Socialism in Verse

APPEAL TO REASON
Girard, Kansas
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This is a collection of American and English verse in which that with a Socialist message, or of a Socialist import, predominates. The pamphlet includes, however, other verse which expresses little more than a sense of the misery endured by the masses or by particular groups. Both have their social value: for where words of indignant protest or of fervent appeal prove unavailing, the sluggish spirit may still be moved by the depiction of poignant suffering.

The collection is neither as complete nor as representative as I could wish it to be. For an adequate anthology of social verse the task should be one of years. The last two decades in particular have given birth to a number of fugitive poems of deep social significance and value. Some of these I have collected, but there are others which could be uncovered only by a painstaking search through the files of many periodicals and obscure volumes.

Doubtless, from a poetic test, the selections given are of very unequal merit. Often, however, a poem which is artistically inferior may be of value for its social content. It should be remembered that the singers of great genius and artistry have, in the main, voiced the cause, not of the workers, but of the dominant class. Even the myriad-minded Shakespeare, courtier and politician that he was, though he depicts want and expresses compassion for poverty, has nowhere any word of sympathetic understanding for the aspirations of the common people. The songs of labor have usually been the composition of the minor singers.

In making choice I have sought principally for the verse which is revolutionary in the sense that it voices the hope or demand of the people generally, and of the working class in particular, for a radical change in social conditions. I have sought to avoid the verse which expresses merely racial or national aspirations, such as that of Thomas Moore and other Irish singers; verse which expresses the transitory demands of a particular period, such as that of Chartism and Abolitionism; verse which, while portraying injustice and suffering, views them with little more than complacent pity, such as that of Wordsworth and George Crabbe; and finally, translations.

Yet any principles of selection with which one begins such a compilation will be likely to be, in some measure, overridden before his task is completed. There are three translations, but they could hardly have been omitted. "The Marseillaise," which is printed in its ordinary form as a French military chant, has become by a slight adaptation (though further alterations are needed) the international proletarian hymn. Campanella's sonnet is included both for its historic interest and for its terrific arraignment of the servile apathy of the people, which makes
it a poem for all time; and Rosenfeld’s Ghetto song because it is a picture of contemporary sweatshop life in the metropolis of this nation. There are also poems which relate wholly or largely to past issues or episodes, but which for one reason or another have been included. In most of these, however, I have taken the liberty of excising the stanzas which seem to me to bear little or no application to present or future times. Doubtless also there will be found some selections in which the portrayal of suffering is made in a manner hardly lifted above that of complacency; but these, too, on careful consideration, I have thought well to republish.

Of English poetry before Shelley’s time I have included only the fragment from William Cowper and the two passages from Shakespeare. Byron is represented by two fragments and the “Sonnet on Chillon.” There is little else from him that could fittingly be chosen. He was peculiarly the poet of the early liberal movement—of the bourgeois struggle against feudalism and monarchy. The deeper meanings and further aims of the revolution he seems either not to have understood or else to have looked upon distrustfully.

Shelley is the first and greatest—the most poetical and most profound as well as the most impassioned—of those who voice the cause of the workers. If his social philosophy was too largely tainted with the individualistic theories of Godwin, it was at least nearer to the trend of our time than anything then current. When he left England, in 1818, Robert Owen was known only as a wealthy philanthropist, and the group of radical economists such as John Gray, William Thompson and Thomas Hodgskin had not yet given their works to print. In Italy, though his genius became more lyrical and personal in expression, he yet retained undiminished what one of his critics called his “passion for reforming the world.” He took a keen interest in every popular movement, and he looked with exultant satisfaction on the political revolutions of the time as harbingers of better days for mankind. Yet he saw—better than any of his contemporaries—that the prime social desideratum is the abolition of poverty, and that the masses must themselves win their emancipation.

The limited space of this pamphlet has made necessary the omission of certain well-known poems, such as Gerald Massey’s “The People’s Advent,” Thomas Hood’s “The Song of the Shirt,” Robert Burns’ “A Man’s a Man for A’ That” and Robert Browning’s “The Lost Leader,” which in a larger anthology could hardly be omitted.

In the notes will be found some comment, more or less biographical, on the writers represented in the volume.—W. J. G.
What is freedom? Ye can tell
That which Slavery is too well,
For its very name has grown
To an echo of your own.

'Tis to work and have such pay
As just keeps life from day to day
In your limbs as in a cell
For the tyrants' use to dwell,

So that ye for them are made
Loom and plough and sword and spade
With or without your own will, bent
To their defense and nourishment.

'Tis to see your children weak
With their mothers pine and peak
When the winter winds are bleak—
They are dying whilst I speak.

'Tis to hunger for such diet
As the rich man in his riot
Casts to the fat dogs that lie
Surfeiting beneath his eye.

'Tis to be a slave in soul,
And to hold no strong control
Over your own wills, but be
All that others make of ye;

And, at length when ye complain
With a murmur weak and vain,
'Tis to see the tyrant's crew
Ride over your wives and you—
Blood is on the grass like dew!

Then it is to feel revenge,
Fiercely thirsting to exchange
Socialism in Verse

Blood for blood, and wrong for wrong;
Do not thus when ye are strong!

Birds find rest in narrow nest,
When weary of their winged quest;
Beasts find fare in woody lair
When storms and snow are in the air;

Horses, oxen, have a home
When from daily toil they come;
Household dogs, when the wind roars,
Find a home within warm doors;

Asses, swine, have litter spread,
And with fitting food are fed;
All things have a home but one:—
Thou, O Englishman, hast none!

This is Slavery!—Savage men,
Or wild beasts within a den,
Would endure not as ye do;
But such ills they never knew.

* * * * * * * *

Rise, like lions after slumber,
In unvanquishable number!
Shake your chains to earth, like dew
Which in sleep had fallen on you!
Yc are many, they are few.

—Percy Bysshe Shelley

THE WAY TO FREEDOM.

Hereditary bondsmen! Know ye not
Who would be free themselves must strike the blow?
By their right arms the conquest must be wrought?

—Lord Byron.
THE APOTHECARY.

From Romeo and Juliet: Act V, Scene 1.

Romeo. . . . Let me have
A dram of poison. . . .

Apothecary. Such mortal drugs I have; but Mantua's law
Is death to any he that utters them.

Romeo. Art thou so bare and full of wretchedness,
And fear'st to die? Famine is in thy cheeks,
Need and oppression starveth in thine eyes,
Contempt and beggary hangs upon thy back;
The world is not thy friend, nor the world's law;
The world affords no law to make thee rich;
Then be not poor, but break it and take this.

* * * * * * * *

There is thy gold; worse poison to men's souls,
Doing more murders in this loathsome world
Than these poor compounds that thou mayst not sell.
I sell thee poison, thou hast sold me none.

—William Shakespeare.

THE PEOPLE.

The people is a beast of muddy brain
That knows not its own force, and therefore stands
Loaded with wood and stone; the powerless hands
Of a mere child guide it with bit and rein;
One kick would be enough to break the chain;
But the beast fears, and what the child demands
It does, nor its own terror understands,
Confused and stupefied by bugbears vain.
Most wonderful! With its own hand it ties
And gags itself—gives itself death and war
For pence doled out by kings from its own store.
Its own are all things between earth and heaven;
But this it knows not; and if one arise
To tell this truth, it kills him unforgiven.

—Tommaso Campanella.
SONG FROM "WAT TYLER."

"When Adam delved and Eve span,
Who was then the gentleman?"

Wretched is the infant's lot,
Born within the straw-roof'd cot:
Be he generous, wise, or brave,
He must only be a slave.
Long, long labor, little rest,
Still to toil to be oppress'd;
Drain'd by taxes of his store,
Punish'd next for being poor;
This is the poor wretch's lot,
Born within the straw-roof'd cot.

While the peasant works,—to sleep,
What the peasant sows,—to reap,
On the couch of ease to lie,
Rioting in revelry;
Be he villain, be he fool,
Still to hold despotic rule,
Trampling on his slaves with scorn!
This is to be nobly born.

"When Adam delved and Eve span,
Who was then the gentleman?"

—Robert Southey

THE QUEST FOR LIBERTY.

Long have I searched the earth for liberty,
In desert places and lands far abroad,
Where neither kings nor constables should be,
Nor any law of Man, alas, or God.
Freedom, Equality, and Brotherhood,
These were my quarries, which eternally
Fled from my footsteps fast as I pursued,
Sad phantoms of desire by land and sea.
See, it is ended. Sick and overborne
By foes and fools, and my long chase, I lie—
Here, in these walls, with all life's soul forlorn
Herded I wait—and in my ears the cry,
"Alas, poor brothers, equal in Man's scorn,
And free in God's good liberty to die."

—Wilfrid Scawen Blunt.
MAN IS MORE THAN CONSTITUTIONS.
From “On the Capture of Certain Fugitive Slaves Near Washington.”

Shame on the costly mockery of piling stone on stone
To those who won our liberty, the heroes dead and gone,
While we look coldly on, and see law-shielded ruffians slay
The men who fain would win their own, the heroes of today!

Are we pledged to craven silence? 0 fling it to the wind,
The parchment wall that bars us from the least of human kind—
That makes us cringe and temporize, and dumbly stand at rest,
While Pity’s burning flood of words is red-hot in the breast!

Though we break our fathers’ promise, we have nobler duties first;
The traitor to humanity is the traitor most accursed;
Man is more than constitutions; better rot beneath the sod
Than be true to church and state while we are doubly false to God!

We owe allegiance to the state; but deeper, truer, more,
To the sympathies that God hath set within our spirit’s core;
Our country claims our fealty; we grant it: so, but then
Before Man made us citizens, great Nature made us men.

He’s true to God who’s true to man; wherever wrong is done
To the humblest and the weakest, ’neath the all-beholding sun,
That wrong is also done to us; and they are slaves most base
Whose love of right is for themselves, and not for all their race.
—James Russell Lowell.

THE MINER.

“Get up!” the caller calls, “Get up!”
And in the dead of night,
To win the bairns their bite and sup
I rise a weary wight.

My flannel dudden donn’d, thrice o’er
My birds are kiss’d, and then
I with a whistle shut the door
I may not ope again.
—Joseph Skipsey
"A GENTLEMAN."

There is a word in the English tongue,
   Where I'd rather it were not,
For shams and lies from it have sprung,
   And heartburns fierce and hot.
'Tis a tawdry cloak for a dirty soul—
   'Tis a sanctuary base,
Where the fool and the knave themselves may save
   From justice and disgrace.
'Tis a curse to the land—deny it who can?
   That selfSame boast, "I'm a gentleman!"

It means (if a meaning definite
   Can be fix'd to the thing at all)
A well-cut coat, a faultless boot,
   A hand that's white and small;
A head well-brush'd, and a shirt well-wash'd,
   A lazy, heartless stare;
Some sterling pounds, or a name that sounds
   With the true patrician air.
   These are all you want—deny it who can?
   To attain the rank of "a gentleman!"

But with those claims you may take your ease,
   And lounge your long life through,
Without straining a muscle, a nerve, or a thought,
   For the world will work for you.
You may be a dolt, or a brute, or a rogue
   (In a gentlemanly way),
You may drink, you may bet, you may run in debt,
   And never need wish to pay.
   There's an amnesty given—deny it who can?
   For all the sins of "a gentleman!"

You may leave your wife, with her children six,
   In a ditch to starve and pine,
And another man's take, in a palace rich,
   With jewels and gold to shine.
You may flog your horse or your dog to death—
   You may shoot, in a fit of rage,
A helpless groom—and an easy doom
   You'll meet from the jury sage:
   "There's been provocation—deny it who can?
   For we see at a glance he's a gentleman!"

—Robert Barnabas Brough.
SONG—TO THE MEN OF ENGLAND.

Men of England, wherefore plough
For the lords who lay ye low?
Wherefore weave with toil and care,
The rich robes your tyrants wear?

Wherefore feed, and clothe, and save,
From the cradle to the grave,
Those ungrateful drones who would
Drain your sweat—nay, drink your blood!

Wherefore, Bees of England, forge
Many a weapon, chain, and scourge,
That these stingless drones may spoil
The forced produce of your toil?

Have ye leisure, comfort, calm,
Shelter, food, love's gentle balm?
Or what is it ye buy so dear
With your pain and with your fear?

The seed ye sow, another reaps;
The wealth ye find, another keeps;
The robes ye weave, another wears;
The arms ye forge, another bears.

Sow seed—but let no tyrant reap;
Find wealth—let no imposter heap;
Weave robes—let not the idle wear;
Forge arms—in your defense to bear.

—Percy Bysshe Shelley.

THE STRUGGLE FOR FREEDOM.

For Freedom's battle once begun,
Bequeathed from bleeding sire to son,
Though baffled oft is ever won.

—Lord Byron.
GLOUCESTER MOORS.

A mile behind is Gloucester town,
Where the fishing fleets put in.
A mile ahead the land dips down
And the woods and farms begin.
Here, where the moors stretch free
In the high blue afternoon,
Are the marching sun and talking sea,
And the racing winds that wheel and flee
On the flying heels of June.

* * * * * * * *

This earth is not the steadfast place
We landsmen build upon;
From deep to deep she varies pace,
And while she comes is gone.
Beneath my feet I feel
Her smooth bulk heave and dip;
With velvet plunge and soft upreel
She swings and steadies to her keel
Like a gallant, gallant ship.

These summer clouds she sets for sail;
The sun is her masthead light;
She tows the moon like a pinnace frail
Where her phosphor wake churns bright.
Now hid, now looming clear,
On the face of the dangerous blue
The star fleets tack and wheel and veer,
But on, but on, does the old earth steer
As if her port she knew.

God, dear God! Does she know her port,
Tho' she goes so far about?
Or blind astray, does she make her sport
To brazen and chance it out?
I watched when her captains passed:
She were better, captainless.
Men in the cabin, before the mast,
But some were reckless and some aghast,
And some sat gorged at mess.

By her battened hatch I leaned and caught
Sounds from the noisome hold—
Cursing and sighing of souls distraught
And cries too sad to be told.
Then I strove to go down and see;
But they said, “Thou art not of us!”
I turned to those on the deck with me
And cried, “Give help!” but they said, “Let be:
Our ship sails faster thus.”

Jill-o’er-the-ground is purple blue,
   Blue is the Quaker-maid,
The alder clump where the brook comes through
   Breeds cresses in its shade.
To be out of the moiling street
   With its swelter and its sin!
Who has given to me this sweet,
And given my brother dust to eat?
   And when will his wage come in?
Scattering wide or blown in ranks,
   Yellow and white and brown,
Boats and boats from the fishing banks
   Come home to Gloucester town.
There is cash to purse and spend,
   There are wives to be embraced,
Hearts to borrow and hearts to lend,
And hearts to take and keep to the end—
   O little sails, make haste!

But thou, vast outbound ship of souls,
   What harbor town for thee?
What shapes, when they arriving tolls,
   Shall crowd the banks to see?
Shall all the happy shipmates then
   Stand singing brotherly?
Or shall a haggard, ruthless few
   Warp her over and bring her to,
While the many broken souls of men
Fester down in the slaver’s pen,
   And nothing to say or do?

—William Vaughn Moody.
ALL FOR ONE AND ONE FOR ALL.

All for one and one for all,
   With an endless song and sweep,
So the billows rise and fall
   On the bosom of the deep;
Louder in their single speech,
   More resistless as they roll
Broader, higher in their reach
   For their union with the whole.

Wheeling systems sink and rise,
   In one shoreless universe,
And forever down the skies
   Myriad stars one hymn rehearse;
Countless worlds salute the sun,
   Planets to each other call,
Ages into cycles run,
   All for one and one for all.

Kissed by sunshine, dew and shower,
   Leaping rill and living sod,
Seat and mountain, tree and flower,
   Turn their faces up to God;
And one human brotherhood,
   Pulsing through a thousand lands,
Reaches for one common good
   With its million, million hands.

Through all warring seas of life
   One vast current sunward rolls,
And within all outward strife,
   One eternal Right controls—
Right, at whose divine command
   Slaves go free and tyrants fall,
In the might of those who stand
   All for one and one for all.

—James G. Clark.
PRISON FANCIES.
Composed when confined in a solitary cell, on bread and water, without books or writing materials, May, 1849.

Troublesome fancies beset me
Sometimes as I sit in my cell,
That comrades and friends may forget me,
And foes may remember too well.

That plans which I thought well digested
May prove to be bubbles of air;
And hopes when they come to be tested
May turn to the seed of despair.

But tho’ I may doubt all beside me,
And anchor and cable may part,
Whatever—whatever betide me,
Forbid me to doubt my own heart!

For sickness may wreck a brave spirit,
And time wear the brain to a shade;
And dastardly age disinherit
Creations that manhood has made.

But, God! let me ne’er cease to cherish
The truths I so fondly have held!
Far sooner, at once let me perish,
Ere firmness and courage are quelled.

Tho’ my head in the dust may be lying,
And bad men exult o’er my fall,
I shall smile at them—smile at them, dying:
The Right is the Right, after all!

—Ernest Jones.

FREEDOM.

Power usurped
Is weakness when opposed. Conscious of wrong,
’Tis pusillanimous and prone to flight;
But slaves that once conceive the glowing thought
Of freedom, in that hope itself possess
All that the contest calls for: spirit, strength,
The scorn of danger, and united hearts;
The surest presage of the good they seek.

—William Cowper.
THE MUSE OF LABOR.

I come, 0 heroes, to the world gone wrong;
I bring the hope of nations; and I bear
The warm first rush of rapture in my song,
The faint first light of morning on my hair.

I look upon the ages from a tower;
I am the Muse of the Fraternal State;
No hand can hold me from my crowning hour;
My song is Freedom and my step is Fate.

I come to overthrow the ancient wrong,
To let the joy of nations rise again;
I am Unselfish Service; I am Song,
I am the Hope that feeds the hearts of men.

I am the maker of the People’s bread,
I bear the little burdens of the day;
Yet in the Mystery of Song I tread
The endless heav’n’s and show the stars their way.

—Edwin Markham.

THE NINETY AND NINE.

There are ninety and nine that work and die
In want and hunger and cold,
That one may revel in luxury
And be lapped in the silken fold!
And ninety and nine in their hovels bare
And one in a palace of riches rare.

From the sweat of their brow the desert blooms
And the forest before them falls;
Their labor has builded humble homes
And cities with lofty halls,
And the one owns cities and houses and lands,
And the ninety and nine have empty hands.

But the night so dreary and dark and long
At last shall the morning bring;
And over the land the victor’s song
Of the ninety and nine shall ring,
And echo afar, from zone to zone,
“Rejoice! for labor shall have its own!”

—Rose Elizabeth Smith.
THE COMING DAY.

The day when we are freemen all, whenever that shall be,
Will surely be the worthiest that earth can ever see;
When man unto his fellow-man, whatever may befall,
Holds out the palm of fellowship, and Love is lord of all;
When man and woman hand in hand along life's pathway go,
And the days of human joy eclipse the sorrow long ago.

The day when we are freemen all, when equal rights and laws
Shall rule the commonwealth of earth, amid a world's applause;
When equal rights and duties claim the equal care of all,
And man as man beneath high heaven assumes his coronal;
When the Day of Pentecost is come, when the poor man's hearth
shall be
An altar for the beacon-fire of Peace and Liberty.

The day when we are freemen all, the day when thoughts are
free
To travel as the winds of heaven toward their destiny;
When man is sovereign of himself and to himself the priest,
And crowned Wisdoms recognize the manhood of the least.
Then God shall walk again with man, and fruitful converse grow
As in the morn of Paradise a long time ago.

But holier still shall be the day when human hearts shall dare
To kneel before one common Hope, the common toil to share,
When Love shall throw his armor off, to wrestle with the Fear,
The Selfishness which is the seal upon the sepulchre.
Hark to the voices of the Years, the springtide of their glee—
Love hath o'ercome the prophecy; Humanity is free.

—W. J. Linton.

AT THE SPRINGFIELD ARSENAL.

Were half the power that fills the world with terror,
Were half the wealth bestowed on camps and courts,
Given to redeem the human mind from error,
There were no need of arsenals or forts.

The warrior's name would be a name abhorred!
And every nation that should lift again
Its hand against a brother, on its forehead
Would wear for evermore the brand of Cain!

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.
ENGLAND, ARISE.

England, arise! the long, long night is over,
   Faint in the east behold the dawn appear;
Out of your evil dream of toil and sorrow
   Arise, O England, for the day is here;
From your fields and hills,
Hark! the answer swells,
   Arise, O England, for the day is here!

By your young children's eyes so red with weeping,
   By their white faces aged with want and fear,
By the dark cities where your babes are creeping,
   Naked of joy and all that makes life dear;
From each wretched slum
Let the loud cry come:
   Arise, O England, for the day is here!

   *   *   *   *   *   *   *   *

Over your face a web of lies is woven,
   Laws that are falsehoods pin you to the ground,
Labor is mock'd, its just reward is stolen,
   On its bent back sits Idleness encrown'd.
How long while you sleep,
Your harvest shall it reap?
   Arise, O England, for the day is here!

Forth, then, ye heroes, patriots and lovers!
   Comrades of danger, poverty and scorn!
Mighty in faith of Freedom, your great Mother!
   Giants refreshed in Joy's new rising morn!
Come and swell the song,
Silent now so long:
   England is risen!—and the day is here.

—Edward Carpenter.
TRUE TRIUMPH.

The greatest triumphs won by force will stain the brightest cause;
'Tis not in blood that Liberty inscribes her civil laws;
She writes them on the people's heart in language clear and plain—
True thoughts have mov'd the world before—and so they shall again!

We yield to none in earnest love of Freedom's cause sublime;
We join the cry, "Fraternity!" We keep the march of Time;
And yet we grasp not pike nor spear, our victories to obtain,
We've won without such aid before—and so we shall again!

We want no aid of barricade to show a front to wrong;
We have a citadel in Truth more durable and strong:
Calm words, great thoughts, unflinching faith, have never striven in vain;
They've won our battles many a time—and so they shall again!

Peace, Progress, Knowledge, Brotherhood—the ignorant may sneer,
The bad deny—but we rely to see their triumph near.
No widow's groans shall load our cause, nor blood of brethren stain;
We've won without such aid before—and so we shall again!

—Charles Mackay.

BROTHERHOOD.

The crest and crowning of all good,
Life's final star, is Brotherhood;
For it will bring again to Earth
Her long-lost Poesy and Mirth;
Will send new light on every face,
A kingly power upon the race.
And till it come, we men are slaves,
And travel downward to the dust of graves.
Come, clear the way, then, clear the way;
Blind creeds and kings have had their day;
Break the dead branches from the path;
Our hope is in the aftermath—
Our hope is in heroic men
Star-led to build the world again.
Make way for Brotherhood—make way for Man!

—Edwin Markham.
AIL FOR THE CAUSE!

Hear a word, a word in season, for the day is drawing nigh,
When the Cause shall call upon us—some to live, and some to die!

He that dies shall not die lonely, many an one hath gone before;
He that lives shall bear no burden heavier than the life they bore.

Nothing ancient is their story, e'en but yesterday they bled,
Youngest they of earth's beloved, last of all the valiant dead.

E'en the tidings we are telling was the tale they had to tell,
E'en the hope that our hearts cherish, was the hope for which they fell.

In the grave where tyrants thrust them lies their labor and their pain,
But undying from their sorrow springeth up the hope again.

Mourn not therefore nor lament it, that the world out-lives their life;
Voice and vision yet they give us, making strong our hands for strife.

Some had name and fame and honor, learn'd they were, and wise and strong;
Some were nameless, poor, unlettered, weak in all but grief and wrong.

Named and nameless all live in us; one and all they lead us yet
Every pain to count for nothing, every sorrow to forget.

Hearken how they cry, "Oh, happy, happy ye that ye were born
In the sad slow night's departing, in the rising of the morn;

"Fair the crown the Cause hath for you, well to die or well to live,
Through the battle, through the tangle, peace to gain or peace to give."

Ah, it may be! Oft meseemeth, in the days that yet shall be,
When no slave of gold abideth 'twixt the breadth of sea to sea,

Oft, when men and maids are merry, ere the sunlight leaves the earth,
And they bless the day beloved, all too short for all their mirth,
Some shall pause awhile and ponder on the bitter days of old,
Ere the toil of strife and battle overthrew the curse of gold;
Then 'twixt lips of loved and lover solemn thoughts of us shall rise;
We who once were fools and dreamers then shall be the brave and wise;
There amidst the world new-builted shall our earthly deeds abide,
Though our names be all forgotten, and the tale of how we died.
Life or death then who shall heed it, what we gain or what we lose?
Fair flies life amid the struggle, and the Cause for each shall choose.

Hear a word, a word in season, for the day is drawing nigh,
When the Cause shall call upon us—some to live, and some to die!

—William Morris.

LIBERTY.

Thy birthplace—where, young Liberty?
   In graves, 'mid heroes' ashes.
Thy dwelling—where, sweet Liberty?
   In hearts, where free blood dashes.
Thy best hope, where, dear Liberty?
   In fast upwinging time.
Thy first strength—where, proud Liberty?
   In thine oppressor's crime.
Thy safety—where, stray Liberty?
   In lands where discords cease.
Thy glory—where, bright Liberty?
   In universal Peace.

—Ernest Jones.
THE FATHERLAND.

Where is the true man's fatherland?
Is it where he by chance is born?
Doth not the yearning spirit scorn
In such scant borders to be spanned?
Oh, yes! his fatherland must be
As the blue heaven wide and free!

Is it alone where freedom is,
Where God is God, and man is man?
Doth he not claim a broader span
For the soul's love of home than this?
Oh, yes! his fatherland must be
As the blue heaven wide and free!

Where'er a human heart doth wear
Joy's myrtle-wreath or sorrow's gyves,
Where'er a human spirit strives
After a life more true and fair,
There is the true man's birthplace grand,
His is a world-wide fatherland!

Where'er a single slave doth pine,
Where'er one man may help another—
Thank God for such a birthright, brother—
That spot of earth is thine and mine!
There is the true man's birthplace grand,
His is a world-wide fatherland!

—James Russell Lowell.

A MARCHING SONG.

We mix from many lands,
We march for very far;
In hearts and lips and hands
Our staffs and weapons are;
The light we walk in darkens sun and moon and star.

* * * * * * * *
Rise, e'er the dawn be risen,
Come, and be all souls fed;
From field and street and prison
Come, for the feast is spread.
Live! for the truth is living; wake! for night is dead.

—Algernon Charles Swinburne.
FOR THE PEOPLE.

We are the hewers and delvers who toil for another's gain—
The common clods and the rabble, stunted of brow and brain.
What do we want, the gleaners, of the harvest we have reaped?
What do we want, the neuters, of the honey we have heaped?

We want the drones to be driven away from our golden hoard;
We want to share in the harvest; we want to sit at the board;
We want what sword or suffrage has never yet won for man—
The fruits of his toil God promised when the curse of toil began.

We have tried the sword and sceptre, the cross and the sacred
word,
In all the years, and the kingdom is not yet here of the Lord.
Is it useless, all our waiting? Are they fruitless, all our
prayers?
Has the wheat, while men were sleeping, been over-sowed with
tares?

What gain is it to the people that a God laid down his life,
If, twenty centuries after, his world be a world of strife?
If the serried ranks be facing each other with ruthless eyes,
And steel in their hands, what profits a Saviour's sacrifice?

Ye have tried, and failed to rule us; in vain to direct have tried.
Not wholly the fault of the ruler, not utterly blind the guide;
Mayhap there needs not a ruler, mayhap we can find the way.
At least ye have ruled to ruin, at least ye have led astray.

What matter if king or consul or president holds the rein,
If crime and poverty ever be links in the bondsman's chain?
What careth the burden-bearer that Liberty packed his load,
If Hunger presseth behind him with a sharp and ready goad?

There's a serf whose chains are of paper; there's a king with a
parchment crown;
There are robber knights and brigands in factory, field, and
town.
But the vassal pays his tribute to a lord of wage and rent;
And the baron's toll is Shylock's, with a flesh-and-blood per cent.

The seamstress bends to her labor all night in a narrow room;
The child, defrauded of childhood, tiptoes all day at the loom.
The soul must starve, for the body can barely on husks be fed;
And the loaded dice of a gambler settle the price of bread.
Ye have shorn and bound the Samson and robbed him of learning's light;
But his sluggish brain is moving, his sinews have all their might.
Look well to your gates of Gaza, your privilege, pride, and caste!
The Giant is blind and thinking, and his locks are growing fast.

—James Jeffrey Roche.

THE VOICE OF THE PEOPLE.

Swing inward, O gates of the future!
Swing outward, ye doors of the past!
For the soul of the people is moving
And rising from slumber at last;
The black forms of night are retreating,
The white peaks have signalled the day,
And Freedom her long roll is beating,
And calling her sons to the fray.

* * * * * * * *

Swing inward, O gates, till the morning
Shall paint the brown mountains in gold;
Till the life and the love of the New Time
Shall conquer the hate of the Old.
Let the face and the hand of the Master
No longer be hidden from view,
Nor the lands He prepared for the many
Be trampled and robbed by the few.

And the throne of their god shall be crumbled,
And the scepter be swept from his hand,
And the heart of the haughty be humbled,
And a servant be chief in the land;
And the truth and the power united
Shall rise from the graves of the true,
And the wrongs of the Old Time be righted
In the might and the right of the New.

Swing inward, O gates of the future!
Swing outward, ye doors of the past!
A giant is waking from slumber
And rending his fetters at last;
From the dust where his proud tyrants found him
Unhonored and scorned and betrayed,
He shall rise with the sunlight around him,
And rule in the realm he has made.

—James G. Clark
NEW OCCASIONS TEACH NEW DUTIES.

From “The Present Crisis.”

When a deed is done for Freedom, through the broad earth’s aching breast
Runs a thrill of joy prophetic, trembling on from east to west,
And the slave, where’er he cowers, feels the soul within him climb
To the awful verge of manhood, as the energy sublime
Of the century bursts full-blossomed on the thorny stem of Time.

* * * * * * * *

For mankind are one in spirit, and an instinct bears along,
Round the earth’s electric circle, the swift flash of right or wrong;
Whether conscious or unconscious, yet Humanity’s vast frame
Through its ocean-sundered fibres feels the gush of joy or shame;
In the gain or loss of one race all the rest have equal claim.

* * * * * * * *

For Humanity sweeps onward; where today the martyr stands,
On the morrow crouches Judas with the silver in his hands;
Far in front the cross stands ready and the crackling faggots burn,
While the hooting mob of yesterday in silent awe return
To glean up the scattered ashes into History’s golden urn.

* * * * * * * *

They have rights who dare maintain them; we are traitors to our sires,
Smothering in their’ holy ashes Freedom’s new-lit altar-fires;
Shall we make their creed our gaoler? Shall we, in our haste to slay,
From the tombs of the old prophets steal the funeral lamps away
To light up the martyr-faggots round the prophets of today?
New occasions teach new duties; Time makes ancient good uncouth;
They must upward still, and onward, who would keep abreast of Truth;
Lo, before us gleam her camp-fires! we ourselves must Pilgrims be,
Launch our Mayflower, and steer boldly through the desperate winter sea,
Nor attempt the Future’s portal with the Past’s blood-rusted key.

—James Russell Lowell.
THE SWEATSHOP.

The roaring of the wheels has filled my ears,
   The clashing and the clamor shut me in;
Myself, my soul, in chaos disappears,
   I cannot think or feel amid the din.
Toiling and toiling and toiling—endless toil.
   For whom? For what? Why should the work be done?
I do not ask, or know. I only toil.
   I work until the day and night are one.

The clock above me ticks away the day,
   Its hands are spinning, spinning, like the wheels.
It cannot sleep or for a moment stay,
   It is a thing like me, and does not feel.
It throb as though my heart were beating there—
   My heart? I know not what it means.
The clock ticks, and below we strive and stare,
   And so we lose the hour. We are machines.

Noon calls a truce, an ending to the sound,
   As if a battle had one moment stayed—
A bloody field! The dead lie all around;
   Their wounds cry out until I grow afraid.
It comes—the signal! See, the dead men rise,
   They fight again, amid the roar they fight,
Blindly, and knowing not for whom, or why,
   They fight, they fall, they sink into the night.

—Morris Rosenfeld.

THE HOMELESS.

From King Lear: Act III, Scene 3.
Poor naked wretches, wheresoe’er you are,
That hide the pelting of this pitiless storm,
How shall your houseless heads and unfed sides,
Your loop’d and window’d raggedness, defend you
From seasons such as this? O! I have ta’en
Too little care of this! Take physic, pomp;
Expose thyself to feel what wretches feel,
That thou mayst shake the superflux to them
And show the heavens more just.

—William Shakespeare.
DID GOD GIVE COAL TO MEN OR BAER?

(The rights and interests of the laboring man will be protected and cared for, not by the labor agitators, but by the Christian men to whom God, in His infinite wisdom has given the control of the property interests of the country—George F. Baer.)

In the prehistoric ages, when the world was a ball of mist—
A seething swirl of something unknown in the planet list—
When the earth was vague with vapor, and formless and dark and void—
The sport of the wayward comet—the jibe of the asteroid;
Then the singing stars of morning chanted soft: "Keep out of there!
Keep off that spot which is sizzling hot—it is making coal for Baer!"

When the pterodactyl ambled (or fluttered, or swam, or jumped),
And the plesiosaurus rambled, all careless of what he bumped,
And the other old-time monsters that throve on land and sea,
And didn't know what their names were, any more than today do we;
Wherever they went they heard it: "You fellows keep out of there—
That place which shakes and quivers and quakes—is making coal for Baer!"

The carboniferous era consumed but a million years;
It started when earth was shedding the last of her baby tears,
When still she was swaddled softly in clumsily tied on clouds,
When the stars from the shops of Nature were being turned out in crowds;
But high o'er the favored section this old sign said to all: "Be-
wa-
Stay back of the ropes that surround these slopes; they are making coal for Baer."

We ought to be glad and joyous, we ought to be filled with glee,
That, aeons ago, the placard was nailed onto the ancient tree,
That millions and millions of ages—back farther than Adam and Eve—
The ichthyosaurus halted, and speedily took his leave;
That so it was saved for all of us, the spot with the sign: "Be-
wa-
This plant is run by the earth and sun, and is making coal for Baer."

—W. D. Nesbit.
INFANT INDUSTRY.

Judge Capital sat on his judgment seat, wearing a hideous grin,
While Ignorance, clerk of the court of greed, ushered the culprits in.
"Next on the docket," cried Ignorance, with a voice and manner wild,
"Is the terrible criminal, Too-Young-to-Work, a non-producing child."

"Ahem!" said the judge to the shivering wight. "You are charged with the crime of birth
And false pretense in obtaining food and cumbering up the earth.
Have you aught to say why this honored court in the exercise of its right
Shall not kick you from the face of the earth into eternal night?"

The puny thing, in a whining voice, sought to appease the judge
With a promise to do some work some day, but he only answered "Fudge!
I lose money for every hour and minute that you shirk.
You're four years out of your swaddling clothes. It's time you were put to work.

"And now the sentence of this great court forthwith shall be carried out.
You shall be given a job at once, for I know what I'm about;
You shall have nothing to do but work—plenty of it I will give,
And more you will get from time to time, provided, of course, that you live.

"For this is the age of hustling, and things have got to pay,
And the human race must 'hump itself' and idle no time away.
I have organized my business to copper the whole world's scads,
And I'm going to work the kiddies as well as the mammies and dads."

—Anonymous.
SONG OF THE WAGE SLAVE.

The land it is the landlord's,
The trader's is the sea,
The ore the usurer's coffer fills—
But what remains for me?
The engine whirls for master's craft;
The steel shines to defend,
With labor's arms, what labor raised,
For labor's foe to spend.
The camp, the pulpit, and the law
For rich men's sons are free;
Theirs, theirs the learning, art, and arms—
But what remains for me?

The coming hope, the future day,
When wrong to right shall bow,
And hearts that have the courage, man,
To make that future now.

I pay for all their learning,
I toil for all their ease;
They render back, in coin for coin,
Want, ignorance, disease:
Toil, toil—and then a cheerless home,
Where hungry passions cross;
Eternal gain to them that give
To me eternal loss!
The hour of leisured happiness
The rich alone may see;
The playful child, the smiling wife—
But what remains for me?
They render back, those rich men,
A pauper's niggard fee,
Mayhap a prison—then a grave,
And think they're quits with me;
But not a fond wife's heart that breaks,
A poor man's child that dies,
We score not on our hollow cheeks
And in our sunken eyes;
We read it there, where'er we meet,
And as the sum we see,
Each asks, "The rich have got the earth,
And what remains for me?"
We bear the wrong in silence,
We store it in our brain;
They think us dull, they think us dead,
   But we shall rise again:
A trumpet through the lands will ring;
A heaving through the mass;
A trampling through their palaces
   Until they break like glass;
We'll cease to weep by cherished graves,
   From lonely homes we'll flee;
And still, as rolls our million march,
   Its watchword brave shall be—

   The coming hope, the future day,
       When wrong to right shall bow,
   And hearts that have the courage, man,
       To make that future NOW.

   —Ernest Jones.

FREEDOM DAY.

Haste, oh haste, delightful morning
   Of that glorious freedom day,
When from earth's remotest borders
   Tyranny has passed away.

Refrain—
   Ever growing, swiftly flowing,
    Like a mighty river,
   Sweeping on from shore to shore,
    Love will rule the wide world o'er.

When we shall for service render
   Service of an equal worth,
Then will all mankind be brothers,
   Heav'n will then have come to earth.

In that day there'll be no master,
   No man that will serve as slave;
All mankind a band of brothers;
   Friends, the name that all will have.

Cruel war will then be over,
   And the olive branch of peace
Will from shame and hate and murder
   Bring to all a sweet release.

   —Samuel M. Jones.
"OLD JOHN BROWN."

They call thee hot-brained, crazed, and mad;
   But every word that falls
Goes straight and true, and hits the mark
   More sure than cannon-balls.
Through spectre forms of bogus law
   It cuts its way complete:
And judge and jury, too, are tried
   At God's great judgment-seat.

Old man, farewell! They'll take thy life;
   For dangerous enough,
In these our sweetly piping times,
   Are men of hero stuff.
We should tread soft above the fires
   That underneath us lie;
You'll crack the crust of compromise,
   And set them spouting high.

Where Henry's cry for "liberty"
   Once sent its shivering thrill,
There's only room, six feet by two,
   For heroes now to fill.
And o'er the spot the years will roll,
   As spring its verdure weaves,
And autumn o'er the felon's grave
   Shakes down its yellow leaves.

But not the spot six feet by two
   Will hold a man like thee;
John Brown will tramp the shaking earth
   From Blue Ridge to the sea,
Till the strong angel comes at last
   And opes each dungeon door,
And God's Great Charter holds, and waves
   O'er all His humble poor.

And then the humble poor will come
   In that far distant day,
And from the felon's nameless grave
   They'll! brush the leaves away;
And grey old men will point the spot
   Beneath the pine-tree shade,
As children ask with streaming eyes
   Where Old John Brown was laid.

   —Edmund H. Sears.
THE MAN WITH THE HOE.
written after seeing Millet's world-famous painting.

God made man in His own image,
in the image of God made He him.—Genesis.

Bowed by the weight of centuries he leans
Upon his hoe and gazes on the ground,
The emptiness of ages in his face,
And on his back the burden of the world.
Who made him dead to rapture and despair,
A thing that grieves not and that never hopes,
Stolid and stunned, a brother to the ox?
Who loosened and let down this brutal jaw?
Whose was the hand that slanted back this brow?
Whose breath blew out the light within this brain?

Is this the Thing the Lord God made and gave
To have dominion over sea and land,
To trace the stars and search the heavens for power;
To feel the passion of Eternity?
Is this the Dream He dreamed who shaped the suns
And pillared the blue firmament with light?
Down all the stretch of Hell to its last gulf
There is no shape more terrible than this—
More tongued with censure of the world's blind greed—
More filled with signs and portents for the soul—
More fraught with menace to the universe.

What gulfs between him and the seraphim!
Slave of the wheel of labor, what to him
Are Plato and the swing of Pleiades?
What the long reaches of the peaks of song,
The rift of dawn, the reddening of the rose?
Through this dread shape the suffering ages look;
Time's tragedy is in that aching stoop;
Through this dread shape humanity betrayed,
Plundered, profaned and disinherited,
Cries protest to the Judges of the World.
A protest that is also prophecy.

O masters, lords and rulers in all lands,
Is this the handiwork you give to God—
This monstrous thing distorted and soul-quenched?
How will you ever straighten up this shape;
Touch it again with immortality;
Give back the upward looking and the light;
Rebuild in it the music and the dream;
Make right the immemorial infamies,
Perfidious wrongs, immedicable woes?

O masters, lords and rulers in all lands,
How will the Future reckon with this Man?
How answer his brute question in that hour
When whirlwinds of rebellion shake the world?
How will it be with kingdoms and with kings—
With those who shaped him to the thing he is—
When this dumb Terror shall reply to God
After the silence of the centuries?

—Edwin Markham.

TO LABOR.

Shall you complain who feed the world?
   Who clothe the world?
   Who house the world?
Shall you complain who are the world,
   Of what the world may do?
   As from this hour
   You use your power,
   The world must follow you.

The world's life hangs on your right hand,
   Your strong right hand,
   Your skilled right hand;
You hold the whole world in your hand—
   See to it what you do!
   Or dark or light,
   Or wrong or right,
   The world is made by you!

Then rise as you never rose before,
   Nor hoped before,
   Nor dared before,
And show as never was shown before,
   The power that lies in you!
   Stand all as one
   Till right is done!
   Believe and dare and do!

—Charlotte Perkins Gilman.
ALL IN ALL.

When all the night is horrible with clamor
Of voiceless curses darker than the night,
When light of sun there is not, neither starshine,
Nor any beacon on the hill of Right,
Shine, O thou Light of Life, upon our pathway,—
Freedom, be thou our light!

Since all life's ways are difficult and dreary,
And false steps echo through eternity,
And there is nought to lean on as we journey
By paths not smooth as downward paths would be,
We have no other help—we need no other;
Freedom, we lean on thee!

The slave's base murmur and the threat of tyrants,
The voice of cowards who cringe and cry "Retreat,"
The whisper of the world, "Come where power calls thee!"
The whisper of the flesh, "Let life be sweet."
Silence all these with thy divine commanding;
Guide thou thy children's feet!

For thee, for thee we bear the cross, the banner,
For thee are all our battles fought and won;
For thee was every prayer we ever uttered,
For thee has every deed of ours been done;
To thee we press—to thee, triumphant splendor,
O Freedom, lead us on!

Where thou shalt lead we do not fear to follow.
Thou hast our hearts; we follow them in thee.
Spirit of Light, whatever thou shalt show us,
Strong in the faith, we shall not fear to see;
We reach to thee through all the waves of darkness
Of all the days to be.

—E. Nesbit.
A great city is that which has the greatest men and women,
If it be a few ragged huts it is still the greatest city in the whole world.

The place where a great city stands is not the place of stretch'd wharves, docks, manufactures, deposits of produce merely,
Nor the place of ceaseless salutes of new-comers, or the anchor-lifters of the departing,
Nor the place of the tallest and costliest buildings or shops selling goods from the rest of the earth,
Nor the place of the best libraries and schools, nor the place where money is plentiest,
Nor the place of the most numerous population.

Where the city stands with the brawniest breed of orators and bards,
Where the city stands that is beloved by these, and loves them in return and understands them,
Where no monuments exist to heroes but in the common words and deeds,
Where thrift is in its place, and prudence is in its place,
Where the men and women think lightly of the laws,
Where the slave ceases, and the master of slaves ceases,
Where the populace rise at once against the never-ending audacity of elected persons,
Where fierce men and women pour forth as the sea to the whistle of death pours its sweeping and unript waves,
Where outside authority enters always after the precedence of inside authority,
Where the citizen is always the head and ideal, and President, Mayor, Governor, and what not, are agents for pay,
Where children are taught to be laws to themselves, and to depend on themselves,
Where equanimity is illustrated in affairs.
Where speculations on the soul are encouraged,
Where women walk in public processions in the streets the same as the men;
Where they enter the public assembly and take places the same as men;
Where the city of the faithfullest friends stands,
Where the city of the cleanliness of the sexes stands,
Where the city of the healthiest fathers stands,
Where the great city stands.

There the great city stands.

—Walt Whitman.
PRISONERS OF POVERTY.

From "The Symphony."

O Trade, O Trade! Would thou wert dead!
The time needs heart—'tis tired of head:

* * * * * * * *

Yea, what avail the endless tale
Of gain by cunning and plus by sale?
Look up the land, look down the land—
The poor, the poor, the poor they stand
Wedged by the pressing of Trade's hand,
Against an inward-opening door
That pressure tightens evermore;
They sigh a monstrous, foul-air sigh
For the outside leagues of liberty,
Where art, sweet lark, translates the sky
Into a heavenly melody.
"Each day, all day" (these poor folk say),
"In the same old year-long, drear-long way,
We weave in the mills and heave in the kilns,
We sieve mine-meshes under the hills,
And thieve much gold from the devil's bank tills,
To relieve, O God, what manner of ills?
The beasts, they hunger, and eat, and die;
And so do we, and the world's a sty.
Hush, fellow-swine: why nuzzle and cry?
'Swinehood hath no remedy,'
Say many men, and hasten by,
Clamping the nose and blinking the eye.
But who said once, in the lordly tone,
'Man shall not live by bread alone,
But all that cometh from the Throne?'
Hath God said so?
But Trade saith 'No';
And the kilns and the curt-tongued mills say 'Go!'
There's plenty that can, if you can't, we know.
Move out, if you think you're underpaid,
The poor are prolific; we're not afraid;
Trade is trade."

—Sidney Lanier.
THE WOLF AT THE DOOR.

There's a haunting horror near us
That nothing drives away:
Fierce lamping eyes at nightfall,
A crouching shade by day;
There's a whining at the threshold,
There's a scratching at the floor.
To work! To work! In Heaven's name!
The wolf is at the door!

The day was long, the night was short,
The bed was hard and cold;
Still weary are the little ones,
Still weary are the old.
We are weary in our cradles
From our mother's toil untold;
We are born to hoarded weariness
As some to hoarded gold.

We will not rise! We will not work!
Nothing the day can give
Is half so sweet as an hour of sleep;
Better to sleep than live!
What power can stir these heavy limbs?
What hope these dull hearts swell?
What fear more cold, what pain more sharp,
Than the life we know so well?

To die like a man by lead or steel
Is nothing that we should fear;
No human death would be worse to feel
Than the life that holds us here.
But this is a fear no heart can face—
A fate no man can dare—
To be run to earth and die by the teeth
Of the gnawing monster there!

The slow, relentless, padding step
That never goes astray—
The rustle in the underbrush—
The shadow in the way—
The straining flight—the long pursuit—
The steady gain behind—
Death-wearied man and tireless brute,
And the struggle wild and blind!
There's a hot breath at the keyhole
And a tearing as of teeth!
Well do I know the bloodshot eyes
And the dripping jaws beneath!
There's a whining at the threshold—
There's a scratching at the floor—
To work! To work! In Heaven's name!
The wolf is at the door!

—Charlotte Perkins Gilman.

TO A REVOLUTIONARY POET.

Because you could not choose to cramp
Your stripling soul in custom's mail,
Nor prate the catchwords of the camp,
Nor strive to shine, nor fear to fail,
Therefore your soul was made aware
Of many secrets of the air.

Because you could not choose but hear
The weary rumor underground,
Though all your fellows closed their ear,
Or knew no meaning in the sound,
Therefore your ear and voice grew free
Of all the moods of melody.

Because from week to week you wrought
Through Rhyme or Reason to make plain
The burden of our age's thought
For toiling and untutor'd men,
You earned a master-craftsman's skill
To marshal words to speak your will.

* * * * * * * * * *

Comrade, because your soul was free,
Because in strife with gloom and wrong
Your ear and pen learnt mastery,
Because your heart was blithe and strong,
Therefore for us these songs of yours
Breathe of the beauty that endures.

—Sydney Olivier.
OUR HOPE AND PURPOSE.

We strive not for dominion;
    Whoe'er the worthiest be
Shall bear the palm and garland
    And crown of victory.
In kindly emulation
    His willing hand we'll seek,
And own him for a brother
    Whatever tongue he speak.

Whate'er his clime or color,
    His lineage or his creed,
To him be honor given
    For honorable deed.
Arise, ye nations, rise ye!
    Exalt them—for ye can—
The dignity of labor,
    The brotherhood of man.

The world is growing wiser,
    New thoughts and hopes are born;
Too long we've dwelt in darkness
    And tarried for the morn.
Too long in foolish warfare
    We've dipp'd with bloody hands;
But wisdom, taught by suff'ring,
    Comes beaming o'er the lands.

Our leaders and our people
    The grateful truth have learn'd,
And strive for glory finer
    Than soldiers ever earn'd.
Arise, ye nations, rise ye!
    Let ancient discords cease;
And earth, with myriad voices,
    Awake the song of peace!

—Charles Mackay.
SONG OF THE NEW REBELLION.

We sing the songs of Truth and Love,
That all the world may hear them;
We sing the songs of Truth and Love,
That men may cease to fear them.
When sound the calls of Love and Truth
'Twere craven not to heed them!
Come, follow, age!  Come, follow, youth!
Come, beat a path for Freedom!

Against us tyrants wield their power
And hope their night to lengthen;
But dawn will break within an hour!
Our purposes but strengthen!
Our prison doorway is a gate
Thro' which the new day enters;
Each tyranny but serves to make
New rebels of dissenters.

For Truth is Truth and Man is Man,
And both the day are winning:
Hate's reign may linger yet a span,
But Love's reign is beginning!
Then shall we fear the tyrant's might
Or heed the fool his scorning?
The fool's and tyrant's is the night;
To man belongs the morning!

We beat the path and sing the song
That lifts the world to glory;
Sing love of right, sing hate of wrong,
Sing loud the new world-story.
Our all to freedom's cause we give,
We men who freedom cherish;
Our life we give that right may live,
Our life that wrong may perish!

—Rose Pastor Stokes.
TODAY AND TOMORROW.

High hopes that burned like stars sublime
Go down i' the Heaven of Freedom,
And true hearts perish in the time
We bitterliest need 'em;
But never sit we down and say
There's nothing left but sorrow;
We walk the Wilderness Today,
The Promised Land Tomorrow.

Our birds of song are silent now;
Few are the flowers blooming;
Yet life is in the frozen bough,
And Freedom's Spring is coming;
And Freedom's tide creeps up alway,
Though we may strand in sorrow;
And our good bark, a-ground Today,
Shall float again Tomorrow.

'Tis weary watching wave by wave,
And yet the tide heaves onward;
We climb, like corals, grave by grave,
That pave a pathway sunward;
We are driven back, for our next fray
A newer strength to borrow,
And where the vanguard camps Today,
The rear shall rest Tomorrow.

Through all the long, dark night of years
The people's cry ascendeth,
And earth is wet with blood and tears,
But our meek sufferance endeth.
The few shall not for ever sway,
The many moil in sorrow;
The powers of hell are strong Today;
Our kingdom comes Tomorrow.

Though hearts brood o'er the past, our eyes
With smiling futures glisten;
For, lo! our day bursts up the skies—
Lean out your souls and listen.
The world is rolling Freedom's way,
And ripening with her sorrow;
Take heart; who bear the cross Today
Shall wear the crown Tomorrow.

Oh, Youth! flame-earnest, still aspire,
With energies immortal;
To many a heaven of desire
  Our yearning opes a portal.
And though age wearies by the way,
  And hearts break in the furrow,
Youth sows the golden grain Today,
  The harvest comes Tomorrow.

Build up heroic lives, and all
  Be like a sheathen sabre,
Ready to flash out at God's call,
  O chivalry of labor!
Triumph and Toil are twins, though they
  Be singly born in sorrow;
And 'tis the martyrdom Today
  Brings victory Tomorrow.

—Gerald Massey.

NO MASTER.

Saith man to man, We've heard and known
  That we no master need
To live upon this earth, our own,
  In fair and manly deed;
The grief of slaves long passed away
  For us hath forged the chain,
Till now each worker's patient day
  Builds up the House of Pain.

And we, shall we too crouch and quail,
  Ashamed, afraid of strife;
And lest our lives untimely fail
  Embrace the death in life?
Nay, cry aloud and have no fear;
  We few against the world;
Awake, arise! the hope we bear
  Against the curse is hurl'd.

It grows, it grows; are we the same,
  The feeble band, the few?
Or what are these with eyes aflame,
  And hands to deal and do?
This is the host that bears the word,
  NO MASTER, HIGH OR LOW,
A lightning flame, a shearing sword,
  A storm to overthrow.

—William Morris.
THE BROTHERHOOD OF MAN.

Above the roar of commerce,
In factory and mart,
I hear a cry ascend the sky,
That thrills me to the heart.
The sweetest call to action,
Since first the world began,
Is the new word that now is heard,
"The Brotherhood of Man."

O, long our souls have waited,
Thro' weary years gone by,
Until this sign of love divine
Was symboled on the sky.
Look up! The day is on us.
In letters all may scan
Is written bright in living light,
"The Brotherhood of Man."

Lift up the cry, my people,
Until your voice is heard
From all around, and by the sound
The souls of men are stirred;
Make all the hills re-echo,
Till ev'ry tribe and clan
Catch up again the glad refrain,
"The Brotherhood of Man."

That is the magic watchword,
The slogan of the free;
Then let it first in rapture burst,
My native land, o'er thee.
'Twill ope the earthly kingdom
In God's unfolding plan.
It is the key of Liberty—
"The Brotherhood of Man."

—J. A. Edgerton.

COMPENSATION.

Pay ransom to the owner
And fill the bag to the brim.
Who is the owner? The slave is owner,
And ever was. Pay him.

—Ralph Waldo Emerson.
THE CRY OF THE CHILDREN.

Do ye hear the children weeping, O my brothers,
Ere the sorrow comes with years?
They are leaning their young heads against their mothers,
And that cannot stop their tears.
The young lambs are bleating in the meadows,
The young birds are chirping in the nest,
The young fawns are playing with the shadows,
The young flowers are blowing toward the west—
But the young, young children, O my brothers,
They are weeping bitterly!
They are weeping in the playtime of the others,
In the country of the free.

* * * * * * * *

“For oh,” say the children, “we are weary
And we cannot run or leap.
If we cared for any meadows, it were merely
To drop down in them and sleep.
Our knees tremble sorely in the stooping;
We fall upon our faces, trying to go;
And, underneath our heavy eyelids drooping,
The reddest flower would look as pale as snow.
For, all day, we drag our burden tiring
Through the coal-dark, underground—
Or, all day, we drive the wheels of iron
In the factories, round and round.

“For, all day, the wheels are droning, turning—
Their wind comes in our faces—
Till our hearts turn—our heads, with pulses burning,
And the walls turn in their places.
Turns the sky in the high window blank and reeling,
Turns the long light that drops adown the wall,
Turn the black flies that crawl along the ceiling,
All are turning, all the day, and we with all.
And all day, the iron wheels are droning,
And sometimes we could pray,
‘O ye wheels’ (breaking out in a mad moaning),
‘Stop! be silent for today!’”

* * * * * * * *

And well may the children weep before you!
They are weary ere they run.
They have never seen the sunshine, nor the glory,
Which is brighter than the sun.
They know the grief of man, without his wisdom.
They sink in man’s despair, without its calm;
Are slaves, without the liberty in Christdom,
Are martyrs, by the pang without the palm—
Are worn, as if with age, yet unretrievably
The harvest of its memories cannot reap—
Are orphans of the earthly love and heavenly.
Let them weep! let them weep!

They look up, with their pale and sunken faces,
And their look is dread to see,
For they mind you of their angels in high places,
With eyes turned on Deity!—
“How long,” they say, “how long, O cruel nation,
Will you stand, to move the world, on a child’s heart—
Stifle down with a mailed heel its palpitation,
And tread onward to your throne amid the mart?
Our blood splashes upward, O gold-heaper,
And your purple shows your path!
But the child’s sob in the silence curses deeper
Than the strong man in his wrath.”
—Elizabeth Barrett Browning.

SONNET ON CHILLON.

Eternal Spirit of the chainless Mind!
Brightest in dungeons, Liberty, thou art!
For there thy habitation is the heart—
The heart which love of thee alone can bind;
And when thy sons to fetters are consign’d—
To fetters, and the damp vault’s dayless gloom—
Their country conquers with their martyrdom,
And Freedom’s fame finds wings on every wind.

Chillon! thy prison is a holy place,
And thy sad floor an altar; for ’twas trod,
Until his very steps have left a trace
Worn, as if thy cold pavement were a sod,
By Bonnivard! May none those marks efface!
For they appeal from tyranny to God.

—Lord Byron.
HERE IN THE FURNACE CITY.

Here in the furnace city, in the humid air they faint,
God's palid poor, His people, with scarcely space for breath;
So foul their teeming houses, so full of shame and taint,
They cannot crowd within them for the frightful fear of Death.

Yet somewhere, Lord, Thine open seas are singing with the rain,
And somewhere underneath Thy stars the cool waves crash and beat;
Why is it here, and only here, are huddled Death and Pain,
And here the form of Horror stalks, a menace in the street!

The burning flagstones gleam like glass at morning and at noon.
The giant walls shut out the breeze—if any breeze should blow;
And high above the smothered town at midnight hangs the moon,
A red medallion in the sky, a monster cameo.

Yet, somewhere, God, drenched roses bloom by fountains draped with mist,
In old, lost gardens of the earth made lyrical with rain;
Why is it here a million brows by hungry Death are kissed,
And here is packed, one summer night, a whole world's fiery pain!

—Charles Hanson Towne.

WORKERS: A CONTRAST.

The sun pours fiercely on the roof of glass;
Swift wheels are whirling in the evil air;
A band of pallid workers labor there
This summer day, and slow the moments pass;
Far leagues away are fields of cool deep grass,
Green forest depths, the squirrel's inmost lair;
Beyond, the burly ocean, fresh and fair,
Rides in wild triumph on the shore's grim mass.
Here is dear Nature's universal shrine,
But yon poor toilers—women, children, men—
Can never meet her gracious, holy glance,
Blest by the Sabbath's tranquil rest divine.
Slowly drags on the laboring year—and then?
Tired eyes gaze o'er another year's expanse!

—James Emmott
SONG OF THE "LOWER CLASSES."

We plow and sow, we're so very, very low,
    That we delve in the dirty clay;
Till we bless the plain with the golden grain,
    And the vale with the fragrant hay.
Our place we know, we're so very, very low,
    'Tis down at the landlord's feet:
We're not too low the grain to grow,
    But too low the bread to eat.

Down, down we go, we're so very, very low,
    To the hell of the deep-sunk mines;
But we gather the proudest gems that glow,
    When the crown of the despot shines;
And when'er he lacks, upon our backs
    Fresh loads he deigns to lay;
We're far too low to vote the tax
    But not too low to pay.

We're low, we're low—we're very, very low—
    And yet from our fingers glide
The silken flow and the robes that glow
    Round the limbs of the sons of pride;
And what we get, and what we give,
    We know, and we know our share;
We're not too low the cloth to weave,
    But too low the cloth to wear.

We're low, we're low, we're very, very low,
    And yet when the trumpets ring,
The thrust of a poor man's arm will go
    Through the heart of the proudest king.
We're low, we're low—mere rabble, we know—
    We're only the rank and the file;
We're not too low to kill the foe,
    But too low to share the spoil.

—Ernest Jones.
THE SLAVES OF THE NORTH.

Day and night as the furnaces flare
And the factory whistles blow,
I see the thing that the black man saw
Come over the fields of snow—
Over the ripening cotton fields
In the day when blood was gain.
I see her slicing her broken lash
And I hear her mending her chain.

We drove her out of the land;
We smote her with fire and sword;
"We are free," we said, and we crowned our dead,
And we sang our hymns to the Lord,
High hymns for the strong, clean heart
And for joy that the task was done:
"She will never return to face the graves
That lie 'neath the Southern sun."

But the wheels of the Fates go round
With a terrible grind and fall.
I saw the thing as a thief in the night
Come over the Southern wall.
And they that were set to watch cried "Cease!"
As we cried to the land to beware;
And they whined to us "Peace!" as she made her way
Through the roofed plantations there.

She hath throned herself in the towns
Where the drums went marching by
When the white man's blood and the white man's steel
Went down to the black man's cry.
She hath sharpened her ancient lash
That bit till the blood sprang forth.
O white man, white man, what is this—
This cry of the burdened North?

The millions reap in the fields all day
And grind in the mills all night.
The cities are loud with the feet of care
From light until morning light.
Dumb with the fear that their bread will cease,
They cringe to the whip's command,
Paying their blood to the gilded thing
That taxes the toil of the land.

Was it then for this that our fathers died
When the cry of the slave went up?
For this, to sweeten the black man's bread
To poison the white man's cup?
What will you say, O thin blue line,
When they ask of the dear, dear ground?
Will you bow your heads in the light of the stars
When your comrades dead crowd round?

O iron days! O bounding hearts!
O tramp of determined feet!
O beautiful, beautiful storm of wrath
Slinging the iron sleet!
O riddled flag! O stars bedimmed!
O blood that our fathers shed!
Hath it come to this? Hark, the sneer goes up
That the stalwart North is dead.

Lies! These are lies that are told by mouths
That hear not nor understand.
They hear not the wash of the undertide
As it climbs up the heart of the land.
She hath still her feet on the ancient way,
She is beautiful still and strong.
O patiently waiting the word of the Lord,
How long, O North, how long!

—Edwin Davies Schoonmaker.

STANZAS ON FREEDOM.

Is true Freedom but to break
Fetters for our own dear sake,
And with leathern hearts forget
That we owe mankind a debt?
No! true Freedom is to share
All the chains our brothers wear,
And with heart and hand to be
Earnest to make others free!

They are slaves who fear to speak
For the fallen and the weak;
They are slaves who will not choose
Hatred, scoffing, and abuse,
Rather than in silence shrink
From the truth they needs must think;
They are slaves who dare not be
In the right with two or three.

—James Russell Lowell.
Socialism in Verse

THE LITTLE MOTHERS.

Strange mockery of motherhood!
They who should feel the fostering care
Maternal, and the tender good
Of home when fondling arms are there,

Must, ere their time, in mimic show
Of age and sacred duties, be
Thus wise to guide, thus deep to know,
The artless needs of infancy.

The little mothers! Will they win
The bitter sweet of elder years?
Will love protect them still from sin,
And faith gleam dauntless through the tears?

God grant some guerdon for the loss
Of childly joy, and when they come
To woman ways and woman's cross,
Give them a fate more free.

—Richard Burton.

SAY NOT THE STRUGGLE NOUGHT AVAILETH.

Say not, the struggle nought availeth,
The labor and the wounds are vain,
The enemy faints not, nor faileth,
And as things have been they remain.

If hopes were dupes, fears may be liars;
It may be, in yon smoke conceal'd,
Your comrades chase e'en now the fliers,
And, but for you, possess the field.

For while the tired waves, vainly breaking,
Seem here no painful inch to gain,
Far back, through creeks and inlets making,
Comes silent, flooding in, the main.

And not by eastern windows only,
When daylight comes, comes in the light;
In front, the sun climbs slow, how slowly!
But westward, look, the land is bright!

—Arthur Hugh Clough.
THE VOICE OF TOIL.

I heard men saying, leave hope and praying,
All days shall be as all have been;
Today and tomorrow bring fear and sorrow,
The never ending toil between.
When earth was younger, 'midst toil and hunger
In hope we strove, and our hands were strong;
Then great men led us, with words they fed us,
And bade us right the earthly wrong.
Go read in story their deeds and glory,
Their names amidst the nameless dead;
Turn then from lying to us slow dying
In that good world to which they led;
Where fast and faster our iron master,
The thing we made, forever drives,
Bids us grind treasure and fashion pleasure
For other hopes and other lives.
Let dead hearts tarry and trade and marry,
And trembling nurse their dreams of mirth,
While we the living our lives are giving
To bring the bright new world to birth.
Come, shoulder to shoulder, ere earth grows older!
The Cause spreads over land and sea;
Now the world shaketh and fear awaketh,
And joy at last for thee and me.
—William Morris.

THE MARSEILLAISE.

Ye sons of France, awake to glory—
Hark, Hark, what myriads bid you rise!
Your children, wives, and grandsires hoary:
Behold their tears and hear their cries!
Shall hateful tyrants, mischief breeding,
With hireling hosts, a ruffian band,
Affright and desolate the land,
While peace and liberty lie bleeding!

Chorus—
To arms, to arms, ye brave!
Th' avenging sword unsheathe,
March on, march on,
All hearts resolved
On victory or death!

With luxury and pride surrounded,
The vile, insatiate despots dare,
Socialism in Verse

Their thirst for gold and pow’r unbounded,
   To mete and vend the light and air.
Like beasts of burden would they load us,
   Like gods would bid their slaves adore;
But man is man and who is more?
Then shall they longer lash and goad us?
Oh, Liberty! can man resign thee,
   Once having felt thy gen’rous flame!
Can dungeons, bolts and bars confine thee?
Or whips thy noble spirit tame?
Too long the world has wept, bewailing
   That falsehood’s dagger tyrants wield;
But freedom is our sword and shield,
And all their arts are unavailing.

—Claude Joseph Rouget de Lisle.

HEIRS OF TIME.
Inscribed to Edward Bellamy.

From street and square, from hill and glen
   Of this vast world before my door,
I hear the tread of marching men,
   The patient armies of the poor.
The halo of the city’s lamps
   Hangs, a vast torchlight, in the air;
I watch it through the evening damps;
   The masters of the world are there.
Not ermine-clad or clothed in state,
   Their title-deeds not yet made plain,
But waking early, toiling late,
   The heirs of all the earth remain.
Some say, by laws as fixed and fair
   As guide the planets in their sweep,
The children of each outcast heir
   The harvest-fruits of time shall reap.
The peasant brain shall yet be wise,
   The untamed pulse grow calm and still;
The blind shall see, the lowly rise
   And work in peace Time’s wondrous will.
Some day, without a trumpet’s call,
   This news will o’er the earth be blown:
“The heritage comes back to all!
The myriad monarchs take their own!”

—Thomas Wentworth Higginson.
THE RED FLAG.

The people's flag is deepest red;
It sheltered oft our martyred dead,
And ere their limbs grew stiff and cold
Their hearts' blood dyed its every fold.

Chorus—
Then raise the scarlet standard high;
Within its shade we'll live and die.
Tho' cowards flinch and traitors sneer,
We'll keep the red flag flying here.

Look round, the Frenchman loves its blaze;
The sturdy German chants its praise;
In Moscow's vaults its hymns are sung;
Chicago swells the surging throng.

It waved about our infant might,
When all ahead seemed dark as night;
It witnessed many a deed and vow;
We must not change its color now.

It well recalls the triumphs past,
It gives the hope of peace at last—
The banner bright, the symbol plain
Of human right and human gain.

It suits today the weak and base,
Whose minds are fixed on pelf and place,
To cringe before the rich man's frown
And haul the sacred emblem down.

With heads uncovered swear we all,
To bear it onward till we fall;
Come dungeon dark, or gallows grim,
This song shall be our parting hymn.
A VISTA.

Sad heart, what will the future bring
To happier men when we are gone?
What golden days shall dawn for them,
Transcending all we gaze upon?

Will our long strife be laid at rest,
The warfare of our blind desires
Be merged in a perpetual peace
And love illumine but harmless fires?

Shall, faith, released from forms that chain
And freeze the spirit while we pray,
Expect with calm and ardent eyes
The morning of death's brighter day?—

These things shall be! A loftier race
Than e'er the world hath known, shall rise
With flame of freedom in their souls,
And light of science in their eyes.

They shall be pure from fraud, and know
The names of priest and king no more;
For them no placeman's hand shall hold
The balances of peace and war.

They shall be gentle, brave and strong,
To spill no drop of blood, but dare
All that may plant man's lordship firm
On earth and fire and sea and air.

Nation with nation, land with land,
Unarmed shall live as comrades free;
In every heart and brain shall throb
The pulse of one fraternity.

They shall be simple in their homes
And splendid in their public ways,
Filling the mansions of the state
With music and with hymns of praise.

In aisles majestic, halls of pride,
Groves, gardens, baths, and galleries,
Manhood and youth and age shall meet
To grow by converse inly wise.

Woman shall be man's mate and peer,
In all things strong and fair and good,
Still wearing on her brows the crown
Of sinless sacred motherhood.

High friendship, hitherto unknown,
Or by great poets half divined,
Shall burn, a steadfast star, within
The calm clear ether of the mind.

Man shall love man with heart as pure
And fervent as the young-eyed joys
Who chaunt their heavenly songs before
God's face with undiscordant noise.

New arts shall bloom of loftier mould,
And mightier music thrill the skies,
And every life shall be a song,
When all the earth is paradise.

There shall be no more sin, no shame,
Though pain and passion may not die;
For man shall be at one with God
In bonds of firm necessity.

These things—they are no dream—shall be
For happier men when we are gone:
Those golden days for them shall dawn,
Transcending aught we gaze upon.

—John Addington Symonds.
NOTES.

Pages 7-8. Percy Bysshe Shelley (born August 4, 1792, died July 8, 1822), though of a titled family and surrounded by conservative influences, turned rebel, even as a boy, against most of the things then regarded as established and sacred. His consistent hatreds from his early years were of superstition, irrational custom and oppression through law. "I know," he says in his sonnet on Bonaparte,

"That virtue owns a more eternal foe
    Than force or fraud: Old Custom, Legal Crime,
    And bloody Faith, the foulest birth of Time."

Ostracized in England, he went to Italy, where he remained till his death, by drowning, in the Bay of Spezzia. The news of the unprovoked assault of the military on the mass meeting in St. Peter's Fields, Manchester (known derisively as the "Peterloo" Massacre), on August 16, 1819, aroused his deepest indignation and prompted "The Masque of Anarchy," from which the selection given is taken.

Lord Byron (1788-1824) has many quotable passages in celebration of liberty and in denunciation of tyrants. His notion of tyranny did not, however, go beyond the unregulated power of kings and dictators.

9. Shakespeare could express powerfully the misery of destitution and the evil power of gold, as in this passage, or a newly awakened pity for hapless and storm-beaten wretches, as in the famous passage from King Lear, given on p. 28. Yet he had no sympathies with the people as a mass. His picture of John Cade is a distortion of history. The sophisticated demurrrer made by bourgeois writers generally that Shakespeare's feeling for or against the people is not to be judged by the words which he puts into the mouths of his characters, is amusing, but without force. The subject is, however, too large to be dwelt upon here.

Tommaso Campanella was born in Calabria in 1668 and died in Paris in 1639. Much of his work, including his sonnets and his utopian vision, "The City of the Sun," was composed in prison, where he spent upwards of thirty years. The tone of this sonnet is harsh and pessimistic in the extreme, though the fault is perhaps excusable in view of the time and the tragedy of Campanella's life. The translation is by John Addington Symonds.

10. Robert Southey (1774-1843) manifested some radical sentiments in his youth, but he later became an ardent defender of church and state. In "The Vision of Judgment," in the introduction to "Don Juan" and in many passages in his other works, Lord Byron mercilessly satirized Southey as a renegade.

Wilfrid Scawen Blunt was born in England in 1840 and died several years ago. From 1858 to 1869 he was employed in the diplomatic service. With his wife, the granddaughter of Lord Byron, he traveled extensively, and much of their later life was lived in the east. His general attitude was radical. During the Egyptian troubles of the early eighties he favored the cause of Arabi Pasha.
The earlier work of James Russell Lowell (1819-91) was passionately republican, but in his later days he passed over to a purely bourgeois attitude regarding the problems of his time. He has been unduly depreciated as a poet by the bourgeois critics—largely because his most notable verse vindicates the rights of common manhood and womanhood. He was, however, judged by the most characteristic work of his earlier days, a poet of high rank. The stanzas given are the third to the seventh inclusive of the poem.

Joseph Skipsey was born in England in 1832. Most of his life from his seventh to his forty-sixth year was spent as a helper or miner in the coal pits. A book of miscellaneous lyrics, which appeared in 1878, attracted attention, and the government gave him a small post in the civil service. He died several years ago.

Robert Barnabas Brough (1828-60) was a London poet, journalist and playwright. His "Songs of the Governing Classes" was published in 1859.

The last two stanzas of Shelley's poem are omitted.

This is the most famous of the poems of the late William Vaughn Moody (1869-1910). It is also the one most socialistic in conception and spirit. His later work was given largely to the drama, and one of his plays, "The Great Divide," achieved a notable popular triumph. Afterward there came from him less often the plea for the "many broken souls of men." Yet those who knew him, as did the writer of this note, indulge the belief that had he been spared he might later have given to the world some supreme lyrical expression of the message of Socialism.

James Gowdy Clark was born in Constantia, N. Y., June 28, 1830. In 1888, on account of failing health, he removed to California and from 1892 made his home near Pasadena. He died on September 17, 1897. His earlier verse was personal, and that of his middle life political. It was not until comparatively late in life that he began to sing the cause of the workers.

Ernest Charles Jones (1819-68) came of an English mercantile family. He early enlisted in the cause of the workers, both as poet and agitator. For a public speech made in 1848 he was sentenced to two years' imprisonment, part of which was spent under conditions of the utmost brutality. On his release, though broken in health, he resumed his activities on behalf of the workers. In 1868 he won an election to parliament from Manchester, but died, in that city, before taking his seat. Several of his poems, such as "The Song of the Wage Slave," and "The Song of the 'Lower Classes,'" are known throughout the English-speaking world. No collected edition of his verse, so far as I know, and no adequate biography of him have been published.

William Cowper (1731-1800) was a poet of deep and humane sympathies and of general republican tendencies, but in no sense a radical. Little of his poetry is appropriate for such a collection as this.

Edwin Markham was born in Oregon City, Ore., April 23, 1852. During boyhood he worked in California at farming, black-
smithing and cattle and sheep herding. At college he specialized in literature and Christian sociology. Until 1899 he served in various capacities as an educator. In that year he wrote and published his poem “The Man with the Hoe,” which immediately attracted general attention. During recent years he has made his home in the east (West New Brighton, N. Y.). Many of his social poems have become favorites with the working class.

I have not been able to find any information about the author of “The Ninety and Nine.”

19. William James Linton was born in London, England, in 1812 and died in New Haven, Conn., December 29, 1897. He was an engraver by occupation. He entered early into the radical movements of his time and became an influential agitator. He was married to Eliza Lynn (the famous E. Lynn Linton), but separated from her, and came to America in 1867. He was the author of many volumes, one of them a life of Thomas Paine and another a work on engraving. He wrote numerous poems which in the stirring days of the forties and fifties were widely circulated.

Longfellow (1807-82) wrote some notable verse in behalf of freedom and against slavery, but either had no knowledge of, or no sympathy with, the cause of the workers. The poem, “The Arsenal at Springfield,” from which these two stanzas are taken, was written in 1843, after a visit to that store-house of weapons in company with his wife (whom he had just married) and Charles Sumner.

20. Edward Carpenter was born August 29, 1844. Educated at Cambridge, he served for a time as curate under Frederick Denison Maurice, the Christian Socialist. In 1874 he left Cambridge and for a time lectured in connection with the university extension movement. In 1883 he settled on a small farm near Sheffield. He visited America in 1884 in order to meet Walt Whitman. Carpenter’s writings, both verse and prose, cover a wide range. The selection given here is easily adapted by substituting “toilers” for “England” in each case except that of the last line, where “labor” may be used.

21. Charles Mackay was born in Perth, March 27, 1814, and died in London, December 24, 1889. From 1852 to 1859 he was the editor of the London Illustrated News. During the Civil War he was stationed in New York as a special correspondent of the London Times. Most of his poems are on social and political subjects and reveal an ardent sympathy with the cause of the workers. The selections given in this pamphlet are well known throughout the English-speaking world.

22-23. William Morris was born near London in 1834 and died in London, October 3, 1896. He was educated at Marlborough College and Oxford. His connection with the Socialist movement dates from about 1881, when he joined the Democratic Federation founded by H. M. Hyndman. In 1885, after this body had become the Social Democratic Federation, Morris, with Edward Aveling and Belfort Bax, left it and formed the Socialist League, which after a time became somewhat anarchistic. Morris left it in November, 1890. “Temporarily,” writes Edward R. Pease, “he was an anarchist. But
he was tremendously in earnest, and for years his pen and his purse and his splendid energy were all at the disposal of the new movement.” Morris is one of the really great names in English literature, and his revolutionary verse ranks very nearly with the best that the cause of the proletariat has called forth.

24. Swinburne (1837-1909) was an ardent republican, and under the influence of Mazzini wrote his “Songs Before Sunrise” and other political and social poems. He remains, however, a “poet’s poet,” and his poetry has never, in the broad sense, become popular. His greatest political poem is his tribute to Cromwell, written in 1895, on the government’s refusal to permit the setting in Westminster Abbey of a statue to the Protector. The two stanzas printed here are the first and last stanzas of a long poem with the title as given.

25-26. James Jeffrey Roche was born in 1847 in Ireland and died in Switzerland in 1908. From 1885 to 1890 he was the assistant editor of the Boston Pilot and for the next five years the editor. In 1904-7 he was United States consul at Genoa, and was then transferred to Berne.

28. Morris Rosenfeld, “the most original poet among the Russian Jews of America,” according to Prof. Leo Wiener, was born in 1862 in Russian Poland. He emigrated to England and thence to America, where for many years he worked in sweatshops at meager wages, under brutal conditions. All his poems, I believe, are written in the Judeo-German, or Yiddish. This is his most famous poem and has been several times translated. The translation here is by Charles Weber Linn.

29. Wilbur Dick Nesbit was born in Xenia, Ohio, September 16, 1871. He has been a feature writer and humorist on the Baltimore American, Chicago Tribune and Chicago Evening Post, but is at present connected with an advertising company. His humorous verse is widely known. The poem quoted appeared in The Baltimore American in 1902 at the time of the anthracite strike.

30. I have no information about these verses further than that they appeared in The New York Worker (which later was merged in The New York Call) some years ago.

32. The late Mayor Jones (1846-1904), known far and wide as “Golden Rule” Jones, wrote several songs. He was born in Wales. His parents came to America when he was three years old, and he began work at a very tender age. Later he became a manufacturer of oil-well devices. He was elected mayor of Toledo in 1887 as a Republican and in 1899, 1901 and 1903 as an independent. His religion and social philosophy were largely those of Tolstoy.

33. Edmund H. Sears (1810-76) was a Unitarian pastor who published several volumes of poems.

35. Charlotte Perkins Gilman was born in Hartford, July 3, 1860. She began her public work in 1890, at the time when the Bellamy movement was in its ascendancy, by lecturing and writing on ethics, economics and sociology. She has been especially active in the cause of woman and labor. Though in a general sense a
Socialism in Verse

Socialist, she has never affiliated with the Socialist party. Since 1909 she has conducted The Forerunner, a monthly magazine. She has published a number of works, of which the best known is "Woman and Economics." Her collection of poems, "In This Our World," has also had a wide reading.

36. Edith Nesbit was born in London. She was married to Herbert Bland, the Fabian, who died in 1914. She has published many volumes of verse and stories, and has collaborated on two plays.

37. Few of the writings of Walt Whitman (1819-92) accord with the purpose of such a collection as this. The selection made is perhaps as nearly appropriate as any other.

38. Sidney Lanier was born in Macon, Ga., February 3, 1842. From his early childhood his passion was music. After graduating from college he enlisted in the Confederate army and served as a private in the first battles around Richmond. He contracted tuberculosis while in the ranks, but continued to serve. In 1864 he was captured and held in prison for five months. In 1873 he came to Baltimore, and the remainder of his life was lived mostly in the north. He was a member of the orchestra of the People's Symphony Concerts in Baltimore. His life was a long contest with poverty and illness. He died near Asheville, N. C., September 7, 1881. Most of his poetry is personal and lyrical.

40. Sydney Olivier was born in England in 1859. He was one of the first members of the Fabian society, and from 1886 to 1890 its secretary. He entered the colonial service and for many years was stationed in the West Indies. He was acting Governor of Jamaica in 1900, 1902 and 1904 and Governor from 1907 to 1913. In 1898 he was knighted for efficient service in the colonies. His verses are few, but his prose writings cover a wide range. He was one of the collaborators on the "Fabian Essays," published in 1889.

42. Mrs. Stokes (Rose Pastor) was born in Augustowa, Russia, July 18, 1879. Her parents came to America when she was a young girl. For twelve years she worked as a cigarmaker. Later, for three years, she did newspaper work on the Jewish Daily News of New York City. She was married to James Graham Phelps Stokes in 1905. She is an active propagandist for Socialism, labor and woman suffrage.

43-44. Gerald Massey (1828-1907) wrote many poems for the popular cause. Most of his life was a hard struggle against poverty and neglect. This selection and "The People's Advent" are perhaps his best-known social poems. The text of the collected edition of 1889 differs materially from earlier texts.

45. James Arthur Edgerton was for a number of years prominent in the People's party, and for four years (1895-99) was secretary of the Nebraska State Labor Bureau. Newspaper work has been his main vocation, but since 1913 he has been in the government service at Washington. He has written and published many poems. He was born in Plainville, Ohio, January 30, 1869.
45. Emerson (1803-82) had small sympathy for Socialism, though he expressed admiration for the humanitarian projects of the Fourierite Socialists. The stanza given is from the "Boston Hymn," composed in celebration of the day of emancipation, January 1, 1863. A substitution of the word "toiler" for "slave" would probably not have met with the approval of the author.

46-47. "The Cry of the Children" was called forth by the report of Assistant Commissioner Leonard Horne on the employment of children in mines and factories. The poem was first published in Blackwood's Magazine for August, 1843. Elizabeth Barrett was born in 1806, was married to Robert Browning in 1846 and died in Italy in 1861. The social question crops out in considerable of her poetry, but only in this case do her feelings find expression in indignant protest.

48. Charles Hanson Towne was born in Louisville in 1877. He was for a time editor of Smart Set, later of The Designer, and is now one of the editors of McClure's Magazine. He has published a number of volumes of verse.


50-51. Mr. Schoonmaker has only occasionally appeared in verse, but has of late been publishing a number of remarkable articles on international questions in the leading magazines. He was born in Scranton, Pa., and educated at Kentucky Wesleyan College and at the University of Chicago. This poem was published in the American Magazine.

"Stanzas on Freedom." Only the last two stanzas of the poem are given.

52. Richard Eugene Burton has been since 1906 the head of the English department in the University of Minnesota. The reading public is familiar with his numerous contributions of essays and poems in the leading magazines. "The Little Mothers" appeared in The Century Magazine. Mr. Burton was born in Hartford in 1869.

52. Arthur Hugh Clough (1819-61) is immortalized in Matthew Arnold's monody of "Thyrsis." Like the Edward King of Milton's "Lycidas" and the Arthur Hallam of Tennyson's "In Memoriam," he is regarded more for his promise than his accomplishment. Though in some respects a Liberal, he contributed little of measurable value to the popular cause.

53. "The Marseillaise" is given here in its usual translation. It is usually adapted for Socialist and labor gatherings by the mere substitution of the word "toil" for the word "France" in the first line. The need, however, for a revision of the militarist chorus is generally felt. Harvey P. Moyer, in his book of songs, suggests:

"Awake! Awake! ye brave! The people shall be free! March on, march on, all hearts resolved, We'll gain the victory."

This version, though in part eliminating the militarist note, is
susceptible of further improvement. Claude Joseph Rouget de Lisle (I follow the Century Dictionary's spelling of the name), the composer of "The Marseillaise," was born in 1760 and died in 1836. De Lisle was a lieutenant of engineers in the French army when the song was composed at Strasbourg in "a fit of enthusiasm" on the night of April 24, 1792. It was at first called "The Chant of War of the Army of the Rhine," but having been sung by a professional singer at Marseilles, two months later, at a civic banquet, it instantly became popular and was re-christened "The Marseillaise." Curiously enough, the author was not a Republican, but a royalist, who refused to take the oath to the constitution abolishing the crown. For his refusal he was stripped of his rank and imprisoned, but escaped after the death of Robespierre (July 28, 1794). Subsequently he re-entered the service, and became a captain. After being seriously wounded he retired to his birthplace, Montaign, where he "lived in all but absolute starvation." On July 14, 1915, an impressive ceremony in his honor, attended by vast crowds, was held in Paris, and his ashes were transferred to their final resting place in the Hotel des Invalides. While in all other lands "The Marseillaise" is the favorite of Socialists, in France it is the national hymn of the Republicans.

54. Colonel Higginson was one of the few prominent New England abolitionists (Wendell Phillips was another) who did not, at the close of the Civil War, ignore or oppose the plea of the wage slaves for emancipation. Till his death he maintained a sympathetic interest in the labor and Socialist movements. He was one of the signers of the call, in 1905, for the formation of the Inter-collegiate Socialist Society. He was born December 22, 1823, and died May 9, 1911. From 1847 to 1858 he was in the ministry. He enlisted at the outbreak of the Civil War, and was later made colonel of the first negro regiment organized—a distinction of which he was perhaps prouder than of any other that came to him in his long and worthy life.

55. "The Red Flag" is the English national Socialist song, but it has also become popular in America. I do not know the name of its composer. It was a great favorite with the late Keir Hardie, as all know who have heard him sing it.

56-57. John Addington Symonds (1840-93) was a prolific writer on literary and art subjects. He published several volumes of verse. Symonds was a marvellously many-sided man, and in all things an advanced Liberal. It is impossible to say whether or not a concept of Socialism entered into this utopian vision.
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