

particularly wise and pious for so doing, or that it is the will of Providence that he should steal and that they should be stolen from. He simply takes what he can get and looks for more, and allows snobbish clergymen and politicians to do the preaching and the pacifying, if they choose.

I will now mention an occurrence which has given me great joy, and has caused me to bless the name of the Duke of Hamilton and Brandon. The town of Motherwell is falling down! or rather, to speak by the newspaper reports, one-half of it is! That half is the villadom half. The gables are cracking, the chimney stacks twisting, and the internal stucco ornamentation dropping down like April showers. There is every likelihood, says the newspaper report, of many houses becoming total wrecks, and their front gardens converted into unpicturesque heaps of *debris*. And not a farthing of compensation will the villa-holders get. I fervently hope the news is true, that it is not exaggerated, but rather understated. This wish may appear somewhat uncharitable, if not positively wicked; but I will explain.

First, the Motherwell villa residents are not Socialists, therefore I don't like them; any misfortune that may happen them brings me joy. All people delight more or less in the discomfiture of their enemies, but few have the courage, like me, to say so.

Secondly, the only thing that will ever make the Motherwell villa residents become Socialists, is to see their houses cracking and falling about their ears without getting a penny of compensation, or some similar catastrophe.

And that, luckily, is what is happening. The Duke, in leasing them the ground, reserved the right to work out the coal underneath it. Some time ago he intimated to them that he was about to do so, and that if they wished to secure the stability of their houses they would require to purchase the necessary "stoops" of coal beneath. The cost was too great for the leaseholders, so they took their chance, trusted in Providence, and hoped for the best. But the worst came—and now they have no redress, no compensation. I just felt quite happy about the occurrence, and hope the newspapers will have pleasant reports of villas—self-contained and semi-detached—falling down every week for a couple years or so. It will do as much for Socialism as a cholera plague does for religion.

The last time I held a meeting at Motherwell I was threatened with dislocation of the upper vertebrae because I ventured to speak somewhat disrespectfully of the Duke and the law behind him. Now that "much has happened since

then," and that "new conditions present themselves for consideration and debate," as the graceful circumlocution of the politician puts it, I am afraid my speechifying would be still less acceptable in that district; for if I attempted to say a few words in commendation of the Duke as I have ventured to do here, they might not merely threaten to break my neck; they might attempt to do it.

But we don't need to preach Socialism to the villa-holders of Motherwell for some time to come. Every crack in their walls, every falling flake of plaster, speaks eloquently to their acquisitive ears against the monopoly of land and minerals. There is not, perhaps, a great deal of Socialism in that, but it is about as much as the majority of them will ever accept until the revolution comes.

I will conclude, seeing we are entering on the festive season, by asking every Socialist who is not a teetotaler "on principle—not because, etc.," to join with me in drinking "To the subsidence of the ground and the fall of the villas at Motherwell, and many more of them! coupled with the health of his Grace the Duke of Hamilton and Brandon!"

J. BRUCE GLASIER.

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