A certain Mr. George W. McCree (who, since he says he has been a Christian worker in London since 1846, must now be an old man) has been writing an optimistic letter to the press, on the subject, "Is London growing better?" which question he answers in the affirmative.

He instancesthe growth of cheap literature; "Every man now has his newspaper" (mostly lies), "his magazine, and his cheap edition of Shakespeare, Dickens, Burns, and Scott." True, he has got some surplus after feeding, clothing, and housing himself; but how is the cheapness got? Our friends the composers, the hack literatures, the girls in the "doing up" binders, can answer that question partly I think. Dog-fighting is extinct, he says, and paganism nearly so; yet Jack the Ripper is not extinct, nor the taste of brutality bred from a hideous life of suffering and squalor, of which he is but the blossom.

"For a halfpenny a tired work-girl can get a lift across one of the bridges on a rainy night." Ah, Mr. McCree, how tired is she? Why is she tired? How many nights in the year is she thus tired? What kind of a life does she earn by her hopeless weariness? Does she ever think of the course of her life across the bridges—and do you and your like! "An aged toiler with his bag of tools can reach houses for topline, often for a penny." O noble boom, O glorious gain! Yet it would be more of a gain if that "aged toiler" had a tolerable house to go to, instead of the dog-hole which serves him as a halting-place between the workshop and the workhouse.

"Clothing, food, fruit, and furniture are cheap." Yes, how bloomed cheap, and how damped nasty when they are intended for the consumption of the workers, who have made them, or grown them, and brought them to market! "In hundreds of tidy establishments hot coffee" (Ugh! what stuff it is!) "plumcake, peasepot, good milk, and a rare vegetarian dinner on easy terms wait the hungry man." In these "tidy" establishments I note that dirt and stink are not expressly charged for; but yet they are, and for what? All that it is, and the poor man's pen's ortho's are but scanty ones. It is sickening to think of this commercial dole to the "lower classes" ofurgeon not fit to be thrown to the dogs: and to think that it has a price at all; that there is anyone, I won't say to buy it, but eat and drink it, uncompeled.

"Many public houses have been closed." Yes, but many are open, and are full too, boisterously holes as they are, with not a rag of comfort in them; which is worse (to my unphilanthropic mind) than their selling liquor—if it were good: whereas that offered to the poor is just about good enough to poison cats with—if it were strong enough.

"Ragged schools and refuges have almost entirely prevented another generation of criminals." These refuges are, perhaps, more unfruitful than the others, but they are more in number, and the poor are homed by everybody but Socialists and rioters, since there are no criminals! As indeed I think there are but few who have not been made by that "vastly improved" London of yours, and polished up fine by Fentonville and its sister hells.

"The increasing sympathy between the rich and the poor, the employer and employed." Of that increasing sympathy, I think I know more than you do, Mr. McCree; and I have seen some curious examples of it, and heard some queer talk on the subject both among the rich, and among the poor; and, judging from all I have heard and seen, it has seemed to me that that "increasing sympathy" was about what was likely to happen betwixt a mass of most miserable slaves, now is, on the one part, and deserving bodys of slaves, blind and imperturbable, but now at last beginning to see a possibility of their losing their slaves. Such sympathy as there can be between two such sets of men is likely to lead not to the conversion of one party of captives, but to the hearts of the other side, and to raise themselves at your expense by abolishing your class; and those who, without being conscious of their wrongs, work you and your wealth for what it is worth.

The first group are the intelligent and really honest among the "poor." I mean the second (poor working) have not intelligence enough to be honest and courageous, and are able to do nothing at present, but get out of you what they can by flaying you, and cheating you, taking your miserably shabby gifts with such "gratitude" as one can, looking instead of your enemies, but whatever you may think, and in spite of all your efforts at stifling the free speech of the first group, it is the second that is the most dangerous to you; for only by making their money if it is as you would make it make them do things to your content that movement. There are many in that class, some of whom I know, who six years ago were flushed with excitement over the rhetorical part (not the truth-he economics, of that they knew little and cared less) of Henry George's 'Progress and Poverty,' who are now mere votaries of Law-and-Order. There was no appearance of the two camps being formed then; now there is, and they agree. The rich and overfed are the friends of the rich; but mere hypocrites or tyrants at heart, they are simply people who cannot escape from their class. So strong that class is!

London is better it is? We want more evidence than that of Mr. McCree to prove that. At least it is bigger, and who can really doubt but that with its size its suffering has increased? But if it is bigger, why is it bigger? Because the riches of the country have increased enormously. Will anyone say that the improvement of London, "vast as it may be, is, at all proportioned to that increase in riches? If he does say so he lies. What has been done then with that: increase of riches, which should
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have been used for the bettering of London, i.e., for the welfare of those who made it. It has gone the way of all riches, it has been wasted by the rich. We have been laborious, ingenious, and commercially clever in the production of the wealth, but not in the disposal of it.

Says the Pall Mall: "The police outrage of Christmas Eve: 'If they (the outrages) are not inquired into and punished promptly and severely, Mr. Monro and his men should be put to the wall.' It is no more abhorrent to the average citizen than organised outrage by a disciplined force inflicting on law-abiding men exercising the rights of civilised society. The writer is judging other citizens by themselves; very few signs of indignation against the outrages have appeared. The events of the past two years in England and America tend to show that whatever was the case once, the police are always strong on the side of the law against poor men who are not pleased with their property. They expect the police to support law-in-order to the utmost, by any means, that can be used at the moment. Mr. Monro has been put in his place in this see, done. I agree that the Christmas Eve job is a test for him; but nothing would surprise me more than his passing that test satisfactorily to honest men and good citizens.

REVOLUTIONARY CALENDAR.

PENTIALITY ENDING JANUARY 12, 1889


31, 1830, he was sentenced in August of that year to two years, 5,000 francs, and police supervision for the affair of the Rue Lescure—i.e., illegal association and sedition. A movement of sympathy in his favor was initiated by the members of the Société des Savants. Denounced at the very moment of his arrest by the Government, Blanqui was sentenced to death by the Court of Paris, January 13, 1846. His sentence having being commuted by President Thiers, he, at the age of 31, was transferred to the Mount St.-Michel. There he suffered intensely, both morally and bodily. For the during of the doctors, stating his condition of health hopeless, having been sent to the Grande Charité, he was paralyzable. He was, in 1871, apprehended while he was bundles being taken in his favour, and refused to leave the institution. Towards the end of May he was authorized to go on a trip to his native country. He, himself, accompanied the author of "The League of Communards," to be sent to the hospital. As he was lying ill, and recovering relatively from the blows, from which he had continued to direct the organization and the movements of his political followers, he was transferred from the Mount St.-Michel, and then, in fact, on January 12, 1870, when Victor Noir, murdered by Pierre-Bona- parte, on the road to Paris, on that day, Blanqui's friends would have again resolved to an insurrection, but owing to Rochefort's cowardice, he had to wait for another opportunity. August 17, 1872, a few men to plunder the gun-magazines of the fire-brigades of the Boulevard de la Villette. Three weeks afterwards, the Third Empire was smashed at Sedan. Blanqui began the publication of Le Parisis en Délit.

Miss Joseph (Southwield, Clevedon) writes for information "on the question of Socialism, bearing particularly in mind the past history of the subject, its definitions, present condition, and future prospects.


The foregoing are valuable in order named. An exhaustive series of "Socialism" has been published from the year 1863 to 1870. The "D'Arcy, appearing in this paper some time ago; the numbers containing it can be sent if required. The article "Socialism" in last edition Encyclopædia Britannica is also of interest. The "Socialism" section of the British Association last published in November Our Coron (33 Street, 6th.) may also be read.

J. G. (Eidinbro)—"The books you ask for are:


THESE shall be sent.