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THE RECENT RIOTS.

A MEETING of the unemployed took place in Trafalgar Square on Monday February 8, 1886. After it rioting, exaggerated as it has been by the literary proletariat at the bidding of their own and their masters' fear, certainly occurred. Since then in more than one town there has been similar rioting.

All Socialists are in most ardent sympathy with the unemployed of this and of all other countries. For is it sympathy in any way lessened by the fact that they recognise the reasons of the unemployed knowing that it is inevitable under present conditions, and that it is hopeless to expect any serious and lasting relief, apart from a revolutionary change in the conditions of production and distribution, under which we live and die.

Further, all Socialists are in complete harmony with the idea of calling similar mass meetings of men out of work, and of those sympathising with them—mass meetings that by their vast size may show, and as such how widely-spread is that suffering which is the consequence of our capitalist method of production. When general is the feeling that the momentous change is coming, and is even at hand, and how great is the force that the command of those recognising that change as inevitable. Nor must another use of these large assemblages of the working class be forgotten. They give unequalled opportunity of preaching the doctrine. It is I think better to seize that opportunity than to invite to docile and slave-like pillage.

But most Socialists must feel that the scattered, unorganised, uneducated use of force is of little use. Further some are of opinion that those who broke windows, and broke into a few shops on Monday February 8, were to a large extent not the active, intelligent members of the working class, to whom especially Socialism appeals, but those unhappy members of the working class, whom the accursed system of capital has forced into the ranks of the rough and of the criminal.

Socialists are seriously conscious of the fact that the great revolution towards which they work will not be brought about in any other fashion than that in which all revolutions have been brought—viz, by force. The force may be that of mind or of numbers, but the student of history is bound to expect that other force—that commonly known as physical—will come into action. The time for this, however, in England is, I think, not yet. And when the time comes, the source of that force-outburst will probably not be the unemployed of the inner cities, but the poor in the rural districts, who will not stand and see the rich grow rich.

It is for this end that Socialists work. Always conscious that the ultimate solution of the social problem will be by means of force, many of us yet feel the time for that solution is not yet, and that the present work is to educate and organise the workers until they form a mass of Socialists so earnest, so overwhelming that the end must come.

This feeling in no way prevents our sympathy with the speakers whom the Government are foolish enough to prosecute. We must do our best for all in whom is attacked the right of openly declaring wrongs, their causes and their remedies. They must be defended and supported in this and we must continue to preach Socialism, in season, and out of season, to educate and to organise, until out of the few voices yet articulate grows the cry of an exceeding great nation.

EDWARD ATTWING.

THE PILGRIMS OF HOPE.

IX.—A NEW FRIEND.

I have promised to tell you the story of how I was left alone. Sick and wounded and sore, and why the woman is gone. That I deemed a part of my life. Tell me what all is told, if you deem it fit that the earth, that the world of men should hold my work and my weakness still; yet think of that other life, The child of me and of her, and the years and the coming so late.

After I came out of prison our living was hard to earn. By the work of my hands, and of hers; to shift as we had to shift, To toil, and so the poor knew well, and the rich cannot understand. And just out of the gutter we stood, still loving and living in hand in hand.

Do you ask me if still amid all I held the hope in view. And the hope of the morning of life, all the things I should do and undo? Be easy, I am not a coward: may little prudence I learned, I spoke and I suffered for speaking, and my meat by my manhood was burned. When the poor man thinks—and rebels, the whip lies ready near; But he who is rebel and rich may live safe for many years, While he warms his heart with pictures of all the glory to come.

The storm of the press and the cries of the men, but sweet is his home, There's meat in the morn and the even, and rest when the day is done, All is fair and orderly there as the rising and setting sun; And I know both, the rich and the poor.

Well, I grew bitter they said, 'Tis not unlike that I did, for bitter indeed was my bread. And surely the morning shall break of its nourishing soil. And here was our life, short, pining and weary and toil, One petty few thrust out by another come in its place, Each scarf of life but a fear, and the sum of it was stretched and base. Men so fare millions of men, wherein money are made, Were the poor are dumb and dead and where the rich are not afraid. Ah, am I bitter again? Well, these are our breeding-stock, The very base of order, and the state's foundation rock; Is it so good and so safe that their manhood should be outworn By the struggle for ancient life, the dull pain dustily borne, Till all that was man within them is dead and vanished away.

Were it not even better that all these should think on a day As they look on each other's sad faces, and see how many they are: For these tales of old time of men who were mighty in war, They fought for some city's dominion, for the sake of a forest or field; They fell that no alien's token should be blazoned on their shield;
The British raid in the Soudan which took place at the beginning of last month has not been followed up. General Gordon has returned together with the additional troops sent to the front, and the project of any further advance is evidently abandoned, for the present. Meanwhile it is instructive to note the exacerbation of the little ring of journalistic stock-jobbers in Cairo and their frenzied efforts to obtain another expedition whereby hitherto latent activity in "Egyptians" might be effected. Their telegrams to the "Daily" contain reiterated accounts of reported advances of the Arabs in strong force, of "conspiracies among the European residents in Cairo," and other items of news to the same effect.

We are glad to say that the Europeans are not submitting tamely to the British militarists. "Despotic," as we are informed, is "conquest" by General Gordon and hisMessage might be effectually "suppressed" by the British victors. But of course, this is impossible. If the native races of India and the neighboring peoples will eat up the man against the oppressor, then even the resources of the British Empire might be insufficient to prevent their rising up. But the power of a little ready cash will take any amount of promises, and in these cases, always enough to make one or other of them prove "friendly," k.e., traitors to their country.

The following extract from a letter received from a correspondent shows the manner in which the police allow the teacher's work on those who are trying to set them free.

"Clyde Road, Tottenham, London, N., 13th Jan., 1886.

"I was arrested at the High Cross, Tottenham by Sergeant Murphy, while addressing a crowd of about 100 people on the "crime" to see: "I was in clothes quite unknown to me. He thrust and shook me for some moments without giving any sign of authority. I was hurried to the Tottenham police station, and after some bullying, I was charged with no less than five violences, all in order to address the public. That refused; after which a charge of obstruction was found out as I refused to send for bail, was confined in the usual ignominious cell with insufficient bedding all night."—R. Thompkins.

"Unfortunately Comrade Thompson was remanded on bail, and finally fined 10s.

LITERARY NOTICES.

"The Malthusians." By F. J. Proudfitton. International Publishing Company. Rather than an argument. And the great thing is in Froude's understanding the real falacy and the evil teaching of Malthusianism. Both fallacy and evil teaching stand condemned the moment the Malthusian offers a constructive scheme, and parental guidance as a solution of the misery of the working-classes.

"The People's Press." (This heading will be found a collection of selfish paragraphs collated from various journals published to the benefit of the workers. Committees and friends are invited to forward contributions from English and translations from foreign labor journals.)

It is no use striking against the introduction of machinery. The only way to reap the benefit is to own it.—Labor Leaf.

There is much praise about Capital and Labour being brothers. Yes, such brothers as Esau and Jacob—the one defrauding the other of his birthright.—John Stuart's Paper.

"The danger is not in the possible uprising of the people. It is in their subsiding under oppression, and the people will then grow quiet. If the people remain quiet under oppression, all will be well. If they rise in rebellion, it is not good for either.—From Merton's "Life."