THE

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NOTES ON NEWS.

A newspaper correspondent, on a visit to the City dust-bin, seems to have found the dust-bin an even greater source of entertainment than the weekly sightings of the city jail. Indeed, to judge by the number of sentences that could be extracted from the dust-bin, it seems to be the principal source of news in the city.

Mr. Bradlaugh is in luck; after being canonized by Lord Wemyss, he has received a still more important testimonial from the Daily News, which classes him among "thoroughly sound and moderate politicians"! After this it will be strange indeed if he is not a member of the Gladstonian Government. Some persons will think indeed that it must be rather a strain to keep up a reputation for "soundness and moderation;" and whatever has been in the past, that will probably true in the future, and even before very long, when there will only be two parties—the party of the people and the party of reaction. You can only be moderate when it is possible to say "yes," instead of "no." Which of these two latter will Mr. Bradlaugh say?

Meantime, on this Irish matter there are Gladstonians with greater claims to moderation than Mr. Bradlaugh. The meeting Liberals hold recently to discuss the help to be given to the Irish in the present crisis was in its moderation worthy of the study of a Molière. Even allowing for the disclaimer of the accuracy of the report in the Daily News, the general fact of it must have been pretty accurately given in the report, and it is curious how anxious certain members were—especially Mr. Howell—not to commit themselves to anything definite. One need hardly wait the Irish party not to tire too much to the Gladstonian M.P.'s, they will have reckoned them up long, but the English democracy, which is sincere in its conversion to the cause of Irish independence, should look a little sharper after its "representatives."

The defence as to the recovery of trade which was spreading, or rather, being industriously spread, a little time ago, probably as a good deal pulled up by the box thing who trusted that superior attractions of the occupation of—well, dirt-shifting and stink-smelling. So that it seems we are all wrong together in our attempts at sanitisation; or perhaps the dust bin was a liar, which seems on the whole the simpler explanation. Anyhow this job of dust-shifting is one of those concerning which one gets asked after lectures as to who is to do such and such things under Socialism. Well, however hard they try to keep the public from believing that the old habits change, it is at present M.P.'s might work at it between the squalls. It would teach them the difference between metaphor and fact for one thing, and probably they would prefer their old habitual way of eating dirt after all. To be serious, the real job is not fit for anybody else—except the lawyers.

The captive Salvationists are being championed by night-girt prints and persons than we can bring forward. So, little need be said about their case, though it cannot fail to be interesting to us who have been in the same trouble and shall be again. The crime for which they are punished—of speaking in public on ground that belongs to the public—is familiar enough to us, and the cause for the attack on them is one of the causes for which we were attacked—lack of respectability, to wit. We can only hope that those who are defending the freedom of speech in this case will do so again when our turn comes round.

W. M.

"THE" TEXT.

As is only fitting in a great industrial country, our government has made a collection of the finest of the products of the labours of every race of man. In this manner it means to preach to us a silent sermon, and point the way to a more respectable walk. But, more especially in its method of presentation, it points the moral of its teaching in a scriptural quotation, which is at once its text and application. This text, which is emphatically "the" text, being given forth by "an example" for all engaged in productive labor, is:

"The wisdom of a learned man cometh by opportunity of leisure: and he that hath little business shall become wise. How can be get wisdom that holdeth the plough, and that giveth in the goad, that driven oxen, and that occupant in occupant, whose talk is ofbollocks?" He give? his mind in his work, and is ignorant to give the file. coronary carpenter to work at a fourth night and day: and they that cut and grave seals, and are diligent to make great variety, and give themselves to counterfeit imagery, and watch to make a finish: the smith and the fitter work the vise, in the vise the hammer and the anvil is ever in his ears, and his eyes look still upon the pattern of the thing he maketh: he setteth his mind to finish his work, and watcheth to polish it perfectly; so doth the setter sitting at his work, and turning the wheel about with his feet; who is always carefully set at his set, and maketh all his work by number; all these trust to their hands, and every one is wise in his work. Without these cannot a city be inhabited: and they shall not dwell where they shall not dwell; nor go up and down: but they will maintain the state of the world, and their desire is in the work of their craft.

These words are to be found, then, written in large letters around the principal Court of the South Kensington Museum, and they are also to be seen on the large window of the great staircase of the same building.

Really this text seems to have been expressly devised and set up to serve as a peg on which to hang a revolutionary dissertation; and its society tone, which admits that, after all, "without these a city cannot be inhabited," but consoles itself with the determination that "they shall not dwell where they will, nor go up and down," is truly nineteenth century, as also is the forgetfulness that the artist who gives himself to counterfeit imagery; the inventor who is diligent to make great variety; the foreman who watches to finish a work, and all the actual producers, happens to be the city itself, while the leisurely fad are but parasites, without whom a city could indeed be well inhabited. Nothing could be more significant of the real aims of the ruling classes in this country than this inscription placed on an institution ostensibly for the advancement of the industrious mass of the community; nor could anything more openly betray the hypocrisy of the movements which have been made for the so-called benefit of the working-man. The South Kensington Museum, nominally erected for the training of art-workmen, by the very fact of it being the "South Kensington Museum," proves the hollowness of all its professions of utility to the workers themselves; for the site of its building, miles from the industrial districts, and in the midst of an aristocratic quarter, shows that its real intention is for the convenience of those who have the greatest facilities for using it—the rich. And it is here that their class-hatred is inflamed, their pride of caste flattered by having placed before their eyes this precious text telling them it is their right to control the men whose brains and lives produced the masterpieces of their surrounding; and that they, the team-smith and the pigeon-shooter, are the divinely authorised dissevers of the lives and productions of the potters and the smiths—the Palissy and Cellinis; and it is here that both genius and plodder, not to speak of the millions of the toilers, when by chance any such being wanders from his habitation to this far-off palace, are insulted by these words, which, however true and forcible to the pride of those who placed them there, are a threat and a challenge to every man and woman in