## Revolutions, Political and Social

By J. HARRINGTON.

THIRD ARTICLE.

N the second article of this series the argument came to an abrupt stop in the closing ten lines. When we sent the manuscript to the Editor several pages were missing, hence the printer makes us say: "In those countries where Social development lingered the political forms had an opportunity,"-to develop and conform, etc. Instead of making a correction we will take up the story at this point.

In the first place, those countries which were destined for a late industrial development had been overrun by France under Napoleon. In attempting to throw off this yoke the feudal lords had made some concessions and innumerable promises, to arouse the only class capable of the task-the workers. When Napoleon was finally defeated, the promises were forgotten and many of the concessions were cancelled. That might have had small influence but for a new policy which developed, particularly in Austria: - The policy of Metternich involved the suppression of every branch or item of human knowledge which was deemed inimical to established authority. Again the intellectuals and commercials were to feel the heavy hand of a few feeble minded autocrats, this time, however, all Europe was affected: Professors, scientists, writers, were insulted and imprisoned, from the most harmless efforts to promote their professions. In Austrian territory a press censor took his station with the customs, and every book and paper was scrutinised to prevent any pregnant matter entering therein. Austria became a land as unknown as China.

The Metternich system, which reduced the newly granted and fear-born constitutions to impotency, was advanced on the pretext of defending the Christian religion and we are certain the Holy Alliance is too well known to all our readers to further delay

The first response to this treatment is seen in Paris. The Bourbons, after the Restoration, like the Stuarts in England, had learned nothing from the revolution, and following a series of heavy levies to repay the nobility for the lands they had lost, the constitution was practically annulled. Paris sprang to arms. The King imposed upon the French by foreign bayonets, was a fair sprinter, and carried his head to his grave. The revolution of 1830 was as bloodless as a Carlton Club soirie. The July revolution, as it is called, caused quite a stir in Europe, but the insurrections were all suppressed, and Metternich was vindicated.

From the commencement of the century, France and Belgium (which, by the way, in 1830 had successfully revolted against domination by Holland), had been importing from England every kind of machinery possible, and English mechanics were in store all the feudal pomp and customs. Pomp and demand everywhere. One, William Cockerill by Customs of an age of bad roads and castles on the works had quite an output and were selling machthat the machine age could be said to be then fairly on its feet. As an indication we offer the fact the Le Creusot, the famous gunmakers of modern France, were at this time employing 1200 men.

The story told of Stevenson's Rocket, when it knocked down the toll gate, and the affrighted toll-keeper stammered out "Nothing to pay," is emblematic of the historic career of steam. Turn from Western Europe to Germany and Austria and we find the old feudal restrictions almost everywhere. 75 per cent or over of the people on the land; almost requiring a dozen of their cities to equal Paris; machines here and there, but no machine plants. A recollection of the fact that when Charles Darwin left the shores of England in the good ship "Beagle," of blessed memory, the city of Berlin and here we have all the materials for a social conhad not more than 30 steam engines averaging 13

backward condition of eastern Europe.

The ironworkers of Germany anticipated Henry Ford; when they were not making iron they were making hay, and their days before the puddling furnace were not sufficiently long to make their hands forget their cunning at the flail. The land grubbers who worked occasionally in the mill were shortly to be transformed into occasional workers on the land, and but little later to have no more land than would cover their bones when dead.

In the meantime, while the machine was slowly making its way into Eastern Europe, a furious nationalistic fervor had grown up. Italy under Garibaldi and Mazzini fought for national unity and the overthrow of Austran domination; Hungary under Kossuth had a similar task in view; Poland was also hopeful, while Greece succeeded in throwing off the yoke of Turkey. Belgium we have already noticed, and the slaves were everywhere seeking freedom. The poetry and literature of this period abounds with panegyrics and apostrophies to an hypothetical Liberty.

Byron had died in the struggle for Greek liberty (!) but his words: "Yet Liberty, yet thy banner torn but flying streams like a thunder storm against the breeze"-still thundered through Europe. Shelley's sweet voice was stilled, but his "Men of England" roused many a dull spirit. Heine and Freiligrath still spoke, and everywhere a desire to

break with the past prevailed.

The peasants were now feeling the competition from the machine-made goods of the West Germany, a country of many frontiers, where goods were held up and taxed, had in 1835 organized the Customs Union, the Zollverein, so goods passed freely and untaxed. The same year saw five miles of railway laid in Bavaria, the first in Germany, despite the solemn warning of the College of Physicians that it would cause headaches to travellers and spectators alike. Aches no doubt were experienced as a result, but the region in which they occurred was about eighteen inches lower, a small matter after all and proof that physicians were not always hidebound and purblind under new developments. This five miles of railroad had elongated to 500 in 1844, and to 1500 in three more short years, which brings us to another part of our story.

The King of Prussia died in 1840, the last of the Holy Alliance; Germany, Marx tells us, had awaited the event and expected from Frederick William the IV. all that had been promised during the stormy days of 1793 to 1812. They were disappointed. Fred had all his father's vices and a few more; he soon dissipated the Royal Exchequer, and then demanded more funds. He sought to rename, had established a machine works at Liege, hill, with a young giant growing daily, in the shape which exists today under his name; in 1840 these of twin streaks of rust, and a few baby elephants in the form of Mathias Stinnes' tugboats on the ines in Holland, Russia, France and Prussia. So Rhine. The Connecticut Yankee was no greater anachorism at the Court of King Arthur.

In his attempts to obtain money he encountered the law of 1820, which placed the power to grant levies in the hands of a Representative Assembly. The Assembly refused the money, and forthwith commenced a struggle between the old forms of government and the new requirements of the machine age. Beside the poetic Liberty of song and story a new intellectual monster had been born, Socialism. Saint Simon and Fourier had been translated into German and Weitling was native to the soil. The erstwhile land grubber, now proletarian, sought to prevent the lowering of his standard of living; this took the form of riots, which were pitilessly suppressed. Then came the famine of 1847, flagration. Extensive propaganda, lack of common

h.p. each, might enable our readers to estimate the necessities of life, a Government willing and ready to exert "force, force, force, without stint," as President Wilson puts it, and as occasionally happens, no means wherewith to exert it.

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Such was Germany in 1848; such was Austria, with a less advanced industrial life. Such, too, was France, with a much more, infinitely more, advanced industrial life. And to France we must now turn. But, as events of great magnitude were to happen within a few months, we had better leave them all sweltering in the ferment for a couple more weeks. This, besides lessening the strain on our readers' minds will add to the interest of the continuity of our story, as the villian still persues her.

Note: In the last article of this series the word "towns" appears instead of "thrones:"-"Napoleon peopled the thrones of Europe," etc.—(Ed.)

At the time of writing there is a doubt as to whether the next war will break out in the Holy Land or in the Rhineland, but General Sir Charles Townshend, the hero of Kut, thinks the Holy Land has it. He himself is pro-Turk, and tells the readers of the "Sunday Post" (4/2/23) that:

'Mosul is part of Anatolia, and has never formed part

of Mespot—or Irak, as the Turks call it.

Mosul—as I can personally bear witness—was in Turkish occupation at the time of the Armistice in 1918. We occupied Mosul after the Armistice in the same way as we

occupied Mosul after the Armistice in the same way as we occupied Constantinople, and we are still there.

I know Mosul, and have travelled over the surrounding district. I really cannot see the British Empire being dragged into a world-wide war for that dirty little town oil or no oil interests

By what right did the late Government calmly hand over Mosul to his so-called Majesty, King Fiesul, who could not remain five minutes at Baghdad after the British rearguard had left?

Obviously a pro-Turk that fellow, a Saracen, a defiler of the sacred places, and without shares in Anglo-Persian Oil!-"Forward."

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