

# THE COMMONWEAL

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ONE PENNY.

## MOVES IN THE GAME POLITICAL.

MR. CHAMBERLAIN in making his declaration of independence at Lambeth, took a step which was both more important to the Liberal Party than its organs chose to admit, and also very important, it would seem, to his own career. The curious person who occasionally writes—what shall I call it?—Gladstonian Toryism—in the *Pall Mall Gazette*, was indeed much perturbed by what he at least perceived to be something like revolt on Mr. Chamberlain's part; but all the other Liberal and Radical papers assumed, naturally enough, that he only intended to stick to his declaration if he found it convenient to do so; according to the custom of politicians of this epoch.

There will, however, probably be no occasion for Mr. Chamberlain to withdraw from his position. Mr. Gladstone, who was called upon to find a cry and a programme for the Liberal Party which should differentiate it from the Tories, found the task too much for him, and put forth a manifesto which was enough to make the boldest (Liberal) tremble. Verbosity is a mild word to apply to its style, evasion feebly characterises its matter. The result is that if the great moderate or reasonably reactionary party is formed soon enough for Mr. Gladstone to take a part in it, he may be its figure-head; otherwise he is at present the leader's cloak of the Liberal Party, Mr. Chamberlain being the leader, though under perilous conditions.

It is clear that is so, for in all the speeches of the great men of the Liberal Party which have followed the Lambeth declaration, when we get away from the nightmare of apologies for filibustering, thinly-veiled admissions of failure, and somewhat ignominious party attacks on the enemy, we find one thing clear, that they dare not face Mr. Chamberlain with a repudiation of his three "advanced" propositions; the Liberal Party is practically committed to them—such as they are.

The stout Gladstonian, Lord Roseberry, indeed, turned round on Mr. Chamberlain in a way not quite new with our territorial rulers, and showed that he thought the manufacturing interest also might be made to tremble at the word "ransom," by declaring for a legal limitation of the working day. I will not insult his lordship's intelligence by supposing that he thinks it possible to carry out this bold threat so long as Capitalism exists; so that his threat was a safe one to make; yet that he made it, is another straw which shows which way the wind is blowing.

The fact is, I suppose, that after the first surprise at Mr. Chamberlain's declarations, the Liberal leaders set to work to look at his propositions, and found them after all not so desperately Socialistic; the taxation business might be made to mean anything or nothing; the land-allotment scheme would not work, would be a dead letter if carried; and as to Free Education, why it is not a great strain on the intellect to admit the uselessness of trying to skin a cat twice over.

Mr. Chamberlain has surely won his terrible Socialist reputation rather cheaply. He enunciated certain maxims that caught the ear of the people, who were almost touchingly moved by them, so anxious are they now getting to hear of something more hopeful than the worn-out Liberal catch-words. Compelled to suggest something immediate and practical, he has been able to set nothing before the public but schemes which are insignificant or likely to be hampered into impracticability by the very party for whose benefit he has concocted them.

There remains this residuum of significance in the reception of Mr. Chamberlain's plans of "reform." They are *thought* to be progressive or even Socialistic, and it is because they are so thought of that Mr. Chamberlain is so heartily cheered by the rank and file of the Radical Party, and so heartily cursed by the Tories and Moderates—when these latter dare. This certainly is a hopeful sign.

Lord Salisbury has also had his say, and he also has had little success in his attempt at a Tory platform. He won a cheap victory, indeed, in criticising Mr. Chamberlain's feeble outburst towards peasant proprietorship; and finally put his foot down on Disestablishment. Doubtless he is sincere in this, as he like Mr. Gladstone, belongs to the unsavoury type of ecclesiastical layman hard to find out of England. Doubtless, also, he believes that the Liberal party will be divided over this small matter; which is certain, and one might hope points to the

waning power of the Protestant Nonconformists, the great bulwark of the bourgeoisie in England.

If one may judge of Lord R. Churchill from his recent election manifesto, it would seem that his Tory Democracy had run off him like water off a duck's back, and left him a clean-washed Tory. I should feel inclined to praise him for this if I could think it would last longer than the next convenient opportunity for getting on his Tory-Democratic skin again. Anyhow he is more likely to be a success if he sticks to his Toryism till the great Moderate Party is formed.

It is significant of the necessity felt for the formation of the said Moderate Party, that Mr. Goschen's carefully measured and clever clap-trap at Edinburgh was received with such applause by the Liberal Press. Mr. Goschen is the very type of that moderation, and I should think would be its founder, though not its leader.

Mr. John Bright has actually chanted one more song of triumph over the abolition of the Corn-laws. Surely this must be "positively the last time," as the theatres have it.

There—it sickens one to have to wade through this grimy sea of opportunism. What a spectacle of shuffling, lies, vacillation and imbecility does this Game Political offer to us? I cannot conclude without an earnest appeal to those Socialists, of whatever section, who may be drawn towards the vortex of Parliamentaryism, to think better of it while there is yet time. If we ally ourselves to any of the present parties they will only use us as a cat's-paw; and on the other hand, i. by any chance a Socialist candidate slips through into Parliament, he will only do so at the expense of leaving his principles behind him; he will certainly not be returned as a Socialist, but as something else: what else it is hard to say. As I have written before in these columns, Parliament is going just the way we would have it go. Our masters are feeling very uncomfortable under the awkward burden of GOVERNMENT, and do not know what to do, since their sole aim is to govern from above. Do not let us help them by taking part in their game. Whatever concessions may be necessary to the progress of Revolution can be wrung out of them at least as easily by extra-Parliamentary pressure, which can be exercised without losing one particle of those principles which are the treasure and the hope of Revolutionary Socialists.

WILLIAM MORRIS.

## CONSCIENCE AND COMMERCE.

WE often come across a species of virtuous indignation which is apt to be aroused by some tale of the woes of a railway company whom the wicked passenger "defrauds" by travelling without having previously paid his fare. "Strange," it is said (and we find the sentiment commonly repeated whenever the subject comes up, in the Press) "that a man who would scorn to rob his neighbour in his individual capacity, yet will not hesitate to 'defraud' a company;" for it is acknowledged to be by such persons that the bulk of these "frauds" (so-called) are perpetrated. The inconsistency of such a proceeding is then enlarged upon with all due emphasis.

This, in itself, comparatively unimportant incident of modern life, opens up a curious ethico-economical problem. Two things are quite clear. One is that a considerable section of persons instinctively feel a difference between their moral relations to individual men and women and their relations to a joint-stock company. The other is that the ordinary bourgeois intellect cannot see any reason for this distinction, and having possibly a sense of the instability to commercial relations which would ensue from its recognition, adopts the high moral tone. Yet it is doubtful if even the most hardened Bourgeois does not really feel that there is a difference between stealing a neighbour's coat and "defrauding" a joint-stock company, unwilling as he may be to acknowledge it.

Now the question is on what is this feeling of distinction based. It must have some explanation. We may as well state at once our conviction that it is based on the fact that in the one case there is a *real* moral relation involved while in the other there is only a *fictitious* one—a fact which inherited moral instinct recognises, but the reason sophisticated by the economic forms of modern society and the artificial morality necessary to them, refuses to admit.

We do not intend entering upon any elaborate discussion on the basis of Ethics. But we suppose that every one will concede that the

essence of moral relation is that it is between concretes—between one concrete individual and another, or else between that individual and the concrete social organism of which he forms a part. It is plain we cannot owe a duty either to an inanimate object or to an abstraction, as such. We speak, it is true, of "duty to the cause," but this is only a metaphor; we really mean duty to the oppressed Humanity of to-day, and to the free Society of the future, of which we are the pioneers, and which the "cause" represents. Furthermore, all ethical relations between individuals involve reciprocity—they imply a mutual obligation, a personal responsibility on either side. In the middle ages all relations in life were directly or indirectly personal in their character. The feudal relation was eminently a personal one. The mercantile relation in so far as it existed, was a personal one. Now the sense of honour, honesty, etc., both logically and historically, has meaning alone in connexion with a personal relation. Peter as an individual has certain definite moral relations to Paul, amongst others that of respecting his belongings, in so far as appropriation for personal use is concerned.<sup>1</sup> This is a relation as between man and man. He owes the obligation to Paul as a concrete individual, not to Paul's coat or his money. Paul on the other hand has identical obligations towards Peter. There is personal responsibility on either side. Again the individual has plain duties towards the community, in so far as property designed for its use is concerned. (Of course, I am all along dealing with our present society.) He as an individual is bound to respect the belongings of the public, for instance, not to appropriate prints or books from the British Museum, not to destroy pictures in the National Gallery, not to steal commons or to "restore" ancient monuments (in which last two particulars, since they do not threaten the stability of Capitalism, the bourgeois conscience is more elastic than in the matter of "defrauding" companies). Here, also, the relation is between concretes—between a definite personality and a definite community. The pictures, books, commons, monuments are (or are supposed to be) there for the use and enjoyment of the community, and the community suffers a wrong in their destruction or alienation.

But to return to our Peter and Paul. We have said that the moral relation of Peter and Paul rests on a basis of reciprocal personal responsibility and on this alone. It was on such a basis that the feeling of honour in the dealings of life had its rise and in this alone it has any meaning. There was a relation of mutual personal obligation between the feudal lord and the vassal or serf. That the lord often neglected his obligation does not alter the fact of its existence. There was a personal relation between buyer and seller, master and workman, and indeed in every sphere of life in the old time and in simpler conditions of society. But with the rise of Capitalism the personal relation has fallen into the background, personal responsibility has been allowed to lapse to an ever-increasing extent before the exigencies of modern competitive conditions of industry. The responsible proprietor of a business detaches himself more and more as a personality from his business. The name over the door may or may not be his own name, but anyway he obliterates his personality as far as may be by the addition of the words "and Co." You plead with such a man for some act of grace to a creditor or employé; "business is business" will be his reply, a reply which surely enough indicates the impersonal, anti-social methods of Commercialism. In pursuit of its object, individual gain, Commercialism abstracts the individual from his personality. The modern capitalist lives a dual life; as *capitalist* he ceases more and more to be *man*. Private relations and business relations tend to become more and more abstracted from one another. Yet our capitalist forgets that it is only as man, as a concrete personality, that he can justly claim moral obligations from his fellow-men. If as the "head of a firm," he stands in any moral relation to other personalities, it is only by virtue of the fact that the divorce between his manhood and his "headship of the firm" is incomplete, that the personal relation is not altogether abolished. His belongings as "head of the firm" are to be respected, because even under this disguise he is recognised as a thing of flesh and blood.

But there is one form under which modern capitalism functions—its most advanced form—in which the last shred of personal responsibility is torn from its operations. We refer to what the French aptly call the *société anonyme*—that thing without a name the joint-stock company. Here at last is naked capital, the last shred of its human covering gone—capital without a capitalist—the thing of which the proverb says, it has "neither soul to save, nor heart to feel, nor body to kick." The abstraction is now complete, but at the same moment transformed into a hyper-physical, hyper-ethical entity. With the "head of the firm" there is always the chance (though possibly a faint one) that the man may get the better of the capitalist; human feelings may even hold back the demon "business"—the possibility of conscience is there to which to make your appeal. But here there is nothing but surplus-value. Fancy we imagined beings composed of water or of fire merely—Undines and Salamanders. Here is a being composed of the "circulating process of capital." By dint of the power of money the widow and orphan are ruined by litigation—are driven from court to court in search of their just and obvious claims. Employés of long-standing service are turned off at a week's notice when not wanted. You appeal to the conscience of the secretary, the manager, the director, against these enormities. The reply is simple; "We are here merely to look after the interests of the shareholders;" which being interpreted, means, having duly appropriated the customary "pickings," to see that as much profit as

possible is wrung out of "servants" and "public" regardless of all other considerations. But how about these shareholders? Peter let us say, is a shareholder. He is one of those who has *deliberately* merged a certain amount of his property (his belongings) in an impersonal abstraction, over the working of which he has practically no control. He has severed this portion of his belongings from his concrete individuality. It is a *quantum* of circulating capital abstracted from the man. The "company" consists entirely in a sum-total of such *quantia* of capital. The holder is merely an accident, both qualitatively and quantitatively. The sum-total of these *quantia* of capital, may be "held" indifferently by twenty men or twenty thousand. They may be clever or stupid, humane or criminal. As personalities they are utterly indifferent. Peter, though a shareholder, is in his relation to the working of the "company" but as one of the "ordinary public." The member of a trade-firm, is personally responsible (more or less) for the working of that firm. Not so here. The man—the capitalist, if you will—has altogether abstracted his "belongings" from that to which they belong—from himself. It matters not what action may be taken in the name of the "company," he, the private shareholder, is powerless to prevent it. Once in it, the ghastly Frankenstein may dance on his conscience, and beyond an impotent protest, he can do nothing. "But he can sell out," you will say. Of what avails it? The action goes on; he has only shifted the nominal responsibility from his own shoulders to his neighbour's. The "company" remains. Holders come and holders go, but shares flow on for ever. The company is constituted essentially of the shares, and only accidentally of the men that hold them.

In what relation then does the individual—concrete man or woman—the thing of flesh and blood, stand to this abstraction? We have taken for granted as indisputable, that we cannot stand in a moral relation to an abstraction or an inanimate object or indeed to anything but a concrete sentient being. We cannot owe a duty to Peter's coat or his money but only to Peter. We cannot therefore stand in any *real* moral relation to the joint-stock company. But the interests of Commercialism require that the wholly impersonal joint-stock company like the semi-personal business "firm" should be treated to all practical intents and purposes as though it were a full living human personality. In law, of course, it has the full rights of personality. In morality it has stolen them or tried to steal them. It claims (tacitly if not explicitly) in the name not only of law but of honour forsooth, a claim to make the gods laugh, respect for its "property" and the fulfilment of a bargain which it tacitly assumes the individual to be bound by when he takes advantage of the social function it casually performs (more or less badly) in pursuit of its sole end, the extraction of the greatest possible amount of *profit* from producer and consumer. The sacred name of "honour" and "honesty," originating in far other conditions of society, and implying reciprocal obligations, is prostituted by the modern bourgeois mind to facilitate the "trickstering" and "profit-grinding" of modern competitive commerce for which on its own side moral obligations do not exist or exist at best on sufferance. But a suspicion of the instability of the title of the joint-stock company to be treated as a moral personality pierces the legal and conventional fiction. A waft of healthy moral instinct whispers to a man that it is not the same thing to "defraud" a "company" as to rob his neighbour. But he does not know how to justify his instinctive impression. Hence when brought to book he cries a *mea culpa*. It is only the student of social evolution to whom the bogus nature of the title, to which the "joint-stock" company, and to a lesser extent of that to which other forms of "commercial" individuality, impudently lay claim to recognition as object of moral obligation, is revealed in all its clearness.

The "Stocum-Mudford railway company" let us suppose, appeals to the honour of the individual passenger not to prejudice its interests by "fraud" or otherwise. "But," says the individual, "who are you? I as a moral man, recognise my duty to all other persons individually as well as to the community as a whole. But you are neither an individual nor the community, and I decline to admit that I have any duties in your case at all. 'Peter I know and Paul I know, but who are you?' My conscience does not respond to your appeal. It strikes me, on the contrary, that you and your congeners, are fitting subjects for the exercise of those free individualist tendencies about which the salaried defenders of the state of society which gives you birth, wax so eloquent. 'Business is business;' let us have no sentimentality. We are on a footing of competition, only that it is not 'free,' seeing that you have the law on your side. However let that bide. Your 'game' is to get as much money-value as possible out of me the passenger on your line ('conveyance,' being the specific form of social utility your capital works in, in order to realise itself as surplus-value) and to give as little as possible in return, only in fact so much as will make your line pay. My 'game,' as an individual passenger, on the contrary, is to get as much *use*-value, to derive as much advantage from the social function which you casually perform in pursuance of your profit, as I possibly can, and to give you as little as possible in return. You seek under the protection of the law to guard yourself from "fraud," as you term it. Good. If I can evade the law passed in your interest and elude your vigilance, I have a perfect right to do so, and my success in doing so will be the reward of my ingenuity. If I fail I am only an unfortunate man. To talk of 'dishonesty' or 'dishonour' where no moral obligation or 'duty' can possibly exist, is absurd. You choose to make certain arbitrary rules to regulate the commercial game. I decline to pledge myself to be bound by them, and in so doing I am clearly within my moral right. We each try to get as much out of the other as we can, you in your way, I in mine. Only, I repeat, you are backed by the law, I am not. That is all the difference."

<sup>1</sup> It is necessary to make this last caveat, as of course every Socialist will admit the justifiability of the community's confiscating individual wealth to public purposes, and of course any one individual might be the agent of this confiscation in any particular case.

The question with which we set out has now been answered. We took an extreme instance to start with, but our explanation covers the whole range of similar phenomena; for instance the distinction felt between a "debt of honour" and a tradesman's bill. In the commercial relation as such the moral relation is abolished. In proportion as the personality, with its human responsibility, retreats into the background, leaving us confronted with the lifeless, bloodless vampire, Trade, by so much do the words "duty," "honour," "morality," lose meaning. "Conscience," which has its ground in social union, can have no part nor lot with "Commerce," which has its ground in anti-social greed. But the transition from the personal or conscientious to the purely commercial relation is so gradual and is complicated by so many other factors, that it is quite easy for the bourgeois mind to keep up the fiction that honour or dishonour can be involved even in dealing with that commercial abstraction, the "joint-stock company." A general recognition of the sham claim of commercial abstractions to moral consideration, could not but prove embarrassing to the modern commercial system, which would then have to rely on its legal defences alone.

E. BELFORD BAX.

## BASTILLE, BOURGEOISE, AND BUMBLE.

AMONGST the many indignities and miseries endured by the poor, none is so keenly felt or bitterly resented as those inflicted under the Poor Law. The poor rightly consider this as a heartless measure for the punishment and not the relief of their poverty and that this view is shared by the Poor Law officials themselves is shown by their brutal methods of administration. Scarcely a week passes but some poor wretch is done to death by the callous brutality of these minions of the brutal bourgeoisie, or some worn out worker commits suicide to avoid receiving the attention of the "Guardians of the Poor."

We Socialists are engaged in a movement which regards both pauper and criminal as the products of an iniquitous system of robbery of which both aristocrat and hateful bourgeois stand guilty. Those who oppose us in this view often tell us that the present system is the result of Societary Evolution, for which no particular class is to blame. It is impossible within the limits of an article to give a history of the working class or the Poor Law, but as a student of both and as a worker I assert that the wrong and suffering endured by us to-day are the result of deliberate, well-planned robberies on the part of the idle classes of society, and it will be an ill day for them if the workers in a moment of power should treat these parasites to a tittle of the torture to which by their laws they have subjected the poor.

Only glancing at the robbery of millions of acres of common and public lands from the peasantry, and hindrances to locomotion and knowledge in the past—all contributory causes of poverty—let us fix our attention on a period which is regarded with affectionate interest by the middle class, that of the Reform Bill of 1832, and its pendant the Municipal Reform Act, 1834. The working class had aided the bourgeoisie to break the power of the ruling families and installed the middle class in office. "Help us," said they, "and your enfranchisement is assured." "The Bill, the whole Bill," they cried, and in truth the gulled workers got nothing but the Bill. Their reward was a most infamous cold-blooded Poor Law. They punished them for poverty created by their despoilers. Those whom O'Connell before his apostasy from the people's cause, fittingly described as "the base brutal and bloody Whigs," gave Malthus's inhuman denial of the right of the poor to live, concrete expression in the Poor Law Amendment Act of the day. Coleridge in his "Table Talk," speaks of the practical father of this measure as follows: "I solemnly declare that I do not believe that all the heresies, sects, and factions, which the ignorance, or wickedness of men has given birth to, were altogether so disgraceful to man as a Christian philosopher, or statesman or citizen as this abominable tenet . . . but it is so vicious a tenet, so flattering to the cruelty, the avarice and sordid selfishness of most men that I hardly know what to think of the result."

The immediate result was that the working class were stirred to the heart. The perfidy of the authors was the theme and incentive of the noble band who founded first the Working Men's Association and afterwards the Chartist Movement.

The working class were ground down with taxation to pay the enormous debt incurred by their rulers in the liberticidal struggle with the French Republicans; they were the victims of a fiscal policy framed to fill the rapacious maws of place-hunters. Starvation stared them in the face, and whilst the country was being covered with railways, canals and mills, the results of the inventive brains of the Arkwrights, Stephenson and Fultons of Labour, there arose on every hand grim bastilles intended for their incarceration when broken down in the unequal struggle for life.

Protests were not wanting against this cruelty; the power and eloquence of the working-class leaders were directed against its authors, and fierce and threatening demonstrations were the consequence. The poetry of Elliott, the fiery eloquence of Harney and O'Connor were allied with the patient work of Lovett and the politic utterances of Sir Richard Phillips, to break down this Law, but to no avail. And how do we stand to day in relation to this stupendous crime committed against the most helpless, and at the same time most worthy, section of the community, the struggling poor? They are crowded in thousands within the hideous cheerless walls of the modern bastilles. Man and wife separated, imprisoned, deprived of liberty, fed upon food that is always coarse and frequently rotten. Let us peer into these wards crowded with aged and infirm men and women, and ask who are they who are condemned to pass the remnants of their lives in these infernos? They

are the mothers and fathers of the working-class, who have by their toil contributed to make England's commercial greatness.

There is no system of torture but has its defenders, and it is fitting that the peregrinating penny-a-liner of the *D. T.* who, as Ruskin has it, "pawns the dirty linen of his soul in order that he may dine," should strive to whitewash the workhouse system and prove its advantage to the poor; but their employers know better. At a Conference of Poor Law Guardians held in 1874, Reed declared publicly, "That the Poor Law was not intended to be either humane or just, but simply to give enough to preserve the life of the pauper"; and they literally interpret this, for in a workhouse not a hundred miles from the City Road, the inmates greedily devour the offal intended for the pig-tub. The ordinary food is unfit for human consumption. In some workhouses the inmates are deprived of the visits of friends and liberty out for three and four months together, and for the slightest infringement of the arbitrary rules are put in the Black Hole or Oakum Sheds. In the latter they are frequently compelled to pick more oakum than is allotted to felons within jails. In one the corpses of persons who die in the infirmary, or the "stiff un's," as the officers elegantly term them, are brought past the aged inmates as they sit in the "recreation" (*sic*) ground, I suppose "*pour encourager les autres.*" All inmates dread the infirmary, and with good reasons, and will sooner hide their ailments than go into what is with horror alluded to as "over there." For over there in the general sense means a quick passage to the grave; indeed a doctor told a patient, in a West End workhouse, "You come here to die and not to live." In another, a woman in child-labour was forced to scrub out a ward until too ill to rise.

The cruel economy which has embittered and shortened their declining years, does not leave them in death. In Nottingham the coffins were so rotten that the bodies forced out the bottoms. Again, quite recently, in Clerkenwell, an undertaker spilt a load of dead paupers in the road, thus literally rattling their bones over the stones. A writer has spoken of the pauper's "tomb," but any cemetery gravedigger will tell you from what quarter of our public graveyards there comes into the public sewer the most noxious effluent; it is from the pauper ditch where they are hurled together in a common grave. So much for Christian burial. A chalk mark, easily obliterated, has been thought sufficient name-plate, and hence it is a common occurrence for friends to mourn over the wrong coffins. Often a person dies in the infirmary and no notice is taken of the dying appeal to send for relatives and friends, and the body lies unclaimed in the dead house, and if not claimed is given over to the surgeon's knife. Of pauper lunatics I may have a word to say in the future.

The streets in the vicinity of a metropolitan workhouse on a paupers outing, present a sad spectacle in illustration of our civilisation. Crowds of tottering men and women stream in different directions. Many, without friends or relatives or places to go to, wander aimlessly about, without food or pence, till it is time to re-enter their prisons. Woe to them, if late, for the sure punishment of the Oakum Shed and deprivation of future liberty awaits them. Striving to hide their detested uniform, others revisit the scenes of their poverty and struggles and beg a few pence and a meal from friends, whose lot will be soon as bad as their own. Aged couples, whose best years have been spent together, parted at the workhouse gate, re-unite outside and totter through the grim streets on a weary pilgrimage. Those who taunt us with seeking to dissolve family ties, should amend their hypocritical marriage service where it says, "Until death do us part:" and add, "Or the Relieving Officer."

Let others talk of evolution and development, but I shall see with pleasure the dawn of a day of reckoning with these cowardly, cruel ill-treaters of the poor. Remember, that the class who have been most conspicuous for their brutality towards the unfortunate of our class are those who style themselves Liberals, philanthropists, and the friends of labour, who have erected the callous inhuman doctrines of Malthus into a science, and allude to your horror of receiving their cold charity as "wholesome dread of the 'House,'" and "an aid to thrift and industry."

Those who are attracted to us from a sheer love of notoriety, and who in their previous careers never felt or sympathised with the poor, may from policy deprecate a cry for revenge. But the Socialist who looks forward to and works for the time when the worker's evening of life shall be passed in the enjoyment of what he has earned and produced with his fellows, cannot forego the desire and opportunity to reckon with those who bring the workers grey hairs in sorrow to the grave.

FRANCIS KITZ.

## AN APPEAL.

THE Editors are glad to give publicity to the following appeal:

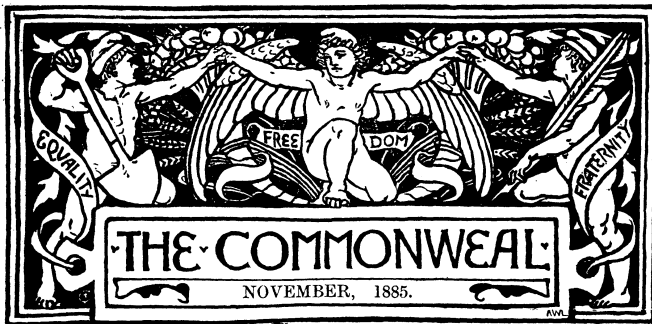
"As it is the wish of many friends that comrade Sketchley, the veteran Chartist, Republican and Socialist, should resume more active work, where his well-known abilities and great experience will be of the greatest service, and where he can devote his future years to the furtherance of the Socialist movement, we ask every one to assist us in making the testimonial a success. All who have received subscription lists, etc., might kindly remit to the treasurer, William Morris, by Nov. 5th.

"Signed on behalf of committee

EMILE COPELANE.  
W. TAYLOR."

In all the revolutions there have been but two parties confronting each other; that of the people who wished to live by their own labour, and that of those who would live by the labour of others.—*Blanqui.*

Nothing in nature is so wonderful as the amount of injustice human beings will stand and still be "contented," unless it be the ease with which they swallow flattery and cheap glory, while their rights, comforts, necessities, are being stolen from them.—*May Huntley.*



All literary communications should be addressed to the Editors of the COMMONWEAL, 13 Farringdon Road, E.C. They must be accompanied by the name and address of the writer, not necessarily for publication.

Rejected MSS. can only be returned if a stamped directed envelope is forwarded with them.

All business communications to be addressed to the Manager of the COMMONWEAL, 13 Farringdon Road, E.C. Business communications must NOT be sent to the Editors. All remittances should be made in Postal Orders or halfpenny stamps.

### TO CORRESPONDENTS.

THE following leaflets have been issued by the League:—No. 1. "Why be Transported?" No. 2. "Down with the Socialists!" No. 3. "To the Radicals"; No. 4. "The Cause of Prostitution"; No. 5. "The Worker's Claims and Public Opinion"; No. 6. "Tram-car Slavery: an Address to Tram-car Men and the Working Class in general." Copies sent to anyone on receipt of stamp for postage, and supplied for distribution at 2s. per 1,000.

NOTICE TO ALL SOCIALISTIC NEWSPAPERS.—The *Commonweal* will be regularly sent to all Socialistic Contemporaries throughout the world, and it is hoped that they on their side will regularly provide the Socialist League with their papers as they may appear.

SPECIAL ATTENTION is invited to the new *Socialist Platform* series. Three numbers are now ready. 1. "Address to Trades Unions." By E. Belfort Bax. 16 pages. 2. "Useful Work v. Useless Toil." By William Morris. 24 pages. 3. "The Factory Hell." By Edward Aveling and Eleanor Marx-Aveling. 16 pages. The above are issued at one penny each. Quantities will be supplied at a cheaper rate for sale or distribution.

WANTED.—Names of comrades willing occasionally to translate from Spanish, Serb, Greek, and Roumanian.

LIVERPOOL.—Anyone willing to form a Labour Emancipation League here is asked to communicate with Fred Willis, 49 Wood Street. Our comrade writes: "If there were several of us united here, we might soon begin the work by issuing Labour Emancipation leaves, on which we could name persons in the various divisions who would receive help, and thus form groups of workers who would make ready for a duly constituted league. Liverpool is so large, that I hope you may know some one in the other districts who will allow his address to be published also."

BEKANNTMACHUNG.—Genosse Theodor hält jeden Donnerstag abend einen Coursus für Elementar Unterricht in der englischen Sprache, woran alle Genossen welche derselben noch nicht mächtig sind, theil zunehmen eingeladen werden. Näheres beim Secretär, 13 Farringdon Road, E. C.

RECEIVED—Cri du Peuple (daily)—New Yorker Volkszeitung (weekly)—Sozial Demokrat (weekly)—Anarchist—L'Insurgé—Worker's Friend—Der Sozialist (weekly)—La Revue Socialiste—Neue Zeit—La Question Sociale—Freiheit (weekly)—Il Paria—Ni Dieu ni Maître—The Altruist—Denver Labor Inquirer—Chicago Alarm—Norwich Daylight—Detroit Labor Leaf—Boston Liberty—Union Socialiste—Christian Socialist—Church Reformer—National Review—The Word—Boston Woman's Journal—San Francisco Chronicle—Watchman (N. Z.)—Index—Republican—Cleveland (O.) Carpenter—Journal Vigilance Association—Progress (N. Y.)—Boston (U. S.) Herald—Boston (U. S.) Globe—Boston (U. S.) Beacon—John Swinton's Paper (N. Y.)—Chicago Herald—Recht voor Allen—Sydney (N. S. W.) Morning Herald—National Bulletin—Brattleboro (Vt.) Woman's Magazine—El Angel del Hogar—La Réveil du Forçat—Le Socialiste de Lyon—La Defense des Ouvriers—La Defense des Travailleurs—Tchass (Belgrade)—O Campino (Portugal)—Voz do Operario (Portugal)—Le Socialiste (Paris)—Stockton (Cal.) Mail—Revista Social (Barcelona)—Spread the Light (N. Y.)—Al-moghreb Al-aksa (Tangiers)—Bandera Social (Madrid)—Petersburg (Ill.) Voice of Labor—Drepturile Omului (Bucharest)—O Protesto Operario (Lisbon)—New Haven (Conn.) Workmen's Advocate—Harden (Athens)—Die Parole (St. Louis)

SINCE last acknowledgment books for the library have been received from English, Morris, Sparling, Wardle, and E. Marx-Aveling.

### Notice to Members.

Library and Reading Room.—All papers received by the Secretary have been sorted and filed and are at the disposal of members. The librarians, Nicoll and Benson, attend on Mondays and Fridays from 7 to 9 p.m. for the purpose of exchanging books.

Choir.—The choir meet for practice every Friday evening at 8 o'clock.

Standing Committees.—Meet on Wednesdays at 7.30 p.m.

General Meeting.—On first Monday in each month at 8.30 p.m.

Discussion Class.—This class, for members only, will meet at Farringdon Hall every Sunday morning at 11, beginning November 1st. See Lecture-Diary.

Note.—The October Issue being entirely exhausted, we have been compelled to go to press with the present number somewhat earlier than usual; this, together with the extreme pressure upon our space, necessitates the omission of many notes and letters. As many of these as are of more than passing interest will be noticed in next number.

The German Socialists are issuing at Zurich a new series of pamphlets to form a "Socialist library," which promises to be very interesting. In addition to new pamphlets, many of the most important contributions to the old *New Rheinisch Gazette*, as well as to the later party organ, will be reprinted. The first pamphlet deals with "Society and Private Property," and is an exposition of the "programme" of the Party. This is almost identical with the excellent one issued by the French Socialists in the "Programme du Parti Ouvrier." The second pamphlet is "Karl Marx before the Cologne jury," and besides an introduction by Engels, contains the remarkable "speeches" of the three men accused of "exciting to armed rebellion" at Cologne in 1849.

A most important contribution to the history of the Revolution and of Humanity has been published at Paris. It is the "History of Gracchus Babeuf and of Babouvisme," written from numerous hitherto unpublished documents by M. Victor Advielle. The work forms two fine volumes of 200 octavo pages, printed on hand-made paper. Only 300 of the first edition have been issued, copies of which may be obtained by sending post-office order for 30 francs to the author at 3 rue Gerénégand, Paris.

## THE PILGRIMS OF HOPE.

### VII.—IN PRISON—AND AT HOME.

THE first of the nights is this, and I cannot go to bed;  
I long for the dawning sorely, although when the night shall be dead,  
Scarce to me shall the day be alive. Twice twenty-eight nights more,  
Twice twenty-eight long days till the evil dream be o'er!  
And he, does he count the hours as he lies in his prison-cell?  
Does he nurse and cherish his pain? Nay, I know his strong heart well,  
Swift shall his soul fare forth; he is here, and bears me away,  
Till hand in hand we depart toward the hope of the earlier day.  
Yea, here or there he sees it: in the street, in the cell, he sees  
The vision he bade me behold 'mid the stems of the blossoming trees,  
When spring lay light on the earth, and first, and at last I knew  
How sweet was his clinging hand, how fair were the deeds he would do.

Nay, how wilt thou weep and be soft and cherish a pleasure in pain,  
When the days and their task are before thee and awhile thou must work  
for twain?

O face, thou shalt lose yet more of thy fairness, be thinner no doubt,  
And be waxen white and worn by the day that he cometh out!  
Hand, how pale thou shalt be! how changed from the sunburnt hand  
That he kissed as it handled the rake in the noon of the summer land!

Let me think then it is but a trifle: the neighbours have told me so;  
"Two months! why that is nothing and the time will speedily go."  
'Tis nothing—O empty bed, let me work then for his sake!  
I will copy out the paper which he thought the News might take,  
If my eyes may see the letters; 'tis a picture of our life  
And the little deeds of our days ere we thought of prison and strife.

Yes, neighbour, yes I am early—and I was late last night;  
Bedless I wore through the hours and made a shift to write.  
It was kind of you to come, nor will it grieve me at all  
To tell you why he's in prison and how the thing did befall;  
For I know you are with us at heart, and belike will join us soon.  
It was thus: we went to a meeting on Saturday afternoon,  
At a new place down in the West, a wretched quarter enough,  
Where the rich men's houses are elbowed by ragged streets and rough,  
Which are worse than they seem to be. (Poor thing! you know too well  
How pass the days and the nights within that bricken hell!)  
There, then, on a bit of waste we stood 'twixt the rich and the poor;  
And Jack was the first to speak; that was he that you met at the door  
Last week. It was quiet at first; and dull they most of them stood  
As though they heeded nothing, nor thought of bad or of good,  
Not even that they were poor, and haggard and dirty and dull:  
Nay, some were so rich indeed that they with liquor were full,  
And dull wrath rose in their souls as the hot words went by their ears,  
For they deemed they were mocked and rated by men that were more than  
their peers.

But for some, they seemed to think that a prelude was all this  
To the preachment of saving of souls, and hell, and endless bliss;  
While some (O the hearts of slaves!) although they might understand,  
When they heard their masters and feeders called thieves of wealth and of  
land,

Were as angry as though they were cursed. Withal there were some that  
heard,  
And stood and pondered it all, and garnered a hope and a word.  
Ah! heavy my heart was grown as I gazed on the terrible throng.  
Lo! these that should have been the glad and the deft and the strong,  
How were they dull and abased as the very filth of the road!  
And who should waken their souls or clear their hearts of the load?

The crowd was growing and growing, and therewith the jeering grew;  
And now that the time was come for an ugly brawl I knew,  
When I saw how midst of the workmen some well-dressed men there came,  
Of the scum of the well-to-do, brutes void of pity or shame;  
The thief is a saint beside them. These raised a jeering noise,  
And our speaker quailed before it, and the hubbub drowned his voice.  
Then Richard put him aside and rose at once in his place,  
And over the rags and the squalor beamed out his beautiful face,  
And his sweet voice rang through the tumult, and I think the crowd would  
have hushed

And hearkened his manly words; but a well-dressed reptile pushed  
Right into the ring about us and screeched out infamies  
That sickened the soul to hearken; till he caught my angry eyes  
And my voice that cried out at him, and straight on me he turned,  
A foul word smote my heart and his cane on my shoulders burned.  
But e'en as a kestrel stoops down Richard leapt from his stool  
And drove his strong right hand amidst the mouth of the fool.  
Then all was mingled together, and away from him was I torn,  
And, hustled hither and thither, on the surging crowd was borne;  
But at last I felt my feet, for the crowd began to thin,  
And I looked about for Richard that away from thence we might win;  
When lo, the police amidst us, and Richard hustled along  
Betwixt a pair of blue-coats as the doer of all the wrong!

Little longer, friend, is the story; I scarce have seen him again;  
I could not get him bail despite my trouble and pain;  
And this morning he stood in the dock: for all that that might avail,  
They might just as well have dragged him at once to the destined jail.  
The police had got their man and they meant to keep him there,  
And whatever tale was needful they had no trouble to swear.

Well the white-haired fool on the bench was busy it seems that day,  
And so with the words "Two months," he swept the case away;  
Yet he lectured my man ere he went, but not for the riot indeed  
For which he was sent to prison, but for holding a dangerous creed.  
"What have you got to do to preach such perilous stuff?  
To take some care of yourself should find you work enough.  
If you needs must preach or lecture, then hire a chapel or hall;  
Though indeed if you take my advice you'll just preach nothing at all,  
But stick to your work: you seem clever, who knows but you might rise,  
And become a little builder should you condescend to be wise?  
For in spite of your silly sedition, the land that we live in is free,  
And opens a pathway to merit for you as well as for me."



Ah friend, am I grown light-headed with the lonely grief of the night,  
That I babble of this babble? Woe's me, how little and light  
Is this beginning of trouble to all that yet shall be borne—  
At worst but as the shower that lays but a yard of the corn  
Before the hailstorm cometh and flattens the field to the earth.

O, for a word from my love of the hope of the second birth!  
Could he clear my vision to see the sword creeping out of the sheath  
Inch by inch as we writhe in the toils of our living death!  
Could he but strengthen my heart to know that we cannot fail;  
For alas, I am lonely here; helpless and feeble and frail;  
I am e'en as the poor of the earth, e'en they that are now alive;  
And where is their might and their cunning with the mighty of men to  
strive?

Though they that come after be strong to win the day and the crown,  
Ah, ever must we the heedless to the heedless dark go down,  
Still crying, "To-morrow, to-morrow, to-morrow yet shall be  
The new-born sun's arising o'er happy earth and sea"—  
And we not there to greet it—for to-day and its life we yearn,  
And where is the end of toiling and whitherward now shall we turn  
But to patience, ever patience, and yet and yet to bear;  
And yet, forlorn, unanswered as off before to hear,  
Through the tales of the ancient fathers and the dreams that mock our  
wrong,  
That cry to the naked heavens, "How long, O Lord! how long?"

WILLIAM MORRIS.

## HOW NOT TO TRANSLATE MARX.

THE first volume of "Das Kapital" is public property, as far as translation into foreign languages are concerned. Therefore, although it is pretty well known in English Socialist circles that a translation is being prepared and will be published under the responsibility of Marx's literary executors, nobody would have a right to grumble if that translation were anticipated by another, so long as the text was faithfully and equally well rendered.

The first few pages of such a translation by John Broadhouse, are published in the October number of *To-Day*. I say distinctly that it is very far from being a faithful rendering of the text, and that because Mr. Broadhouse is deficient in every quality required in a translator of Marx.

To translate such a book, a fair knowledge of literary German is not enough. Marx uses freely expressions of everyday life and idioms of provincial dialects; he coins new words, he takes his illustrations from every branch of science, his allusions from the literatures of a dozen languages; to understand him, a man must be a master of German indeed, spoken as well as written, and must know something of German life too.

To use an illustration. When some Oxford Undergraduates rowed in a four-oar boat across the straits of Dover, it was stated in the Press reports that one of them "caught a crab." The London correspondent of the *Cologne Gazette* took this literally, and faithfully reported to his paper, that "a crab had got entangled in the oar of one of the rowers." If a man who has been living for years in the midst of London is capable of such a ludicrous blunder as soon as he comes across the technical terms of an art unknown to him, what must we expect from a man who with a passable knowledge of mere book-German, undertakes to translate the most untranslatable of German prose writers? And indeed we shall see that Mr. Broadhouse is an excellent hand at "catching crabs."

But there is something more required. Marx is one of the most vigorous and concise writers of the age. To render him adequately, a man must be a master, not only of German, but of English too. Mr. Broadhouse, however, though evidently a man of respectable journalistic accomplishments, commands but that limited range of English used by and for conventional literary respectability. Here he moves with ease; but this sort of English is not a language into which "Das Kapital" can ever be translated. Powerful German requires powerful English to render it; the best resources of the language have to be drawn upon; new-coined German terms require the coining of corresponding new terms in English. But as soon as Mr. Broadhouse is faced by such a difficulty, not only his resources fail him, but also his courage. The slightest extension of his limited stock-in-trade, the slightest innovation upon the conventional English of everyday literature frightens him, and rather than risk such a heresy, he renders the difficult German word by a more or less indefinite term which does not grate upon his ear but obscures the meaning of the author; or, worse still, he translates it, as it recurs, by a whole series of different terms, forgetting that a technical term has to be rendered always by one and the same equivalent. Thus, in the very heading of the first section, he translates *Werthgrösse* by "extent of value," ignoring that *grösse* is a definite mathematical term, equivalent to magnitude, or determined quantity, while extent may mean many things besides. Thus even the simple innovation of "labour-time" for *Arbeitszeit*, is too much for him; he renders it by (1) "time-labour," which means, if anything, labour paid by time or labour done by a man "serving" time at hard labour; (2) "time of labour," (3) "labour-time," and (4) "period of labour," by which term (*Arbeitsperiode*) Marx, in the second volume, means something quite different. Now as is well known, the "category" of labour-time is one of the most fundamental of the whole book, and to translate it by four different terms in less than ten pages is more than unparadonable.

Marx begins with the analysis of what a commodity is. The first aspect under which a commodity presents itself, is that of an object of utility; as such it may be considered with regard either to its quality

or its quantity. "Any such thing is a whole in itself, the sum of many qualities or properties, and may therefore be useful in different ways. To discover these different ways and therefore the various uses to which a thing may be put, is the act of history. So, too, is the finding and fixing of socially recognised standards of measure for the quantity of useful things. The diversity of the modes of measuring commodities arises partly from the diversity of the nature of the objects to be measured, partly from convention."

This is rendered by Mr. Broadhouse as follows: "To discover these various ways, and consequently the multifarious modes in which an object may be of use, is a work of time. So, consequently, is the finding of the social measure for the quantity of useful things. The diversity in the bulk of commodities arises partly from the different nature," etc.

With Marx, the finding out of the various utilities of things constitutes an essential part of historic progress; with Mr. Broadhouse, it is merely a work of time. With Marx the same qualification applies to the establishment of recognised common standards of measure. With Mr. B., another "work of time" consists in the "finding of the social measure for the quantity of useful things," about which sort of measure Marx certainly never troubled himself. And then he winds up by mistaking *Masse* (measures) for *Masse* (bulk), and thereby saddling Marx with one of the finest crabs that was ever caught.

Further on, Marx says: "Use-values form the material out of which wealth is made up, whatever may be the social form of that wealth" (the specific form of appropriation by which it is held and distributed). Mr. Broadhouse has: "Use values constitute the actual basis of wealth which is always their social form"—which is either a pretentious platitude or sheer nonsense.

The second aspect under which a commodity presents itself, is its exchange-value. That all commodities are exchangeable, in certain varying proportions, one against the other, that they have exchange-values, this fact implies that they contain something which is common to all of them. I pass over the slovenly way in which Mr. Broadhouse here reproduces one of the most delicate analyses in Marx's book, and at once proceed to the passage where Marx says: "This something common to all commodities cannot be a geometrical, physical, chemical or other natural property. In fact their material properties come into consideration only in so far as they make them useful, that is, in so far as they turn them into use-values." And he continues: "But it is the very act of making abstraction from their use-values which evidently is the characteristic point of the exchange-relation of commodities. Within this relation, one use-value is equivalent to any other, so long as it is provided in sufficient proportion."

Now Mr. Broadhouse: "But on the other hand, it is precisely these Use-values in the abstract which apparently characterise the exchange-ratio of the commodities. In itself, one Use-value is worth just as much as another if it exists in the same proportion."

Thus, leaving minor mistakes aside, Mr. Broadhouse makes Marx say the very reverse of what he does say. With Marx, the characteristic of the exchange-relation of commodities is the fact, that total abstraction is made of their use-values, that they are considered as having no use-values at all. His interpreter makes him say, that the characteristic of the exchange ratio (of which there is no question here) is precisely their use-value, only taken "in the abstract"! And then, a few lines further on, he gives the sentence of Marx: "As Use-values, commodities can only be of different quality, as exchange-values they can only be of different quantity, containing not an atom of Use-value," neither abstract nor concrete. We may well ask: "Understandest thou what thou readest?"

To this question it becomes impossible to answer in the affirmative, when we find Mr. Broadhouse repeating the same misconception over and over again. After the sentence just quoted, Marx continues: "Now, if we leave out of consideration" (that is, make abstraction from) "the use-values of the commodities, there remains to them but one property: that of being the products of labour. But even this product of labour has already undergone a change in our hands. If we make abstraction from its use-value, we also make abstraction from the bodily components and forms which make it into a use-value."

This is Englished by Mr. Broadhouse as follows: "If we separate Use-values from the actual material of the commodities, there remains" (where? with the use-values or with the actual material?) "one property only, that of the product of labour. But the product of labour is already transmuted in our hands. If we abstract from it its use-value, we abstract also the stamina and form which constitute its use-value."

Again, Marx: "In the exchange-relation of commodities, their exchange-value presented itself to us as something perfectly independent of their use-values. Now, if we actually make abstraction from the use-values of the products of labour, we arrive at their value, as previously determined by us." This is made by Mr. Broadhouse to sound as follows: "In the exchange-ratio of commodities their exchange-value appears to us as something altogether independent of their use-value. If we now in effect abstract the use-value from the labour-products, we have their value as it is then determined." There is no doubt of it. Mr. Broadhouse has never heard of any other acts and modes of abstraction but bodily ones, such as the abstraction of money from a till or a safe. To identify abstraction and subtraction, will, however, never do for a translator of Marx.

Another specimen of the turning of German sense into English nonsense. One of the finest researches of Marx is that revealing the duplex character of labour. Labour, considered as a producer of use-value, is of a different character, has different qualifications from the same labour, when considered as a producer of value. The one is

labour of a specified kind, spinning, weaving, ploughing, etc.; the other is the general character of human productive activity, common to spinning, weaving, ploughing, etc., which comprises them all under the one common term, labour. The one is labour in the concrete, the other is labour in the abstract. The one is technical labour, the other is economical labour. In short—for the English language has terms for both—the one is *work*, as distinct from labour; the other is *labour*, as distinct from work. After this analysis, Marx continues: "Originally a commodity presented itself to us as something duplex: Use-value and Exchange-value. Further on we saw that labour, too, as far as it is expressed in value, does no longer possess the same characteristics which belong to it in its capacity as a creator of use-value." Mr. Broadhouse insists on proving that he has not understood a word of Marx's analysis, and translates the above passage as follows: "We saw the commodity at first as a compound of Use-value and Exchange-value. Then we saw that labour, so far as it is expressed in value, only possesses that character so far as it is a generator of use-value." When Marx says: White, Mr. Broadhouse sees no reason why he should not translate: Black.

But enough of this. Let us turn to something more amusing. Marx says: "In civil society, the *factio juris* prevails that everybody, in his capacity as a buyer of commodities, possesses an encyclopaedic knowledge of all such commodities." Now, although the expression, Civil Society, is thoroughly English, and Ferguson's "History of Civil Society" is more than a hundred years old, this term is too much for Mr. Broadhouse. He renders it "amongst ordinary people," and thus turns the sentence into nonsense. For it is exactly "ordinary people" who are constantly grumbling at being cheated by retailers, etc., in consequence of their ignorance of the nature and values of the commodities they have to buy.

The production (*Herstellung*) of a Use-value is rendered by "the establishing of a Use-value." When Marx says "If we succeed in transforming, with little labor, coal into diamonds, their value may fall below that of bricks," Mr. Broadhouse, apparently not aware that diamond is an allotropic form of carbon, turns coal into coke. Similarly he transmutes the "total yield of the Brazilian diamond mines" into "the entire profits of the whole yield." "The primitive communities of India" in his hands become "venerable communities." Marx says: "In the use-value of a commodity is contained" (*steckt*, which had better be translated: For the production of the use-value of a commodity there has been spent) "a certain productive activity, adapted to the peculiar purpose, or a certain useful labour." Mr. Broadhouse must say: "In the use-value of a commodity is contained a certain quantity of productive power or useful labour," thus turning not only quality into quantity, but productive activity which has been spent, into productive power which is to be spent.

But enough. I could give tenfold this number of instances, to show that Mr. Broadhouse is in every respect not a fit and proper man to translate Marx, and especially so because he seems perfectly ignorant of what is really conscientious scientific work.<sup>1</sup>

FREDERICK ENGELS.

## The Yorkshire Miners and Their Masters.

"We cannot continue to pay the present extravagant rate of wages since many of us are working our pits at an absolute loss. It is therefore necessary for the men to submit to a 10 per cent. reduction." Thus spoke the capitalist owners and managers of the Yorkshire collieries, and small was the use of gainsaying them. True, the worm turned, but it was crushed for all that. The great lock-out, however, is now a thing of the past. The miners have put on harness once more to drag on a weariful brute existence. The fear that the price of coal would rise has happily been averted, and the public conscience is again at rest to be only temporarily, though ever and anon, disquieted, by a five-minutes-wonder explosion. And here it may be interesting to remark that during the few weeks which have elapsed since the colliers went back to their slavery, not less than 200 lives in the north of England alone, have been profitably sacrificed by explosions. I am gravely in earnest when I say that death is indeed a happy release from the daily round of misery and anxiety which attends every breath of the miner, as what follows will undoubtedly show.

Desirous, during the dispute, of knowing and seeing somewhat of the facts of the situation, I, in company with a few comrades paid a visit to Middleton, a neighbouring mining district some three miles away from Leeds, where the men were holding out against the exactions of their masters. Although partly a suburban village, the air thereabouts is sadly deteriorated by reason of the sulphurous ejections from the pits and smelting works. These in combination with the various odours given off by the surrounding chemical and leather factories, play such havoc with the atmosphere as to reduce it to the level of the mixture we breathe in the town, that is a composition of smoke, filth and air, in about equal proportions.

Imagine us in the back parlour of a wayside inn, surrounded by a score of committee men—the executive of the strikers—who are met to dole out the scanty supply of bread and pennies collected during the day from the sympathising public. These are men painfully careful

<sup>1</sup> From the above it will be evident that "Das Kapital" is not a book the translation of which can be done by contract. The work of translating it is in excellent hands, but the translators cannot devote all their time to it. This is the reason of the delay. But while the precise time of publication cannot as yet be stated, we may safely say that the English edition will be in the hands of the public in the course of next year.

lest we should receive erroneous impressions, and corrections on the smallest matters of detail are seriously submitted. Indeed they seem more inclined to understate than overstate their grievances "because," said they, "it is best to be on the safe side and to let the public know the plain truth." A careful comparison of their statements led me to the conclusion that deducting for periodic short time, the miner who averaged, year in and year out, the weekly wage of 18s. was, in this district, a lucky and exceptionally steady man. And from this modest sum the growth of productive capabilities necessitates that, for the future there shall be a 10 per cent. reduction.

One miner writing to a local paper and giving his name and address, stated that himself and five fellow-workmen engaged on the same shift, only averaged 8s. 4d. per week each for the three months preceding the lock-out. He described himself as a married man with a family of four, numbering together with his wife, six hungering mouths. Leaving aside house-rent, clothing, etc., the family at the above rate would just be able to procure for itself two meals per day. Talk, Professors Bryce and Marshall, about reducing men down to the level of the Indian coolie—why here is an actual example. No matter. Civilisation is peremptory. Ten per cent. must come off this starving family's back or we have dead-lock in the capitalist world and civilisation cannot go on. "Ay," said to me, an old man whose eye had been injured in a blasting operation, "they've (the mine-owners) risen the parson's salary £50 this year, and we shall have to pay for't."

The seams of coal wherein the miners labour vary in thickness and therefore in height, because it is impossible, under present conditions, for the miners to spend the requisite time in making their surroundings physically agreeable, since they are only paid according to the amount of coal they produce. Hence if a miner dislodges a ton of a particular seam, which in all cases has a considerable amount of useless matter, he only receives payment for the amount of coal produced. The dirt, stone and useless matter necessarily dislodged, count for nothing, and the miner has to bear the loss. In one seam called the "thin seam," varying from two to three feet in height, the men produce pure coal at 1s. 8d. per ton. They have, however, to crawl into this oppressive hole on their hands and knees, and work prostrate, leaning on their sides or as best they may. Furthermore, as they advance into the seam they have increased difficulty in regaining the trucks, which are too high in structure to admit of them accompanying the men along the excavated path; so that when the desired amount of coal is obtained, the miners have to remove it the best way they can until they reach the entrance of the seam where the trucks are arrayed. At the time of the lock-out it took four successive "lifts" or removals, to reach the trucks. Consequently the miner had first to dislodge his coal, then to remove it four times, crouched under a roof 24 inches high, at the munificent rate of 20 pennies per ton. From this the progress of civilisation demands that a 10 per cent. reduction shall henceforward be made in consideration of "the lilies of the field."

In another seam wherein it appears the men are able to stand upright, they only receive 9d. per ton of the coal produced. Here, however, there are other hardships to be encountered. The miner is frequently troubled by downpouring water which wets him to the skin (when he happens to be dressed) and which also tends to loosen stones that fall whither they may, as many a sore head testifies—a matter that seems to be but lightly recked of, while the mere mention of a 10 per cent. reduction raises a fury.

Surely, then, the miners have ample cause to protest against the wholesale robbery which is being perpetrated on them. They receive upon the average about 1s. 4d. per ton for the coal they produce. It averages at the pit-head 10s. per ton. It is transported to London and sold at from 17s. to 25s. per ton. Small is the wonder, then, that managers receive their thousands and tens of thousands per annum. Small is the wonder that shareholders, merchants and the like, wax fat and kick, while the producers and consumers—the people in short—wax lamentably meek and lean. But is this progress? Answer, Professors Marshall and Bryce. To reduce some 40,000 Yorkshiremen to the condition of the Egyptian fellaheen that the few may have the wherewithal to waste in degrading extravagance—may in open competition with each other as to who can afford to waste in the most reckless, ridiculous degree—is this the progress you esteem? Verily, so it seems. Then away with your Economy and your capitalist manner of working! The progress which the Socialist seeks is the lifting up of all men. Not the deprivation of the many for the surfeit of the few. Let us strike off these managers and shareholders, these capitalistic all-devourers. Let us unite and see that the community shall for the future provide what little these monopolists have done in the past. By this means we shall bring the producers and consumers into more immediate contact, and there will be no more middle meddlers to despoil us at their leisure.

One cheering token there is even in so feeble a protest as the Yorkshire miners' strike, and it is the unmistakable evidence forthcoming of the fact that the spirit of resisting wrong to the uttermost is not yet dead and broken in men. And it may serve to sustain us in the manifold trials of our struggle when we remember that if as much universal resistance to wrong were only intelligently exerted, Socialism in as short a space, would be the successful issue.

Since the foregoing was written, matters with the miners have again assumed ominous guise. A general strike seems now inevitable. One "conference" counsels the men to strike for a 10 per cent. advance. Another would have them strike for 15 per cent. Their plea is that trade is bettering. But this, like most of our latter-day union pleas, is weak and invertebrate. The fact is that they have now a better chance of winning, what is at best a losing game, than they had when the

masters declared against them early in the year. Winter is at hand, the demand for coal will be urgent, and the miners trust that the masters, rather than shut up their pits, will concede the per cent. demanded, even if the consuming public are made to pay the piper in the shape of costlier fuel. After the winter has been weathered, the masters may again lock out their hands, or compel them to submit to another wholesale reduction. Thus will the miserable struggle go on whilst Competition obtains—a miserable struggle for two shillings in the pound. If the deluded workers would but learn to strike for the pound!

T. MAGUIRE.

### LITERARY NOTES.

"Discovery of the Missing Link." An Attack upon the enemy of Labour." By F. P. Williams, 733 Greene Avenue, Brooklyn, New York.—The dedication of this pamphlet to Henry George gave me warning of the line of thought along which it would work. The enemy of labour is landlordism, according to F. P. Williams. Of course, to us landlordism is only an enemy and a very little one at that compared with the enemy of labour—capitalism. The little work is written in an earnest, energetic style and drops into poetry at the end more than once.

"The Horrible Sweating System." By Lewis Lyons, 1 Tenter Street East, Whitechapel.—Four short articles on the tailoring misarrangements of East London. Three of them appeared in these columns. All four are intrinsically interesting, and possess this extrinsic interest that they are written by the workman whom Mr. Saunders sent to prison on the unsupported, contradicted, self-contradictory evidence of the perjured policeman Brind, 463 K.

"England's Ideal: a Tract," (reprinted from *To-Day*, May 1884); and "Modern Science: a Criticism," by Edward Carpenter, are shortly to be issued by John Heywood, Deansgate, Manchester. E. A.

### RECORD OF THE INTERNATIONAL MOVEMENT.

GERMANY.—The celebrated Chemnitz trial has at last come off—and the nine accused have had to be acquitted! And that after the Prussian Government had spent eighteen months in preparing "evidence," and the indictment alone formed an imposing volume of over a hundred folio pages. Poor Bismarck! It is quite appalling to think of the amount of brandy he will consume to comfort himself for all the labour lost. The nine prosecuted Socialists were, it may be remembered, accused of taking part a year and a half ago in the Congress held by the German Socialists at Copenhagen, and of belonging to a secret society whose aim is the overthrow of existing laws, and of circulating by millions Socialistic pamphlets, fly-sheets and the prohibited *Social Democrat*. Of course, the statement as to the "secret society" is absurd, and despite all efforts of the police, the verdict could be no other—even in Germany—than it was. Meantime, however, the police is "taking it out" of the Socialists. Heine has just been sentenced to six months' imprisonment; Kroecker's printing press has been seized and confiscated; Liebknecht has a month for insulting two police-agents (how policeman H 17, who thought we were disrespectful to him, must regret he isn't in Germany!) There are some eight or nine other trials pending.

I know that in England there is an idea that German prisons are not at all unpleasant places—and certainly persons condemned for "press offences" are better off than they would be here. But that political prisoners may be as cruelly tortured in Germany as Fenian prisoners were in England, the following facts prove. My readers probably remember that at the so-called "Niederwald trial," the shoemaker Holzhauser was condemned to ten years' hard labour. On the 19th of September, Holzhauser committed suicide by hanging himself in his cell at Halle. I quote from the *Social Democrat*:—"Holzhauser was driven to this deed of despair through continual tortures. . . . Thus—as we are informed on reliable authority—he was not occupied as shoemaker, but was set to do work of which, owing to his excessive shortsightedness, he could not do the given amount. The consequence was one "disciplinary" punishment after the other. *His request for spectacles was refused.* That he was also made to suffer from cold is evident from his last letter to his wife. . . . His family, living in Barmen, only learnt his death from the local papers; the prison authorities did not think proper till *five days* after Holzhauser's death to communicate with his relations." . . . May this poor shoemaker's name be added to the long list of the martyrs of our cause. Let all of us that are Socialists remember Holzhauser."

The English bourgeois press always has long telegrams and gushing articles anent the German military manoeuvres. I do not think any one of them has found space to record these "details." I take only a very few facts from many given:—"On the 14th of September, near Durlach, the manoeuvres of the 14th Army corps—attended, of course, by the German Emperor and many foreign officers—took place. . . . On the morning of the 15th September the troops set forth from their quarters merrily and in good health—between four and five in the evening they returned—but how? The condition of the soldiers is hardly describable; they no longer walked, they dragged themselves despairingly along. . . . Over 400 fainted. 9 men were picked up dead. . . . On the 16th of September the number of 'fallen' was 800. . . . At Karlsruhe over 50 men were left lying on the field, of whom 5 died." . . . There can be no comment on such facts. But the soldiers in Germany are beginning to understand that they, like the workers, are victims of the hideous bourgeois society of to-day—and they are coming over to us.

FRANCE.—The elections have come, and by the time I am writing gone—though I do not know the results of the final "ballotages." To me it seems that the most important points in regard to these elections are the joining of hands of various Socialist parties, and the clean knocking over of the Opportunists. With the single exception of the followers of M. Brousse—whose Socialism is a very doubtful quantity—all other parties worked together. The number, more or less, of votes recorded, it seems to me matters very little (I confess I don't know what the numbers are)—but I think that the good propagandist work done all over France matters much. And that the Radicals *a la Clémenceau*—who temper their Radicalism with Socialism, and their Socialism with Opportunism—should be left practically face to face with the reactionists, is to our advantage alone. If Clémenceau kills Opportunism, or Opportunism Clémenceau, "each way makes our gain."

In the *Socialiste* of 10th October, Paul Lafargue gives a short account of a visit to Louise Michel. I regret that I have not space to translate it. Our heroic Louise is what she has ever been—the gentlest, tenderest, most womanly of women, while at once the strongest, most uncompromising, and determined of revolutionists. She is spending much of her time in preparing good school books for little children—surely admirable work—and suffering is as ever incapable of weakening this strong woman's heart. Lafargue tried to prove to her that she could without hesitation accept an amnesty—since she does not admit the right of the Government to condemn her, and since on coming out from prison she would carry on her good work of propaganda for the revolution. But till all her fellow-prisoners—Krapotkin and the rest—are amnestied, Louise will not hear of any "mercy" for herself. Let me just add that Lafargue could only see her behind her horrible prison-bars, and could not even touch her hand.

AMERICA.—There is much interesting news to be given from various countries, but our American news is so specially interesting this month that I am tempted

to leave out many notes—space being limited—to make way for it. First, I must say that the struggle with the police at Dod Street has caused the utmost excitement and interest, all the papers—bourgeois as well as our own—giving long accounts of what occurred. As to Morris's arrest our friends all rejoice at it as the best thing that could have happened. I don't know that Morris will quite agree with them, but I certainly do. The *New Yorker Volkszeitung* (a daily Socialist paper with a very large circulation) gives in its issue of the 1st October, a report of a crowded meeting held in New York on the "Gagging Affair in London." A resolution—too long, unfortunately, for insertion here—was passed, stating that the "shameful events in London" only go to prove that there must be solidarity among all people of the earth; that all workers can learn a lesson from this; and that they (i.e., the Socialists at this meeting) greet with all their hearts the advance made on the heretofore unpropitious soil of England, of the eternal Socialist Idea, and that they wish their English comrades good luck in their energetic conduct." The resolution ends with the words, "May the day of our emancipation soon dawn."

A new English Socialist paper is about to be started in New York. This is good news. There are already two German Socialist papers, but since the *Voice of the People* ceased to appear two years ago there has been no English one.

The recent report of the Bureau of Statistics is of the utmost importance for us Socialists. But a letter has just come from San Francisco containing such interesting news that I cannot resist giving at least a few extracts from it, and leaving over, for the present, my notes on the "report." For the many interesting facts concerning organisation in the "small scattered towns" I have not room, and I can only get in a few general ones. "The International have extended their operations . . . have two lecturers afield, and are doing all they can in distributing literature. . . . No comrades are working harder than those at Topeka, Kansas. . . . In Stockton, California, one of our largest towns, we have got quite a footing; have captured the leading paper, and are holding extremely good weekly meetings. . . . We have sent a man specially to Seattle (Washington Territory), another to Victoria, etc., etc. From all these we have had numerous letters. We have letters from Oregon, from Canada, where there is much discontent . . . but the best work is being done in Central California, the most thickly peopled portion of the State. . . . A large mass meeting was held some three weeks ago to advocate Government ownership of railroads and telegraphs. Some 3000 had a lot of Socialism talked to them. . . . Two of our most energetic comrades are now organising a free employment agency for the unemployed—of whom there will be in this city (San Francisco) alone some 15,000 this winter." Our correspondent goes on to say how the Chinese question is one of their greatest difficulties. We understand the difficulty in some respects, but surely that will be lessened when our American Socialists explain that not the unhappy Chinese but the exploiters who import them are to blame—that the latter not the former should be attacked. In conclusion, our comrade writes that the *Commonweal* "is eagerly read here, and largely quoted from in our labour papers," and he, too, says "the news of Morris's arrest has reached us, and we take that to be the best thing that has happened for a long time. That very day an attempt to suppress free speech was made here, and a League for its Defence promptly formed. We expect an enormous crowd in consequence this afternoon." All good be with our comrades in the West! ELEANOR MARX AVELING.

[Notes from Holland, Spain, and Italy must stand over for want of space.]

### FREE SPEECH AND THE POLICE.

On Sunday, September 27, the Socialists and Radicals gained a complete victory over the police. Rejecting all offers of compromise they carried out literally that which they had said they would do, and that which the authorities had said they should not do. A procession of some thirty thousand marched from the East London United Radical Club to Stepney Green, and thence to Dod Street. There and thereabouts some fifty thousand others were assembled. A few policemen were present helping to keep a way for the procession. But the immense crowd was its own police. The procession marched into Dod Street. There John Mathias (E.L.U.R.C.) as chairman, Edward Aveling (S.L.) as having pledged himself to speak in Dod Street that day, despite the threats of Mr. Saunders, the police magistrate, and Benjamin Ellis (Peckham Radical Club) spoke. Then, as the victory had been won, as many thousands could not get into the historic street, as the traffic in Burdett Road was obstructed, and as Socialists and Radicals alike wished to avoid such obstruction, an adjournment was made to the open space in front of the West India Dock-gates, a place also interdicted by the police. There speeches were delivered by the Rev. Stewart Headlam, a Christian Socialist (English Land Restoration League), Vanderhout (Tower Hamlets Radical Club), Rose (E.L.U.R.C.), John Burns (S.D.F.), G. B. Shaw (Fabian Society), and H. M. Hyndman (S.D.F.). The resolution passed apparently unanimously by the vast crowd was—

"That this meeting of the Workers of London protests against the arbitrary action of the police in endeavouring to suppress the right of open-air speaking in public places, where no actual obstruction is caused; that this meeting is of opinion that the power of deciding the legality or illegality of such meetings should not be vested in the hands of irresponsible police constables; and further, this meeting demands that the same right should be accorded to speakers of all shades of opinions, no distinction whatever being made; also that steps be taken to prosecute the police as soon as possible for their gross perjury in the cases of Samuel King, Waters, Hunter Watts, Morris, and Lyons, and that the attention of the Home Secretary be called to the misconduct of Mr. Saunders, the magistrate at the Thames Police court."

The thousands of people dispersed perfectly quietly and in order. At a subsequent meeting of the Vigilance Committee, it was decided that as the Social Democratic Federation had initiated this struggle, and as by the combined aid of that organisation and other bodies the victory was won, to the S.D.F. should now be left all further conduct of affairs in Dod Street. The societies that had fought with the S.D.F. pledged themselves, in the event of any further attack, to renew the contest.

On the Sunday following, 10,000 people welcomed in Victoria Park, John Williams, who had been sent to prison for one month by Mr. Saunders. The proceedings were most enthusiastic, and the following resolution was passed:—

"That this meeting of the workers of London proclaims its strong sympathy with John Williams in his unjust and cruel imprisonment for no offence, congratulates him upon the universal admiration which his courageous self-sacrifice for the right of free speech has called forth, and pledges itself to support the right for which he has suffered against any future attack by the governing classes of this country."

After such a battle and such a result that any personal questions should have arisen is pitiable. This journal is, however, compelled by the conduct of Mr. H. M. Hyndman, to publish the following extracts and documents, on which no comment is necessary:—

"Social Democrats have proved that they are on excellent terms with the members of other Socialist bodies, and particularly with those of the Socialist League. It is necessary, however, to state here, for the information of our comrades in London and the country, that the breach of faith committed on Sunday last by Edward Aveling will render it impossible for those who are cognisant of the facts ever again to have confidence in any arrangement entered into by him."—*Justice*, October 3.

*Resolution of the Council of Socialist League, Oct. 5.*—"That Wade, Lane, and Aveling be sent to the Vigilance Committee with instructions to report their opinion of affairs, and to assure them of our confidence in our delegate's integrity."

**Resolution of the Vigilance Committee.**—"That this meeting of delegates considers paragraph 5, col. 2, page 1, in *Justice*, Oct. 3, 1885, contains a false and cowardly attack upon Dr. Aveling, and it calls upon the editor of *Justice* to publicly withdraw and apologise for it." The German *Communistische Verein* have passed the same resolution.

**Resolution of the Council of Socialist League, Oct. 12.**—"That an official letter be written to the Council of the S.D.F., calling their attention to the paragraph in *Justice*, enclosing resolution passed by Vigilance Committee, and offering them opportunity to repudiate the accusation made against our delegate."

**Letter from the Secretary of the Social-Democratic Federation, Oct. 16.**—"To the Council of the Socialist League.—Comrades, I am instructed by the Executive Council of the Social-Democratic Federation to acknowledge the receipt of your letter with regard to the charges made against your delegate, Dr. Aveling, in *Justice*, and to state, that after having discussed and considered the matter, they beg to refer you to the editor of *Justice*.—Yours fraternally, H. H. CHAMPION."

Mr. H. M. Hyndman, after the receipt of communications from Dr. Aveling for insertion in *Justice*, burked the whole of those communications. When, under compulsion, he inserted in his journal of Oct. 17 the resolution of the Vigilance Committee, he appended to it the following:—

"We the undersigned delegates of the Social-Democratic Federation distinctly remember that an agreement was entered into by all the Socialist speakers at the meeting of the Free Speech Vigilance Committee at the East London United Radical Club on the Friday evening preceding the Demonstration of Sunday 27th September in Dod Street not to speak at Dod Street or elsewhere until after the Radical speakers appointed by the Committee had addressed the people. This arrangement was never altered by the Committee.—Signed by G. Bateman, Herbert Burrows, H. H. Champion, J. Fielding, C. L. Fitzgerald, H. M. Hyndman, J. Oliver."

To this statement of seven members of one organisation, the Social-Democratic Federation, the following statement from 31 members of 10 organisations is the reply:—

"We the undersigned delegates of various Radical Clubs and other organisations to the Vigilance Committee in connexion with the Dod Street difficulties, having had our attention called to a statement in *Justice* of Oct. 17, signed by seven members of the Social-Democratic Federation, feel bound to declare that no agreement whatever was entered into by the Socialists or by any other speakers that the Socialists should not speak in Dod Street or elsewhere until after the Radical speakers appointed by the Committee had addressed the people. This 'arrangement' was never altered by the Committee because it was never made. Dr. Aveling for the same reason could not have changed an 'arrangement' never entered into. No breach of faith whatever was committed by Dr. Aveling on Sunday, September 27.—Signed by John M. Mathias, Chairman of the meeting in Dod Street; Thos. Humphrey, secretary of the East London U.R.C., and secretary of the Vigilance Committee; Percy C. Wilkin, Minutes secretary of the Vigilance Committee; Stewart D. Headlam, E.L.R.L.; Annie Besant and George Bernard Shaw, Fabian Society; A. D. Holliday, Rad. Assoc.; Benjamin Ellis, Sydney Robeson, and John W. Samwell, Peckham and Dulwich R.C.; W. Charles Wade and Joseph Lane, Socialist League; William March, Progressive Club; J. Vanderhout, Tower Hamlets R.C.; J. D. Niess, Eleusis Club; Lewis Lyons (sentenced to imprisonment for two months by Mr. Saunders); Thos. Grady, Daniel Paterson, Joseph Gardner, Wm. Pearce, J. Abrahams, D. Abrahams, J. Middleton, H. Rosenblatt, joint treasurer, J. Rosenblatt, Saml. W. Alderton, W. A. Rose, T. Ivatts, and J. Cain, members of the East London U.R.C.; G. Kahan and H. Bachaukamp, International Working Men's Club."

**Resolution of the Council of Socialist League, Oct. 19.**—"That in the opinion of this meeting of the Socialist League Council, Mr. Hyndman, by continuing to attack the League delegate to the Vigilance Committee in connexion with the Dod Street Demonstration, after his accusation has been proved to be false, has shown himself a discredit to his party; and further, that this Council expresses its sincere pity for those who by their action have proved themselves to be Mr. Hyndman's tools."

The right of open-air meeting has for the present been vindicated by the energetic efforts of those who had most to lose by its suppression—the Socialists and the Radicals. It is to be hoped that all friends of freedom of speech will note that we should have been suppressed if the authorities had not been made to feel that they could not do otherwise than yield. It is not likely that this will be the last attempt at suppression of "dangerous doctrines," and we must be prepared to do as well in the future as we have in the past.

The imprisonment of our Comrade J. E. Williams has a lesson of its own quite apart from the fact that he was punished for nothing at all. There is even something more to be said than the expression of disgust and indignation that a person convicted of a technical crime should receive just the same treatment as a felon. It is clear that the idea of our English Prisons is to inflict torture on the prisoners: a man in for a month is treated worse than one in for two, and he again worse than if his sentence were six months: the meaning of which is that the shorter-termed prisoners can bear more torture than the longer, and therefore shall have it. Thus does Society revenge itself on the degraded whom it has degraded, on the criminals whom it has made criminal. W. M.

## THE SOCIALIST LEAGUE. REPORTS.

Reports and lecture lists to insure insertion must reach the office not later than the 22nd of the month.

**Farringdon Hall.**—The lectures here have been fairly well attended and discussed. On 7th Oct., E. Marx-Aveling lectured on "Individual Responsibility"; 14th, Laurence Grünlund on "C. J. Danton"; and on 21st, G. Bernard Shaw (Fabian) on "The Division of Society into Classes." The 5th concert of the series was given on Saturday 11th. Arrangements have been made to produce a Dramatic Entertainment or a Concert every second Saturday throughout the season. The Discussion class for members, to commence on Nov. 1, it is hoped will furnish good opportunities for mutual improvement and friendly criticism. A general meeting of members took place on Monday 19th.

**Hoxton (L. E. L.)**—Lectures have been given during past month by comrades Wade, Blundell, Donald and Mowbray, and have been well attended. As the season for out-door propaganda now draws to a close arrangements have been made for indoor meetings at 11.30 a.m. The first was held on Oct. 18th, when readings from W. Morris, Kingsley, C. Mackay and others, were given by Binning, A. Pope, C. Wade and C. Westwood, sec.

**Bloomsbury.**—Indoor and outdoor meetings have been well attended, and several members have been added.

**Marylebone.**—This Branch commenced a series of lectures at St. John's Temperance Hall, Bell Street, on Oct. 11th, when W. Morris addressed a large and enthusiastic audience. On the 18th there was again a good muster to hear A. K. Donald. Fourteen persons gave in their names as members and six shillings were taken for literature. Open-air meetings, well attended have been held at the corner of Bell Street on Sunday mornings at 11.30, and will be continued, weather permitting.—H. G. A.

**Merton.**—Four successful lectures have been given by Mowbray, Sparling, Lane and Kitz. About 30 members have joined during the month, and large amount of literature has been sold.

**Mile End.**—Lectures have been well attended and earnestly discussed. The Branch is without a home at present, but is negotiating for a hall and hopes to be again in full working order shortly.

**Bradford.**—Several good debates have taken place, which have attracted considerable attention and some new members.

**Leeds.**—The cause progressing hopefully. "Struck oil" among the miners. Secretary of a lodge of 700 has joined our ranks and says he will "spread the light."—T. MAGUIRE.

**Manchester.**—The month's work has been very useful. Morris's speech at the indignation meeting held in Albert Square about the London police was well reported in all the papers, as also, was the successful meeting held in the County Forum on Saturday evening. On Sunday the New Islington Hall was crowded. Our numbers continue to grow. The workers, large numbers of whom are unemployed, are coming to see that we have to offer them the only hope of a better condition. The future for our cause looks hopeful in this district.

**Oxford.**—The Branch has met regularly every week for debates and business, is carrying on a good propaganda, is steadily increasing its membership, and is in a sound financial condition.

### LECTURE DIARY: October, 1885.

FARRINGTON HALL (Offices of the League), 13 Farringdon Road, E.C.:—

Oct. 23. Public Meeting on the proposed British intervention in Burma.  
Lectures.—Wednesdays, 8.30 p.m. Admission free; discussion invited. Nov. 4. Lane; 11.—; 18. H. Charles; 25. H. Sparling, will lecture.  
Concerts, etc.—Saturdays, at 8 p.m. Admission free. Oct. 24. Dramatic Entertainment, Edward Aveling and others; Nov. 7. Concert; Nov. 21. Dramatic Entertainment.

Members' Discussion.—Sundays, 11 a.m. Nov. 1. Mowbray; 8. Sparling; 15. Wade, 22. Donald; 29. Mahon.

EAST LONDON UNITED RADICAL CLUB (29 Stepney Green, E.)—Nov. 8th, 11.30 a.m., J. L. Mahon, "The Meaning of the Revolution."

### BRANCH MEETING ROOMS.

#### LONDON.

**Bloomsbury.**—"Eagle and Child" Coffee Tavern, 45 Old Compton Street, Soho. Every Thursday at 8.30 p.m. Nov. 5. A. Scheu; 12. A. K. Donald; 19. H. H. Sparling; 26. William Morris.

**Hoxton (L. E. L.)**—Exchange Coffee House, Pitfield Street, opposite Hoxton Church, N. Sundays, 11.30 a.m., Readings, etc.; 8 p.m., Lectures. Nov. 1. D. Nicoll; 8. A. Scheu; 15. F. Kitz; 22. L. Grünlund; 29. W. C. Wade.

**Hammersmith.**—Kelmecott House, 26 Upper Mall, W. Sundays at 8 p.m. Nov. 1.—; 6. Theodor, "Development of Socialism"; 15. Morris, "Socialism"; 22. Scheu, "Socialism and Evolution"; 29. Brocher, "The Phalanstère."

**Merton.**—11 Merton Terrace, High Street. Every Sunday, 8 p.m.

**Marylebone.**—St. John's Temperance Hall, 52 Bell Street, Edgware Road, N.W., Sundays at 8 p.m. Nov. 1. Laurence Grünlund, "England's Future in the Light of Evolution"; 8. H. H. Sparling, "The Latter-Day Devil"; 15. C. W. Mowbray, "Thrift versus Plunder"; 22. George Bernard Shaw, "The Division of Society in Classes"; 29. J. L. Mahon, "The Science of Political Economy."

**North London.**—Camden Hall, King Street, Camden Town, N. Wednesdays at 8.30 p.m.

**South London.**—Camberwell Radical Club, Gloucester Road, Peckham. Every Thursday at 8 p.m. Oct. 29. W. Morris; Nov. 5. C. W. Mowbray; 12. E. Marx-Aveling; 17. E. B. Bax; 24. J. Lane.

#### PROVINCIAL.

**Bradford.**—Laycock's Temperance Hotel, Kirkgate. Meetings every Tuesday at 8 p.m. Sympathisers invited.

**Edinburgh (Scottish Section).**—4 Park Street. Meets every Wednesday at 8.30.

**Leeds.**—54, Myrtle Street. Meets every Wednesday.

**Manchester.**—City Café, Swan Street. Meets each Tuesday at 7.30 p.m. Nov. 3. Heinrich Studd, "Socialists and their Enemies"; 10. Henderson, "Labour"; 17. Ewing, "The Upper Ten Thousand"; 24. Unwin, "Some Relations of Socialism." On Monday, Nov. 2nd., General monthly business meeting at the County Forum, at 8 o'clock.

**Oldham.**—Mrs. Wrigley's Coffee Tavern, 9, Old Market Place. Meets every Monday at 7 p.m. The Secretary will be happy to give lectures on Socialism to any of the Liberal and Radical Clubs in the town and neighbourhood; address 57 Landsdowne Road, Chadderton, Oldham. Comrade Tod, 73 Book Street, off Ashton Road, will be glad to see or hear from bona fide inquirers.

**Oxford.**—"Elm Tree Tavern," Cowley Road. Every Monday at 8.30 p.m.

### OPEN AIR PROPAGANDA.

**Hyle Park.**—Sundays, 3.30 p.m.

**Regent's Park.**—Sundays, 11.30 a.m.

**Paddington.**—Corner of Bell Street, Edgware Road, Sundays at 11.30 a.m.

**Hulme.**—The Viaduct, Chester Road. Sundays, 7 p.m.

**Leeds.**—Vicar's Croft. Every Sunday afternoon and evening.

**Manchester.**—New Cross, Oldham Road. Sundays, 3 p.m. Nov. 1. Morley, Snowdon; 8. Ewing, Addison; 15. Prince, Unwin; 22. Parkinson, Oldman; 29. Partington, Ewing.

**Oldham.**—Curzon Ground. Sundays, afternoon and evening.

### WHERE TO GET THE "COMMONWEAL."

Particulars of additions to this list will oblige.

#### London.

Old Ford Road—Roberts, 4; Caudle, 139.  
Globe Road—Poole, 24; Caudle, 241; Brown, 253.  
Mile End Road—174. Haines, 212; W. Cole, 84.  
New St., Bedford St., wholesale agent; Hendry, 6 Jubilee Street.  
Commercial Road—C. A. Schweitzer, 43; Viney, 115; Busby Brothers, 184; Long, 234; Briggs, 244.  
Whitechapel Road—Korby, 118; Eades, 219; J. Brown, 18 Bakers Row.  
Hackney Road—Miller, 15; Wood, 103; Smith, 182; C. Ell, 443; Hammond, Goldsmith Row; Auckland, 4 Bishops Road; Vale, 4 Bonner Road.  
Mars St., Hackney—J. Yates, 4 West Street.  
Bishopsgate—E. T. Pendril, 28 Brushfield St.  
Comrade Wm. Blundell, 14, Camden Passage, Islington, N. Agent for Socialist League publications.

#### Provinces.

**BIRMINGHAM.**—J. Sketchley, 348 Cheapside.  
**BRADFORD.**—G. Minty, 3 Crab St. Hall Lane.  
**DURHAM.**—J. J. Lalor, North Earl St.  
**LIVERPOOL.**—Overbury, Landing Stage; Stocker, 27 Vauxhall Road; Tibbe, 11 St. James Place; F. Bacon, Prescott St.  
**GLASGOW.**—J. Adams, 91, Houston St.  
**LEEDS.**—T. Maguire, 54 Myrtle Street.

**MANCHESTER.**—W. Addison (Wholesale) 22 Carnarvon St., Newtown.

**HULL.**—H. Witty, Suffolk Row, Wincolmee.

**NORTHAMPTON.**—W. Brain, 16 Little Cross St.

**OLDHAM.**—J. Salway, 64 Falcon St. off Ashton Road.

**OXFORD.**—English, 38 St. Ebbe's St.