

bureaucracy and on the other by its alliance with Puritanism, with which, though Catholicism is less revolting on the surface, it has much in common: the Salvation Army, e.g., being a development quite in the manner of modern Catholicism. It is good to know our enemies; both these are of them.

The plot against humanity in Central Africa is going on briskly. The check given to the Germans has had its necessary result in stirring up those would-be masters of the world, the rulers of the German people, to set on foot a new expedition in regular military style, with twelve field guns to aid. At the same time we have news of a "revolution" in Uganda. The missionaries have been driven away, and Islam has been proclaimed there; which means that the Arabs, the only people capable of organising opposition to the European pirates, have got the upper hand there. However, we must be cautious in accepting news from the tainted source of filibusters and filibusters' friends; for it will often be fabricated, or at least exaggerated, in order to stir public opinion into getting up fresh filibustering expeditions.

W. M.

## WHIGS ASTRAY.<sup>1</sup>

A DIALOGUE BETWEEN

OWEN MARX BAKOUNINE JONES, *an architect (unsuccessful), and—the Rev. SWAIN STRIDE, a Nonconformist parson, and } advanced Radicals.*  
MR. JEREMIAH BROWN, *a business man*

SCENE—A comfortable bachelor-looking room in MR. BROWN'S house, with tobacco and pipes and grog to the fore. MR. STRIDE and MR. BROWN sitting on either side of the fire, looking important and self-satisfied. Enter to them MR. JONES with an ill-concealed grin on his face; after the usual greetings he sits down and says:

Jones. Well, Mr. Brown, here I am, ready to hear what you have to say to me, and eager to know what puts you into such good spirits this evening, as you obviously are in.

Brown. Well, we are; we have been talking about matters that make us hopeful.

J. I am glad of that. I see so many doleful faces nowadays, that it does me good to see two cheerful ones, especially as finials to two such pinnacles of the temple as a parson and a man of business.

Stride. I don't like you to call me a parson, Jones. I am none of your priests; and really I think you know me well enough not to set me down as a relation of Chadband. You know very well that what I'm really interested in is politics, and practical at that; and that I want them to be discussed without fear or favour; so knowing you for a cantankerous Socialist, I asked Brown to ask you to come here to-night.

J. Thank you for the compliment—and also for your company: you want to cheer me up, which is kind of you. But you know how curious I am; what can it be? It can't be politics, for things are looking rather blue for your side of the house. Is business beginning to boom, Brown? Have you been speculating in a gold-mine which is turning up trumps, Stride?

B. Well, perhaps business is a thought better. But that's not it. You see—

S. (interrupting). It so happens that you are out about it's not being politics. Brown and I think matters are looking much more hopeful of late.

J. Indeed! And now I look at you, there is something portentous about your cheerfulness. What's up? Are you going to turn Tory-Democrats, the last refuge for the desperately hopeful? Or does the Salvation Army raise your spirits? Have you got another Gordon on hand to put a stop to war by cutting down the fruit-trees on which potential warriors live, and to put a stop to slavery by killing the niggers before they can be made slaves of? Are you civilising Africa?

S. Now don't you be offensive about Gordon: you know I'm dead against the whole nigger-slaying business.

J. Yes, but somewhat in favour of the Christian-hero pest. But let that pass. Is Lord Salisbury dead? Don't be too glad of it; it won't do you Liberals much good. Vic can truly say with King Harry in 'Chevy Chase,'

"I trust I have within my realm  
An hundred good as he."

S. (laughing). Hear the spite of the Tory-Democrat!

J. (severely). Don't call bad names, Stride!

B. (anxiously). No, but ain't you a Tory-Democrat, Jones? Stride always calls you one.

J. Yes, that comes of his innate wisdom, that does not need vulgar information. I am not a Tory-Democrat, Brown.

B. What are you then? Because—

S. (interrupting). Come, let's be serious, Jones. You know I'm really a practical Socialist.

J. Indeed I did not know it. May I ask—

S. (interrupting). No, please don't interrupt me! I say I am a practical Socialist; and yet I cannot be one of your hard-shell

Socialists, with your impossible nostrums of the abolition of capital and railways, and your preposterous ideals of communism and equality; and your false political economy, dead in the teeth of all the accurate thinkers of the day, such as Mill and Tennyson and Ricardo and Swinburne, and—and—Lord Rosebery and Auberon-Herbert. But yet, you see, I was bothered that there should be no true Socialist party that I could work with heartily; and now I really think that we are getting one, and I've got out a sort of manifesto of it: indeed, there it lies on the table now.

J. And you have asked Brown to ask me here to cheer me up with it? How kind of you. Is it in print?

S. No; but any Radical paper will print it.

J. Well, well, things are getting on fast. And is Brown a member of the new party? Are you a Socialist, Brown?

B. Well, where's the harm of a name? Stride and I thought—

S. (interrupting). We don't call ourselves Socialists, of course.

J. No, of course not.

S. We call ourselves Advanced Liberals or Radicals.

J. (with preternatural gravity). Hah! But is that such a great invention in the way of names?

S. That's just the beauty of it.

J. I grant you the beauty of it must be there—or nowhere.

S. Pray be serious, and don't interrupt!

B. I assure you, Jones—

S. (interrupting). We are Socialists who don't set class against class, which I think is downright wickedness.

J. (softly). Let the galled jade wince, my withers are unwrung! The ages have done all that for me.

S. (taking up a paper from the table). Nevertheless we have a clear, definite Creed, which I will now lay before you, Jones.

J. Ah, now I see what makes you look so happy! You are Radicals who have been searching for the planks of your platform, and you think you have discovered the necessary timber—(sotto voce) all out of your own heads.

S. (hurriedly, and not listening). Yes, that's it. Now look here, this is the preamble. (Reads.) 'It is always foolish and wicked to set class against class, but the time has come for a resolute forward movement in favour of the toilers of our streets and fields. Legislation cannot do much to make the weak strong, to make the poor rich, to make the miserable happy; but it can keep off the greedy hand, and shield the helpless from oppression. It can help the poor to help themselves. It can break down legalised monopoly. It can clear the road by sweeping away many hindrances in the path of men without influence. It can give the poor "the benefit of the doubt." It can help the wage-earner to give his child a chance. It can provide something better than the workhouse for old men and women whose strength is spent and whose friends are gone.'

J. It is nicely written, Stride, and I'm sure that you mean well, so far as you know how to; but you are deceiving yourself. How can legislation do all these things with one hand, while with the other it is engaged upholding that very monopoly (do you know what monopoly is, my friend?) of which the poor and their terrible needs are a necessary result? It exists to support the greedy hand; it exists for oppression, and when ceases to oppress will cease to exist. This is a riddle you cannot rede till you know a little more.

S. Well, well, that's only the preamble. Wait a bit! Our first plank is, 'Government by the people, for the people, in the interests of the people.'

J. If the people govern themselves for themselves and in their own interest, there will be nothing but themselves: is that so? Can it be so while the present system lasts, reformed or not? Your first plank is not a plank, but a phrase, and a phrase without meaning. As long as there are rich men nursed up at the expense of the people they will govern us for their interest, whatever the machinery of their government may be. Meantime the people is but the material for the feeding of the rich.

S. Well, this next is a plank, at all events: 'The State should as far and as fast as possible delegate to each locality the rights of self-government, and should encourage and protect them in the use of such rights.' There!

J. County Councils, eh? A Tory measure; and properly so. Bodies with feeble administrative powers in themselves; mere machinery in the hands of the central government; good to strengthen that by doing its dirty work and appearing responsible for it, while in reality they are responsible for nothing. That is what you mean by self-government. If you were to mean more your plank would be a plank to be walked by the present society; for when the State has delegated all its powers what is the good of it, and what shall we do with it?

S. Hillo! Since when have you turned Anarchist?

J. Don't use words you don't understand. But go on.

S. 'We should lift the burdens as far as possible from the shoulders of the struggling classes'—

J. Stop a bit! That's good! as far as possible is a good phrase. No Tory could object to that plank so far. Well, where are you going to put these burdens when you have lifted them as far as possible? I suspect back, again.

S. We would 'put them to a greater extent on the shoulders of those who toil not, but without toiling have enough and to spare.'

J. Well, that I call a great invention; only it smacks somewhat of going about to get something out of nothing. For how the devil can those who toil not (i.e., produce nothing) have enough and to spare—unless they steal it? In short, your struggling classes are too poor to pay taxes; that you admit (and by the admission admit also that the

<sup>1</sup> The portions of this dialogue between the single "quotes" are taken from a genuine document—"A Radical's Creed," by John Page Hopps, in the *Pall Mall Gazette* of Dec. 10th, 1888.

whole of the middle-classes or well-to-do are thieves). So you are going to set the other classes to steal from the poor, in order that the taxes may be duly paid. That will bring about no new blessing for the struggling classes; they enjoy it already.

S. You needn't talk nonsense! 'We believe in a graduated income-tax and graduated death-dues.'

J. Just so: to be paid by those who have no income but what they steal. Here is a pretty outcome of "the career open to talent," which I believe is still the great maxim of the Radicals. Certainly I need not talk nonsense.

S. Now listen! 'We are in favour of a reform of the poor-laws.'

J. Gently, gently!

S. 'It is of course necessary to watch carefully lest the path to the poor's purse or the poor's house should not become too easy.'

J. Stop! Do you know why it is necessary?

S. No.

J. Of course, no. Why (also of course), because the share of the national purse which the poor get by working hard is only just enough to give them a most miserable life. So that if you did not make the path to that palace of bliss, the poor-house, a hard one, that kingdom of heaven would be taken by storm.

S. Well, 'At any rate that is no reason why the hopelessly beaten in the battle of life should be penned up like criminals.'

J. Excuse me: it is the reason.

S. 'In any case the neglect of poor old people in England is almost our greatest sin and shame.'

J. The sentiment does honour to your heart: but you are too sensitive: there are plenty of sins and shames quite as bad; the neglect of worn-out workers is a natural consequence of the career open to talent according to the doctrine of private property.

S. Well, now I have begun, I suppose I must go on. But how cantankerous you are!

J. I flatter myself I am. But go on, pray.

WILLIAM MORRIS.

(To be concluded.)

## REVOLUTIONARY CALENDAR.

WEEK ENDING JANUARY 26, 1889.

20	Sun.	1649. Trial of Charles Stuart for treason against the people. 1794. Meeting of the London Corresponding Society at Globe Tavern, Strand. 1802. Trial of Govr. Wall for murder. 1870. Alex. Herzen died at Paris. 1880. First number of <i>La Revue Socialiste</i> , Paris, monthly review edited by Benoit Malon. 1883. Explosion at Glasgow.
21	Mon.	1561. Venner's followers executed. 1793. Execution of Louis XVI. 1864. National League founded in Dublin by John Martin. 1888. Dr. Adolph Douai, Socialist, died.
22	Tues.	1561. Francis Bacon born. 1880. Report of Statistical Society on "Strikes of the last ten years." 1887. C. W. Mowbray (9 months) and Fred Henderson (4 months) sentenced at Norwich.
23	Wed.	1806. W. Pitt died. 1844. Sir Francis Burdett died. 1866. T. L. Peacock died. 1871. Demonstration in Trafalgar Square against bombardment of Paris. 1875. Charles Kingsley died.
24	Thur.	1732. Beaumarchais born. 1808. Wilhelm Weitling born. 1840. Bishop of Exeter's petition as to Robert Owen presented to the House of Lords. 1862. Miles Byrne died. 1884. Explosions at House of Commons and the Tower.
25	Fri.	1819. Ernest Jones born. 1870. Sixth annual Congress of the Workmen's Assembly, State of New York. 1885. First number of <i>Commonweal</i> .
26	Sat.	1651. Denis Papin presents to the Royal Society, London, the English translation of his book, "The New Digester." 1869. Ernest Jones died. 1884. Execution of a spy at Kharkoff.

*Sir Francis Burdett*.—Radical reformer. Born Jan. 25, 1770; died Jan. 23, 1844. One of the most prominent figures in the Reform agitation of the opening years of this century. Like most of his fellows, he drew his inspiration from France. On leaving college he went on a European tour, and was resident in Paris during the early days of the Revolution, where he regularly attended the debates of the Convention and many of the meetings of the clubs. Returning to England in 1793, he married in the same year, and three years later entered Parliament as a Reform candidate. He was not long in Parliament before the Government found him a vigorous and determined enemy. In 1797 he vehemently denounced and indicted them for their encroachments on popular rights. He protested against the war with France as a futile attempt to stifle the flame of liberty. Again and again did he take this tone, and came to be the recognised champion of the democracy. He moved for the repeal of the Habeas Corpus Suspension Act, and opposed the exclusion of Horne Tooke from the House of Commons. He so thoroughly exposed the malpractices of the Government on political prisoners that a special order was issued to prevent his gaining access to the jails. In 1802 began the great contest for the representation of Westminster, which, after much litigation and two elections, ended in 1806 in a tremendous triumph for the reformers: the first great victory they won. Burdett sat thirty years as member for Westminster. After very many fights upon flogging in the army, etc., in 1810 he made a breach of the privileges of the House in defending a Radical speaker imprisoned for the same offence. Beaten by an adverse vote, he had his speech printed and issued it to the people, thus appealing to them against their "representatives." The Speaker issued his warrant of arrest, and Burdett barricaded his house: troops were called out to aid in his arrest, and the people rose in his defense. The Houses of Parliament were garrisoned and fortified, the Lifeguards stationed in the streets, and the town patrolled by many thousands of soldiers. On the fourth day, Burdett's house was taken by storm, himself arrested and consigned to the Tower. There he remained for the rest of the session, in accordance with ancient custom. Until 1819 he steadfastly maintained the position he had taken up; in that year occurred the massacre of Peterloo. As soon as Burdett received the news of this event he wrote a letter to his constituents, in which he said: "What! kill men unarmed, unresisting,

and, gracious God! women too, disfigured, maimed, cut down, and trampled on by dragons! Is this England?—a land of freedom? Can such things be, and pass by us like a summer cloud, unheeded? Forbid it every drop of English blood in every vein that does not proclaim its owner bastard!" Brought to trial by the Government, he defended himself with great ability, but was condemned to pay a fine of £2,000 and be imprisoned for three months. When the Reform Bill was carried, Burdett considered his work done; he was old, and viewed with suspicion the new ideas of younger men; distrust of O'Connell and dislike for the "Liberator's" methods of work also tended to weaken his adherence to the advanced wing of his party. The reaction of 1835 found him out of sympathy with the majority of his constituents, and he left Westminster for North Wiltshire, which he represented as a very mild Conservative until his death.

To Burdett is due the making of free speech again possible in England. In his long battle with unjust laws and privileges he displayed such powers as to be declared by the highest authority the greatest constitutional lawyer in the country.

*Alexander Herzen*.—The Socialist ideas penetrated into Russia under the reign of the Emperor Nicholas, and the various groups to which belonged Alexander Herzen, Ogareff, Bakounine, and others, were the very centres out of which the revolutionary doctrines were propagated in all classes of society. As far back as 1849 Fourierist conspirators were sentenced to be shot, but afterwards "pardoned" and sent to Siberia. At the same time, a school of realistic novel-writers imbued with advanced Liberal and Radical opinions, among whom Tourguenief and Gregorowitch were most prominent, attracted public attention to the terrible condition of the Russian serfs and claimed their emancipation. The Russian rural commune was studied, and the collectivist or communist traditions which were found therein gave a new and solid basis to the Socialist doctrines. Czarism and despotism unfortunately were so powerful that it was scarcely possible to make much useful propaganda. Alexander Herzen went first to Paris, and after the *coup d'etat*, started in London *Kolokol* (the Bell), "the first free Russian paper." Secretly introduced into Russia, Herzen's organ at once met with an extraordinary success. Schédo-Ferroti, who abused him so bitterly, is compelled to acknowledge the tremendous power of his propaganda. In spite of the vigilance of the custom officers and the police, *Kolokol* had an exceedingly extensive circulation, for the copies which were introduced into Russia went around from man to man, so that one single copy may have had a hundred or more readers. The paper was written out; parts of it were learnt by heart and recited in large circles; in one word, the greatest enthusiasm prevailed wherever it appeared. The reason of such marked and decided success is easy enough to conceive: with Herzen and through him began the revival of the Russian nation. In a powerful and masterly manner he criticised Russian despotism and western bourgeoisdom alike and came to the conclusion that Communism alone was the right outcome of society. Herzen was above all a great critic, an energetic denier, who did not want to build up, but only to demolish. Old society, he contended, is deadly ill, we only have to prepare its burial, our successors will find out their own way, prepared by our critical work. At that period of his career, Herzen may very well be termed an Anarchist, but afterwards he became a Socialist and an evolutionist. Even after having been very intimate with Michael Bakounine, who largely contributed to *Kolokol*, he severed all connection with him and violently wrote against his former friend's ideas. But besides Socialism, which became merely a theory for him, we must say that Herzen developed a marvellous political activity, of which the results were immense for Russia. It has been asserted that one ought to go back as far as Voltaire, perhaps, to find another example of such a prodigious influence won solely by one man's writings. It can be said that, during ten years, Herzen, a political convict, deprived of all his rights, expelled from several countries, has nevertheless ruled over Russia. By his eloquent pen, by the elevation of his thought, he won the minds of all people, even of those whose interest it was to destroy the coming freedom. Under the influence of public opinion, stirred up by Herzen, the Government were compelled to grant reforms of which they would never have thought but for him, and which appeared as wonders in a land like Russia. Among those reforms there is one which is grand enough to immortalise the great Russian exile: the enfranchisement of thirty million men who bore the name of serfs and who really were slaves. Certainly the act of enfranchisement has not given the peasants all they wanted; the Czar granted just as much as he thought necessary in order to avoid an agrarian revolt; Tchernyschewsky, for instance, afterwards openly said that if he had known that the question would have been settled in that way, he would have preferred a complete defeat instead of such a dubious victory. Anyhow the peasants felt themselves somewhat freer, for they were no longer treated so brutally as before, and they were at least enabled to look forward with better hopes and more certainty to their final deliverance. Herzen died at Paris, where a French edition of his complete works (10 vols., 8vo) was published by Germer-Baillière (afterwards Alcan Lévy).—V. D.

*Myles Byrne*.—United Irishman. Born at Monaseed, county Wexford, March 20, 1780, died in Paris, Jan. 24, 1862. Son of a farmer, in 1796 he agreed to become a yeoman on condition of getting a lease renewed for his mother, but his father, who was then ill, dying in the meantime, he escaped from his bargain, and could thus boast he "never wore a red coat." Entering the United Irishmen in 1797, he threw himself into the work with such energy that he, a boy of seventeen, was soon the most influential organiser in his native county. June 3, 1798, he joined the rebels at Corrigrua, and after Vinegar Hill (June 21) rallied a number of pikemen, whom he led in a number of small fights with great skill and daring. Castlecomer was unsuccessfully attacked; he was again beaten at Ballygullen; and on July 4, he joined "General" Joseph Holt in the Wicklow mountains, where he held out for months in the hope of help from France. Going to see his mother and sister on Allhallows Eve, he narrowly escaped arrest; making his way to Dublin disguised as a cardriver. Here he stayed and got employment as clerk in a timber-yard. In the spring of 1803 he met Robert Emmet, whom he readily joined in his project of another armed rising, taking some of the most dangerous and difficult parts of the work to his own share—making contracts with gunmakers, arranging the manufacture of pikes, and procuring war material in general. He brought into the plot a large number of Wexford and Wicklow men who had been proved in '98, and in the projected taking of Dublin Castle (July 23) he was, with them, to have attacked the entrance on the Ship Street side while Emmet attacked the front. Through Emmet's failure to keep the agreement, the attempt fell through. On returning from the Wicklow mountains Byrne was sent by Robert Emmet to Paris, where he was to communicate with T. A. Emmet, agent of the United Irishmen to the First Consul, as to obtaining aid from France. After some difficulty he reached Bordeaux in an American ship, and helped compose a report on the state of Ireland, which was laid before Napoleon. An Irish expedition was promised for the near future, and as a preparation there was formed (Nov. 1803) an Irish legion in the service of France, a very different body from that Irish brigade which was broken up at the revolution of 1789. In this Byrne served from 1804 to 1815; beginning as a lieutenant of infantry, he soon became a captain, and in 1810 was made commander of a *corps d'élite*; June 18, 1813, he was made a chevalier of the Legion of Honour; and was made *chef de bataillon* (lieutenant-colonel) just as Napoleon's abdication prevented his signing the commission. After the revolution of 1830 he was recalled from Greece and became *chef de bataillon* in the 56th line regiment; in 1832 received the cross of the Legion of Honour from Louis Philippe. In 1835 he resigned, and lived for the rest of his life in Paris, where his striking personality and remarkable history made him a noted man. He is buried at Montmartre, and there has been a monument placed upon his grave there. He was very much more than a mere "patriot," taking a deep interest in the struggles of all peoples, alike for their political and economic freedom.—S.