TO CORRESPONDENTS.

J. B.—Thanks, but unsuitable.

T. R.—The Pull Mall was established 1860 by George Smith, of Smith, Elder, and Co., as a Conservative paper. A competitor in 1860 to Henry Yates Thompson, his son-in-law, who changed its politics to Liberal, and is still the proprietor. Editors, Frederik Greenwood (1862-1883), John Morley (1880-1880), and W. T. Stead. Published at 24, St Paul’s Hill, London, when it was first sold at 1d. On the 1st of this month it changed its shape from its familiar 16 small pages to the ordinary 8 larges.

THE COMMONWEAL.

January 12, 1889.

COMMUNICATIONS.

To the Editor of The Commonweal,

Bristol, January 12, 1889.

Sir—

The Pull Mall Gazette has been handsewing its new and very disagreeable format by turning on its jingo stop, and I am not at all surprised at its appearance, nor at the response it has met with. It is true that there is nothing new to it, as it is often smitten with a very acute form of the disease of loyalty to the British Empire. This time it has been given an even more steady touch by the admirer of Admiral Maxse, a very hard-shell Coercionist, turned loose on him and not rebuked for his snarl. Mr. Morley is compared, much to his disadvantage, to the Whig turdite, Lord Rosebery, and in short the ex-editor is well whipped for one of his merits, perhaps his only one, an instinctive dislike to Jingoism.

It is difficult to see how this can go on along with the advocacy of Home Rule; for what it means really is "our empire, right or wrong!” And no reasonable man who looks at the thing with other eyes than those of an election agent, doubts the establishment of Home Rule would be a serious blow to that elaborate machinery of violence and fraud called the British Empire. Mr. Morley has the grace to see that it is a preposterous insult to logic to protest against coercion in Ireland when you are advocating coercion in Egypt and the Sudan, and therefore he certainly is guilty of the crime of anti-Jingoism.

It is a pity he cannot be a little more logical, and learn to see that our buccaneering wars and Christian heroes are just incidents in the huge commercial war that has made England so "great" and so unhappy, and that perhaps, whose mission it is to "civilize" or "Christianize" by the introduction of wage-slavery cannot be nice about their means. One day it is rum-and-bible, another sword-and-bible, but cheap waras and swearing are what both those instruments are used for, and horrible as the result. If the moralist is right it is not as moralizable than the slower process of the sweater if we could only see the latter as plainly. Mr. Morley can never answer Admiral Maxse and the Pull Mall effectively till he sees clearly that nothing can save the barbarians of Africa from the dreadful life which civilisation is preparing for them, but the speedy realisation of Socialism.

The papers which have been commenting on the last new Yankee joke, the electric sugar fraud, are astounded that people were taken in by an inventor who promised them to remove the dress of a pound of raw sugar without decreasing its weight. But this is a very unusual form of a modern commercial miracle. Here is a much stronger one. You send a pound of thrown silk to the dyer, and he first takes from it something less than a quarter of a pound of gum which the worm has put on it, so that the silk is made denser and weighs two pounds and a quarter; and you have no difficulty in convincing the public that the additional weight is all the work of the long dead silkworm, instead of being, as it really is, made up of coarse materials and what-not of secret.

I call the Yankee inventor a very uniminent and timid person for not promising at least three pounds of sugar instead of one, without doing anything to it. It would only have been a parable of the present pseudocratic society.

W. M.

Motto for The Star for 1889—"Go on! Die going on!"—Browning.

On Saturday the readers of the Star saw the foregoing at the head of the editorial notes, and many wondered what could mean is the Star going to stop, and is this a gentle warning of the dread event? As for the applicability of the motto, that is another matter, during its brief existence the Star has done more of "strategic movement to the rear" than any other paper of its size.

If it keeps up (or down) to its record in that regard as well as in general characteristics, it only merits to be put out of the way, and will be found in the well known word of command of the colonel of the historic North Cork Militia: "Advance two steps backward, and dress by the garter!"

S.

TO THE HAMMERSMITH CHOR.

Sweet voices broke my sleep on Christmas morrow: Clear through the window air, and mingled with

Of human hope and fellowship that sung—

A mass for souls, not dead, but yet new born:

A grand old blast on Freedom’s national horn.

As daybreaks on the brooding darkness flung,

With tidings of new joy on tuneful tongue—

In singing voices loud we hailed the dawn.

As one in dreams I heard, and wondering rose,

Even as the shepherds marvelling of old

To hear the angels singing: and my blood

Quickened to catch at last their stirring close;

And to my heart took hope and courage

In thought of days to be, in time untold.

Christmas, 1888.

WALTER CRANE.

CORRESPONDENCE.

DEAR SIR,—I read Commonweal every week with much pleasure, and am with you in thought and aim in the struggle for the social regeneration of humanity. I read with much pleasure your notes in reply to that gospel-

McCrew. If London is in need of a few more such men, Bristol can well spare at least a hundred. They tell us to keep our eyes heavenward, to hate all Socialists, to be thankful for what we have, we haven’t got let us hope would render us miserable if we had it. As men for McCrewe, I say: let us come to and then send it back to you, and read. One of McCrew’s class told me that since reading your paper I had got very disinterested. If i never speak about truth before, you at least, I am for it is a great preliminary to all progress. The amount of poverty here in Bristol is very great; work is very slack. I send you a few newspaper cuttings which may be interesting. Yours truly,

Bristol, January 7th, 1889.

[The cuttings include a column of the Bristol Mercury filled with the headlines "clearing the decks, appalled by the Happy New Year" speech delivered by the mayor to the town Council, in which he took a roseate view of everything; and a discussion which followed on granting holidays to the workmen employed by the Corporation, this last we shall comment on in our next issue.—Ed.]

NOTES ON NEWS.

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