Communications invited on Social Questions. They should be written on one side of the paper, addressed to the Editors, 15 Farringdon Rd., E.C., and accompanied by the name and address of the writer, not necessarily for publication.

As all communications are read by the Editors, they will be returned only to those of them because of their position in that page. None to be taken as more than a general manner expressing the views of the League as a body, except as is explicitly declared by the Editors.

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Business communications to be addressed to Manager of the COMMONWEAL, 15 Farringdon Road, E.C. Remittances in Postal Orders or half-crown stamps.

C. A.—Ruskin's "Unter a Reply and a rejoinder" to the Bishop of Manchester, as published in the Contemporary Review for February 1880, p. 316.

Marked articles, The English words usually used to this day are from France, "awake to glory," etc., were first published (anonymously) in Spence's Pigments, or Lessons for the Swiss Multitude, 1788, p. 67.

Periodicals received during the week ending Wednesday February 15.

ENGLAND
Die Antowor (I)</p>
tie, the luxuries, the pomp of these classes in an ascending scale, from the small villas dwell to the great territorial magnate, are the necessa-
y tie to producing classes to support their "content;" and with the present state of things. "It is true," they proclaim, you are in an inferior position now, because you belong to the useful class; but there is no legal disability preventing you from rising out of that class by means of thrift and, what is often called, clever rascality, may attain to this nice steepped with its 'art objects and nick-
knacks, its shining obsequious servants, and vain wife and daughters dressed up, as you grow older and colder and stupider, this
manias awaits you with all the "redemption of civilization, flunkies, libraries, parties, seats in Parliament and the rest of it; and
at last, when you have really come to believe in yourself as a bene-
faction to the human race; because you, once possessed, have become
a robber on the very largest scale, here is your park with its surround-
ing acres, and the state and majesty of a landed gentleman amongst
the tories after who, even less than you began with when you
were a useful man. There shall you found a family, take a peerage,
and die universally respected."

Expensive balls these! Yet necessary while classes last, since the
laws of the state worked out for us of the simpler systems of chattes, slavery
and serfdom. I won't go into figures as to the cost of these two gulls of
waste necessary to the stability of our present system, the waste of com-
mercial war, the waste of the supporting a proprietary class with all its
Camp-followers and hangers-on; nor do I suppose that we shall ever
know how prodigious a waste we have saddled ourselves with in this man-
bureaucrats. It is also in answering the conditions of Society commercial war will have died out, and with it the wasteful occupations that support it; and class-rule will have disap-
appeared, so that its waste will have gone; labour will no longer be
directed in the interest of the profit-grinder or the idler, and the task of
the producers will be so easy, that the dogma which our pessimist
friends now hold that men will always do their work in the way which
gives them least trouble (understood whatever sacrifices they have to
make for it), will collapse under any measure, because there will prac-
tically be no longer any compulsion to work.

Mark Twain says, apropos of Tom Sawyer's white-washing, that
work that we are compelled to do, and pleasure labour that we
choose to do, which we begun an egoistic-pessimist friends to re-
member.

Meanwhile, I hold that we need not be afraid of scaring our audi-
tence with too brilliant pictures of the future of Society, nor think
ourselves unpractical and utopian for telling them the bare truth, that
in destroying monopoly we shall destroy our present civilization. On
these mighty foundations of a disciplined class ruled by the
reconstruction of society which is liable to be overturned at the first
historical hitch it comes to; and if you tell your audiences that you
are going to change so little that they will scarcely feel the change,
whether you scare one any or not, you will certainly not interest those
who have nothing to hope for in the present Society, and whom the
hope of a change has attracted towards Socialism. It is a poor game
to play (though so often played in politics) to discourage your friends
in order to hoodwink your foes for a brief space. And certainly the
Socialists who are always preaching to people that Socialism is an
economic change pure and simple, are very apt to repel those who
want to learn for the sake of those who do not.

WILLIAM MORRIS.

LITERARY NOTES.

'Prison Poems; or, Lays of Tullamore' (nation office, Dublin, 6d.) consists of a number of songs and parodies—chiefly political—written by T. D. Sullivan during his imprisonment in Tullamore gaol, which show that the writer of "God Save Ireland" and "A Song from the Backwoods" has not lost his old power. This is his description of Tullamore and his prison life;

Oh, Tullamore Gaol is a charming place,
Bang the bolts and clatter the tin,
This is school for the Reduce race
(At six a.m. the trouble begins).
Rub and scrub and tramp away,
And go through the mysteries of our daily play.
Smash the stones and turn the clay
And mourn for your dearest boy.

A dear old verse is Featherstone-Hair
Bang the bolts and clatter the tin,
As tender and sweet as a circular saw
At six a.m. the trouble begins.

He describes the Irish Secretary as
A big fellow and nasty, white of visage, tall and lanky,
Looking ill at ease and cranky, came and stood upon the floor;
In his hands some keys he clanked, keys that had jingled and jangled,
And over his right optic a large pane of glass he wore—
When it fell, he always stooped, and replaced it as before.
This he did, and nothing more.

It was a great shame that in a country so wealthy as this, a country
which possesses such magnificent resources, they had thousands of people wasting bread.

Mr. Arthur

The ultimate purpose of the State is not to rule men, to keep them in fear, to
subject them to the will of others, but, on the contrary, to allow each as far as
possible to live in security; that is, to preserve for each his natural right to live
without harm to himself or his neighbour.—Spinoza.

The Shade of Judge Jeffreys to the English Bench.

"I'll be judge, I'll be jury,"
Said cunning old Fury,
"I'll judge you, condemn you, and put you to death."
—Alice in Wonderland.

Bravo, my masters! So ye still inherit
A portion of your father Jeffreys' spirit!
It glads my ghost, in these degenerate days
Of manners mild and philanthropic ways,
That still my true-born children of the ermine
Can sit in state with their most lenient vermin,
These noisy, stubborn, socialist knaves,
Who crack their crowns upon policemen's staves,
Because, forsooth (may gallows' grace betide 'em)!
They possessious British British British British,
The right of bawling in the highways.
Fudge! Would they have come to Jeffreys as their judge?
For them, I vow, ere now had been baffled,
The rogues had known the pillory of old,
And paid such price for treasonable guile,
As erst paid Sidney and the Lady Lisle.

Heigh-bo; I mind me, times are changed since then!
But ye, my hearties, quit ye still like men
In the King's right hand, or I'll fight ye myself.
The worthy rights against the wicked poor
Plush not, my big-wig bullies of the bench!
'Tis your inheritance to wret and wrench.
The kings of the laws, insult your justice,
And win by fraud where I prevailed by fury.
Plush not, nor question they deserve it well,
But sentence, sentence to the felon's cell;
'Tis just, 'tis just, to hang, to maim, to
'Tis Jeffreys' self still animates the law!

H. S. S.

THE STORY OF A DRESS COAT.

The Paris correspondent of a Swiss journal tells a quaint tale of a dress-
coat. Maxime Liebourn, the Communist, received an invitation to present
himself, along with various other politicians, at the Elysee Palace, to
receive the "Equalot," which is the most valuable decorated uniform of the
President, he accepted, and duly attended. It was necessary that he should resource
himself to the Communist Assembly for the opportunity, and conform to the present
evil world by appearing before Citizen Liebourn in a dress-coat. This tem-
porary backsliding from primitive principles in dress was naturally viewed
with distrust and suspicion by his revolutionary colleagues, and he was called
upon to defend himself before the "Equalots of Monmarte."
"Citizens,"
said he, "it is true that I have visited the President of the Republic.
I can assure you that he receives the people in a good and honourable manner.
But you will ask, why should I, Liebourn, and not another, have gone to the
palace of the President as the representative of the people? For a very
good reason; I was the only one who possessed a dress-coat."
"How did you get it?" shouted several voices; "have you been herding with
the Aristocrats?" "(No!)" continued he, and speaking in a cold, deliberate
manner, which I am aware that I am an actor. I had a dress-coat in which I performed the part of
the Manager in 'Thirty Years'; or, the Life of an Actor at the Bouffes du
Nord. I found the old coat somewhere in a corner and stained with
grace spots, from which I cleaned it with spirits. One of Citizen Carnot's
men put it in a bag and had it snuffed at me and observed, 'it is a notion which would have occurred to nobody except us to perfume himself with
petroleum.' The 'Equalots' were disarmed of their suspicions, and
laughed at the poor fellow who thought that he regarded the
"aristocratic old coat" as the common property of all, and that it would be
at the service of any comrades who might need it for a public occasion.

COMMUNE CELEBRATION.

This annual celebration of the Commune of Paris is this year being orga-
ized by the Socialist League and the Social Democratic Federation. It is
intended to make the celebration as distinctive English as possible, at the
same time representing the whole of the foreign Socialist brethren will be invited
to attend and speak on the occasion.
The 18th of March this year falls on a Sunday, and it is hoped that either
a theatrical or last day will be selected. Should it be
impossible to obtain a suitable place on the Sunday, the meeting
will then be held on the Saturday, i.e., the 17th of March.
It is intended to take the morning to address and imposing one, and
that this may be done funds must be collected for the printing and hiring of
the meeting place, and a list of the friends of the cause is earnestly asked to take
in hand the collection of money, for which purpose cards will be issued.
Applications may be sent to
Comrade Clifton (S.D.F.), Treasurer; or to
H. A. Baxenden (S.D.F.), 13, Farmington Road, E.C.

[All monies received at the above address will be duly acknowledged in these columns.]

Just fancy in this democratic country Mr. Blunt in prison and Mr. Ballour in the House of Commons—Sir Walter Scott.

In my own private concerns with mankind I have observed that to kick a little when under imposition has a good effect. A little stubbornness when superiors are much in the wrong sometimes occasions consideration, and there is truth in the old saying that if you make yourself a sheep the wolves will eat you.—Prudence.