the present party and that if we call us unpractical, it, and finally go off to the caucus meeting to do their share in carrying on things as they have been going. While our friends are thus misled, let us see whether they are such grows up, he can follow that they are discontented with all these methods of improvement, and declare that nothing short of a complete change in the basis of society will avail. The best order, I think, will be to begin by examining the various agencies, political and social, through which it is hoped that improvement will be brought about; trying to see what ground there is for hope in each case, and why each and all must fail to produce the revolution hoped for.

We will begin with the political agencies, and here we have two main parties, Conservative and Liberal, with a third, Radical, which is practically the advanced part of the Liberal. Now what is the aim of each of these parties, what is their declared object? . . .

Sir Charles Warren has thus us given a lesson in street fighting, the first point of which is that mere numbers without organisation or drill are useless; the second, which ought also to be the proper way to defend a position in a large town by a due system of scouts, outposts, and supports.

We Socialists should thank our master for his lesson, and so pass on from the history of the civil war. Sir Charles Warren has won a victory, but on what terms! It is clear from what he has printed that he would not have been thoroughly successful if he had been called upon to face marching peacefully through the streets in just such a way as banditti might do, destroying and stealing their property, they would have been able to claim their right of meeting in Trafalgar Square in such a way as he proposed. If he had done so, he would have had to be considered aLondon without a coat, a gentleman, who has been put under martial law, nominally for behalf of a party, the only on behalf of a class, and war (for it is no less, whatever the collaborators may say) on a foreign power. The real and the meaning of all the petty persecution of our open-air meetings is as clear as may be. No more humbug need be talked about obstruction and the convenience of the public: it is obvious that those meetings are attacked because we dispossessed the dominant class of their wealth were weak. Last Sunday explains all, and the bourgeois now goes about boasting that he is the master and will do what he likes with the country. The law is exposed to the political condemna-
tion of coercion by Act of Parliament in Ireland, no less than we have coercion without Act of Parliament; and the feeble twitterings of the Daily News will be received with jeers by the triumphant Tories.

And the greatest humbug which Sunday's events have laid bare is the "protection afforded by law to the humblest citizen." Some simple people will be thinking that Warren can be attacked legally for his munitions and cowardly assaults of Sunday. I say, Warren, because 'tis no use beating the stick that beats you. Some perhaps will think that there may be a chance of his getting a few years servitude for inciting to riot and murder. But those persons forget that he has been twice ordered to desist, once by the Mayor of London and Salisbury and Co. who ordered him have done so at the orders of the class which they represent. They have made the laws, but have never111

The nearest departure from London !—The following extract from a letter by the Jaggerypapa correspondent of The Madras People's Friend has a familiar ring about it: "The police here, as elsewhere, are more a curse than a boon to the people, and are indulging in every sort of oppression. Village officials and shopkeepers form the chief objects of their sport. Insultable are the false charges got up by them, and many are the persons suffering under none of them. Orders have been given that they are to be in line in this, as everyone knows full well about it." Of course in London civilization and Christianity together have guarded us against all this. If you consider the moral position of the people, as does in Chicago, what will it crave as punishment for political acts? Will it institu-
tions, and make, the rack, the thumbscrews and other Christian modes of con-

When it comes to the job of sorting out the efficiency of free speech, hanging a few speakers will only close the valve through which extra-

pers in London. The Devil heaves its furnace as a constant, taking its sinners, as far as intuistion, and a man might as well die for a sheep as a lamb. But suppression of free speech hangs a few speakers will only close the valve through which extra-

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