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WEEKLY; ONE PENNY.

NEXT WEEK WILL BEGIN A
NEW SERIAL STORY

BY

WILLIAM MORRIS

ENTITLED:

NEWS FROM NOWHERE:

BEING SOME CHAPTERS FROM A UTOPIAN ROMANCE.

SCENES FROM THE FRENCH REVOLUTION.

I.

PARIS AFTER THE FALL OF THE BASTILLE—THE VETO.

THE Bastille has fallen; two of the worst tyrants, Foulon and Berthier, are dead; other oppressors have taken to flight before the storm of popular rage. But what avails it? The Parisian workman has only shed his blood that Bailly may be mayor of Paris and enjoy the spoils of office; that Lafayette—a liberal aristocrat, a soldier who gained his laurels and his liberalism in the war for the liberation of the American colonies from the dominion of England—may caracole through the streets on his white horse and act the part of a Warren to the Paris workmen. The people have new tyrants in the place of the old ones; the middle classes have climbed into the places of the aristocrats, and that is all that has been gained by the popular victory.

Meanwhile, the middle classes are quite contented, and cannot understand why the people are not also satisfied. But there is little cause for satisfaction. Distress has heightened; bread is scarce; many of the rich aristocrats, as well as the more timid of the middle class, have fled from Paris; workshops are closed, and the workers are left to starve. But though the rich have fled, the poor and destitute have thronged into the capital, attracted by the roar of the revolution, and hoping that in the centre of the movement life would be easier and pleasanter. You may see now, throughout these months of August and September, crowds of the people assemble round every baker's shop waiting in *queue*, or waiting in tail, as people wait to get their tickets at a station, one by one, so that the first come may be the first served. This waiting calmly and quietly distinguishes the French people from the English, for to-day at theatre doors you will see them waiting in the same fashion, without any of that rough struggling and pushing in which the weakest goes to the wall, which distinguishes our own polite and refined race. But what causes this scarcity of bread? Partly the bad harvest of the year before; also the fact that the peasants and farmers, having got rid of their landlords by burning their chateaux and hunting them away, had no need to sell their grain for rent, but kept it for themselves; and last but not least, the action of corn monopolists and royalist intriguers, who, partly moved by greed, and also by the desire to punish the inhabitants of the revolutionary city, kept back the corn to starve them into submission.

It was no wonder, under these circumstances, that the middle-class people grew very nervous. The revolutionary spirit was abroad; the very street children conquered imaginary bastilles and waged war among themselves. So general had the street warfare become that the Town Council—so the 'Histoire Parlémentaire' of Buchez and Roux informs us—found it necessary to pass a solemn decree against this dangerous and seditious practice on the part of these little scamps.

Revolution was in the air. Every day there were the most terrible rumours afloat as to the possibility of another rising. On Montmartre—at that time a green hill, crowned with windmills, outside the city walls—some seventeen thousand of starving men are employed at digging holes and filling them up again—at the magnificent wage of tenpence a-day—by the patriot municipality, that rides in its gilded coaches and "preserves its places and its pensions." Writers of the time declare that these poor wretches looked more like skeletons than human beings after a course of this magnificent pay and the splendid

diet—two pounds of very bad black-bread—procured by it. It is suspected that plaster-of-Paris enters largely into the composition of this bread. The people who eat it complain that "it produces an effect upon the bowels, and causes the throat and palate to smart." But they are warned by a Town Hall proclamation to regard these trifling matters as nothing, or even as actually beneficial from a medicinal point of view.

But to return to the Paris unemployed. These starving men are a constant source of terror to the well-fed Municipals. Lafayette in his capacity of general of the middle-class National Guard has been to harangue them, and doubtless to congratulate them upon living in an age of liberty, upon tenpence a-day. He does not like their looks, however; and a few days afterwards, hearing that they are coming to sack Paris, he plants cannon loaded with grapeshot at the barriers to mow them down, and thus prepares to vindicate his character as a defender of French liberty. However, the rumour turned out to be false, and they did not come. The Municipal Council at last gets rid of "the utterly necessitous, digging on Montmatre." They are presented with passes, and are "dismissed into space" with the small fortune of four shillings. Under the old government they would probably have been whipped or hung as rebellious vagabonds; so it is possible that they have gained *something* by the revolution. But poor Lafayette has his hands full. There are strikes on all hands of famished operatives, excited by the advent of the reign of liberty, which should surely mean higher wages. The tailors, shoemakers, apothecaries, wig-makers and hairdressers, are all out; domestic servants, out of place through the flight of the aristocrats and the rich middle class, also form a union and hold open-air meetings with the other strikers, Lafayette and his patrols keeping a wary eye upon them.

But though it is an age of liberty, middle-class benevolence had not reached its present high pitch. The middle class did not like strikes; in which they resemble their brothers nowadays; but then they took no pains to disguise their dislike to such dangerous proceedings. Several of the meetings are dispersed by main force, and with great brutality by middle-class National Guards, who even wounded some honest citizens with their bayonets.

While Paris thus hovered on the brink of revolution, Versailles is busy making the constitution, occasionally making it very quickly, as on the 4th of August, when they abolished the feudal dues and tithes, being aided in their work by the light of burning chateaux and the roar of popular insurrection. They have just reached a critical stage in its manufacture; a large section of the Assembly, containing in its ranks many ex-middle class revolutionists, desire to imitate as nearly as possible the constitution of England. They want a House of Lords, as a paper barrier against a revolted democracy; they also want the king to have a veto upon any laws passed by future Assemblies; that is, the king shall have the power of saying "No" to anything the Assembly may pass. That this section was a majority there can be little doubt, for Mirabeau, whose influence was overwhelming, was quite in favour of the king having the veto, and, in fact, from this period he practically begins his reactionary courses; but the people were not. They had overthrown the Bastille to get a better and happier life for the poor, and they knew very well there was a very small chance of getting anything of the kind when a king could lawfully say "No" to it. Therefore a fierce agitation grew up in Paris against this veto.

In Paris at that time the revolutionists were in the habit of meeting in the Gardens of the Palais Royal. It was there we saw the revolution break out, when Camille Desmoulins sprang on a table outside the Café de Foy and raised the cry "To arms!" Here, according to Camille, who was a constant attendant at these excited gatherings, the business of the night was carried on in the most free and easy fashion. Any citizen with his soul burning for the good of his country could rush there, with a speech or motion that was absolutely necessary for its salvation, mount his chair and begin. If he is applauded he keeps on and carries his resolution, if he is hissed he departs. Thus the people conducted their business in the year 1789.

But though this may seem amusing to us, it was serious enough then; the Palais Royal was proud of its achievements. It had given the signal for the revolution, and might perchance light up the flames of

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M.P.

the next. Therefore, its opinion upon current questions was important. Even Lafayette and Bailly dared not suppress these meetings; first, because they dreaded the consequences, and secondly, the grounds of the Palais Royal were private property. They belonged to the Duke of Orleans, a prince of the blood, who had his eye upon the throne and therefore favoured the popular cause.

But now the veto is likely to be carried through a traitorous Assembly; the Palais Royal becomes highly excited; orators declaim with furious vehemence amid shouting crowds. Strong resolutions are passed; strong speeches are made. Traitorous deputies are written to and informed that if they vote for the Veto, there are fifteen thousand men in Paris ready to march and "light up their chateaux." Fifteen hundred men do get ready to march, and to "remonstrate" with these traitors, the Marquis St. Huruge, an aristocratic popular orator, at their head. But Lafayette calls out his National Guard, the procession is stopped by fixed bayonets at barriers, and the processionists are forced to return. Indignation meetings are held; matters look so serious that insurrection seems imminent. But the Assembly grew alarmed; the House of Lords or Senate idea is rejected, and the veto is altered into suspensive veto, that is, the king could only postpone his sanction to any measure beyond two sessions. At the same time Lafayette falls heavily upon the Palais Royal, and St. Huruge is thrown into prison. A slight disturbance one evening, not at all unlikely to occur in an excited time, is taken advantage of to close the meetings altogether. Other men likely to be dangerous, are also arrested; Marat is ordered to appear at the Town Hall to answer for his "incendiary" articles. The hawkers are not allowed to cry without they get a license and a leaden badge; all meetings are suppressed. National Guard patrols parade the streets with levelled bayonets, dispersing chance groups. Camille Desmoulins, once a starving advocate, now a brilliant journalist, has cleverly satirised the proceedings of these gentry. He relates how, walking at night through the narrow streets of Paris, he met a sentinel. "Take the footway to the left," cries the sentinel to me; further on another shouts "Walk to your left," and in the Rue St. Marguerite two patrols cry together, "To the right," "To the left." I have been obliged by the district to take to the gutter." Camille also complains, with a certain amount of jocularly, of the arbitrary arrests by the National Guards. He says one man has been arrested at the Café de Foy because he distributed several copies of a pamphlet he had written (one sympathises with the National Guards in this case); another because he read a journal aloud; another because he walked about in the Palais Royal, and so on.

Such was Paris in the latter part of August and throughout September. The "glorious revolution is evaporating in tri-color ceremonies and complimentary harangues." Of which, as Loustolat, another patriot journalist, calculates "upwards of two thousand have been delivered within the last month at the Town Hall alone. Paris groans under what the same writer calls with truth "a bourgeois despotism, having for its aim the substitution of an aristocracy of rich men for that of the nobles."

The middle-classes imagine the revolution is crushed, and shower praises on Lafayette for his courage and promptitude. Complimentary harangues are the order of the day, with the mutual admiration society at the Town Hall; but the people stand in *queue*, starving and moaning for bread. On the whole, the situation is admirably summed up by Carlyle, "Ruthless patrols; long superfine harangues; and scanty ill-baked loaves which produce effects upon the intestines. Where will this end? In consolidation?" We shall soon see.

D. J. NICOLL.

THE ARGENTINE REPUBLIC AND ENGLISH RADICAL REFORMERS.

THE writer of the following pages, having lived for many years in the Argentine Republic, where, almost from the establishment of its independence, the whole so-called Radical programme of this country has been in practice, wishes to point out how utterly useless all political reforms are while economic conditions are opposed to freedom. This they will see by a plain statement of facts as to what has fallen under the writer's own notice in the Republic.

But first I must show how thoroughly "free" the country is in a political sense. You have, in the first place, a republic modelled after the United States, with a fine free Constitution (on paper), which declares all men free and equal, and the rest of it. Then you have universal suffrage for all native-born citizens, or foreigners who choose to be naturalised, which these latter very seldom do, there being a very great advantage in *not* possessing a vote, as I shall prove further on. Then you have vote by ballot, and an arrangement by which minorities shall be secured representation. You have free education in public schools. Land is free, and is sold freely in the market like any other commodity. There is no law of primogeniture, a man's property being divided equally among all his children if he die without making a will, and if he make one the law only allows him to dispose of a small percentage away from them.

Again, every Province—which corresponds to "State" in the United States—has its own executive, ministers, Senate, and House of Representatives, but no house of hereditary legislators as in England. There is no Ireland there to lift a Parnell into popularity or power for his noble efforts in her cause, or a Grand Old Man verging on eighty years of age who has suddenly found out the justice of it. The members

of these legislative bodies are all paid, and paid well; and every five years there is a fresh election (more's the pity).

All this we have, and more also; and yet in that favoured land the rights and feelings of the poor are trampled on by the rich and powerful in a way which would be incredible except to one who, like myself, has seen it with his own eyes. The right of suffrage, also, far from being an advantage, has been and is a dreadful disadvantage to the poor man possessing it.

In the year 1871 I landed in Buenos Ayres, in the month of July, and in the month of October I started with an expedition of English engineers to cross the Pampa to Chile and survey a line of railway then projected. Mr. Robert Crawford, a well-known civil engineer, was chief of the expedition, and it was considered to be a difficult and dangerous work, owing to the line running through country continually traversed by the Indians, the *personal* was numerous, and a medical officer was required, which appointment I received.

The starting-point was Chivilcoy, the then most westerly point of the Western Railway of Buenos Ayres, and there we were informed we should find carts, cattle, and *peons* (native labourers) waiting for us. And sure enough there they were, particularly the *peons*, who had been carefully lodged in jail pending our arrival! On enquiry, Mr. Crawford was informed that it was the usual thing to do in such cases, as otherwise these free citizen-voters might repent and give up their engagement.

Does this seem incredible? No doubt it does; and it was very surprising to us, who had just come from a benighted country where universal suffrage and republicanism were unknown; but you will find by the sequel that such treatment of our *peons* is merely typical of what the class receives in all respects and on all occasions. Mr. Robert Crawford, after his return to England, published a book, 'Across the Pampa and the Andes,' in which he relates the history of the expedition, and in which will be found mention of the circumstance I have just stated. I found it particularly strange myself, as I had a short time before terminated a three years' residence in the United States, and believed at the time that republicanism and universal suffrage were not vain words. I thought that the vote was a protection to a man against such treatment, and I found myself at a horrible disadvantage when arguing afterwards with members of the staff who upheld rival institutions.

Well, before I recovered from the shock of this disposal of our free voters, I was called by the commissary officer of the expedition, Mr. Bookey, son of an Irishman born in the country, and who acted as our interpreter, to introduce me to a fine old Quixote-looking officer in uniform kepi and cavalry sword. This I was told was Captain Cabrera, commanding officer of—the *peons* of the expedition! that is to say, the Argentine *peons* or workers, the free men brought up in the enjoyment of universal suffrage and republicanism; the foreign workers, of whom we had about twenty, English and Germans, were not expected to submit to the orders of the captain. Cabrera was an officer of National Guards only, but it was quite sufficient that he wore a uniform and a sword, for the *peons*, accustomed to the most slavish submission to authority, to obey him unquestioningly, and as we have seen, to submit to be thrust into jail by him, for fear they might break their contract.

Well, we started after much delay, owing to the villainy of the Government contractors, who supplied us with almost useless animals at the price of good ones. But we did not cross the Pampa as at first intended, for, when arrived about seventy leagues from Chivilcoy, the danger of being attacked by Indians was so great that the officers of the frontier declared we would require a very large escort of soldiers, and this the Government refused to give us. Consequently it was resolved to pass on from fort to fort of the frontier and get to the Andes as quickly as possible, there to join the engineers who set out from the Chilian side, and do the really difficult part of the survey first. We thus had the opportunity given us of seeing what the life of the Argentine citizen-soldier on the frontier was.

And what did we find? We found the soldiers delivered into the worst kind of slavery to their officers, and no regard whatever paid to anything they had a legal claim to as "rights." They were never paid, and were abominably fed and clothed. We were told by the officer at one fort that for ten months they had not had supplies of any kind, and subsisted entirely by hunting. They were retained in service as long as their officers chose, without any regard to the term of their conscription or the time they were condemned to serve as punishment—service in the army being one method of chastising malefactors. In some places the soldiers were kept at hard labour cultivating the ground for the benefit of the commanding officer.

Is it not a wonder that the power of the vote, and the benefit of a free republican constitution, did not save these men from such injustice? Be it remembered that they were, with the exception of the criminals, free citizens, who were sent to serve their country on the frontier for three years, in obedience to the law! All will, however, be understood when you learn what the law was and the life these men lead in their homes.

Finally the expedition came to an end after nine months, and a useless expenditure of seventy odd thousand pounds, for the line was never constructed. We returned to Buenos Ayres, and I settled down in a country town (Navarro). Here I was not long settled, when, one day observing unusual bustle about the *Juzgado*, which in every town is a building which includes town hall, court of justice, jail, and police barrack, I was told that the contingent for frontier service had been brought in, and was as usual lodged in jail. Presently I met one of the members of the municipality, a kind, good-hearted man, who told me that in the contingent was one man that he knew, who had a wife

and eight children, and that he had been dragged away from his home, and unless great efforts were made on his behalf with the authorities, he would be sent to the frontier and his family left to shift for themselves!

On enquiry then, and on frequent occasions afterwards, I found that this was a common case. There was no regulation as to age, or family, or anything else. When the contingent was required parties of mounted police were sent out, and men were dragged from their homes with as little consideration as they would be in a slave hunt in Africa. The whole thing was under the control and will of one man in the Partido, the so-called justice of the peace (*Jefe de Paz*), and of course the first taken were those he had a grudge against. Glorious things, Universal Suffrage, Republicanism, and "free" institutions! I suppose part of their "freedom" consists in their gentle toleration of such little matters as this frontier service. What a vile slavery it produced, and how dreadful were its effects on the social condition and even the very character of the poor peasants! It had up to this been a source of great astonishment to me to see the slavish attitude of the poor *Gauchos* (another name for peasant or *peon*) in the presence of rich men or those in authority, but now began to understand it.

JOHN CREAGHE.

(To be continued.)

INTERNATIONAL NOTES.

FRANCE.

The Federation des Peuples, which owes its existence to Amilcare Cipriani, has launched an appeal to all the Socialists of France and Italy, inviting them to take part in a Franco-Italian Socialist Congress to be held at Cannes on the 11th and 12th inst. This "Fédération" has now established branches at Livorno, Genua, Palermo, Spezia, Turino, Rome, Paris, Lyon, Marseilles, Nice, Cannes, Grasse, Vallauris, Le Cannet, etc., and intends at this proposed Congress to create a new League of Peace in order to "counteract the infernal diplomatic manoeuvres of the so-called Triple Alliance." All communications to be sent to Joanés Sagnol, chairman of Provisional Committee, at Le Cannet, near Cannes (Alpes-Maritimes, France).

The Chamber of Deputies have validated the election of the "Socialist" Joffrin, whom the electors of Clignancourt had contemptuously refused to elect as their deputy, giving over 3,000 votes more to the other candidate, General Boulanger; and the "Socialist" Joffrin, being a Possibilist, i.e., a man who thinks that the most shameful things are feasible when they result in a "possible" advantage for himself, has accepted the validation of his pseudo-mandate at the hands of Constans, the Minister of the Interior, who prostitutes universal suffrage as he has prostituted everything else. Matters are swiftly ripening in France now. We shan't have to wait long for a general uprising, and let us hope that once broken out there, it may spread all over Europe.

GERMANY.

The monster trial at Elberfeld lingers on, and there seems to be no end of it. Christmas is over and New Year has passed away, and in all probability the judicial farce will continue for another month or so. It seems, however, as if the Nupkinses began to be ashamed of the performance; for, now and again, they order a "gentleman" who has been too good and plain a witness to be arrested on account of an "alleged falsehood." The man who gives the most trouble to the tribunal is a certain Kamhoff, commissioner of police by profession and "gentleman-breeder" by trade. Quite a dozen of that Kamhoff's "gentlemen" have already been "discovered," and the *Sozialdemokrat* has it that others will come to the fore. There will be quite a leakage in the system after this trial.

Whilst we were writing the preceding lines a Mr. Pinoff, public prosecutor by profession, was howling down our comrades in his speech for the prosecution, and everybody can find out, by the perusal of his indigestive prose, that he has been speaking "by command of his master," the brutal iron Chancellor. He proposes to send Bebel to prison for 15 months, because he is supposed to be the leader of a secret society that has never existed; Grillenberger, 12 months, for having been Bebel's lieutenant in the same conspiracy; and Harm, 12 months, too, for the same imaginary offence, but in reality because all three are members of the Reichstag and in the way of Bismarck. They must go out of the way—that's all. For thirty-two other accused Pinoff demands from 6 to 9 months; for twenty-five others, 3 months' jail, and so on. Five are to be discharged, in order that the judicial farce may appear to have been a fair one. Pinoff has stated in his speech that Commissioner Kamhoff, the liar, is a model of an official, and that all those "gentlemen," who have been found out during the trial to be in the pay of the secret police, are the *fine fleur* of society, and deserve well of "their dear Fatherland." One would not believe it if it was not in Germany that such things happen. But in Germany!

Just as we are going to press the news comes that the trial is over, and that Mr. Pinoff has by no means got all that he asked for, and that Bebel, Grillenberger, and Schumacher had to be let go.

During last year Germany's prisons have been filled by 350,666 delinquents. Out of that number 552 were convicted of offences against his "Majesty," and sixty-one thousand eight hundred and six for offences against religion, state, or public order. And Germany is the most civilized land on earth, you know. A "blessed" civilization it is, indeed!

BELGIUM.

The miner's strike for an increase of wages from 15 to 20 per cent. continues to spread throughout the basin of Charleroi. The movement is rapidly extending to pits in other basins, and the number of men out has now reached a total of over 10,000. At the Mambourg, Sacré-Madame, Pays de Liège, and Houillères-Unies mines, the strike has assumed large proportions, very few men remaining at work; the Monceau-Fontaine, Amercoeur, and Rochelle colliery men are likely to be out on strike by this time. At the Ormont mines the men struck, then resumed work, and finally went out again. Here are some figures showing the extent and distribution of the strike: Charleroi, 2,500 men out; Dampremy, 270; Montigny, 1,200; Gilly, 500; Lodolinsart, 650; Jumet, 1,300; Roux, 450; Chatelineau, 900; Fleurus, 800; Lodolinsart, 500; Marchiennes, 1,000. The strike movement is spreading from one basin to the other, and it is very

probable that a general strike throughout the Belgian coal districts is near at hand. The employers refuse to give way to the miner's claims. The colliers say, and with full reason, that last year the mines realised a profit of more than twelve millions and a-half of francs, and that now the profit is still greater. The miners are going to hold a mass meeting at Brussels, in order to lay their case before the general public. It is also probable that in a very few days the metallurgical workers will have to leave work, their industry being nearly at a standstill for want of coal.

HOLLAND.

It is quite possible that ere long a lot more of those "blasted foreigners," as the London philanthropist calls our Continental friends, will come over to this metropolis. Seven thousand diamond cutters and polishers are out of work in Amsterdam, not through any labour dispute or competition, but because they can no longer get diamonds to cut. At a meeting which they have held to consider their position, a resolution was proposed to transfer the industry to London. A final decision has not yet been arrived at, but it is stated that negotiations have been opened by their representatives for this purpose with several of the leading merchants here. The control of the great diamond-fields are now practically in the hands of companies or firms whose headquarters are in London, and it is said that hither also the best rough diamonds find their way for manipulation. Where the diamonds are, as long as the bourgeois attach any value to these coals, there the cutters must be also. If jewels do not go to Amsterdam to be cut, the Dutchmen think they must come to London to cut them. Hence the proposed exodus; but perhaps a good many cutters will also stop at Antwerp, where there are some leading firms too dealing in that useless stuff. We hope that if these "blasted foreigners" come over here they will soon join the ranks of the Socialist organisations, or form a new Dutch Socialist Society in London, thus reviving the old one which some ten years ago did good service for the Cause.

DENMARK.

I am very pleased to announce that another church has become the property of the Socialists. Our Danish comrades at Helsingör have bought a church of that locality for the sum of 40,000 kroner, and are about to transform it into a revolutionary meeting-hall. Bravo, comrades! This is the third church, as far as we know, which has undergone a similar transformation. The Belgian *Parti ouvrier* meet in a vast building called *La Maison du Peuple* (The People's House), which was formerly a Jewish temple of worship or synagogue. Our Dutch comrades at the Hague have bought the Walhalla building, which formerly was a Lutheran church. If only we could buy all the churches, nay, confiscate them, what splendid meeting-places we would have! And no more "cant" howled down from the "sacred" pulpits!

RUSSIA.

A few days ago died at Kieff an individual who has richly deserved to be cursed by all lovers of justice, Theodor Treppoff, formerly prefect of police at St. Petersburg. He began his career as a fiendish bloodhound at Varsovia, where, at the time of the Polish insurrection, he prosecuted his victims in such a barbarous way that he was actually compelled to leave his post as chief of the police there. But he remained in favour with the Czar, and was put at the head of the police department at St. Petersburg. There he became the real torturer of the Nihilists; but there also it was that, at the summit of his power, he was reached by the bold arm of a courageous woman, the heroic Vera Zassulitch, who lodged a bullet in his body because he had ill-treated one of her political friends in a prison cell. After the acquittal of Vera Zassulitch, he had to leave public life altogether under the pressure of public opinion. He died with the Nihilist bullet still in his body. May his fate be a warning for other scoundrels of the same stamp!

VICTOR DAVE.

THE FUNERAL OF A MURDERED WORKMAN.—Last Sunday the East London Socialists, with bands and banners, attended the funeral of a journeyman baker, who was killed by his master's son. He was a member of the Bakers' Union, and a fortnight ago claimed 2s. on account of overtime, which his master refused to pay. He therefore gave a week's notice to leave, and at its expiration was refused payment of his wages altogether, but instead received a blow on the back of the neck from the master's son which stretched him insensible on the pavement. He was taken to the London Hospital, and a little later the police called at the hospital and took him in custody on a charge of drunkenness; and as that was found to be false, he was taken back to the hospital and refused admission. The next day he died of his injuries about four hours after his admission to the German Hospital. At the last moment we were informed that the Bakers' Union had decided to have no speeches over the grave, but simply a burial service; so we held a meeting outside the cemetery gates—the speakers being Cantwell, Kahn, and another English comrade—to explain the circumstances and protest against the leniency of the treatment which the murderer has received (allowed out on trifling bail). The capitalist press, as usual, although eager to dilate on the hardships of an Irish landlord or grinding capitalist, pass over the murder of a workman in silence.

T. C.

NOTICE.—CENTRAL METROPOLITAN BRANCH S.L.—This Branch is now being formed for the purpose of utilising the central meeting room for lectures and entertainments. Out-door work will be commenced so soon as weather permits. London members wishing to join should send in at once to F. Kitz, 24 Great Queen Street. Entrance-fee, 6d.; subscription, 1d. per week. First meeting will be announced in *Commonweal*.

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<p>ENGLAND</p> <p>Brotherhood</p> <p>Labour Elector</p> <p>Labour Tribune</p> <p>London—Freie Presse</p> <p>Norwich—Daylight</p> <p>Railway Review</p> <p>Sozial Demokrat</p> <p>Seafaring</p> <p>L'Associazione</p> <p>Single-Tax Review</p> <p>INDIA</p> <p>Bankipore—Behar Herald</p> <p>UNITED STATES</p> <p>New York—Freiheit</p> <p>Der Sozialist</p> <p>Volkszeitung</p> <p>Jewish Volkszeitung</p> <p>Twentieth Century</p> <p>United Irishman</p> <p>Workmen's Advocate</p> <p>Boston—Woman's Journal</p> <p>Nationalist</p> <p>Buffalo—Arbeiter Zeitung</p>	<p>Chicago (Ill)—Vorbote</p> <p>Detroit—Der Arme Teufel</p> <p>Milwaukee—National Reformer</p> <p>N. J. Freie Presse</p> <p>Philadelphia—United Labour</p> <p>San Francisco Arbeiter-Zeitung</p> <p>S. F. Coast Seamen's Journal</p> <p>St Louis—Anarchist</p> <p>Altruist</p> <p>Ybor City—Revista da Florida</p> <p>FRANCE</p> <p>Paris—Bourse du Travail</p> <p>Le Reveil Social</p> <p>Little—Le Cri du Travailleur</p> <p>Rouen—Le Salariat</p> <p>HOLLAND</p> <p>Hague—Recht voor Allen</p> <p>Anarchist</p> <p>Middelburg—Licht en Waarheid</p> <p>BELGIUM</p> <p>Ghent—Vooruit</p> <p>Liege—L'Avenir</p> <p>Antwerp—De Werker</p>	<p>SWITZERLAND</p> <p>Arbeiterstimme</p> <p>Bulletin Continental</p> <p>SPAIN</p> <p>Seville—La Alarma</p> <p>PORTUGAL</p> <p>Lisbon—O Protesto Operario</p> <p>GERMANY</p> <p>Berlin—Volks Tribune</p> <p>AUSTRIA</p> <p>Wien—Arbeiter-Zeitung</p> <p>DENMARK</p> <p>Social-Demokraten</p> <p>Copenhagen—Arbejderen</p> <p>SWEDEN</p> <p>Malmö—Arbetet</p> <p>Stockholm, Social-Demokraten</p> <p>WEST INDIES</p> <p>Cuba—El Productor</p> <p>CAPE COLONY</p> <p>Cape Town—Argus</p>
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DO YOU AGREE?

Do you agree with us that the social awakening of the workers is a desirable end? Do you agree with us that we are working in the right way to achieve that end?

You do not? Then oppose us and prove us wrong on every platform and in every paper to which you can gain access!

You do agree? Then work with us and for us; help us to extend our circle of influence; let no day pass in which you have not interested some one in our propaganda!

There is no middle course for an honest man!

NOTES.

"At the convention of tramps of the United States, held in Wilkes-barre, Pa., the other day, after a full and free discussion as to the causes which contributed to the lengthening of the list of tramps in this country, the following resolutions were adopted," according to the Boston Herald, by a majority vote:

"Resolved, that the American tramp is the fruit of the policy formed by our millionaires and grasping monopolies, who, with the aid of improved machinery, are driving honest workmen from the factories and mills of the country.

"Resolved, that we tramps stand together for our own protection."

"The minority were in favour of placing a small share of the blame for the tramp's misery on the tramp himself, but it is needless to say that the proposition was frowned upon." This is what the Herald thinks is a joke; but, when it has done laughing, I should like it to explain where the joke comes in.

In the Rosario (Argentine) Reporter of Nov. 12 there was a paragraph which seems to illustrate comrade Creagh's article, and from which, as "gladly reproduced" by the Buenos Ayres Southern Cross, I take the following:

"The Englishman . . . who was . . . some four months ago charged on his own confession with having killed a man in self defence, was set at liberty on the 31st ult. Mr. Deehan . . . has kept his word, and if we mistake not this is fifty odd English speaking persons whom Mr. Deehan has set at liberty within the last twelve months. It is with great pleasure that we give this item, and more so when we see that it is done in a most disinterested manner, merely out of the generous disposition of Don Jorge."

On the face of it this looks as though the man had been detained without enquiry, and released, equally without trial, through what the Southern Cross calls the "philanthropic endeavours" of Mr. Deehan, and what the Reporter admiringly styles the "generous disposition of Don Jorge," whoever that dignitary may be.

Don Jorge might also enlighten us as to what became of the items in this little list, from the Southern Cross of Nov. 15:

"During September the police arrested 2,690 persons for crimes and offences: 108 for fighting, 169 for wounding, 149 for using arms, 116 for robbery and swindling, 6 for infanticide, 3 for highway robbery, 15 for homicide, 5 for rape, 6 for incendiarism, etc. 20 criminals avoided arrest."

They have got the machinery of law'n-order to a high pitch of development if only twenty "criminals" in all that vast country "avoided arrest"! And all the unfortunates who didn't "avoid arrest," were they detained without trial, or set free by the "generous disposition" of somebody or another?

The Staats Courant of the South African Republic contains an extraordinary list of unclaimed letters, all addressed to persons of English names. What a tale such a list tells of the influx of adventurers to the gold-fields, all of them evidently not knowing of any settled address to which their letters may be addressed.

IN LANCASHIRE.

A VALUABLE lesson in labour organisation may be learnt from the disastrous result to the workers of the Manchester gas strike. The new labour movement had made great progress among the various classes of unorganised workers in Lancashire.

Within three months it had won for the gas workers of Manchester, Salford, and the smaller Lancashire towns, a reduction of hours from eight to twelve daily, with an increase of wages in many cases, besides other concessions. The men of the health department of the Manchester Corporation, over 1,000 in number, also obtained a considerable advance of wages, all of which was achieved without having to resort to a strike.

All this was accomplished by the sheer force of determined action on the part of the workers themselves, and was not by any means the outcome of the generalship of brilliant "leaders."

Yet the union was not without its leaders whose threats of bringing "their" men out on strike were not infrequent, even when the men were winning hands down. Indeed, an overbearing vanity seemed their chief qualification for wielding the authority which attached to their position.

in the hands of one or two officials and a committee selected by the latter.

No doubt the rank and file knew pretty well what they wanted, though they certainly did not understand the action of their leaders, who, intoxicated with the authority they exercised over their fellow-workers, were doing, or were about to do, so much for the men without consulting them as to their wants, and assuming the glory beforehand. The result of this passiveness, want of initiative, and readiness to be "led" on the men's part was, that they never quite comprehended what was going forward in the agitation, and allowed themselves to be hurried into an ill-planned line of action which ended, as it was doomed to end, in ignominious failure.

Thus was the union demoralised internally, at the same time that it lost the public confidence which it had created. But what chiefly explains how the men were duped—I cannot use a milder term—was the promise made them that they would receive financial aid from the executive of the General Labourers' and Gas Workers' Union in London in case of a strike. It does not appear, however, that the latter body was in any way to blame. The Manchester gas men came out after working a fortnight's notice, the reason being blacklegism—four "blacklegs" were in the works, three of whom had asked to be admitted to the union, and one resigned and went away—they were joined by their Salford brethren, whose only reason was to do the same as the Manchester men.

Had they been allowed to remain in when their notices were up, they would gladly have done so. Much irritation was felt, and not unjustly so, against the leaders when it was found that the promised supplies were not forthcoming. Certain it is, that the strike would not then have taken place had this been clearly known from the first. Of course the strike was then virtually over, the men showing a complete absence of spirit or determination. So much as to how one of Labour's battles was fought and—lost before it began.

It is surprising how soon men forget benefits when they encounter a reverse; and reverses are inevitable under the existing conditions of the struggle between Labour and Capitalism.

The old trade unions have ceased to be a power, for the struggle to-day is keener, more general though less hopeless; and the new unions in their endeavours to organise unskilled labour, if showing some advance on the old in their methods, display very little in their aims.

For this reason Socialists will be wise not to expect much from the attempts of the trade unions, old or new, to permanently improve the position of the toilers as a whole through strikes, and the policy of passive submission to law and authority, which they almost invariably adopt. Starvation is a poor resource to fall back upon, yet that is what the ordinary strike supplies the workless worker with in greatest abundance. A strike will in future be of very little effect unless some positive policy is adopted, in place of the merely negative one of seeing how long suffering can be endured, in order only to gain some small immediate want.

There are some curious things in the way of labour unions in Manchester. The Tramway Employés' Association is one of these absurdities. Founded about six months ago, during an attempt on the part of a few guards to strike, it has now got nearly all the tram and bus men in its ranks. We have watched it of late going a-begging round all the "nobility and gentry," J.P.'s, M.P.'s, baronets, and other "gentlemen," to obtain patrons. It appears to have succeeded fairly well. For a treasurer it has been honoured by a Tory brewer, the proprietor of some of the vilest slums in the city.

The secretary, one of the tram guards, explained the other day that their association was in no way antagonistic to the tramway directors, nor to any employers' interests; that the men were very well satisfied (as well they may be, working *only* seventeen hours a-day for wages ranging from 2s. 6d. to 5s.!), for the directors had kindly allowed them a half-day off once a fortnight. He also disclaimed any sympathy whatever on the part of his union for the unfortunate gas-men, believing that if the tram-men had obtained half as much they would have been more than satisfied. Whoever reads this will hardly be very much surprised to learn that the list of patrons is "swelling wisely."

At a mass meeting of the Amalgamated Society of Railway Servants in St. James's Hall, Manchester, a large number of "gentlemen," capitalists, and others with handles to their names, have been admonishing the men, extolling the wealth of the society, and the noble work it did in maintaining orphans of railway servants and other charitable projects. Small wonder that a new union has been formed for the slaves of the line!

The State Church can boast—or rather lament, perhaps—that one at least of its great ones in this district is on the side of the masses. The Dean of Manchester, Dr. Oakley, has manfully taken the part of the gas-stokers by defending them in the press and among his brother parsons, by doing which he has obtained the heartiest hatred from the privileged classes. All honour to him and to any who dare to incur the ill-will of society by stepping out of high places to champion the cause of the poor and the helpless.

W. B.

OGRE MONOPOLY.

Ogre Monopoly walks the land,
Blasted his path and gory;
Sycophants ready on every hand,
Shout forth his praise and glory.

Ogre Monopoly's eye is cold,
Sharp are his fangs and streaming
With the blood of the lambs from the people's fold,
He laughs at his victim's screaming.

Ogre Monopoly laughs, I say—
Laughs at the cry of sorrow;
He tears and rends his fill to-day,
He will hunger for more to-morrow.

Ogre Monopoly groweth strong,
Aye, daily he groweth stronger;
Ever and ever his thought is Wrong—
Shall Monopoly reign much longer?

Shall blasted homes and bitter lives
Form sauce for the Ogre's dinner?
Shall freemen groan in his cruel gyves,
And the saint be spurned by sinner?

Shall Ogre Monopoly rend and rack
Our women, our young, forever?
Look back, men! Look at his ghastly track!
Shut your teeth: By God, No! Never!

Shall Ogre Monopoly own the earth?
Shall the one be as the seven?
Shall he claim our babes at their very birth,
And take toll at the gates of Heaven?

Shall Ogre Monopoly drink our tears?
Shall he nourish his spawn on toil?
Shall he find his sport in the people's fears?
And see in their woes but spoil?

No! Ogre Monopoly, down you go!
Down 'neath the stroke of sorrow;
The harvest is as the seed you sow:
Destruction is ripe to-morrow.

Ogre Monopoly, reap your field,
Haggard and bent and hoary,
But curse yourself as you curse the yield—
The seed was yours—and gory!

Journal of United Labour.

GEORGE H. CANDLER.

IN SOUTHERN AFRICA.

THE Johannesburg famine scare is pretty well over, the drought having broken up. Wagons laden with food-stuffs came in freely, and prices came down a little. However, things are bad for the workers every way, and many mechanics and other tradesmen are idle. When I said, in my letter of October 4th, that "The curse of enforced idleness was not so much to be dreaded here as in Britain," I meant it to refer to tradesmen and this part of South Africa only. Of unskilled labourers there are many out of employment, and the condition of the greater part of those in work is as bad as that of their fellows in Britain—nay, in some ways it is slightly worse, if that be possible—for in some cases you may find men working alongside of natives suffering from leprosy, and on the Government railways. They are simply boycotted, except about the stations. Caffre labourers are easily got at from 2s. to 3s. per day, and are employed for two reasons:—First, cheapness; second, because they can be driven about like cattle without question. Should they absent themselves from work for a single day, they are lodged in gaol for fourteen days, with the option of a £1 fine, which, for their ability to pay, might as well be £500.

Many of the natives sleep in the "bush" and in "kloofs" of Table Mountain, whilst their main food is "snock and rice." Snock is a large, coarse kind of fish, very plentiful and cheap, which, when sun-dried, stinks like the very devil, but is thought good enough for Caffres. I am inclined to believe that leprosy is induced more by the conditions of life among the natives and the general rottenness of the garbage they are forced to feed upon than from any "germ" theory yet thought of. Cheap and nasty has a horrible meaning here, the fruit and vegetable trade, being mostly in the hands of natives, who are patronised by many of the rich and middle class on account of their cheapness in selling; but when one sees, as can be seen in Cape Town often enough, fruits and vegetables being vended by natives whose hands bear the loathsome marks of leprosy, then one can understand the high price paid for cheapness after all! And yet many of the lepers refuse to go to the Leper Settlement at Robben Island, for much the same reason as many people in Britain refuse to go to the poorhouse.

In Kimberly—diamond-fields—just now, there are dozens of men of all trades and no trade going idle, whilst in Johannesburg they have been forced to erect a night shelter for the unemployed. Henry George says with the locomotive comes the tramp. In this case the tramp has come before the locomotive. Much nearer the mark would it have been, had he said that with capitalism comes tramp and paupers, scamps, sharebrokers, shareholders and scoundrels of all kinds.

The South African Chartered Company have despatched thirty men to join the colonial police force under Colonel Carrington on the borders of Matabeleland, which force they have subsidised in their own interest, and not in the interest of Britain will this force be used.

Britain's bribe to the Transvaal Government for leave to run a railway to Johannesburg is likely to give the Special Commissioner, Sir Francis De Winton, some trouble. Five hundred of the Swazi warriors waited upon the Commission and told them in pretty plain speech that they were an independent nation, and recognised no right of Britain to hand them over to the Dutch Boers or the British either. However, the British capitalists want a railway to the gold-fields, and Swaziland is the price demanded by the Transvaal Republic; and as the payment comes not out of the pockets of the capitalists there—it will be paid.

Cape Town, December 5th, 1889.

J. B.

THE LABOUR STRUGGLE.

The Gas-stokers' Strike.

Already the men are beginning to taste the tender mercies of the law, which we are so often told exists as much for the benefit of the poor as the rich. It appears that on Saturday December 21st a body of police who were escorting a number of blacklegs from the railway station to the East Greenwich Gas-works, were attacked by a crowd of strikers and their sympathisers in Marsh Lane, Greenwich. A lively scrimmage followed, police and blacklegs faring very badly, several being severely injured; one sergeant is now suffering from concussion of the brain. Although the police made no arrests, yet they determined to have someone; so warrants were issued, and four men—Parker, Minter, Jarvis, and Brown—were charged at Greenwich Police-court on Thursday Dec. 26 with assaulting the police. Of course the worthy officers found no difficulty in swearing that the prisoners were in the crowd and were active in assaulting them. Three of the men—Parker, Minter, and Jarvis—were sentenced to one month's hard labour, while the fourth, Brown, received two months. In one case, at least, that of Parker, it is very uncertain if the police have got hold of the right man; for after the trial a clergyman appeared who stated that he was "a most respectable young man," and a member of his congregation. It was no use, however; the magistrate had passed his sentence, which could not be altered. It is quite evident that the officials of middle-class law and order are determined to back up Mr. Livesey to the full extent of their power. Throughout all the recent labour revolts the magistrates have seized every opportunity for passing brutal sentences upon the strikers. In this instance the dullest can see that the magistrate cared very little whether the men before him had assaulted the police or not. They were "on strike," and that was quite enough.

The same spirit was shown by Mr. Bridge at Bow Street on Saturday Dec. 28 in dealing with the case of Henry Weir. It appears the prisoner had, according to the evidence of some veracious police-constables, recommended the people, at a meeting in Hyde Park, to slaughter Mr. Livesey. Now at present there is nothing but the word of these truthful gentlemen to prove that Weir actually used the words, yet the magistrate refused all bail, and thus passed a sentence of five days' imprisonment upon a man who had possibly not even committed the "offence" with which he was charged. Though if he had, it was surely no great crime for anyone to be stung into strong language at the sight of the misery caused by the craft and greed of a wily hypocrite. I would like to know, if people are to be sentenced to months of hard labour for intimidation and strong language, what punishment has the law for a man like Mr. Livesey, who is ready to inflict cruel suffering upon thousands in order to reign as an irresponsible tyrant over miserable slaves. No, there is no legal punishment for Mr. Livesey. He is a worthy and respectable citizen, who is quite free to inflict a sentence of wholesale starvation upon thousands of the common herd, while the law will protect him from even a threat from the sufferers by his cunning and cruelty.

There has been a prolonged controversy between Mr. Livesey and the Strike Committee in the press. The good gentleman is very much annoyed because the committee has published his scheme in its original form. It is such barefaced imposition that even he is ashamed of it. He says that he has made alterations, but as the men who had signed, had signed the original agreement, the alterations would have made little difference to them, and Mr. Livesey would have completely succeeded in his darling object of crushing the union. Even under the boasted alterations, the men would lose their liberty of striking through signing the agreement on different dates, and thus their union would become useless.

The Dockyard Labourers' Wages.

At the present time the oppressed are everywhere making their voices heard. They are no longer content to suffer dumbly as in the past. Among others, the dockyard labourers have joined in the general cry. One of them, writing to the *Daily News*, points out that in Chatham dockyard these wretched people are expected to live upon a wage of 16s. 6d. No wonder we also hear that they "are compelled to live in courts, alleys, and slums, where the sun never shines to cheer their wretched lot." But what does the dockyard labourer do with all this wealth? Our friend, for the information of Giffen and Levi and the public generally, gives an account of his own expenditure, which I will quote, as it may interest philanthropic middle-class people who have made themselves ill by general overfeeding during this season of "peace and goodwill." 4s. 6d. goes for rent, and that leaves 12s. to purchase food during the week. Here is the list of articles purchased: Bread, 2s.; flour, 4d.; meat, 2s.; butter and dripping, 1s. 2d.; milk, 3d.; vegetables, 1s. 3d.; tea and sugar, 1s.; coal and wood, 1s. 6d.; lights, 6d.; washing material, 6d.; sundries, 3d.; schooling, 3d.; benefit society and insurance, 1s.—total, 12s. There is not much margin for riotous dissipation on the part of these "thriftless poor." Indeed, as the writer points out, even with this careful expenditure, "nothing is left to buy furniture, clothing, shoes, or to lay aside for time of sickness." No wonder these men live in a state of "chronic starvation," and this it must be remembered is practically the condition not only of the dock labourers, but of the great mass of unskilled workers throughout England, whose wages never reach a higher average than that paid in Government dockyards. Surely it cannot be a comforting reflection to any rich man that "chronic starvation" is the condition of the immense majority of the workers. For let him remember that "patient" as they have been, they may tire of this some day, and already there are signs of their speedy awakening. D. N.

Amalgamation of East London Hebrew Workers' Unions.

The desirability having for some time past been felt amongst the organised Jewish workers of the East-end to federate under one head, a course of meetings were weekly held at the International Workmen's Educational Club, Berner Street, E., by delegates from the under-mentioned Hebrew workers' unions, with the result that about 4,000 Jewish workers attended a mass meeting on Saturday 28th, at 3 p.m., at the Great Assembly Hall, Mile-end, E., under the auspices of the Hebrew Cabinet-makers' Society, Stick and Cane Dressers' Union, International Furriers' Society, Tailor-Machinists' Union, Tailors and Pressers' Union, Amalgamated Lasters' Society, United Cap-makers' Society, and International Journeymen Boot-finishers' Society, with the object to get the agreement of the members of these unions to the proposed amalgamation. C. V. Adams (of the Alliance Cabinet-makers' Union, and secretary of the Hebrew Cabinet-makers' Society) presided.

The following resolution was put by comrade W. Wess (secretary *pro tem.* of the newly-formed federation: "That this mass meeting of East London workers, recognising the great benefits that can be derived from a combination of all existing unions, hereby inaugurates the 'Federation of East London Labour Unions,' and pledges itself to do its utmost to support and strengthen it." In proposing this resolution, comrade Wess spoke in English and Hebrew-German, pointing out to the workers the necessity for not ceasing to work in their organisations until they had achieved their emancipation, so that there would be no more necessity to organise for strikes and other small attempts of labour against capitalism, but then they would organise for their own common good, and reap the full produce of their labour. This resolution was seconded by L. Goldstein, who spoke in Hebrew-German, and supported by comrades J. Macdonald, T. Walker (S.D.F.), comrades B. Feigenbaum, H. H. Sparling and C. W. Mowbray (S.L.), and Tom Mann. The condemnation by our comrades of interferences in labour matters by Chief Rabbis, Lord Mayors, Cardinals, Boards of Conciliation, and M.P.'s, and the necessity of direct action by workmen themselves and through their organisations, was received amid great applause. A vote of thanks was then carried to Mr. Charrington for the loan of the hall, and also to the chairman. S. P.

CONVENTION OF THE AMERICAN FEDERATION OF LABOUR.

THE fourth annual convention of the American Federation of Labour was called to order in Boston on the morning of Tuesday December 10 by president Samuel Gompers. About 600,000 members of the organisation were represented by delegates. As upon this convention devolved the duty to decide ways and means for a plan of action as regards the introduction of an eight-hour labour day on May 1st, 1890, an account of its proceedings was looked for in labour circles with a considerable amount of interest. Of late it has become quite a fashion for people in so-called high office to patronise conservative labour organisations, and in this instance the delegates were "honoured" with hearty speeches of welcome from Mayor Hart of the city of Boston, a large buyer of the commodity labour, and from Governor Ames of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts, a man possessing a fortune in the near neighbourhood of eight million pounds.

President Gompers read his annual address, a document which is too lengthy to be reproduced here. The address showed that 3,800 local labour unions had been organised during the past year; that relations with other labour organisations had been fairly harmonious; that an effort had been made to secure co-operation of the Knights of Labour on the eight-hour issue; that propositions had been received from the several farmers' organisations for co-operation; that the declaration to establish the eight-hour day on May 1, 1890, had revived the labour movement (?); that on Sept. 2nd, 1889 (Labour Day), 420 mass meetings (?) were held in cities and towns of the United States; that 300 general organisers have held meetings in their respective localities; that the following pamphlets were written:—'The Eight Hour Primer,' by George E. McNeill; 'The Economic and Social Importance of the Eight Hour Movement,' by George Gunton; 'The History and Philosophy of the Eight Hour Movement,' by Lemuel Danryid; and that about 50,000 of these pamphlets were distributed in the country.

Most of the delegates made encouraging reports as regards the bodies they represented.

The following resolutions, amongst others, were adopted:

"Resolved, that the American Federation recognises the power of printers' ink, and earnestly urges that the labour press be liberally supported by trade-unionists, and that they in turn push the circulation of labour papers among the people not connected with organised labour.

"Resolved, that the principles of the Employers' Liability Bill of Massachusetts ought to be adopted in every State, and every employer ought to be liable for personal injuries received by an employé in the usual discharge of his duties while obeying the orders of the superintendent over him.

"Resolved, that the American Federation of Labour requests the bureaus of labour statistics of all States, where established, to conduct similar investigations, and publish the results of their reports. Resolved further, that we urge the labour unions and societies of the several States to adopt resolutions favouring such investigations, and appoint committees to wait upon the commissioners and show the propriety of carrying out the purpose of these resolutions.

"Resolved, that the president of this Federation request the officers of the various national and international unions connected with this body to urge their respective local unions to take a more general interest in their respective city and town central labour organisations, and affiliate with them by sending delegates from their respective unions. Also that the president cause circulars to be printed urging the necessity of unions not having a national organisation, but still working under charters from the American Federation of Labour, to be represented in their various local central labour bodies.

"Resolved, that the delegates to the convention of the American Federation of Labour, in meeting assembled, urge upon the delegates to the international marine conference the adoption of an international load-line, an Act relating to the seaworthiness of vessels, the manning of vessels, and the competition of crews. Resolved, that the convention urge the maritime conference to use their influence to get the sailors and firemen represented in all future conventions.

"Resolved, that we earnestly urge the abolition of the labour of children wherever such labour shall be injurious to the healthy and proper development of the children."

Under the report of the eight-hour committee, George E. McNeill, for the committee, read a long and eloquent address on the eight hours question, and recommended that it be adopted and sent out to the workers.

The address was adopted amid cheers, and by a rising vote. It was decided to send a copy of the address to the trade unions and labour organisations of England. The plan of campaign as regards the eight hours day adopted by the convention is explained in the sentence, "We, therefore, recommend that the executive council shall have power," etc.

This, it must be confessed, is a considerable break-down when compared to the original demand.

The following resolutions were also adopted:

"The executive council shall have the power, and are directed, to levy a strike assessment of 2 cents. per member, on the 1st of January, 1890, on all national and international bodies under the jurisdiction of the federation for the purpose of starting a strike fund."

"In case any national or international body affiliated with this federation orders a strike or is locked out, and by reason of financial distress it shall become necessary for it to call upon the federation for assistance, the executive council, if they deem that such organisation is entitled to receive such assistance, shall make an assessment of 2 cents. per member per week upon every

other national or international body so affiliated with the federation; such assessment shall remain in force at the discretion of the executive council."

The following rider was added to the last resolution:

"Unless otherwise ordered by a general assembly of all national or international bodies."

The delegates decided to invite John Burns to come to America and address mass meetings on the eight hour question.

It was voted to increase the president's salary to 1,500 dols., and to engage a secretary at 1,200 dols. a-year.

President Gompers was re-elected by a unanimous vote. The other officers are:—1st Vice-President: William Martin, of the iron and steel-workers; 2nd Vice-President: P. J. Macguire, of the carpenters; Secretary: Christopher Evans, of the coal miners; Treasurer: Henry Emride, of the furniture workers.

A resolution to hold an international working men's congress in 1892 in the city where the international exhibition commemorating the fourth centennial of the discovery of America in the United States will be held, was adopted.

A most interesting proposition was that of assisting an international labour paper to be published in Switzerland in the French, English, and German languages, which should contain reports of the eight hour movement, and which should be distributed through the Federation in America. The committee to which this was referred reported adversely, as it was thought that there were labour papers in America which needed support, if any assistance was to be given to labour papers. The report of the committee against the proposition was only carried by a vote of 27 to 25.

A strong address to the working-people of America denouncing the back-handed policy of T. V. Powderly, was adopted amid great enthusiasm.

The convention adjourned on Saturday to meet in Detroit, Mich., the second Monday in December, 1890.

I should like to make many comments on the proceedings of the convention, but the space of the *Weal* does not permit of it, so the readers must take the will for the deed.

Boston, Mass., Dec. 17, 1889.

HENRY F. CHARLES.

THE SOCIALIST LEAGUE.

OFFICES: 24, GREAT QUEEN ST., LINCOLN'S INN FIELDS, W.C.

The Offices of the Socialist League will be open for the sale of *Commonweal* and all other Socialist publications from 8.30 a.m. to 9 p.m. every day except Sunday. The Secretary will be in attendance from 10 a.m. to 9 p.m. daily.

Central Reading Room.—The Hall at 24, Great Queen Street, will be open to all Members of the League every evening from 7.30 to 10 p.m. Members must show their cards to the steward.

Branch Subscriptions Paid.—1888:—Oxford, to end of September.

1889:—Bradford and Hammersmith, to end of April. Norwich, Glasgow, and Yarmouth, to end of May. North Kensington and Manchester, to end of September. Clerkenwell and East London, to end of October. North London, Mitcham, and Leicester, to end of November. St. Georges East, to end of December.

Notice to Branch Secretaries.—Please remit to Central Office your Branch Capitation fees as soon as possible.

Notice to Branch Secretaries.—Membership Cards can now be had by the Branches at 9d. per dozen from Central Office.

Notice.—All letters on League business, except those intended for Editors of *Commonweal*, to be addressed to me. No other person is authorised to sign any official communication.

FRANK KITZ, Secretary.

"COMMONWEAL" GUARANTEE FUND.

The following further sums have been received towards this fund:—Webb, 1s.; B. W., 6d.; Kitz, 6d.; D. J. Nicoll, 6d.; and C. Saunders, 2s.

REPORTS.

MANCHESTER.—We have resumed the meetings of the League in Stevenson Square on Sundays. At the last Barton, Baillie and Stockton spoke to a fair audience. The general meeting of the branch was held at the Club on Sunday night. The corresponding and financial secretaries were re-elected for the next quarter, and it was decided to find a suitable place for a club-room, as the tenancy of the premises we occupy has expired. In the meantime our weekly meetings will be held on Sundays, at 8 p.m., at the secretary's address, 52 Miller Street, Manchester.

YARMOUTH.—On Christmas Day Comrades Headley and Ruffold distributed a quantity of back numbers of the *Commonweal* and leaflets, and afterwards held a meeting on the Priory Plain.—On Sunday we held our usual meeting in the morning on Priory Plain, Comrade Ruffold addressing the audience. Fair sale of the *Commonweal*.

DUBLIN.—At Progressist Club, 87 Marlboro' Street, Dec. 28th, T. Hamilton delivered an address on "Liberty, Equality, Fraternity," in which he gave an eloquent exposition of the ideals of Socialism. Good discussion. Wilson, King, Kavanagh, O'Gorman and Fitzpatrick took part.

NOTTINGHAM SOCIALIST CLUB.—On Sunday a capital audience assembled in our hall, and Comrade H. Snell (Fabian) gave us an eloquent address on "Socialism: its Laws and Course. Some questions satisfactorily answered; 1s. 2d. collected for lecture fund.—On Dec. 31st we saw the old year out with a tea party, and sang Socialist songs the while.

EDINBURGH (SCOTTISH SOCIALIST FEDERATION).—Comrade Donald Mackenzie delivered a short lecture to a fair audience on Sunday, in the Moulders' Hall, his subject being "Liberty, Equality, Fraternity." Though short was the lecture, long, lively, and not uninteresting was the discussion which followed. Two new members joined.

LIVERPOOL SOCIALIST SOCIETY.—Delegates and friends from societies in Lancashire and adjoining counties are invited to meet the members of the above Society on Saturday January 11th, 1890, at 1 Stanley Street, Dale Street. At 4 p.m. a conference will be held on the desirability of united action; and at 7.30 p.m. a Social Gathering, when a programme consisting of vocal and instrumental music, etc., will be gone through. Any assistance in this will be cordially accepted from delegates. On Sunday January 12th, a public meeting will take place. Those who intend to be present are requested to send word to the Secretary, E. C. Chapman, 1 Stanley Street, Dale Street, two days beforehand.

LECTURE DIARY.

LONDON.

Battersea.—All communications to E. Buteux, 20 Abercrombie Street, Battersea Park Road.

Clerkenwell.—Socialist League Hall, 24 Great Queen Street, Holborn, W.C.

East London.—Crown Coffee Tavern, 2 Columbia Road, Hackney Road. Sunday January 5, at 8.30, Special members' meeting to consider the position of branch. Members are particularly requested to turn up.

Hammersmith.—Kelmescott House, Upper Mall, W. French Class, Friday 8 to 9.

Merton.—3 Clare Villas, Merton Road.

Mitcham.—"Lord Napier," Fair Green. Meets every Sunday at 12.30, to enroll members, etc.

North Kensington.—Clarendon Coffee Tavern. Meets every Wednesday at 8 p.m.

North London.—6 Windmill Street, Tottenham Court Road. Meets every Wednesday evening at 8 o'clock.

Southwark.—Secretary, George Evans, 56 Lucy Road, Bermondsey, S.E. Hill's Coffee Tavern, Great Charlotte Street, Blackfriars Road, S.E.

Streatham.—Meets every Thursday at the "Leigham Arms," Wellfield Road, at 8.30 p.m.

Whitechapel and St. Georges in the East.—Branch meetings at International Club, 40 Berner Street, Commercial Road. J. Turner, organising secretary.

PROVINCES.

Aberdeen.—Organiser, J. Leatham, 7 Jamaica Street. Branch meets in Odd-fellows' Small Hall, Crooked Lane, on Monday evenings at 8. Singing practice at 46 Marischal Street on Thursdays at 8 p.m.

Bradford.—Laycock's Temperance Hotel, Albion Court, Kirkgate. Meets every Tuesday at 7.30.

Dundee.—Address to W. Cameron, 17 Laurence Street, Dundee.

Glasgow.—Ram's Horn Hall, 122 Ingram Street. Branch meets on Thursday evenings at 8 o'clock and Sundays at 7 o'clock.

Halsfax.—Socialists meet every Sunday at 6.30 p.m. at Hellitwell's Temperance Hotel, Northgate.

Leeds.—Clarendon Buildings, Victoria Road and Front Row. Open every evening. Business meeting Saturdays at 8 p.m.

Leicester.—Exchange Buildings, Rutland Street. Branch meets on Monday and Thursday, at 8 p.m.

Manchester.—Branch meets temporarily at the Secretary's, 52 Miller Street, on Tuesdays at 8 p.m.

Norwich.—Sunday, at 8, Gordon Hall. Tuesday, at 8.30, Members' meeting. Thursday, at 8, Discussion Class. Saturday, Social Meeting. Hall open every evening from 8 p.m.

Oxford.—Temperance Hall, 25½ Pembroke Street. First Friday in every month, at 8.30 p.m.

Walsall.—Socialist Club, 18 Goodall Street, Walsall. Meetings every night.

Yarmouth.—Branch meets at comrade Headley's, near Co-operative Stores, every Tuesday evening. Elocution Class Friday at 8 p.m. On Sunday afternoons during winter a Discussion Class will be held at 3 o'clock.

All persons who sympathise with the views of the Socialist League are earnestly invited to communicate with the above addresses, and if possible to help us in preparing for the birth of a true society, based on equality, brotherhood, and freedom for all.

OPEN-AIR PROPAGANDA.

SATURDAY 4.

8.30..... Mile-end Waste Cores and Presburg

SUNDAY 5.

11 Latimer Road Station Dean, Crouch, and Maughan
11.30..... Kilburn—"Old Plough," Kilburn Lane Mainwaring
11.30..... Commercial Road—Union Street Cores
11.30..... Mitcham—Fair Green The Branch
11.30..... Regent's Park Cantwell and Nicoll
11.30..... Southwark—Flat Iron Square The Branch
3.30..... Hyde Park—Marble Arch Cantwell and Mowbray
3.30..... Victoria Park The Branch
7 Weltje Road, Ravenscourt Park Hammersmith Branch
7.30..... Walham Green—back of Church Hammersmith Branch

TUESDAY 7.

8 Walham Green—back of Church Hammersmith Branch

THURSDAY 9.

8.15..... Hoxton Church The Branch

PROVINCES.

Glasgow.—Sunday: Jail Square at 2 o'clock; Paisley Road at 5 o'clock. Tuesday: Cathedral Square, at 8 p.m.

Leeds.—Sunday: Hunslet Moor, at 11 a.m.; Vicar's Croft, at 7 p.m.

Manchester.—Sunday: Philips Park Gates, at 11; Stevenson Square, at 3.

Norwich.—Sunday: St. Faiths, at 11; Market Place, at 3.

Sheffield.—Sunday: Monolith, Fargate, at 11 a.m.; Gower Street, at 3 p.m.; Pump, Westbar, 8 p.m.

Yarmouth.—Sunday: Priory Plain, at 11; Colman's Granary Quay, at 7.

EDINBURGH—SCOTTISH SOCIALIST FEDERATION.—In Moulders' Hall, High St., on Sunday January 5, at 6.30, a lecture (for subject, see *Evening News*, Sat.).

MANHOOD SUFFRAGE LEAGUE, "Three Doves," Berwick St., Oxford St., W.—Sunday January 5, at 8.45 p.m., Lothrop Withington, "The Nobility of Crime."

SHEFFIELD.—At Hallamshire Hall, Westbar, on Sunday January 5, J. Sketchley, 11 a.m., "The Labour Movement at Home and Abroad"; at 6.30, "Our Position To-Day."

CHELSEA S.D.F., Co-operative Lecture Hall, 312 Kings Road, Chelsea.—Sunday January 5, at 8 p.m., Herbert Burrows, "Three Aspects of Socialism—Political, Social, and Moral."

NOTTINGHAM SOCIALIST CLUB, Woodland Place, Parliament Street.—Sunday January 5th, Councillor Haydn Sanders (of Walsall), at 11 a.m., "Municipal Socialism"; at 7 p.m., "Trade Unionism from a Socialist Standpoint."

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See Notice on page 7.

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STATEMENT OF PRINCIPLES.

THE Socialist League advocates International Revolutionary Socialism. That is to say the destruction of the present class society, which consists of one class who live by owning property and therefore *need not work*, and of another that has no property and therefore *must work* in order that they may live to keep the idlers by their labour. Revolutionary Socialism insists that this system of society, which is the modern form of slavery, should be changed to a system of Society which would give every man an opportunity of doing useful work, and not allow any man to live without so doing, which work could not be useful unless it were done for the whole body of workers instead of for do-nothing individuals. The result of this would be that livelihood would not be precarious nor labour burdensome. Labour would be employed in co-operation, and the struggle of man with man for bare subsistence would be supplanted by harmonious combination for the production of common wealth and the exchange of mutual services without the waste of labour or material.

Every man's needs would be satisfied from this common stock, but no man would be allowed to own anything which he could not use, and which consequently he must *abuse* by employing it as an instrument for forcing others to labour for him unpaid. Thus the land, the capital, machinery, and means of transit would cease to be private property, since they can only be *used* by the combination of labour to produce wealth.

Thus men would be *free* because they would no longer be dependent on idle property-owners for subsistence; thus they would be *brothers*, for the cause of strife, the struggle for subsistence at other people's expense, would have come to an end. Thus they would be *equal*, for if all men were doing useful work no man's labour could be dispensed with. Thus the motto of Liberty, Fraternity, and Equality, which is but an empty boast in a society that upholds the monopoly of the means of production, would at last be realised.

This Revolutionary Socialism must be International. The change which would put an end to the struggle between man and man, would destroy it also between nation and nation. One harmonious system of federation throughout the whole of civilisation would take the place of the old destructive rivalries. There would be no great centres breeding race hatred and commercial jealousy, but people would manage their own affairs in communities not too large to prevent all citizens from taking a part in the administration necessary for the conduct of life, so that party politics would come to an end.

Thus, while we abide by the old motto:

Liberty, Fraternity, Equality,

we say that the existence of private property destroys Equality, and therefore under it there can be neither Liberty nor Fraternity.

We add to the first motto then this other one—

FROM EACH ACCORDING TO HIS CAPACITY, TO EACH ACCORDING TO HIS NEEDS.

When this is realised there will be a genuine Society; until it is realised, Society is nothing but a band of robbers. We must add that this change can only be brought about by combination amongst the workers themselves, and must embrace the whole of Society. The new life cannot be *given* to the workers by a class higher than they, but must be *taken* by them by means of the abolition of classes and the reorganisation of Society.

COUNCIL OF THE SOCIALIST LEAGUE.

NOTICE.

Subscribers who find a red mark against this notice are thereby reminded that their subscriptions have expired and must be renewed immediately if they wish to continue to receive *Commonweal*.

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THE COMMONWEAL

The Official Journal of the SOCIALIST LEAGUE.

VOL. 6.—No. 209.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 11, 1890.

WEEKLY; ONE PENNY.

NEWS FROM NOWHERE:

OR, AN EPOCH OF REST.

BEING SOME CHAPTERS FROM A UTOPIAN ROMANCE.

CHAP. I.—DISCUSSION AND BED.

UP at the League, says a friend, there had been one night a brisk conversational discussion, as to what would happen on the Morrow of the Revolution, finally shading off into a vigorous statement by various friends of their views on the future of the fully-developed new society.

Says our friend: Considering the subject, the discussion was good-tempered; for those present being used to public meetings and after-lecture debates, if they did not listen to each others' opinions (which could scarcely be expected of them), at all events did not always attempt to speak altogether, as is the custom of people in ordinary polite society when conversing on a subject which interests them. For the rest, there were six persons present, and consequently six sections of the party were represented, four of which had strong but divergent Anarchist opinions. One of the sections, says our friend, a man whom he knows very well indeed, sat almost silent at the beginning of the discussion, but at last got drawn into it, and finished by roaring out very loud, and damning all the rest for fools; after which befel a period of noise and then a lull, during which the aforesaid section, having said good-night very amicably, took his way home by himself to a western suburb, using the means of travelling which civilisation has forced upon us like a habit. As he sat in that vapour-bath of hurried and discontented humanity, a carriage of the underground railway, he, like others, stewed discontentedly, while in self-reproachful mood he turned over the many excellent and conclusive arguments which, though they lay in his fingers' end, he had forgotten in the just past discussion. But this frame of mind he was so used to, that it didn't last him long, and after a brief discomfort, caused by disgust with himself for having lost his temper (which he was also well used to), he found himself musing on the subject-matter of discussion, but still discontentedly and unhappily. "If I could but see a day of it," he said to himself; "if I could but see it!"

As he formed the words, the train stopped at his station, five minutes' walk from his own house, which stood on the banks of the Thames, a little way above an ugly suspension bridge. He went out of the station, still discontented and unhappy, muttering "If I could but see it! if I could but see it!" but had not gone many steps towards the river before (says our friend who tells the story) all that discontent and trouble seemed to slip off him.

It was a beautiful night of early winter, the air just sharp enough to be refreshing after the hot room and the stinking railway carriage. The wind, which had lately turned a point or two north of west, had blown the sky clear of all cloud save a light fleck or two which went swiftly down the heavens. There was a young moon halfway up the sky, and as the homeward caught sight of it, tangled in the branches of a tall old elm, he could scarce bring to his mind the shabby London suburb where he was, and he felt as if he were in a pleasant country place—pleasanter, indeed, than the deep country was as he had known it.

He came right down to the river-side, and lingered a little looking over the low wall to note the moonlit river, near upon high water; go swirling and glittering up to Chiswick Eyott: as for the ugly bridge below, he did not notice it or think of it, except when for a moment (says our friend) it struck him that he missed the row of lights downstream. Then he turned to his house door and let himself in; and even as he shut the door to, disappeared all remembrance of that brilliant logic and foresight which had so illuminated the recent discussion; and of the discussion itself there remained no trace, save a vague hope, that was now become a pleasure, for days of peace and rest, and cleanliness and smiling goodwill.

In this mood he tumbled into bed, and fell asleep after his wont, in two minutes' time; but (contrary to his wont) woke up again not long after in that curiously wide-awake condition which sometimes

surprises even good sleepers; a condition under which we feel all our wits preternaturally sharpened, while all the miserable muddles we have ever got into, all the disgraces and losses of our lives, will insist on thrusting themselves forward for the consideration of those sharpened wits.

In this state he lay (says our friend) till he had almost begun to enjoy it: till the tale of his stupidities amused him, and the entanglements before him, which he saw so clearly, began to shape themselves into an amusing story for him.

He heard one o'clock strike, then two and then three; after which he fell asleep again. Our friend says that from that sleep he awoke once more, and afterwards went through such surprising adventures that he thinks that they should be told to our comrades of the League, and therefore proposes to tell them now. But, says he, I think it would be better if I told them in the first person, as if it were myself who had gone through them; which, indeed, will be the easier and more natural to me, since I understand the feelings and desires of the comrade I am telling of better than anyone else in the world does.

CHAP. II.—A MORNING BATH.

WELL, I awoke, and found that I had kicked my bedclothes off; and no wonder, for it was hot and the sun shining brightly. I jumped up and washed and hurried on my clothes, but in a hazy and half-awake condition, as if I had slept for a long, long while, and could not shake off the weight of slumber. In fact, I rather took it for granted that I was at home in my own room than saw that it was so.

When I was dressed, I felt the place so hot that I made haste to get out of the room and out of the house; and my first feeling was a delicious relief caused by the fresh air and pleasant breeze; my second, as I began to gather my wits together, mere measureless wonder: for it was winter when I went to bed the last night, and now, by witness of the river-side trees, it was summer, a beautiful bright morning seemingly of early June. However, there was still the Thames sparkling under the sun, and near high water, as last night I had seen it gleaming under the moon.

I had by no means shaken off the feeling of oppression, and wherever I might have been should scarce have been quite conscious of the place; so it was no wonder that I felt rather puzzled in despite of the familiar face of the Thames. Withal I felt dizzy and queer; and remembering that people often got a boat and had a swim in mid stream, I thought I would do no less. It seems very early, quoth I to myself, but I dare say I shall find someone at Biffen's to take me. However, I didn't get as far as Biffen's, or even turn to my left thitherward, because just then I began to see that there was a landing-stage right before me in front of my house: in fact, on the place where my next-door neighbour had rigged one up, though somehow it didn't look like it either. Down I went on to it, and sure enough among the empty boats moored to it lay a man on his sculls in a solid-looking tub of a boat clearly meant for bathers. He nodded to me, and bade me good-morning as if he expected me, so I jumped in without any words, and he paddled away quietly as I peeled for my swim. As we went, I looked down on the water, and couldn't help saying—

"How clear the water is this morning!"

"Is it?" said he; "I didn't notice it. You know the flood-tide always thickens it a bit."

"H'm," said I, "I have seen it pretty muddy even at half-ebb."

He said nothing in answer, but seemed rather astonished; and as he now lay just stemming the tide, and I had my clothes off, I jumped in without more ado. Of course when I had my head above water again I turned towards the tide, and my eyes naturally sought for the bridge, and so utterly astonished was I by what I saw, that I forgot to strike out, and went spluttering under water again, and when I came up made straight for the boat; for I felt that I must ask some questions of my waterman, so bewildering had been the half-sight I had seen from the face of the river with the water hardly out of my eyes; though by this time I was quit of the slumbrous and dizzy feeling, and was wide-awake and clear-headed.

As I got in up the steps which he had lowered, and he held out his hand

to help me, we went drifting speedily up towards Chiswick; but now he caught up the sculls and brought her head round again, and said—

"A short swim, neighbour; but perhaps you find the water cold this morning, after your journey. Shall I put you ashore at once, or would you like to go down to Putney before breakfast?"

He spoke in a way so unlike what I should have expected from a Hammersmith waterman, that I stared at him, as I answered, "Please to hold her a little; I want to look about me a bit."

"All right," he said; "it's no less pretty in its way here than it is off Barn Elms; it's jolly everywhere this time in the morning. I'm glad you got up early; it's barely five o'clock yet."

If I was astonished with my sight of the river banks, I was no less astonished at my waterman, now that I had time to look at him and see him with my head and eyes clear.

He was a handsome young fellow, with a peculiarly pleasant and friendly look about his eyes,—an expression which was quite new to me then, though I soon became familiar with it. For the rest, he was dark-haired and berry-brown of skin, well-knit and strong, and obviously used to exercising his muscles, but with nothing rough or coarse about him, and clean as might be. His dress was not like any modern work-a-day clothes I had seen, but would have served very well as a costume for a picture of fourteenth century life: it was of dark blue cloth, simple enough, but of fine web, and without a stain on it. He had a brown leather belt round his waist, and I noticed that its clasp was of damascened steel beautifully wrought. In short, he seemed to me like some specially manly and refined young gentleman, playing waterman for a spree, and I concluded that this was the case.

WILLIAM MORRIS.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE ARGENTINE REPUBLIC AND ENGLISH RADICAL REFORMERS.

(Continued from p. 3.)

TIME rolled on, and the year 1874 brought with it a presidential election, and great was the excitement during the latter part of the preceding year, as the parties in favour of the two candidates, General Mitre and Doctor Alsina, were both very strong, and lively times were expected. Alsina, however, had the advantage of being supported by the Government of the Province of Buenos Ayres, if he was not actually governor at the time. I think he had lately retired in favour of one of his political friends.

I cannot help recalling to mind the graceful satire of Goldsmith in his "Letters from a Citizen of the World," as I begin my task of describing a contested election in the free Argentine Republic in the year of grace 1874. I cannot but imagine the candid Chinaman, or some equally candid believer in Republicanism and Universal Suffrage, just arrived in the town of Navarro, and preparing himself to enjoy the sight of a "free" people exercising its right of suffrage, in order to choose the chief magistrate who should "preside over its destinies" for the next six years!

Free! oh yes, the ballot box was there, guarded by the agents of law-and-order, the gallant policemen of the Partido (district), every man armed with a carbine that would not go off and a big cavalry sword that would, and that on the slightest occasion. An awkward squad, they were paraded in front of the church, and in the porch of that temple was placed the table on which rested the aforesaid box, and behind which sat the scrutineers with their president. You see how even the influence of religion was invoked, to give solemnity and safety to this solemn civic ceremony. And yet, O shade of Whang Hoam! it was observed that none came to deposit their votes in that sacred urn but those who were of one and the same political colour, and that the colour of the Mayor or Juez, and other authorities of the district!

Why was this? Were they not free to come? Certainly they were, but certain little previous incidents had shown them clearly that they were sure to have their throats cut if they voted the wrong way. They were much in the predicament of the free worker in certain other countries, who is "free" to accept the employer's terms or reject them and starve!

A few days before the election, there had arrived in the town a man well known in the district and in all the country round for the number of murders he had committed. He was one of those unfortunate victims of the hateful frontier system I have just mentioned, and of the many other injustices inflicted on the poor Gaucho. One of those, of whom I am only surprised there were not more, who, tired of injustice, and being daring and powerful, and skilful in the use of the long *facon* or dagger they use, turned out at war with society in every district. The rural police of that time were not able to cope with them, one of the favourite feats of such men as this Juan Moreira being to engage in battle with the whole police force of a district, six or seven men, and rout them after killing one or two. The feat was not so difficult as may be imagined, for the Gaucho was always well armed, and well mounted, which was of more importance still, while the police were always badly mounted and armed, and with very little desire to risk their lives in an attempt to capture a man with whom they were strongly in sympathy. They were at that time also quite unused to fire-arms, so the well-mounted Gaucho cut them up in detail, charging them when he chose on the open Pampa, or prairie, for it must be remembered that the Province of Buenos Ayres is one great flat open plain.

This Juan Moreira was known to have killed several men and one officer of police in the very same district, or Partido of Navarro, and yet here we find him coming openly to the town and taking up his quarters—in the house of the Mayor! So it was; but then these were election times, and it had been the custom at all elections to make use of good fighting men, no matter what their antecedents. The fact was, that Moreira had been sent for by the chief of the government party, but, being under some obligations to the Mayor, who was in opposition, he had placed his sword or *facon* at his service, and it was joyfully accepted. He brought with him a number of men more or less of the same stamp as himself, and they began operations by killing three men of the opposite party in the suburbs of the town, and one old man in the public square, quite near to the Juzgado or Town Hall. This man, though left for dead, was not so, but died a few days after under my care. When Moreira and one of his men who accompanied him on this occasion, had retired, the police came and carried in the body to the Juzgado, and one of the policemen finding the sheath of Moreira's *facon* on the side walk, ran after him and restored it to him!

After this the opposite party hid themselves in terror, and the Mayor's party had it all their own way. Three cheers for Universal Suffrage and "free" institutions generally! A few days after this I saw Moreira and some of his companions galloping at full speed round the Plaza, or principal square, and shouting with all the force of their lungs, "Death to the Alsinistas!" I had occasion to see him more closely a little later on.

The government of the province, being a supporter of the opposite party, the Alsinistas, sent down a squad of city police (25 men) to take Moreira, and they arrived one night quite unexpectedly. They were joined on their arrival by a large number of the Alsina party, and learning that Moreira was quietly taking his glass at a small inn in company with two policemen of the town, they altogether marched up there at about eleven o'clock at night, and surprised him. They did not succeed in taking him, however, for Moreira as soon as he saw the crowd rushing into the house whipped off his poncho, and in a twinkling put out all the lights, and in the darkness and confusion managed to slip out through them all! Not content with this he turned and fired on them as soon as he reached a vacant space where he felt sure of escape. He grievously wounded one of the party with a bullet that smashed his lower jaw, but he himself was hit by a split bullet from a blunderbuss, which lodged in his face. He escaped, however, and two days afterwards I was requested by a member of the municipality to go and visit him at the house of the commander of National Guards. I there removed from under the skin of the lower jaw half of a pistol bullet. He was a handsome, powerfully-built man, and bore the necessary operation without a grimace. After all was over he thanked me with all the grace and politeness which distinguish the Argentine Gaucho or peasant.

It would be impossible for me to describe the confusion of mind which possessed me during all these events, and on this occasion in particular. I looked upon this man at the time as a vulgar assassin, and deserving as such to be attended only in the jail, as I told the man who came to call me; but he was actually in the hands of the authorities of the town, who supported him, and in any case he was entitled to have his wounds attended to. I therefore came to the conclusion that it was my duty to attend him, as my refusal to do so could do no good in any way.

Such cases as these show plainly what law and authority really are, and how false is the pretence that they are intended to protect the weak, or serve the general good of the community. While the opposition party made use of Moreira and others, the government party released from the jails all such men as they thought they could rely on to serve them in the same way during the elections,—and they do so still.

The upshot of the matter was that the opposition party took up arms, headed by their candidate General Mitre, declaring that they had been defrauded of their rights because the government party had done what the opposition had shown they were ready to do, where they had the power, as in Navarro. Then the government called out the National Guards, and the Mitre party did the same where they could. Then was seen the spectacle of the poor Gauchos dragged from their homes to fight, either for or against the government, according to the political leanings of their masters.

It was a strange and curious sight to see them mustering in Navarro. Every man came with his horse and equipments, and he was furnished with a long cane with one blade of shears fastened to the end of it by way of a lance—that was all.

JOHN CREAGHE.

(To be concluded.)

William Lloyd Garrison, the great Abolitionist, has declared himself on the side of the Single-tax and Socialism.

METROPOLITAN PAUPERISM.—Census of metropolitan paupers, exclusive of lunatics in asylums and vagrants, taken on the last day of the weeks named hereunder (enumerated inhabitants in 1881, 3,815,000):—Third week of December, 1889—indoor, 60,228; outdoor, 38,186; total, 98,414. Third week of December, 1888—indoor, 59,939; outdoor, 41,345; total, 101,284. Third week of December, 1887—indoor, 59,612; outdoor, 44,356; total, 103,968. Third week of December, 1886—indoor, 57,578; outdoor, 40,814; total, 98,392. These figures do not include patients in the fever and smallpox hospitals of the Metropolitan Asylum district. The number of these patients on the last day of the week was returned as 1,774 in 1889, 873 in 1888, 2,593 in 1887, and 666 in 1886. Vagrants relieved in the metropolis on the last day of the third week in December, 1889:—Men, 722; women, 115; children under 16, 15; total, 852.

INTERNATIONAL NOTES.

GERMANY.

The German Emperor has again shown what kind of a man he is. Paul Singer, a Socialist member of the Reichstag, having brought an accusation of libel against an individual named Bachtler, the Berlin tribunal, fully convinced of the gross insult which Bachtler had thrown at Singer, ordered the libeller to pay a fine of 400 marcs. Bachtler declared himself satisfied, did nothing to have the sentence altered, and *actually paid the fine*. The German Kaiser, hearing of this hitherto unheard of thing, viz., a Socialist gaining in a law suit, at once granted a full and unsolicited pardon to Bachtler, and directed the fine of 400 marcs to be returned to him. Singer is a Socialist, hence, according to the views of that abominable ruler, he has no right whatever to have his honour protected—in fact, he has no honour at all. A good slandering of his character is all he deserves, and he has got it.

The editor of a Saxon weekly, Wittner, having recapitulated in his paper the fabulous number of banquets which the crazy young German Emperor had ordered to be given in his honour since his accession to the "throne of his fathers," has got eight months jail for it. The Dresden magistrates thought it very unbecoming indeed for any of his Majesty's subjects to take measure of the capacity of his Majesty's belly. For speaking of his belly eight months, for sounding his "left ear" sixteen months! O William! O Charlemagne!

Comrades Wilhelm Ganshow, Hermann Tappart, and Rudolf Richter have been sentenced at Berlin to six months' confinement for "secret conspiracy"; comrade F. Noack got only four months for the same abominable offence. In this case the conspiracy was such a terribly "secret" one that the conspirators did not even know each other! How wicked these malefactors must have been, and how happy "law-'n'-order" must be now that this awful conspiracy is over!

The Berlin police have interdicted the circulation throughout the blessed land of a book entitled "Etude sur les doctrines sociales du Christianisme" (Study on the Social Doctrines of Christianity), by Ives-Guyot, the actual Minister of Public Works in France, and Sigismund Lacroix, another Opportunist Republican. I wonder if they have read the book? True, that is not necessary. On the other hand, the Imperial Commission appointed to decide appeals against the enforcement of the Socialist law in particular cases, has rescinded six sentences passed upon newspapers and one upon an association. By so doing they appear to act fairly, you see, and can all the better throw dust in the eyes of the public.

BELGIUM.

We regret to announce the death of a staunch Revolutionary Socialist who has struggled in our ranks for more than a quarter of a century, Léopold Chainaye, who died in the last days of December at Liège, his birth-place. He was a wealthy manufacturer, and took a prominent part twenty-five years ago in the foundation of the International Working-men's Association. He has always spent largely his time and money in the service of the Socialist and Freethought movements. A few years ago he founded at Liège the *Union Socialiste*, and did a good deal of propagandist work amongst the miners of the various coal districts of the province of Liège. A clever and learned writer, he contributed largely to the columns of *Le Devoir* (Duty), (Liège, 1864 and 1869), *Le Journal des Etudiants* (The Student's Journal), (Liège, 1886, etc.), *L'Avenir* (The Future), a daily paper (Liège, 1865-75), etc. The Belgian Socialists will always keenly remember good old Chainaye, one of their forerunners in the Cause.

Our Belgian comrades are going to issue two new Socialist organs. One of them is to be published at Huy, and the other at Verviers, both in the province of Liège. The first is to be called *L'Echo de Huy* and the other *L'Echo de Verviers*.

HOLLAND.

The Dutch diamond cutters have resolved to run a special organ of their own in opposition to the former trade paper, which was conducted by M. Rose, and which wrote more and more in the interests of the masters. The new venture is entitled, *De Diamantbewerker* (The Diamond Cutter), and will be the official organ of the Dutch Diamond Cutters' Union. E. van Praag, A. Peyra, H. Haye, and H. A. Monfrooy will act as joint editors. The first issue appeared last week at Amsterdam.

The annual Conference of the Dutch Socialists has been held at the Hague on the 25th and 26th of last December. Besides mentioning the fact that all the delegates were unanimous in their hopes towards the bright future prospects of Socialism, and that two mass meetings were held after the Congress, *Recht voor Allen* does not say one word about the proceedings. Why?

RUSSIA.

Several telegraphic agencies state that the police of St. Petersburg have got positive proof that a new Nihilist society has been formed, which intends giving up *open terrorism*, and will carry out its objects *secretly*—whatever that means! Several artillery and naval officers have lately been arrested in connection with the new society. The discoveries made by the police are so extensive that the new formation will scarcely be able to develop much activity. (Really they are so extensive?) But this is perhaps more serious; rigorous precautions still continue to be taken all round the Imperial Palace. The Imperial Guard has been confined to barracks for several days past, and all the functionaries ordered to remain at their posts. The illness of the Czar is attributed to poisoning by the Nihilists, and his real state of health, which is very bad, is kept secret for political reasons. What a strange malady he must be suffering from, that "confining soldiers to barracks and surrounding the Palace with guards" should be the remedy for that illness! So strange indeed, that we won't say what we think of it. VICTOR DAVE.

To Help the Paper.—There are several ways in which you can help to spread the *Weal*. Ask your newsagent to try and sell it. Get those who don't care to buy it week by week to subscribe direct. Arrange for the posting of contents bills anywhere you can. Any number of other plans will suggest themselves if you think about it.

Postal Propaganda.—Some who would like to do propaganda but dare not openly, or who cannot spare the time to do it personally, can find many ways in which it can be done quietly. Not the least useful among possible plans would be to order and pay for a number of copies to be sent to persons in whose hands they might do good. We will send six copies to six different addresses for 7d. Write the names and addresses legibly.

THE MEETING OF THE POPES.

POPE LEO, that most holy man,
Was sitting in the Vatican
One afternoon, from callers free,
Sipping his sacerdotal tea;

When, lo! he hears with sudden dread
The name announced of W—ll—m St—d,
That journalistic pope, who's rather
More holy than the Holy Father!

Men say that he was framed from birth
To be God's vicegerent on earth;
And his oracular *Pall Mall*
Has long been proved infallible.

Old Leo felt his doom draw near
When this new lion did appear,
Who to remotest realms afar
Is known as patron of the Czar.

So quickly from his throne he rose,
And waived the point of kissing toes;
And thus the patron of the Czar
Outspoke with voice oracular:

"Friend Leo, though you deem it odd,
I've come to save the Church of God;
Take my advice, and all is well—
I'll puff you in the great *Pall Mall*."

"Across the wide Atlantic foam
Go, found a newer, mightier Rome;
When there your banner is unfurled
You'll rule the federated world."

Pope Leo answered, smiling sly,
And winking with paternal eye,
"Friend W—ll—m, what you hint is true—
This world's too small for me and you."

"But why must I, with age opprest,
Thus journey to the utmost West,
To dwell in some inclement spot,
'Mid prairie-dogs and God knows what?"

"There's this alternative at least,
That you, good friend, should journey East;
Let me advise that you should go,
Pall Mall and all, to Jericho!"

ANON.

CORRESPONDENCE.

FROM THE SICK CHAMBER OF THE OLDEST ENGLISH SOCIALIST.

For ten out of twelve years I have for five months of every winter been confined to my solitary hospital-prison house, musing on the needless sufferings of humanity. At an early hour of the morning of Christmas Day I was mystified by the carolling of two choirs at my door and window. One of them was the "Whiteboys" or choristers of "Holy Innocents," singing of the birth of the Carpenter's Son. They sang sweetly the usual melody. When they finished, I was mystified by another choir, of more natural and harmonised voices, continuing the air but with different words, although I could not make out the burden of their song. The Salvationists seemed to me the cause of the mystery. But wonder and surprise was intensified when the choir burst out in the glorious and thrilling anthem of the revolutionary movement, that arose out of the volunteers of Marseilles singing this song with electric enthusiasm as they marched into Paris, chanting "Ye sons of Freedom, awake to glory! Hark, what myriads bid you rise!" The band of the Blue Bonnets, their tambourines, and the *War Cry* have adapted this fine tune to some doggerl verses. But the distinctness of the words led to the supposition that some other choir was at hand. A severe attack of emphysema of the lungs makes the slightest exposure to cold air dangerous, so I awoke Mrs. Craig, who was selected as a chorister to sing on the anniversary of the Peterloo Massacre. Her rich and musical voice was requisitioned at all Socialist assemblies until 1840. As she reached the window, the choir was singing the last line. On describing the singers, there were no blue bonnets, and the men were not dressed in white overalls. It was not a choir from St. John's. It now revealed itself as a vision, and I exclaimed, It is the choir of the Holy League!

It was a source of gratification that the League had progressed so as to sing the Songs of Labour as a propaganda. I regretted I had not any intimation of the visit so as to improve the occasion; and recommend an increase of young members to open all lectures with chorusses, which sixty years ago had a marvellous charm among the Lancashire lads and lasses of those early Socialistic days of struggle.

There was, however, a touch of social sympathy which reached the heart of the wounded and weary soldier, who, from sheer exhaustion was compelled to retire with his wounds to the rear of the battle and leave the fight of the future to younger and stronger hands. The knowledge that some sympathy is felt for an earnest but disabled social reformer moved the heart-strings of emotion.

28 Dec., 1889.

E. T. CRAIG.

We have received "Fabian's Essays in Socialism," but too late for notice in present number.

THE GREAT LOCK-OUT AT BRISTOL.—This strike still continues, and fifty of the principal factories have now been closed for over a week, some ten thousand hands being idle.

THREATENED STRIKE OF ROAD-CAR MEN.—The directors have broken their agreement, and concluded with the men during the recent dispute. The men are about to send them a deputation, and are determined to strike if they do not receive a satisfactory reply.



OFFICES: 24 GREAT QUEEN STREET, LONDON, W.C.

HAVE YOU NOT HEARD HOW IT HAS GONE WITH MANY A CAUSE BEFORE NOW: FIRST, FEW MEN HEED IT; NEXT, MOST MEN CONTEMN IT; LASTLY, ALL MEN ACCEPT IT—AND THE CAUSE IS WON!

THE COMMONWEAL is the official organ of the Socialist League; but, unless definitely so announced by the Editors, no article is to be taken as expressing in more than a general way the views of the League as a body. In accordance with the Manifesto and Statement of Principles of the League, the COMMONWEAL is an exponent of International Revolutionary Socialism. On minor differences of opinion the widest freedom of discussion is maintained. As all articles are signed, no special significance attaches to their position in the paper.

Articles and letters dealing with any phase of the social problem are invited and will meet with earnest consideration. They must be written on one side of the paper only, and accompanied by the name and address of the writer, not necessarily for publication. MSS. can only be returned if a stamped directed envelope accompanies them.

Advertisements can only be inserted if unobjectionable in all particulars. Scale of charges and special quotations may be obtained from the Manager.

SUBSCRIPTIONS, including postage:—For British Islands, Europe, United States, and Canada, a year, 6s.; six months, 3s.; three months, 1s. 6d. For Australia, New Zealand, Cape of Good Hope, Natal, Transvaal, and the Argentine Republic, a year, 8s.; six months, 4s.; three months, 2s. For India, Ceylon, China, Hong Kong, and the Straits Settlements, a year, 10s.; six months, 5s.; three months, 2s. 6d.

SPECIAL RECRUIT SUBSCRIPTIONS.—To aid in spreading our principles, the following largely reduced terms are offered to those who obtain new subscribers: Two new yearly subscriptions for British Islands, etc., 10s. 6d.; for Australia, etc., 15s.; for India, etc., 19s. Five new subscriptions: For British Islands, etc., 25s.; for Australia, etc., 37s. 6d.; for India, etc., 47s. 6d. Specimen copies will be sent on receipt of postage.

Remittances from abroad must be made by International Money Order.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

J. B. (Bristol).—Thanks for contribution, acknowledged elsewhere; also for promise of help.

J. C. (New Cross Road).—We regret to find verses unsuitable for our columns.

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Periodicals received during the week ending Wednesday January 8.

ENGLAND	FRANCE	GERMANY
Church Reformer	Paris—Bourse du Travail	Berlin—Volks Tribune
Christian Socialist	Le Proletariat	Wien—Arbeiter-Zeitung
Railway Review	La Revue Europeenne	Brunn—Arbeiterstimme
Seafaring	Paris—La Revolte	
Unity	Lille—Le Cri du Travailleur	DENMARK
Worker's Friend	Rouen—Le Salariat	Social-Demokraten
INDIA	HOLLAND	Copenhagen—Arbejderen
Bankipore—Behar Herald	Hague—Recht voor Allen	SWEDEN
UNITED STATES	Middelburg—Licht en Waarheid	Stockholm, Social-Demokraten
New York—Freiheit	BELGIUM	Cuba—El Productor
Volkszeitung	Ghent—Vooruit	WEST INDIES
Workmen's Advocate	Liege—L'Avenir	
Boston—Woman's Journal	Antwerp—De Werker	ARGENTINE REPUBLIC
Chicago—Knights of Labor		Buenos Ayres—Vorwärts
Vorbote		

DO YOU AGREE?

Do you agree with us that the social awakening of the workers is a desirable end? Do you agree with us that we are working in the right way to achieve that end?

You do not? Then oppose us and prove us wrong on every platform and in every paper to which you can gain access!

You do agree? Then work with us and for us; help us to extend our circle of influence; let no day pass in which you have not interested some one in our propaganda!

There is no middle course for an honest man!

NOTES ON NEWS.

In this editor-driven age, I suppose that the starting of two "important and influential" papers in one week is something to be noted. The Speaker is added to the list of weeklies, and the Daily Graphic to that of the dailies; but neither of them is likely to interest democratic readers very much. The Graphic is frankly reactionary, and goes in for an amount of sloppy loyalty and sickly gush that is rather astonishing at this time of day. Scarcely less reactionary, but far more hypocritical, is the Speaker;—and oh, so ponderously respectably dull! Those who have been dilating on the democratic advance of the Liberal party, and its adequacy to the achievement of any required reform, had better not read the Speaker, unless they would carry a leaden weight upon their consciences for many a long day.

No! the new sixpenny promises to be a weekly wonder in the way of ditchwater deadliness and respectable un-originality. And that while the penny weeklies are being compelled to creep on continually further and further along the road that leads to Socialism. Does not this point in a sufficiently clear manner to the ever-growing divergence between the two publics—the sixpenny respectable and the penny democratic? Some day, and that not far in the future, the divergence will become so marked as to force itself upon the notice of everyone—the divergence will have become a great rent in the fabric of society as it is, never to be closed again but in society as it is to be.

Some time ago the Standard published a long letter from a Mrs. Todd, of New South Wales, bewailing the woes of Australian mistresses, and appealing to the ladies of England to form themselves into committees to select and despatch suitable servants to the colonies. The Standard also improved on Mrs. Todd's bitter cry in a leading article. But the other side of the question is put in an advertisement from a Sydney journal:

"AN AUSTRALIAN SLAVEY.—This is to remind Mr. and Mrs. Todd to advocate the formation of a society in England to undertake the supply of a superior class of masters and mistresses to Australia, as there is already enough atrocious nigger-drivers and good servant-spoilers.—MISS CLARK."

Thus says the Pall Mall Gazette:

"It is 'the duty of Conservative clubs,' said Sir Michael Hicks-Beach at Leamington yesterday, to show 'the Socialists and Secularists' that 'in hereditary rank or hereditary legislation there is a kind of necessity for noble thoughts and noble deeds.' It is a very queer 'kind,' we are afraid. Hereditary rank ought to ensure noble deeds, of course: noblesse oblige. But does it? Sir Michael Hicks-Beach should be thankful that he was not greeted with cries of 'Cleveland Street.'"

So far, so good! But what of many other kinds of rank to which the Pall Mall bows the supple back? The rank, for instance, of Pioneer of Civilisation?—unrewarded by royalty, to the Pall Mall's great sorrow, with titles and what-not. The rank, for instance, of Self-appointed Paul Pry and Music-hall Moderator?—treated with scoffing contempt by all but prigs and hypocrites, to the Pall Mall's direful anger. Or, again, what of the Administrator of Stolen Millions and Preacher of the Gospel of Wealth?

We Socialists are less likely than even the Pall Mall to lie under suspicion of admiring hereditary rank. We go further than the Pall Mall is ever likely to go, or than even the Star is free to go, in our unbelief in every kind of rank or power, hereditary or acquired, which gives the power of compulsion into the hands of any man. And we deny that any lord or earl, or anything else upon the list of titles, can compare with a Norwood, a Stanley, a Livesey, or a Carnegie, for harmfulness and power for evil. Nor can we see that even the foul offences of which the Pall Mall speaks, or those which it made public a few years ago, are anything else than the necessary results of wealth and poverty, privilege and oppression. And it is to be doubted whether any single exploiting capitalist or exploring carpet-bagger has not wrought more real and widespread harm to humanity than even the foulest and most obvious brute may have done.

Here is what Saturday's Star had to say on the case of a woman who had starved to death during the week:

She and her daughter had 9s. a week to live on; 3s. 3d. went for rent, leaving 5s. 9d. a week for two civilised beings to feed and clothe themselves withal. One human being failed, and we have the impudence to label her death—which is practically a murder by society—as from 'natural causes.' So they were—immediately natural. If you withhold the means of renewing exhausted tissue from men and women they will die. But anything more 'unnatural' than the state of society under which abundance—nay, surfeit—is poured into one lap while another lap gets nothing at all—could not well be imagined.

In such an unnatural state of society, what is to be looked for but what is always happening, the perpetration of foul crime and the indulgence in filthy and repulsive vice? The dull dreariness of ordinary "respectable" life; the conventional decorum and restraint upon all natural impulse which it imposes; the magnitude of the temptations that follow the command of wealth and power—all these on the one hand. On the other all these but the wealth and what follows it; instead of that the pains and penalties of "respectable poverty." With such a life and death as that of the poor needle-woman to be the "reward of virtue"; with the workhouse and the pauper's grave as the final goal of the vast majority of the working-classes, even if they

obediently and most faithfully carry out the advice and commands of their masters—who can measure the temptations that beset their path?

The weariness of leisured repletion, and the weariness of hungry toil; the unbridled power of wealth, and the miserable helplessness of poverty—when these things come together who can wonder at whatever follows? The hired ruffians of the ring, and their no less degraded employers; the minotaur and his victim; and every other kind of monster and malefactor, with those who suffer by them, are the natural and necessary outcome of the reign of the capitalist, of the power of the money-bag.

Until monopoly in the means of life be destroyed these things must go on; it is but lopping small branches and fiddling with results to attack any of the crimes and horrors of civilisation without striking at the root—and there is no axe that can reach that root but the Social Revolution.

S.

IN FRANCE.

It is something worth remembering to assist at a "Punch" offered to those Socialist Deputies who have been elected as such, without compromise with bourgeois parties. It is most enthusiastic! From these conferences are excluded: First, the two Possibilist Deputies, Joffrin and Dumay, who have made a compromise with the Opportunists in power; second, the two *ci-devant* Blanquists, Granger and Roche, who have bribed Boulanger's electors; and lastly, the "Christian" Socialist, De Mun.

This last-named rogue preaches humility on the part of the workers, and the supremacy of property. He preaches that our physical misery and discomfort is most healthful for our spiritual life hereafter; and all the rest of that stinking rubbish that stunts old maids so well.

At the conferences which I attended, there were present Baudin, Boyer, Chassaing, Cluseret, Ferroul, Hovelacque, Lachize, Millerant, and Thivrier, Deputies. These Deputies form the Socialist vanguard in France. They, for the first time in the annals of French Socialism, have formed a distinct Socialist party in the House of Commons.

This does not mean, however, that they are the leaders of the great revolutionary party; in all the meetings the first name which is called out as that of chairman is Vaillant, town councillor; the second name is always that of Jules Guesde; Chauvière and Daumas come after. At one meeting, the hall was so crowded that it was impossible to count the difference in the number of hands lifted for Vaillant and Guesde respectively; so they took the chair or chairs, jointly!

Let us remember, in passing, that when, at the last election for the Presidency of the Republic, Ferry scored the highest vote on first trial, on that same day General Eudes, now dead, Vaillant, and Chauvière were at the Hotel-de-Ville watching the ballot. A hundred thousand revolutionaries had received the *mot d'ordre* to come down at once in case Ferry were elected. The barracks were surrounded and preparations made; on hearing which, the congress meeting at Versailles, in the twinkling of an eye, cast their vote for Carnot. The capitalists got frightened, and Ferry was sacrificed!

Most of these Deputies represent country towns; they are not broken in to politics; their rhetoric is without flourish, simple and honest; they speak from the heart, as working-men do. One among them, Lachize, was working as a weaver until a few months ago, and then left his loom for a strike, when his fellows were so pleased with his conduct that they sent him to parliament. Baudin is a jolly good fellow, who spent eight years in England, and speaks English like a native. He was lucky enough to make his escape after the Commune, and to save his head on English soil while 35,000 of his brethren were butchered by Boulanger and his sacrificants. Cluseret, the Minister for War during the Commune, a soldier-like old fellow, looks none the worse for having twice been sentenced to death. Thivrier is a sturdy countryman, who makes one laugh when he says candidly that he has pledged his honour to his electors always to wear his blue blouse in the House, exactly as he did when in their midst. He is honesty itself, and quite the most beloved of any of them: blistered hands like to shake hands with such a man.

These men can do little or nothing in Parliament itself; they know that very well; but they can do a tremendous lot of good in the country by means of their free railway ticket. At twenty-four hours' notice they go to any part of the country to speak or preside over meetings, and try to arouse the indifferent, who would rather let their wives and children die in a ditch or poor-house than take the wealth they have produced wherever they can lay their hands upon it. The pay of a Deputy and his free railway pass are taken by many a bourgeois to further schemes against the workers; why shouldn't the same weapons be turned against them? And these men whom I have mentioned do this with absolute honesty and to great effect.

In spite of the intense cold on Friday, a great crowd of revolutionaries met on the heights of Pere Lachaise to pay a tribute of respect to the cherished memory of Blanqui. Long before two o'clock, which was the time appointed, men, women, and children were seen coming from all parts of the cemetery, some towards the grave of General Eudes, others towards that of Blanqui, which is not more than ten yards away. All were engaged in animated conversation; most of them having seen active service during the Commune. I heard a sturdy young fellow of about eighteen, say, laying his hand on General Eudes' tomb, "I swear here, on this our great friend's tomb, that if the tyrants of my country want me to become a soldier, I will accept their gun, not to protect them, but to destroy them!" Everyone present was carried away with his splendid enthusiasm, and rushed to shake hands with him.

Soon we saw Vaillant, then Chauvière, and everyone moved along towards Blanqui's grave. A letter was read from Blanqui's sister, saying that sickness prevented her from being there. After stirring speeches from Vaillant, Chauvière, Deputy Baudin, Féline, and Landrin, we all went to the *Mur des fédérés*—that wall against which so many thousands of proletarians paid with their lives their fidelity to our cause. Upon that sacred ground no capitalist dares to set his cursed foot. On that same ground no proletarian can tread without feeling inflamed with hatred and resolve, and being ready to sacrifice his life in a renewed attempt at revolution. The *Mur des fédérés* is for the proletariat a holy place, a place where inspiration and hope are to be sought. The moral strength such a visit gives is not to be described. We left a little after 3 o'clock, to refresh ourselves and to carry on a lively conversation about the next Commune, and how that all of us would be there and do our duty, not leaving one stone unturned till victory is ours, and ours for ever!

Paris, Jan. 5, 1890.

A. COULON.

IN CHICAGO.

THE readers of the *Commonweal* have undoubtedly heard of the murder of Dr. Cronin, the Irish Nationalist, who was beaten to death in this city on the 4th of May last. The trial of the murderers, which has been in progress for three months and is just completed, has had more than a passing interest for us Radicals, many of us hoping that disclosures of great value would be made, and a way opened for us to present the Anarchist case to the people in a new light. Our interest in this case arose from the fact that one of the murderers of Dr. Cronin, a city detective named Coughlin, was chief assistant to the notorious police-captain Schaack, who boasted that he had done more than any other man to secure the conviction of our martyrs during their infamous trial; and also because this same Captain Schaack, for seeking to hide the villainy of the fellow Coughlin, has again been dismissed from the police force, this time permanently. Schaack was in command of the district where the murder was committed, and although ordered to investigate the conduct of his man Coughlin, pretended that the fellow was above suspicion, and for this act of insubordination was dismissed from the service. The fellow Coughlin is no doubt in possession of secrets concerning the villainy of his chief, especially in connection with the conviction of our eight men, which have much to do with the solicitous feeling of the latter toward the murderer, and it was the hope that in some way these secrets might be made public which caused us to take such a deep interest in the proceedings.

The jury, after deliberating seventy hours, returned a verdict of guilty against four of the accused, fixed the punishment of three of them at life imprisonment, and one at three years in the penitentiary. This was a surprise to everybody, as the general belief was that death would be meted out to the assassins. Many people are also comparing this verdict with that against the Anarchists, and mention the significant fact that in that case the jury was only out about one hour.

The mills of the gods are at work, and retribution stares the black-hearted assassins of our comrades in the face. Schaack and Bonfield have been dismissed in disgrace, though still free; Grinnell, the arch fiend of them all, is apparently at the very pinnacle of popular favour and power, but the evidence is slowly accumulating which will show him to the world in his true light. Gary also, the modern Jeffries, and others who perjured their souls on that occasion—their time will surely come. Our opportunity will be their downfall.

A significant meeting was recently held in one of the largest halls in this city. More than 3,000 people—largely conservative in opinion—assembled to protest against the interference by detectives in a Socialist meeting. The meeting was called under the auspices of the Personal Rights League, a powerful young organisation having for its object the securing to every member of the community his individual *lawful* rights. The president of the League presided at the meeting. The vice-president of the meeting was one of our best known Radical German Socialists. Two of the speakers were well-known Socialists, and others were prominent business and professional men. The Radical sentiments of the speakers were received with enthusiasm, and loud applause greeted the stinging rebukes meted out to the police authorities. Two of the Socialists at the meeting had been very roughly handled by the detectives, and the recital of their wrongs caused intense feeling. As the particulars of the dastardly outrage were recited by the speakers, I watched the press reporters; not a pencil stirred, not a line was written, and the next morning one of the papers referred to the meeting in a general way as a criticism of *police* administration, but not one of them referred to the specific object of the meeting, or narrated a word of the outrage committed upon unoffending citizens.

Surely the several incidents connected with this great public gathering ought to prove to the law-fearing people who were in attendance that the press, the church, and the state are leagued together to stifle every manifestation of growing discontent. Not the least significant feature of this affair is the fact that the Personal Rights League are prosecuting, in the courts, the detectives who were guilty of the outrage. Surely our day is near at hand when we can find able and willing champions among the bourgeoisie.

WM. HOLMES.

Chicago, Ills.

'Repairing the Idols,' by Col. Ingersoll, is the substance of an interview by the reporter of an American journal as to the colonel's views upon 'Robert Elsmere,' which has been reprinted here as a penny pamphlet. It is well worth close reading by everybody, Socialists as well as others; for though "Pagan Bob" does not quite see eye to eye with us, he is a radical thinker and brave speaker. (Progressive Publishing Co., or this office.)

'Anarchy,' by C. L. James (author, Eau Claire, Wis., U.S.A., 25 c.), is one of the best and most interesting statements of the Anarchist position that I can remember reading. It has commanded a wide sale in America, and but for the prohibitive price, would do the same here. Like all books and pamphlets published in the States, the price is so high when compared with that of similar articles of home production, that would-be buyers here are frightened off.

YANKEE CHRISTMAS.—The following is a list of the prices paid in Boston on Christmas Eve for the materials for next day's dinners. It will afford a pretty fair basis for a calculation of the comparative purchasing power of wages there and here:—*Fruit and Vegetables*.—Lettuce, 5 to 10 cents; celery, 15 to 25 cents a bunch; radishes, 10 cents a bunch; fresh mushrooms, 1 dol. 25 cents a pound; Bermuda potatoes, 1 dol. 50 cents a peck; spinach, 25 cents a peck; watercress, 5 cents a bunch; string beans, 25 cents a quart; cauliflower, 15 to 35 cents each; egg plant, 30 to 65 cents each; green peas, 25 cents a quart; cranberries, 10 to 15 cents a quart; persimmons, 1 dol. a dozen; Jamaica oranges, 25 cents a dozen; Havana oranges, 30 cents a dozen; Mandarin oranges, 40 cents a dozen; Florida oranges, 30 to 50 cents a dozen; bananas, 30 cents a dozen; Malaga grapes, 20 to 30 cents a pound; and Lisbon grapes, 1 dol. a pound. *Meat*.—Leg of lamb, 20 cents a pound; lamb chops, 25 cents a pound; leg of mutton, 17 cents a pound; extra sirloin roast, 25 cents a pound; sirloin steak, 25 cents a pound; ox tails, 20 cents each; and double sweetbreads, 50 cents. *Poultry*.—Green ducks, 25 cents a pound; green geese, 25 cents a pound; chickens, 25 cents a pound; turkeys, 17 to 25 cents a pound; squab, 35 cents a pound; canvas-back ducks, 7 dols. a pair; black ducks, 1 dol. 75 cents a pair; mallard ducks, 1 dol. 50 cents a pair; and teal ducks, 1 dol. 25 cents a pair. *Evergreens*.—Princess pine festooning, 4 and 5 cents a yard; evergreen festooning, 3 and 4 cents a yard; laurel festooning, 6 and 12½ cents a yard; laurel wreaths, 25 to 40 cents each; princess pine wreaths, 10 to 20 cents each; fancy wreaths, 15 to 50 cents each; and crosses, anchors, etc., 25 cents to 1 dol. each.

THE LABOUR STRUGGLE.

The Gas-stokers' Strike.

Henry Weir was committed for trial on Thursday at Bow Steet on the evidence of the veracious policemen and the reporter of a Tory paper. Thomas MacCarthy, the chairman at the platform where Weir spoke, states that Weir said that "if Mr. Livesey was in Brazil he would have been got rid of, and the man who did it would have been looked upon as a hero." This certainly seems the most probable account we have yet heard. It is certainly rather funny that the Government should go in for all the parade of an Old Bailey prosecution because a man endeavoured to explain to the audience what he believed to be the manners and customs of the Brazilians. According to McCarthy, Weir stated that he had introduced these observations upon the "tricks and manners" of the people of that far distant country as a kind of padding in his speech, or as he himself expressed it, as "something to fill up." Under these circumstances, the Government prosecution is simply ridiculous.

Probably, however, even the members of a Tory Government would not have made such fools of themselves if it had not been for the advice and encouragement of the *Star*. That paper shrieked itself virtuously hoarse over Weir's speech. It was "horrible," "wicked," he ought to be kicked out of his trade society, etc. Still one fails to see that if even Weir had recommended the removal of Mr. Livesey, whether his advice would have had such serious effects among phlegmatic Englishmen as, say, a recommendation to "shun a man like a leper" among excitable Irishmen. As the latter advice has frequently been given by friends of Mr. T. P. O'Connor, and "over-zealous" persons have not alone been contented with shunning the denounced person as a leper, but have occasionally shot him like a dog, one fails to see where the *Star's* virtuous indignation concerning Weir's speech comes in. It seems that some people want to make up for occasional lapses into unconstitutionality in Ireland by an extra assumption of Pecksniffian respectability in England. In this, however, they only succeed in arousing general laughter at their contemptible hypocrisy. But there is something even worse than this, and that is a "democratic" newspaper acting as jackal to the Public Prosecutor. That is just what the *Star* has done, whether willingly or unwillingly.

The strike seems to have taken a turn favourable to the men. Although it has now reached its fourth week, Mr. Livesey is as far off victory as ever. The coal boycott is beginning to take effect; two vessels bringing coal for the works have been totally abandoned by their crews, while others have been partially abandoned, the men being drawn off by the pickets of the Seamen's and Firemen's Union, despite the efforts of the Thames police to hinder them in their work. The blacklegs are also finding that their position is not too comfortable. At the beginning of the strike, Mr. Livesey paid them £1 weekly in addition to their usual wages, but on Friday Jan. 3 this was stopped, and the blacklegs were ordered to get lodgings outside. They found this to be impossible, as owing to bills issued by the Strike Committee, they were refused admittance by every lodging-house keeper, even the common lodging-houses refusing to take them in. So they were forced to go back to their piggery inside the works. As five of the blacklegs are in Guy's Hospital with Russian influenza, it is possible that Livesey was afraid of an epidemic breaking out in his crowded dens. Indeed, this is pretty certain to happen soon, as the blacklegs are living under frightfully insanitary conditions. They still work twelve hours a-day; in fact, according to Mr. Livesey, at one of the works they have "unanimously elected" to continue the system. But the loss of their extra money has made them rather mutinous, fifty men leaving Rotherhithe on Saturday. At East Greenwich also they refused to go on with their work, and with difficulty were persuaded to take up their tools again. There are still continuous complaints on the part of the public as to the bad supply of gas; even the *Echo*, which is on the side of Livesey, admits that in South London, thanks to the blacklegs, gas-stoves won't work, streets and railway stations are left in semi-darkness, and tradesmen are forced to buy paraffin lamps. So, unfortunately for Livesey, facts give the lie to his repeated declarations that "the supply of gas is satisfactory, and the work of manufacturing proceeds without a hitch." For a pious person, Mr. Livesey shows a remarkable capacity for telling lies.

An agent of the company has been visiting Yarmouth after scabs, but several local comrades watched his movements all the day and managed to hamper him considerably. In the morning he took down forty or fifty names, and promised to meet the scabs again at 4.30 p.m. on the Hall Plain. This is the place where several of our comrades suffered imprisonment for meeting, and have not since been allowed to meet there; only very recently they were moved by the police whilst holding a meeting there. However, directly this scab-monger appeared on the ground, the police, instead of moving him on, protected him, and allowed him to stand in the middle of the road (a main thoroughfare) under a large lamp-post for over twenty minutes with a crowd of 600 or 700 people round him. The scabs left Yarmouth at 8.15 a.m. on Tuesday morning, but shorn of their fair proportions, for a lot had disappeared in the night. They were given a warm farewell groan by our comrades and others who had assembled at the station to see them off.

Firewood Cutters.

On Monday, December 29th, five thousand firewood cutters struck work in London. They demanded an advance of 2½ per cent., which was three-pence an hundred bundles more on their wages. In a very few days most of the masters yielded, and nearly all the men have obtained the advance.

Strike of Irish Railway Men.

Since the strike of the porters of Cork, which resulted in a victory for the men, there has been considerable ferment amongst all the workers employed upon the railways in Ireland. In consequence of this agitation, a strike of guards, porters, and signalmen broke out on Friday at noon, on the Dublin, Wicklow, and Wexford Railway. It did not last long, for at seven on Friday night the directors gave in, and the men gained an advance of wages.

Shop Assistants, Warehousemen, and Porter's Union.

We have received the manifesto of this union which is an attempt to unite of all sections of workers employed in all stores of the Whiteley pattern. This is an effort which we should like to be successful, although the obstacles are great. The worst being that excessive snobbery, which

often even flourishes among aristocratic trade unionists, has unfortunately, a far greater hold upon the ordinary shop assistant. It is precisely this snobbery which had made the shop assistants cause such a hopeless one. The objects of the above-named union are to obtain less hours of labour, proper meal times, better wages, to prevent sweating, and to organise action at Municipal and Parliamentary election in the interests of labour. Speaking of the wages and conditions of labour of these oppressed workers, the manifesto says:—"The correspondence that has reached us from all parts of London, confirms the existence of a hideous mass of real grievances. *Wages* As low for porters as 14s. a week, and ranging for all these classes from 18s. to 24s. a week. *Hours*—from seventy-six to ninety-six, pulling down these wages—less fines—to 4½d., or even 2½d. per hour. *The effect of the cruel conditions*, especially upon young women, and in regard to future generations deleterious to the highest degree, as acknowledged unanimously by medical science. *Legal protection is only provided up to the age of 18, but it is never enforced.* We must therefore procure ourselves the necessaries of healthy enjoyment and rational living." The clause about legal protection might teach those who clamour for eight hours' legislation, how very valuable are any measures of that kind. We think also it might teach the trade union to drop their clause concerning Parliamentary and Municipal action. All communications regarding membership are to be addressed to George Edwards, Secretary of the Union, at Lockhart's Coffee Rooms, 35, Aldersgate Street, City, E.C. The committee which is fairly representative of all sections of the workers, meets on Wednesdays from 8 to 11 p.m. for the enrolment of members and other business. N.

The Surrey Labourers and Allotments Association.

Since the union of labourers has been started, we have received several applications from the Allotments Association to take up their cause. Now our comrade Kitz proposed this some time ago, but he being engaged in London had not the time to do it, so it has fallen on the local branch to do the work, which we hope will end in lowering the colours of the local authority. Now the programme of the association takes up the Allotments Acts passed in 1887, which empowers the local authority to provide land at prices suitable for cultivation. But so far they have entirely ignored the wants of the people. They have purchased land from some local freeholder, giving him £280 profit over that which he gave himself for the said land, and also two acres to hold as his own freehold in remembrance of the purchase. Now the association demand land at agricultural value, viz., 6d. per rod or under, but the local authority want for their purchase 10d. per rod with land tax and tithe for the parson. Now they also call on the Local Government Board to give power to take the Consolidated Act of 1845, whereby they can utilise common land for the purpose of agriculture. I will report progress later on as things develop, but I may say that the work of the League has not been in vain, for it is now bearing good fruit. We have a great live M.P. coming amongst us on Wednesday evening, this being his first address to the electors since his election, and some critical questions will be put for him to answer, let us hope he will be equal to the occasion. S.G.

LITERARY NOTES.

Mark Twain, in his description of the adventures of his imaginary Yankee visitor to King Arthur's court, has produced a striking and powerful satire upon things as they are. He goes about with the Knight. One day they come upon a group of poor, ragged creatures mending the thing they called a road:

"By a sarcasm of law and phrase they were freemen. Seven-tenths of the free population of the country were of just their class and degree—small, 'independent' farmers, artisans, etc.—which is to say, they were the nation, the actual nation; they were about all of it that was useful, or worth saving, or really respect-worthy, and to subtract them would have been to subtract the nation and leave behind some dregs, some refuse in the shape of a king, nobility, and gentry—idle, unproductive, acquainted mainly with the arts of wasting and destroying, and of no sort of use or value in any rationally constructed world. And yet, by ingenious contrivance, this gilded minority, instead of being in the tail of the procession, where it belonged, was marching head up, with banners flying, at the other end of it; had elected itself to be the nation, and these innumerable clams had permitted it so long that they had come at last to accept it as a truth, and not only that, but to believe it right and as it should be."

Such paragraphs are plentiful; nor is any opportunity missed of marking their application to present circumstances.

Many of the woodcuts in the book also embody instructive allegories; as, for instance, in a cut of Justice, with her scales, one containing the heavy hammer of Labour and the other the baubles of Aristocracy, but the latter made to outweigh the former by means of the string of Self-interest artfully attached to the toe of Law, who stands by. Another, in a similar vein, shows the Justice of the nineteenth century and Justice of the sixth century standing opposite each other, and simultaneously remarking, "Sister, your blind is disarranged," for, with the same manner of string attached to the toe of each, Money is made to outweigh Labour by the former, just as titles are made heavier in the balance by the latter. One little cut shows "Decorations of Sixth Century Aristocracy" as "Rewards for all Babes Born Under Specified Conditions," such as "Slave Driver," "Robber of Unarmed Savages," "Robber of Orphans," "Absorber of Taxes," "Murderer of Rivals," etc., the whole supported by "*Honi soit qui mal y pense!*" Another illustrates the remark of the King concerning a peasant—"Brother! to dirt like this?"—by depicting the three phases of oppression of man by man, first by violence under the sword of royal power, then by the book of "law," making man subject to the slave-driver's lash, and last, the subjection of the working-man to the millions of the monopolist. A strong and spirited picture of an arrogant slave-driver shows in its face the unmistakable portrait of a notorious American billionaire and stock-gambler.

It is instructive to notice that a good many paragraphs have been cut out, and more been weakened, by the English publisher.

The first number of the *Phonetic Journal* (Isaac Pitman's weekly shorthand journal) for this year is particularly interesting. In addition to the usual five large pages of shorthand, with key, it contains an amusing article from the pen of the well-known phonographer, Mr. T. A. Reed, on "How to save 6,000 years" by means of shorthand, and a chapter on the "Early Days of the Newspaper Press," forming the first of a series of articles on the "Newspaper World." Mr. Pitman, in his "Annual Address," records a most remarkable extension of his system of shorthand during the past twelve months, and promises an enlargement of his journal next year, when it will enter on its 50th volume. S.

THE SOCIALIST LEAGUE.

OFFICES: 24, GREAT QUEEN ST., LINCOLN'S INN FIELDS, W.C.

The Offices of the Socialist League will be open for the sale of *Commonweal* and all other Socialist publications from 8.30 a.m. to 9 p.m. every day except Sunday. The Secretary will be in attendance from 10 a.m. to 9 p.m. daily.

Central Reading Room.—The Hall at 24, Great Queen Street, will be open to all Members of the League every evening from 7.30 to 10 p.m. Members must show their cards to the steward.

Branch Subscriptions Paid.—1888:—Oxford, to end of September. 1889:—Bradford and Hammersmith, to end of April. Norwich, Glasgow, and Yarmouth, to end of May. Manchester, to end of September. Clerkenwell and East London, to end of October. North London, Mitcham, and Leicester, to end of November. St. Georges East, to end of December. 1890:—North Kensington, to end of January.

Propaganda Committee.—The Propaganda Committee meets on Tuesday, Jan. 14, at 8.30 p.m. Special meeting; important business; all members of the League interested in the propaganda invited to attend.

Notice.—All letters on League business, except those intended for Editors of *Commonweal*, to be addressed to me. No other person is authorised to sign any official communication.
FRANK KITZ, Secretary.

"COMMONWEAL" GUARANTEE FUND.

The following further sums have been received towards this fund:—Webb, 1s.; J. R., 2s.; H. R., 1s.; H. Rogers, 1s. 6d.; F. C. S. S., 1s.; and C. Saunders, 1s.

REPORTS.

MITCHAM.—Gregory lectured Sunday evening for the association on "The Future Programme"; room crowded to excess and great sympathy shown. Comrade Kitz paid us a visit and took part in the discussion. Things are beginning to show that the work of the Socialist League members has not been thrown away.—S. G.

NORTH KENSINGTON.—No meeting at Latimer Road on Sunday morning owing to wet. At room in evening, R. Catterson-Smith gave an excellent lecture on "Individual Liberty"; good discussion followed and collected 1s. 7½d.

ABERDEEN.—The Christmas and New Year holidays have rather interfered with the holding of meetings, but Leatham has opened a correspondence in the local Radical weekly, which promises to turn out well. By the time this appears meetings will have been resumed with increased ardour.—L.

GLASGOW.—On Hogmanay night we held our annual social meeting to bring in the New Year. Between fifty and sixty were present, including ladies. After the tea, the evening was devoted to songs, readings, and dancing. At 12 o'clock comrade Leo Melliet delivered a short and stirring address, and the new year was inaugurated with three ringing cheers for the Social Revolution. "La Carmagnole" was then sung by Melliet, and danced by the whole company. "Das Proletariat" was sung by our German comrade Derwald, and dancing and song thereafter continued till 3 o'clock in the morning. The songs sung during the night were almost entirely Socialist ones, including "The March of the Workers," "No Master," "Ye Poor of Wealthy England," "Annie Laurie," and "When the Revolution Comes"; Miss Hendry, Dan. McCulloch, Arch. McKechnie, J. Gilbert, and Jas. Thomson being our chief vocalists, while Joe Burgoyne and Shaw Maxwell gave the readings. In every way the meeting was a most pleasant and successful one.—On Sunday evening at 5.30 we held our first open-air meeting for the year, at Paisley Road Toll, where Glasier spoke to a very attentive audience of about 200.

LEEDS.—On Sunday morning at Vicar's Croft a good meeting was held, when Rogers spoke to an attentive audience; Devily opposed; *Weals* sold out and small collection made for local propaganda. In the Socialist League Club in the evening, T. Paylor lectured on "Socialism and the New Labour Movement" to a crowded room; had a good discussion after and literature went well.

LEICESTER.—On Jan 3, we had a social evening, about 50 comrades and friends sat down to a tea in the Spiritualist Hall. After tea an agreeable entertainment was provided. We anticipated "the day after the Revolution" by one and all thoroughly enjoying ourselves. Barclay, in especial was, to use a pre-resolutionly phrase "all over the shop." Great credit is due (bearing no interest of course) to Comrade Chambers, who did most of the catering.

MANCHESTER.—Being favoured with a fine day, we held a good meeting in Stevenson Square on Sunday afternoon, Stockton, Bailie, and Bullock (of Hammersmith) speakers; 2s. 2d. collected for local propaganda.

YARMOUTH.—Next Tuesday night is our anniversary; the yearly report will be given, and secretary and treasurer elected for the next year. We intend trying to start a branch or sub-branch in Goleston, the first business meeting will be held at comrade Brightwell's, Pier Place, on Monday next.—J. H.

NOTTINGHAM SOCIALIST CLUB.—On Sunday morning Councillor Sanders of Walsall, addressed a large meeting in Sneinton Market on "Municipal Socialism." Peacock presided; 4s. 6d. collected. In the evening Sanders lectured in the Socialist Hall, Woodland Place, on "Trades' Unionism from a Socialist Standpoint," Proctor in the chair. A collection realised 6s. and the lecture was much appreciated. Next Sunday night, at 8.30 p.m., quarterly meeting at Socialist Hall.

EDINBURGH (SCOTTISH SOCIALIST FEDERATION).—Comrade J. Tate lectured on Sunday, in the Moulders' Hall to a good audience, his subject being "The People who have no Rights." A very interesting discussion followed, in which comrades Smith, Davidson, Hamilton, and others took part.

CHELSEA S.D.F., Co-operative Lecture Hall, 312 Kings Road, Chelsea.—Sunday January 12, at 8 p.m., Frank Podmore, "Robert Owen."
MANHOOD SUFFRAGE LEAGUE, "Three Doves," Berwick St., Oxford St., W.—Sunday January 12, at 8.45 p.m., Charles Murray, "The Gospel of Discontent."

BOUND VOLUMES OF THE "COMMONWEAL"

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For 1885 (MONTHLY), 3s.

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LECTURE DIARY.

LONDON.

Battersea.—All communications to E. Buteux, 20 Abercrombie Street, Battersea Park Road.

Clerkenwell.—Sidney Presberg, Secretary.

East London.—Crown Coffee Tavern, 2 Columbia Road, Hackney Road.

Hammersmith.—Kelmescott House, Upper Mall, W. Sunday Jan. 12, at 8 p.m., Sydney Olivier, "Approaches to Communism." French Class, Friday, at 8.

Merton.—3 Clare Villas, Merton Road.

Mitcham.—"Lord Napier," Fair Green. Meets every Sunday at 12.30, to enroll members, etc.

North Kensington.—Clarendon Coffee Palace, Clarendon Road. Meets every Wednesday at 8 p.m. On Sunday evening, Jan. 12, a lecture.

North London.—6 Windmill Street, Tottenham Court Road. Meets every Wednesday evening at 8 o'clock.

Southwark.—Secretary, George Evans, 56 Lucy Road, Bermondsey, S.E. Hill's Coffee Tavern, Great Charlotte Street, Blackfriars Road, S.E.

Streatham.—Meets every Thursday at the "Leigham Arms," Wellfield Road, at 8.30 p.m.

West Central.—Socialist League Hall, 24 Great Queen Street, Holborn, W.C. On Sunday January 12, C. W. Mowbray, "Reform or Revolution."

Whitechapel and St. Georges in the East.—Branch meetings at International Club, 40 Berner Street, Commercial Road. J. Turner, organising secretary.

PROVINCES.

Aberdeen.—Organiser, J. Leatham, 7 Jamaica Street. Branch meets in Odd-fellows' Small Hall, Crooked Lane, on Monday evenings at 8. Singing-practice at 46 Marischal Street on Thursdays at 8 p.m.

Bradford.—Laycock's Temperance Hotel, Albion Court, Kirkgate. Meets every Tuesday at 7.30.

Dundee.—Address to W. Cameron, 17 Laurence Street, Dundee.

Glasgow.—Ram's Horn Hall, 122 Ingram Street. Branch meets on Thursday evenings at 8 o'clock and Sundays at 7 o'clock.

Halifax.—Socialists meet every Sunday at 6.30 p.m. at Helliwell's Temperance Hotel, Northgate.

Leeds.—Clarendon Buildings, Victoria Road, School Close. Open every evening. Business meeting Saturdays at 8 p.m. Sunday January 12, at 7.30, lecture, T. Maguire, "John Morley and the Liberal Programme."

Leicester.—Exchange Buildings, Rutland Street. Branch meets on Monday and Thursday, at 8 p.m.

Manchester.—Branch meets temporarily at the Secretary's, 52 Miller Street, on Tuesdays at 8 p.m.

Norwich.—Sunday, at 8, Gordon Hall. Tuesday, at 8.30, Members' meeting. Thursday, at 8, Discussion Class. Saturday, Social Meeting. Hall open every evening from 8 p.m.

Oxford.—Temperance Hall, 25½ Pembroke Street. First Friday in every month, at 8.30 p.m.

Walsall.—Socialist Club, 18 Goodall Street, Walsall. Meetings every night.

Yarmouth.—Branch meets at comrade Headley's, near Co-operative Stores, every Tuesday evening. Elocution Class Friday at 8 p.m. On Sunday afternoons during winter a Discussion Class will be held at 3 o'clock.

All persons who sympathise with the views of the Socialist League are earnestly invited to communicate with the above addresses, and if possible to help us in preparing for the birth of a true society, based on equality, brotherhood, and freedom for all.

OPEN-AIR PROPAGANDA.

SATURDAY 11.

8.30..... Mile-end Waste Cores and Presburg

SUNDAY 12.

11 Latimer Road Station Davis, Dean, and Crouch
11.30 Kilburn—"Old Plough," Kilburn Lane Mainwaring,
11.30 Commercial Road—Union Street Cores
11.30 Mitcham—Fair Green The Branch
11.30 Regent's Park Cantwell and Nicoll
11.30 Southwark—Flat Iron Square The Branch
3.30 Hyde Park—Marble Arch Cantwell and Mowbray
3.30 Victoria Park The Branch
7 Weltje Road, Ravenscourt Park Hammersmith Branch
7.30 Walham Green—back of Church Hammersmith Branch

TUESDAY 14.

8 Walham Green—back of Church Hammersmith Branch

THURSDAY 16.

8.15..... Hoxton Church The Branch

PROVINCES.

Glasgow.—Sunday: Jail Square at 2 o'clock; Paisley Road at 5 o'clock. Tuesday: Cathedral Square, at 8 p.m.

Leeds.—Sunday: Hunslet Moor, at 11 a.m.; Vicar's Croft, at 7 p.m.

Manchester.—Sunday: Philips Park Gates, at 11; Stevenson Square, at 3.

Norwich.—Sunday: St. Faiths, at 11; Market Place, at 3.

Sheffield.—Sunday: Monolith, Fargate, at 11 a.m.; Gower Street, at 3 p.m.; Pump, Westbar, 8 p.m.

Yarmouth.—Sunday: Priory Plain, at 11; Colman's Granary Quay, at 7.

WEST KENSINGTON PARK RADICAL CLUB, 80 Faroe Road, West Kensington.—Sunday January 12, at 8 p.m., R. E. Dell, "How to Get what we Want."

EDINBURGH—SCOTTISH SOCIALIST FEDERATION.—In Moulders' Hall, High St., on Sunday January 12, at 6.30, Comrade Hamilton, "The Spirit of the Age."

LIVERPOOL SOCIALIST SOCIETY.—Delegates and friends from societies in Lancashire and adjoining counties are invited to meet the members of the above Society on Saturday January 11th, 1890, at 1 Stanley Street, Dale Street. At 4 p.m. a conference will be held on the desirability of united action; and at 7.30 p.m. a Social Gathering, when a programme consisting of vocal and instrumental music, etc., will be gone through. Any assistance in this will be cordially accepted from delegates. On Sunday January 12th, a public meeting will take place. Secretary, E. C. Chapman, 1 Stanley Street, Dale Street.

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TWENTIETH CENTURY.

HUGH O. PENTECOST, EDITOR.
T. L. M'CREADY, ASSOCIATE EDITOR.

Each number contains the Address of the preceding Sunday, delivered by the Editor in Newark, Brooklyn, and New York.

Motto: "Hear the other side."

THIS Journal advocates Personal Sovereignty in place of State Sovereignty, Voluntary Co-operation as opposed to Compulsory Co-operation, the Liberation of the human mind from Superstition, and the application of the principles of Ethics toward Social Regeneration.

But it is meant also to be a broad-minded, unsectarian meeting-place for the representatives of all schools of Religious and Economic thought. Orthodox and Liberal Christians, Spiritualists, Hebrews, Agnostics, Liberals, Infidels, Atheists, Freethinkers, and Secularists of every shade of opinion; Protectionists, Free-traders, Single-taxers, Nationalists, Socialists, and Anarchists, advocates of peaceful measures of social regeneration and revolutionists,—will all be welcomed to its columns with equal cordiality, fairness, and respect. As an indication of the broad scope of the paper, here are the names of

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OF THE CLERGY AND THE SOCIALISTS,

See

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STATEMENT OF PRINCIPLES.

THE Socialist League advocates International Revolutionary Socialism. That is to say the destruction of the present class society, which consists of one class who live by owning property and therefore *need not work*, and of another that has no property and therefore *must work* in order that they may live to keep the idlers by their labour. Revolutionary Socialism insists that this system of society, which is the modern form of slavery, should be changed to a system of Society which would give every man an opportunity of doing useful work, and not allow any man to live without so doing, which work could not be useful unless it were done for the whole body of workers instead of for do-nothing individuals. The result of this would be that livelihood would not be precarious nor labour burdensome. Labour would be employed in co-operation, and the struggle of man with man for bare subsistence would be supplanted by harmonious combination for the production of common wealth and the exchange of mutual services without the waste of labour or material.

Every man's needs would be satisfied from this common stock, but no man would be allowed to own anything which he could not use, and which consequently he must *abuse* by employing it as an instrument for forcing others to labour for him unpaid. Thus the land, the capital, machinery, and means of transit would cease to be private property, since they can only be *used* by the combination of labour to produce wealth.

Thus men would be *free* because they would no longer be dependent on idle property-owners for subsistence; thus they would be *brothers*, for the cause of strife, the struggle for subsistence at other people's expense, would have come to an end. Thus they would be *equal*, for if all men were doing useful work no man's labour could be dispensed with. Thus the motto of Liberty, Fraternity, and Equality, which is but an empty boast in a society that upholds the monopoly of the means of production, would at last be realised.

This Revolutionary Socialism must be International. The change which would put an end to the struggle between man and man, would destroy it also between nation and nation. One harmonious system of federation throughout the whole of civilisation would take the place of the old destructive rivalries. There would be no great centres breeding race hatred and commercial jealousy, but people would manage their own affairs in communities not too large to prevent all citizens from taking a part in the administration necessary for the conduct of life, so that party politics would come to an end.

Thus, while we abide by the old motto:

Liberty, Fraternity, Equality,

we say that the existence of private property destroys Equality, and therefore under it there can be neither Liberty nor Fraternity.

We add to the first motto then this other one—

**FROM EACH ACCORDING TO HIS
CAPACITY, TO EACH ACCORDING
TO HIS NEEDS.**

When this is realised there will be a genuine Society; until it is realised, Society is nothing but a band of robbers. We must add that this change can only be brought about by combination amongst the workers themselves, and must embrace the whole of Society. The new life cannot be *given* to the workers by a class higher than they, but must be *taken* by them by means of the abolition of classes and the reorganisation of Society.

COUNCIL OF THE SOCIALIST LEAGUE.

NOTICE.

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THE COMMONWEAL

The Official Journal of the SOCIALIST LEAGUE.

VOL. 6.—No. 210.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 18, 1890.

WEEKLY; ONE PENNY.

NOTES ON NEWS.

REALLY the gush of some people over some other people is too sickening. The latest sample of toadyism was the motion by Mr. Fleming Williams at the last meeting of the London County Council, "That this Council hereby resolves to give, in the name of the people of London, a welcome to Mr. H. M. Stanley on his return from Africa . . . that the committee be instructed to treat the question as one of urgency."

It was quite in the proper order of things that the proposed laudation of the filibuster should be proposed by Fleming Williams, "in the name of the people of London;" for it must be borne in mind that Williams is not an elected representative, but only one of the "aldermen," and the lowest on the list too, being made an alderman by the magnificent number of 55 votes.

It was quite in the proper order of things, too, that the proposal to beslaver this canting hunter for new markets should come from a clergyman. Christian clergymen and Christian missionaries, spurred on by Christian merchants, have for generations, centuries, made Africa a hunting-ground, where rivers of blood have been shed that a rich man now and again might build a church.

It was quite in the proper order of things, also, that this Christian clergyman should be one of those aldermen made by a Tory trick, who claims to be a "Progressive." If we are to judge by the exhibitions which some of the London County Council "Progressives" have made of themselves, there is need for a new dictionary to tell us what "progress" really means. In the eyes of all who worship Stanleyism it means, of course, the greatest possible sale in Central Africa of our manufactures, including bibles and religions, which will account for Fleming Williams's sympathy "in the name of the people of London."

It was interesting to watch the way in which the proposal was dealt with in the debate, to note the different way the matter was treated by a real representative, who knows by personal experience something of Africa and its people, and who is above all a Socialist. It was without doubt a severe shock to the Jingoism in the Council, Progressives and otherwise, to hear Burns call their temporary god the "buccaneer of the Congo," "whose sole business in life is seeking fresh markets for a shoddy commercialism and fresh opportunities to exploit the natives." That this sort of talk was exceedingly painful to the feelings of some of the Council was proved by the repeated interruptions to which Burns was subjected while speaking.

The droll point in the whole business is that Jingoism or Stanleyism had to suffer a severe pummelling, and the motion in his praise was not even reached, the whole of the discussion turning on whether a standing order should be suspended to allow the motion to be discussed!

In moving the suspension of the order the chairman allowed Williams considerable latitude, which he utilised by using up some of his gush on Stanley which should have been reserved for the motion proper—a line much resented by the whole of the Council.

In consequence of this allowance to Williams, he felt bound to allow the same to Burns, and so each of the five members who interrupted Burns on the point of order, "that the main question was being discussed," had to ignominiously subside and allow Burns to go on with what, later on, Mr. Harry Lawson called a "virulent speech which he thought quite disgraceful."

This gentleman, probably with lively feelings of gratitude to Stanley on account of what he did for the *Daily Telegraph* some years ago, was prevented by his bubbling indignation "even discussing Mr. Stanley

with Mr. Burns." He even began a sentence which suggested a vote of censure, but a warning note from the whole chamber pulled him up in time to stay him making a further exhibition of himself.

The wind-up of the discussion was quite in keeping with the whole subject, for Mr. Boulnois suggested that it would be very unwise for the London County Council to compete with the City Corporation in the noble (?) work of acknowledging such labours as Stanley's. This seemed to strike them as being about right, and Fleming Williams withdrew his motion.

T. S.

In his political notes in the *Commonweal*, William Morris has frequently predicted a combination of Liberals and Tories to resist the advanced party now in the course of development. His view is confirmed by the Liberty and Property Defence League's last report, which, but for the too-evident dullness of the dry-brain that begot it, might pass for a satire on representative government, instead of the stirring appeal to patriotism that it tried to be and couldn't.

For instance: "Under the euphemism of 'social reform,' . . . Tories and Radicals are busy out-bidding one another for the democratic vote." Their differences "are in the natural course a vanishing quantity. When they have finally disappeared, the political issues that remain will have to be fought out between this new party and an opposing party to which the course of events will inevitably give rise. In the meantime great harm is being wrought to the national interests by the competition of both the existing parties in their reckless race to the common goal of misnamed domestic reform."

Evidently the League looks upon government as a decidedly shabby business—a hunting-ground for men on the make; and we, who willingly assent, would suggest that 'twere advisable therefore to have nought to do with it. Not so the noble lords and gentlemen of the L. P. D. L. With an itch to have their finger in the great dirt-pie, though with their lips disclaiming a desire to interfere, they refer to the dock strike, and covertly call upon Government to prevent intimidation and picketing, directed against men "willing to sell their labour in the open market at the market price."

Now, if they protested as strongly against the misdeeds of "trusts" and other combinations of capital as they do against the misdeeds of trades-unions, we could believe that their thick-headedness was tempered with honesty of intention. But their silence on the former matter gives a sinister meaning to their words, when they ask for money from those "with any property and liberty to lose," and allows the suspicion that they only object to legislation intended to help those who have neither. In fact, they seem to want the dirt-pie of government all to themselves.

Dirty as it is, they think it better than none. "In the choice of the lesser evil," says the report, "consists the art of politics." What a satire on that "art" to think that whatever you have to do with it must be evil, more or less! I congratulate the S. D. F. on being out of the running for that foul prize. "The influence of the Social Democratic Federation . . . has given way to that of the National Labour Electoral Association, established for attaining similar ends, but on constitutional and parliamentary lines. . . . To this latter body the more practical members of the Federation have attached themselves."

I wonder how those "more practical members" will relish sharing their prize pie with Sir William Harcourt and Lord Randolph Churchill. Perhaps we and the S. D. F. may have the best of the fun as lookers-on at the race. Probably the "All-Socialist" party will win the prize—if it doesn't first crumble to dust and get blown away; but while the sport is proceeding we can be sowing our seed for a harvest of Socialism that will satisfy the wants of man, as no Government Pie, even the least unwholesome, ever can.

G. S.

NEWS FROM NOWHERE:

OR,

AN EPOCH OF REST.

BEING SOME CHAPTERS FROM A UTOPIAN ROMANCE.

CHAP. II. (continued).—A MORNING BATH.

I FELT that I must make some conversation; so I pointed to the Surrey bank, where I noticed some light plank stages running down the foreshore, with windlasses at the landward end of them, and said, "What are they doing with those things here? If we were on the Tay, I should have said that they were for drawing the salmon-nets; but here—"

"Well," said he, smiling, "of course that is what they are for. Where there are salmon, there are likely to be salmon-nets, Tay or Thames; but of course they are not always in use; we don't want salmon every day of the season."

I was going to say, "But is this the Thames?" but held my peace in my wonder, and turned my bewildered eyes eastward to look at the bridge again, and thence to the shores of the London river; and surely there was enough to astonish me. For though there was a bridge across the stream and houses on its banks, how all was changed from last night! The soap-works with their smoke-vomiting chimneys were gone; the engineer's works gone; the lead-works gone; and no sound of riveting and hammering came down the west wind from Thorney-croft's. Then the bridge! I had perhaps dreamed of such a bridge, but never seen such an one out of an illuminated manuscript; for not even the Ponte Vecchio at Florence came anywhere near it. It was of stone arches, splendidly solid, and as graceful as they were strong; high enough also to let ordinary river traffic through easily. Over the parapet showed quaint and fanciful little buildings, which I supposed to be booths or shops, beset with painted and gilded vanes and spirelets. The stone was a little weathered, but showed no marks of the grimy sootiness which I was used to on every London building more than a year old. In short, to me a wonder of a bridge.

The sculler noted my eager astonished look, and said, as if in answer to my thoughts—

"Yes, it is a pretty bridge, isn't it? Even the up-stream bridges, which are so much smaller, are scarcely daintier, and the down-stream ones are scarcely more dignified and stately."

I found myself saying, almost against my will, "How old is it?"

"Oh, not very old," he said; "it was built, or at least opened, in 1971."

The date shut my mouth as if a key had been turned in a padlock fixed to my lips; for I saw that something inexplicable had happened, and that if I said much I should be mixed up in a game of cross questions and crooked answers. So I tried to look unconcerned, and to glance in a matter-of-course way at the banks of the river, though this is what I saw up to the bridge and a little beyond, say as far as the site of the soap-works. Both shores had a line of very pretty houses, low and not large, standing back a little way from the river; they were mostly built of red brick and roofed with tiles, and looked, above all, comfortable and as if they were, so to say, alive, and sympathetic with the life of the dwellers in them. There was a continuous garden in front of them, going down to the water's edge, in which the flowers were now blooming luxuriantly, and sending delicious waves of summer scent over the eddying stream. Behind the houses, I could see great trees rising, mostly planes, and looking down the water there were the reaches towards Putney almost as if they were a lake with a forest shore, so thick were the big trees; and I said aloud, but as if to myself—

"Well, I'm glad that they have not built over Barn Elms."

I blushed for my fatuity as the words slipped out of my mouth, and my companion looked at me with a half smile which I thought I understood; so to hide my confusion I said, "Please take me ashore now: I want to get my breakfast."

He nodded, and brought her head round with a sharp stroke, and in a trice we were at the landing-stage again. He jumped out and I followed him; and of course I was not surprised to see him wait, as if for the inevitable after-piece that follows the doing of a service to a fellow-citizen. So I put my hand into my waistcoat-pocket, and said, "How much?" though still with the uncomfortable feeling that perhaps I was offering money to a gentleman.

He looked puzzled, and said, "How much? I don't quite understand what you are asking about. Do you mean the tide? If so, it is close on the turn now."

I blushed, and said, stammering, "Please don't take it amiss if I ask you; I mean no offence: but what ought I to pay you? You see I am a stranger, and don't know your customs—or your coins?"

And therewith I took a handful of money out of my pocket, as one does in a foreign country. And by the way, I saw that the silver had oxydised, was like a blackleaded stove in colour.

He still seemed puzzled, but not at all offended; and he looked at the coins with some curiosity. I thought, Well after all, he is a waterman, and is considering what he may venture to take. He seems such a nice fellow that I'm sure I don't grudge him a little over-payment. I wonder, by the way, whether I couldn't hire him as a guide for a day or two, since he is so intelligent.

Therewith my new friend said thoughtfully:

"I think I know what you mean. You think that I have done you a service; so you feel yourself bound to give me something which I

am not to give to a neighbour, unless he has done something special for me. I have heard of this kind of thing; but pardon me for saying that it seems to us a troublesome and roundabout custom; and we don't know how to manage it. And you see this ferrying and giving people casts about the water is my business, which I would do for anybody, so to take gifts in connection with it would look very queer. Besides, if one person gave me something, then another might, and another, and so on; and I hope you won't think me rude if I say that I shouldn't know where to stow away so many mementos of friendship."

And he laughed loud and merrily, as if the idea of being paid for his work was a very funny joke. I confess I began to be afraid that the man was mad, though he looked sane enough; and I was rather glad to think that I was a good swimmer, since we were so close to a deep swift stream. However, he went on by no means like a madman:

"As to your coins, they are curious, but not very old; they seem to be all of the reign of Victoria; you might give them to some scantily-furnished museum. Ours has enough of such coins, besides a fair number of earlier ones, many of which are beautiful, whereas these nineteenth century ones are so beastly ugly, ain't they? We have a piece of Edward III., with the king in a ship, and little leopards and fleurs-de-lys all along the gunwale, so delicately worked. You see," he said, with somewhat of a smirk, "I am fond of working in gold and fine metals; this buckle here is an early piece of mine."

No doubt I looked a little shy of him under the influence of that doubt as to his sanity. So he broke off short, and said in a kind voice:

"But I see that I am boring you, and I ask your pardon. For, not to mince matters, I can tell that you are a stranger, and must come from a place very unlike England. But also it is clear that it won't do to overdose you with information about this place, and that you had best suck it in little by little. Further, I should take it as very kind in you if you would allow me to be the showman of our new world to you, since you have stumbled on me first. Though indeed it will be a mere kindness on your part, for almost anybody would make as good a guide, and many much better."

There certainly seemed no flavour in him of Colney Hatch; and besides I thought I could easily shake him off if it turned out that he really was mad; so I said:

"It is a very kind offer, but it is difficult for me to accept it, unless——" I was going to say, Unless you will let me pay you properly; but fearing to stir up Colney Hatch again, I changed the sentence into, "I fear I shall be taking you away from your work—or your amusement."

"O," he said, "don't trouble about that, because it will give me an opportunity of doing a good turn to a friend of mine, who wants to take my work here. He is a weaver from Yorkshire, who has rather overdone himself between his weaving and his mathematics, both indoor work, you see; and being a great friend of mine, he naturally came to me to get him some outdoor work. If you think you can put up with me, pray take me as your guide."

He added presently: "It is true that I have promised to go up-stream for the hay-harvest; but they won't be ready for us for more than a week: and besides, you might go with me, you know, and see some very nice people, besides making notes of our ways in Oxfordshire. You could hardly do better if you want to see the country."

I felt myself obliged to thank him, whatever might come of it; and he added eagerly—

"Well, then, that's settled. I will give my friend a call; he is living in the Guest House like you, and if he isn't up yet, he ought to be this fine summer morning."

Therewith he took a little silver bugle-horn from his girdle and blew two or three sharp but agreeable notes on it; and presently from the house which stood on the site of my old dwelling (of which more hereafter) another young man came sauntering towards us. He was not so well-looking or so strong-built as my sculler friend, being sandy-haired, rather pale, and not stout-built; but his face was not wanting in that happy and friendly expression which I had noticed in his friend. As he came up smiling towards us, I saw with pleasure that I must give up the Colney Hatch theory as to the waterman, for no two madmen ever behaved as they did before a sane man. His dress also was of the same cut as the first man's, though somewhat gayer, the surcoat being light green with a golden spray embroidered on the breast, and his belt being of filagree silver-work.

He gave me good-day very civilly, and greeting his friend joyously, said—

"Well, Dick, what is it this morning? Am I to have my work, or rather your work? I dreamed last night that we were off up the river fishing."

"All right, Bob," said my sculler; "you will drop into my place, and if you find it too much, there is George Brightling on the look out for a stroke of work, and he lives close handy to you. But see, here is a stranger who is willing to amuse me to-day by taking me as his guide about our country, and you may imagine I don't want to lose the opportunity; so you had better take to the boat at once. But in any case I shouldn't have kept you out of it for long, since I am due in the hayfields in a few days."

The newcomer rubbed his hands with glee, but turning to me, said in a friendly voice:

"Neighbour, both you and friend Dick are lucky, and will have a good time to-day, as indeed I shall too. But you had better both come in with me at once and get something to eat, lest you should forget your dinner in your amusement. I suppose you came into the Guest House after I had gone to bed last night?"

I nodded, not caring to enter into a long explanation which would have led to nothing, and which in truth by this time I should have begun to doubt myself. And we all three turned toward the door of the Guest House.

WILLIAM MORRIS.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

DRIVE THE RICH ROBBERS AWAY.

Tune—"Drive the cold Winter away."

Who'er has a mind to freedom inclined,
A soul above life in a ditch,
No longer he'll bow, but come with us now
To break down the power of the rich.
You know very well, the poor live in hell,
Where manhood and honour decay;
So join in our band, with heart and with hand,
To drive the rich robbers away.

The man who controls the bodies and souls
Of his fellows, because they are poor;
Who sweats all his wealth from woe and ill-health,
And steals all their pitiful store;
A wolf with man's face, he's a foe to his race,
The helpless and weak are his prey,
He never will mend until we make an end,
And drive the rich robbers away.

Not much do we get, however we sweat,
Our masters their profit must make;
And then for the rent, we must be content
The landlord shall some of it take.
The kids and the wife must scramble through life,
Be thankful to eat when they may,
Be often half-fed and go hungry to bed,
Till we drive the rich robbers away.

And don't be afraid of injuring trade,
To us it is always the same;
For bad trade or good, it is well understood
The worker must lose at the game.
The game is so played, and the rules of it made,
That the workers have always to pay;
And well do we know, it must ever be so
Till we drive the rich robbers away.

Though they can with pride in carriages ride,
While we go on foot in the mud,
It is we who provide; while, whatever betide,
We ne'er get enough of good food.
Indeed we deserve to suffer and starve
Until we no longer obey;—
Then rise like a man, and do all that you can,
To drive the rich robbers away.

AN GEALBHAN.

INTERNATIONAL NOTES.

GERMANY.

At Offenburg, a new Socialist paper is about to be published under the title of *Frankfurter Volksstimme* (The People's Voice of Frankfurt). At Munich, the *Münchener Post* (Dispatch of Munich) is to appear as a daily organ, under the editorship of Vollmar and Birk, two candidates to the Reichstag. At Dresden, the *Sächsische Arbeiterzeitung* (Saxon Worker's paper) appears now three times a week. At Erfurt the *Thüringer Tribune* is about to appear in a larger size, and at Magdeburg a new trades' paper, *Wanderburschen* (The Wandering Toiler), will shortly come into existence. As it seems, Bismark has not got it all his own way.

Two Anarchist pamphlets, entitled 'Arbeitslos' (Out of Work) and 'The 11th of November' (Chicago Commemoration), have been prohibited by the Berlin authorities.

Our comrade Bruno Reinsdorf, the brother of August Reinsdorf, who was beheaded four years ago for taking the principal part in the Niederwald attempt, has been arrested at Pegau, a small village of Saxony, on his return from New York, where he was working in the *Freiheit's* printing department. The reason given for his arrest is such a stupidly false one that we expect him to be set free almost immediately.

A most strange event has recently occurred at Carlsruhe. M. Guttstein, royal attorney at the supreme tribunal of the great duchy of Bade, has made a formal adhesion to the social democratic party! If it is true, methinks that this clever attorney shall not much longer sit on the bench.

BELGIUM.

One of the oldest forerunners of the social revolutionary movement in Belgium has just died at an hospital of Brussels: not an unusual reward for many who have given all their life and all their energies to the cause of the proletariat. Nicolas Coulon was born at Liège, in the year 1816. A tailor by profession, he was at the same time an exceedingly clever popular writer. It was Coulon who published the first paper in Belgium which was exclusively edited by working-men. He acted in the revolution of 1830 in Brussels, and in that of 1848 at Paris. In the last years of his life he became blind, and of course he died very poor. Coulon has taken a most prominent part in the various democratic and revolutionary movements of his own country and of France. He has always been, it can be truly asserted, the right man in the right place; and the Belgian Socialists will undoubtedly ever remember most kindly their old "père Coulon."

AUSTRIA-HUNGARY.

The Austrian Socialist press makes good headway, and this is all the more remarkable when we think that the political conditions under which our Austrian comrades have to live are far from being favourable to the development of Socialist journalism. There are no less than eight papers,

which all are, we are glad to say, very well supported by the Austrian proletarians. They are: *Sozialdemokratische Monatschrift* (Socialdemocratic Monthly Review); *Arbeiterzeitung* (Worker's Gazette); *Volkspress* (People's Press); *Fachblatt für Drechsler* (Turner's Trade Paper); *Glühlichter* (Glummers); *Freigeist* (Freethinker); *Heslo*, and *Cervanky*.

Again we ask the readers and sympathisers of the *Weal* to do all they can towards supporting their own paper. Surely English Socialists, if worth anything at all, can manage as well as their much more unfortunate brethren of Austria! Why, then, don't they do it?

SWITZERLAND.

Our comrades Nicolet, Darbellay, and Hänzi, who last summer placarded in various towns of Switzerland an Anarchist manifesto, have now been tried at the Court of Assize at Neuchatel and acquitted. Comrade Nicolet, for his defence, read out a piece of poetry directed against kings and potentates, and of a very much more revolutionary character than the manifesto complained of, and then declared to the astounded tribunal and members of the jury, that that piece of incendiary poetry had been written some time previous to his own leaflet by the very same attorney-general who now prosecuted himself and his friends. Hence a prompt and general acquittal!

RUSSIA.

A telegram from Moscow, *via* Vienna, says that Captain Tolotouchine, chief of the secret police, while making a descent upon a Nihilist club, was shot dead by a young woman named Olga Gontscharenko, who afterwards blew her own brains out rather than be arrested. Whilst we deeply deplore the death of the young combatant in the cause of liberty and justice, we cannot help sympathising with her in the prompt punishment of the police-hound's intrusion.

VICTOR DAVE.

IN AUSTRALIA.

MR. W. GRAHAME, member for Newcastle (N.S.W.), has lately gone insolvent, and had therefore to contest his seat over again. Mr. James Curley, the miners' general secretary, opposed him as a "labour candidate," and won after a "tough fight." Mr. Grahame is a believer in the restrictive policy; whilst Curley goes for free trade. This district is red-hot protectionist, and would have been all for boodler Grahame, had not the majority of the miners among the electors been in favour of their secretary. So far as can be seen, Curley has proved true and honest to the miners, both during strikes and in times of smoothness; rather too straight, in fact, for some of the big mine-owners over here. Many a time, no doubt, have they wished him out of office, and perhaps have done a great deal to prejudice many of the miners against him. This feeling has grown up in two or three districts since the last strike, in 1888, until at last, it almost seems, the feeling becoming more bitter, it has made him run for a chance at the legislative game; and the result is, that he has the honour (?) of taking a hand in the country's affairs. Whether he will act fair and square is a question as yet; he has to sit alongside some of the biggest rogues and scoundrels the earth has produced among the law-makers; and if they have not the magic power, while filling their own pockets with boodle without doing the least amount of work for it, to turn his assistance away from the workers and destroy those many true sentiments of his, it will be one of the greatest wonders of the age.

One large mine-owner was heard to say, when he heard that Curley had won the seat, "It's a good job; it's a good job," and stamped his foot on the ground with delight. This goes to show that one coal-monopolist at least was happy at partly getting one of their enemies into their clutches. It seems to prophesy that the miners can say "good-bye" to their man, who has worked earnestly for them for a period of nine years, and that now he is entering upon a road which leads to more slavery and monopoly.

The Victorian authorities have taken steps to close the wharf at Melbourne, so as to keep away the speakers who have been addressing the people there on Sundays. This goes hard against the Anarchists and Socialists, as it is their chief place of resort for propaganda work. To show that they mean business and keep up a pretence of impartiality, the authorities have come down upon a teetotal orator who made his stand upon the wharf, and fined him £5 or seven days in the "House of Correction." Upon this a meeting was held, and a very large crowd, numbering 2,000, gathered together to discuss the action taken by the Government. The meeting "firmly maintained" their right of meeting on the wharf, and have resolved to try and get public support in carrying on meetings there.

After finishing the business of the wharf affair, the opening of the public library and other institutions on Sundays was then discussed. The 2,000 strong then paraded the streets in the vicinity of the library, and before the gates of the latter institution they strongly asserted that such a place should be opened on Sundays.

The bill brought forward in the Victorian Legislative Assembly for the suppression of Sunday newspaper selling, has passed its second reading. The tyrannical law-makers of Victoria are gradually developing, and making stronger the restrictive laws of that so-called "protective" colony. We have not come to that exactly in New South Wales yet, but, who knows?

A strike recently occurred at Broken Hill, N.S.W., where about 2,500 miners refused to work with non-unionists. The strike only lasted about a week, when the miners (unionists) partly gave way and resumed work again.

The men that work on the top of Greta Pit (N.S.W.) have come out on strike, the cause being that they wish only to work eight hours per day, as the men do below the surface. Different unions are preparing to give help to the strikers, who fear a long struggle.

The unemployed army is rather large up in Brisbane, and deputations are seeking the presence of the "law-makers" often, to see what can be done towards keeping the people from dying of starvation.

The latest news interesting to Socialists comes from Melbourne, and excerpted from the *Evening News* (Sydney), Nov. 21, 1889:—

"An organised demonstration of Socialists paraded up Bourke Street last evening, with the intention of invading Parliament House to see Dr. Maloney, the member for West Melbourne, whose sympathies are known to be with them on the point that the public libraries should be open on Sundays. There were some hundreds of them. The police got wind of the project, and a posse of constables were summoned from Russell Street barracks and pursued the crowd up the street. Seeing that they were pursued the Socialists ran to gain the entrance to Parliament House first, but half-a-dozen constables reached the steps first, and forming themselves in a line blocked the crowd, some of whom were very excited. There was some wrangling but no violence, and several names were taken."

Hamilton, N.S.W., Nov. 21, 1889.

ROBERT STUART.



OFFICES: 24 GREAT QUEEN STREET, LONDON, W.C.

HAVE YOU NOT HEARD HOW IT HAS GONE WITH MANY A CAUSE BEFORE NOW: FIRST, FEW MEN HEED IT; NEXT, MOST MEN CONTEMN IT; LASTLY, ALL MEN ACCEPT IT—AND THE CAUSE IS WON!

THE COMMONWEAL is the official organ of the Socialist League; but, unless definitely so announced by the Editors, no article is to be taken as expressing in more than a general way the views of the League as a body. In accordance with the Manifesto and Statement of Principles of the League, the COMMONWEAL is an exponent of International Revolutionary Socialism. On minor differences of opinion the widest freedom of discussion is maintained. As all articles are signed, no special significance attaches to their position in the paper.

Articles and letters dealing with any phase of the social problem are invited and will meet with earnest consideration. They must be written on one side of the paper only, and accompanied by the name and address of the writer, not necessarily for publication. MSS. can only be returned if a stamped directed envelope accompanies them.

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Remittances from abroad must be made by International Money Order.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

VORWARTS (Buenos Ayres).—We are very sorry for the blunder, which shall be guarded against in future.

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Periodicals received during the week ending Wednesday January 15.

ENGLAND Brotherhood Freedom London—Freie Presse Norwich—Daylight Rochdale Observer Seafaring	INDIA Bankipore—Behar Herald	UNITED STATES New York—Freiheit Der Sozialist Truthseeker Twentieth Century United Irishman Volkzeitung Workmen's Advocate Boston—Woman's Journal The Dawn Investigator Boston—Liberty Buffalo—Arbeiter-Zeitung Chicago—Knights of Labor Detroit—Der Arme Teufel	Milwaukee —National Reformer N. J. —Freie Presse Philadelphia —United Labour Princeton (Mass.) —Word S. F. —Coast Seamen's Journal St Louis —Anarchist	FRANCE Paris—Bourse du Travail Le Proletariat Le Reveil Social Paris—La Revolte Lille—Le Cri du Travailleur Rouen—Le Salarial Charleville—L'Emancipation	HOLLAND Hague—Recht voor Allen Middelburg—Licht en Waarheid	BELGIUM Ghent—Vooruit Liege—L'Avenir Antwerp—De Werker	SWITZERLAND Arbeiterstimme	ITALY Bologna—L'Italia dei Giovanni Rome—L'Emancipazione	SPAIN Madrid—El Socialista	PORTUGAL Lisbon—O Protesto Operario Porto—A Revolucao Social	GERMANY Berlin—Volks Tribune	AUSTRIA Wien—Arbeiter-Zeitung Brunn—Arbeiterstimme Brunn—Volksfreund	HUNGARY Arbeiter-Wochen-Chronik	DENMARK Social-Demokraten Copenhagen—Arbejdere	SWEDEN Stockholm, Social-Demokraten Malmo—Arbetet	WEST INDIES Cuba—El Productor
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retired, and another man of the party, Avellaneda, took his place and was proclaimed President.

Since then I have witnessed many elections, and can state without the least fear of contradiction that they have all been an utter farce, the party having the control in each district, or partido, sending in any returns they chose in utter disregard of the truth. The board of scrutineers is nominated ostensibly from both competing parties, but the ballot box is delivered up to the municipality, who arrange the matter as they choose. I have seen an election, a few years ago, where not more than a dozen men voted on both sides, and the government returns published in the papers counted them by hundreds! The President of the municipality treated the matter in my presence as a good joke, and laughed heartily when telling me how that and other like things were done. He was one of those thorough fellows who saw and did not hesitate to say that the whole thing was a farce, and as a farce he treated it. He saw plainly the utter worthlessness of the *peon's* vote, who knows nothing and cares nothing about either political party, but who is compelled to vote by his patron or the master who employs him in order to save his family from want. The vote of the *peon* places great power in the hands of the large holders of land in each district, and would make them almighty if fraud and violence were not used as some check upon them.

Here you have an instance of the omnipotence of economic causes on men's conduct, and their influence even on their ideas of morality. I remember once expostulating with one of the principal men in the town of Navarro, when Moreira was in charge there, and he strenuously defended the policy or conduct of his party in employing him. He said, "The Government party employ their assassins, having let them out of the jails for the purpose, and we have a perfect right to do the same when we can." The economic conditions are, as I have said, responsible for all that I have described, namely, the slavish condition of the *peons*, and their submission to so much oppression, the existence of such men as Moreira, and in general for the complete failure of political institutions, thoroughly free in principle as they are in the Republic, to make poor men free while such conditions exist.

In the Argentine Republic, as I believe in all Spanish America, complete monopoly of the land has been maintained ever since its first settlement. The land was conceded or sold to government favourites or rich men, and in enormous tracts of ten, twenty, and a hundred leagues. Rivadavia, the most capable of the founders of the Republic, endeavoured indeed to put a stop to it, and for a few years while he was governor of Buenos Ayres, public lands were rented and not sold. But he was expelled, and the old system returned. This system of land monopoly is the cause, I maintain, of the whole social and political institutions of the people, their habits and customs, and manner of life. Being granted in such large areas to each owner, and no provision having been made, as in the United States, for the poor settler, who could thus emancipate himself from the slavery of *peonage*, the workers have been kept strictly in dependence on the owners of the land. For the same reason the industry of the country has necessarily been confined to cattle-raising. Within the last few years, since it can be done on a large scale by machinery, agriculture has received some impulse, being carried on for exportation; but this cannot last long nor go very far, the chief industry is, and will be for a long time, cattle-raising. For the same reason of land monopoly the population has been restricted, this immense country having only now about four millions of inhabitants. Then, the complete dependence of the workers on the owners of the land has been the cause, in a country so sparsely settled, of the frequent attempts at civil war which they call revolutions. Whenever the party in opposition to the Government found itself strong enough, that is to say having in its ranks enough of large landholders, it knew that it could count upon enough men to make serious opposition to the Government in the field, and if not to get all, at least to get some part of the spoils of office.

They then, as we saw in 1874, declared, as was always true, that they were defrauded of their right of suffrage, and that there was no other remedy but to appeal to arms. Every man then called on his *peons* to follow him to the field, in the same way as they followed him to the polls. Every *peon* had a horse and equipments, a cane with a knife or shears on top, and provided with a lance. There was plenty of cattle to be found everywhere, on the lands of their opponents particularly, and meat with a little *yerba*, the tea of the country, is all the native *peon* requires. As a rule they knew nothing whatever of the cause of the quarrel, but they went nothing loth, for it was a jolly time of freedom and excitement, and each man having provided himself with a good horse was determined not to be the last in retreat whatever he might be in the advance. The fighting was generally very trifling, and for the reason I have mentioned, that the *peon* very properly did not care to risk his life for his masters.

In the year 1880, the authorities of the Province of Buenos Ayres took up arms against the Federal Government, and called out the militia or national guards. They collected over fifteen thousand men together, who were surprised one morning by a detachment of regular troops, about a thousand men and two guns, and at the first shot the whole fifteen thousand cleared for home—very properly, too.

I think I have said enough to explain the existence of such men as Moreira. Naturally, the authorities in each district were the creatures of the government and the landowners, and so the unfortunate Gaucho who incurred their displeasure was dragged off to the frontier, or in a thousand other ways rendered miserable, until finally, provoked beyond all endurance, or, after returning from the frontier to find his home

THE ARGENTINE REPUBLIC AND ENGLISH RADICAL REFORMERS.

(Concluded from p. 10.)

HOWEVER, the Government party was too strong, and the Mitristas were miserably defeated; but not before there was one small fight, in which soldiers of the line took part on both sides and several poor fellows were killed. General Mitre was taken prisoner a few days after, and all was over. Then, to smoothe matters somewhat and to show clearly what a farce all their voting was, Doctor Alsina, who, according to the returns cooked up by the Government, was elected,

broken up, and his wife, or companion (for the same vile system prevented them from marrying) living with another, then a man of spirit turned out at war with society. He levied blackmail everywhere he went, and was dependent on no man's will or pleasure. Such men were looked upon by their fellows as heroes, and not alone by their fellows, for they have found a poet (Fernandez), who in such poems as "Martin Fierro" has sung their sorrows, their trials, and their virtues; and a romance writer, Dr. Eduardo Gutierrez, not the least interesting of whose romances is the life of our acquaintance, Juan Moreira. Poor Juan! His life paid the penalty of his services to his masters, while the men who employed him continued to live as honoured and honourable citizens.

Under the circumstances I have related, the possession of the vote was really a great disadvantage, and the foreigner who could not be called upon to vote was in a most advantageous position. I have often laughed when reading comments in English and North American papers about the Irishman's love of politics, and wondered what they would think if they were told that there existed a country where no inducement could be found to bring an Irishman to the polls, and not alone that, but where he did all in his power to prevent his children born in the country from becoming possessed of the right of suffrage. The foreigner was unmolested in his home; not having a vote he incurred no hatred at election times, and for him there was no frontier nor any prosecution from the authorities whom he had voted against or failed to vote for. The consequence was that while the poor native remained poor, the foreigner could easily make an independence and even a fortune by steady industry. But this advantage, which was due to economic causes, the ignorant foreigner ascribed to some race superiority, and the rich native as a rule admitted it! Even in such newspapers as the *Nacion*, of Buenos Ayres, which belongs to and is edited by a man that should know better, I have frequently seen comparisons made between foreigners and native workers unfavourable to the latter, on the ground that they were lazy! Nothing could exceed their enthusiastic praise of the industrious Irishman, and when I mentioned the fact that in Ireland I had heard poor Irishmen continually accused of laziness by their rich masters the landlords, they would not believe I was speaking the truth.

It may perhaps be said that things have changed in the last few years, and that now there is no contingent required for the frontier, etc. My answer is that whatever change has been made such as this, has followed from economic changes which preceded it; and, that if the hold of the masters has relaxed on one side it has tightened on the other; so that I can prove if need be that the condition of the *peon* is in many respects much worse to-day than it was when the vile frontier service was at hand as a ready instrument of oppression. Than of the Argentine Republic, there never was a country of which it can be more truly said, "Laws grind the poor and rich men rule the law," in spite of all its Free Constitution, Universal Suffrage, Home Rule, Free Land, Free Education, and all the rest which the English Radical is trying to humbug the people into accepting as panaceas for all the social ills. In more primitive countries, like the Argentine Republic, the truth is more easily seen that economic causes really determine all the social and political life of a people.

JOHN CREAGHE.

CORRESPONDENCE.

May I correct a statement which appears in the *Commonweal* of Jan. 11, to the effect that "William Lloyd Garrison, the great Abolitionist, has declared himself on the side of the Single-tax and Socialism"? This evidently refers to the son of the late William Lloyd Garrison, the Abolitionist (who died in 1879), William Lloyd Garrison, jun., who is a strong supporter of the "Single-tax" scheme, but is nevertheless an Individualist and not a Socialist.—Yours truly,
CHRISTINA D. HILLS.
The Knoll, Ambleside, Jan. 13, 1890.

TAKE HEED.

TAKE heed of your Civilisation, ye, on your pyramids built of quivering hearts; There are stages like Paris in '93 where the commonest men play terrible parts. Your statutes may crush, but they cannot kill the patient sense of a natural right; It may slowly move, but the people's will, like the ocean o'er Holland, is always in sight. "Tis not our fault!" say the rich ones. No; 'tis the fault of a system old and strong; But men are the makers of systems: so, the cure will come, if we own the wrong.
In Boston *Nationalist*. JOHN BOYLE O'REILLY.

Unsettled questions have no pity for the repose of nations.—James A. Garfield.

I am fond enough of kings as soon as they have a canopy of stone over them.—Horace Walpole.

There is no well constituted commonwealth but that in which such a general distribution of property prevails as to leave no room for discontents.—Aristotle.

A patriot cannot serve his country better than to do his best to purge it of error, and to make its influence an unmixed benefit to mankind.—Moncure D. Conway.

INTERNATIONALISM.—It is the first and indispensable condition of human progress that a people shall be married to a single land; that they shall wander no more from one region to another, but remain fixed and faithful to their soil. Then if the earth wife be fruitful, she will bear them children by hundreds and thousands; and then calamity will come and teach them by torture to invent.—'Martyrdom of Man,' p. 5.

IN PARIS.

THE Parisian Municipal Council is, without doubt, the most advanced corporation in Europe. I have always had a high opinion of these city fathers, who vote thousands of francs for slaves on strike, give a *Bourse du Travail* to the people, etc., etc. It is certain that many people consider it a revolutionary body, and I have heard many Socialists here express that opinion. This was a puzzle to me. I knew that most of the eighty councillors were of the cursed capitalist class, and therefore must naturally oppose such resolutions. This point exercised me so much that I made up my mind to settle it by seeing them at—rest: I was going to say "at work"!

On the 27th of December, 1889, at 2 o'clock sharp, I was in my place, just above the tribune, where I could have a splendid sight of the House at large. At half-past two about half-a-dozen councillors enter the House, and a few minutes afterwards two or three more stroll in; when the *huissier* announces "Le President du Conseil!" in a stentorian voice, and with as much bombast as if it were Don Pedro of Brazil.

The sitting opens with nine lazy fellows present, no quorum being necessary, it seems: of these nine, two are so-called workmen. They have assembled to consider and vote upon the Budget for 1890.

The President, M. Rousselle, rings the bell, and the *rapporteur* mounts on the tribune and begins to read his articles, resolutions, and amendments, whilst the city fathers, who now number twelve, are chaffing with one another, reading or writing private letters. Then the President shouts, "Pas d'oppositions? accepté!" "Pas de réclamations, messieurs? accepté!"

A greater farce I never saw in my life!

By this time, 4 o'clock, twenty councillors were there: twenty out of eighty to vote on so important a matter as the Budget for the coming year! All seemed pleased to see it roll by so easily. Who will pay?—that's the least of their concern. They have each of them 6,000 francs a-year, whether they attend or not, and that's the only thing they care about. Although I do not believe very much in councillor Vaillant's workmanship, to do him justice I must say that he mounted the tribune to propose the absolute abolition of *octrois* in Paris,—a red herring, if you understand that better.

I see Joffrin coming; this makes twenty-one. Joffrin is one of the eleven Socialists or working-men in the House. Last week's *Commonweal* will tell you what kind of a card that is, if you don't know him already. He was once an engineer like John Burns, but has worn kid gloves and swagger cuffs for these twenty years past. Better for us if he wore handcuffs!

After the Budget they voted four million francs to buy the big buildings which were erected for the late exhibition. No opposition. Then thirty thousand francs for the poor children's new year. Here the *Prefet de la Seine* begs leave to read a letter. Everyone looks at the scoundrel, who, with a hypocritical smile, reads out that the arch-robbler Rothschild gives a hundred thousand francs to the poor of Paris. Here I was sure that I should see one of our so-called Socialists jump to his feet, and propose an amendment to the effect, that they were willing to accept it as a restitution of a small part of the money which he had already robbed from the poor; but no! all were asleep; and when the President called out, "Pas d'opposition? accepté," they even seemed to snore!

This was a good occasion for our "workmen representatives" to give that pre-eminent rascal a slap in the face, and let the capitalists who were present accept charity from their chief banker if they liked; the poor would not have lost a farthing by it. But what can you expect from men who get 6,000 francs a-year, and have some of them been re-elected again and again these twenty years? They look as much like a working-man as I look like a pope; they are spoiled by contact and association with the vermin among whom they mix, and whom they gradually come to resemble.

I was under the impression that a Socialist would treat a capitalist inside the House with the same contempt as he did on a public platform. I was mistaken; for I have seen councillors Lavy and Joffrin shake hands cordially with the *Prefet de la Seine* as they were passing by. These two fellows belong to the Possibilist party. The sight was too much for me; it put me into such a state that I had to leave the place abruptly, never to return there any more.

To resume, let me say that it may happen that one of our friends proposes a good resolution. He will do this at the beginning of the sitting, when very few capitalists are present; and the fact that such a resolution has passed does not at all imply that the Municipal Council of Paris are *revolutionnaires*, but only means that they are a damned rotten, lazy gang of good-for-nothings.

Public meetings are being held every week in different parts of Paris, in view of a general strike on the 1st of May next. Things have arrived at such a pitch that every sufferer thinks something must be done without delay. Never was society so clearly divided into two camps. Never have the non-producers more contemptuously flung their charity, as they call it, to the honest toiler, as if they threw a bone to a hungry dog. Nor has ever the toiler, that produces all, felt more hatred for those drones that live at his expense.

The speakers think a general strike would be salvation (material, be it understood). No blood need be shed, or little; only to keep our arms folded for three or four days; no necessity to build barricades; the army will be struck powerless, for the army could not march against people staying at home. The tremendous outburst of the starving men who voted for the resolution, without opposition, made me think it would be very hard to keep those dashing revolutionary arms folded during four days: it would be easier to take them to the "Elysée" *au son de la Carmagnole*.

Well-paid deputies and councillors do not look on this movement with favour. So much the worse for them; so much the better for us. It will show us once more that the vote is a scabbard, the sword of which is in the hands of the elected.

Paris, 12th January.

A. COULON.

THE PRINTING TRADE IN AMERICA.—An American exchange says: "Multitudes of English compositors and pressmen are still coming over, although work is dull, and they have hardly enough to pay for a day's expenses after reaching here. Many English societies of printers, or, as we should call them here, unions, have emigration funds. When work is slack in England the printer can get enough for a voyage to America, and the society washes its hands of him. English typographical journals will do well to note that, except for very superior workmen, the United States now presents no inviting field. Owing to the ease with which a boy can become a sort of a journeyman, not averaging much more than three years, the trade is crowded." We trust due notice will be taken of the fact here spoken of by any of our readers contemplating a trip to the States in search of work.—*Printing Times and Lithographer*.

THE LABOUR STRUGGLE.

The Gas-stokers' Strike.

On Tuesday, Jan. 7th, the police had another opportunity of showing their hostility to the strikers. They were employed in evicting the strike committee, a job which they naturally took to very kindly. It appears the committee at the beginning of the strike had bought out the tenant of the premises which they occupied, and which faces the gas company's chief works in the Old Kent Road. Mr. Livesey didn't like to see the enemy at his gates, and there can be very little doubt that he did his utmost to get the committee turned out. This the landlord of the premises was only too willing to do; so on the pretext that the old tenant had no power to sublet, the police were sent down to evict the committee. But the committee had got wind of what was coming, and when a body of thirty police arrived they found the place strongly barricaded. It was only by dragging down the shop shutters and breaking the windows that the guardians of law-'n'-order were able to obtain admittance. The committee then abandoned the premises before the overwhelming force brought against them, and their property, consisting of furniture, books, papers, and musical instruments, was thrown into the street. The police acted in the most autocratic fashion, and refused to show any warrant for their extraordinary proceedings. We are becoming used to this sort of thing, and at the rate we are progressing we shall look upon police despotism as a regular institution. The committee after its eviction, found shelter in a neighbouring coffee house.

The following notice was afterwards displayed in the window: "The Battering Ram Brigade in London. Eviction of the Gas Worker's Strike Committee by the police. In consequence of the above, the Central Strike Committee Rooms is removed to 67, Old Kent Road; January 7, 1890."

Mr. Livesey has at last had to admit that matters are not going so well with him as he would like the public to believe. He informed a reporter last week that since the withdrawal of the gratuity a good number of the "new hands" had left the works. It is not surprising under these circumstances to hear that complaints as to the supply of gas continue to be made, and several vestries are threatening to summon Mr. Livesey. The men, on their side, will fight to the bitter end, and if necessary are determined to have a general strike throughout the whole of the coal industry in London. On Saturday Jan. 11th a large meeting of delegates from London trade unions was held at the Great Assembly Hall, Mile-end Road, at which resolutions were carried urging the trade unions to support the gas-stokers in their struggle for liberty and independence, and also calling upon the labour members in the House of Commons to move an amendment to the Address drawing attention to the treatment the gas-stokers have received from the police authorities. The demonstrations held on Sunday were very enthusiastic, and it was evident that the meeting of trade-union delegates on Saturday night had filled the men with courage to continue the struggle. They have already received £100 from the Engineers, and there can be no doubt that other unions will soon follow the example of the first trade-union in England.

Strike of Tea-warehousemen.

The men at Cutler Street Tea Warehouses came out on strike on Thursday Jan. 9. It appears that a blackleg had refused to pay 10s. 6d. entrance-fee imposed by the union upon those who had been at work during the strike. As this man was still kept on by the company, the men refused to work with him. On Friday there was a conference between representatives of Ship Owners and Brokers' Association and the Dock Labourers' Union, and it was agreed that the blackleg was to pay up his union subscriptions, amounting in all to 12s. 6d., and the Labourers' Union should consider his claim to a rebate of 2s. 6d., which he alleged he had been overcharged. The men returned to work on Saturday.

The Lock-out at Bristol.

The lock-out at Bristol in the boot and shoe trade is now ended. It was decided on Saturday January 11 by a joint committee of manufacturers and workmen, with Mr. Mansfield of Leicester as referee, that the classification was now so far advanced on satisfactory terms that manufacturers would employ their clickers, machinists, and rough stuff cutters on Monday, and the rest of the workpeople, with the rounders and finishers, were to resume work in the early part of the week.

Miners' Conference at Birmingham.

The miners will hold a conference at Birmingham on Wednesday Jan. 22. Prominent among the claims on the programme is that of an Eight Hours Bill. This means that the miners have been forced to give up the notion of gaining an eight hours labour day by means of a general strike. They have been forced into this by the action of the South Wales men, who have always lagged behind, and who on this occasion have refused to take part in the national movement. We fear, however, that the Bill will be defeated, for, as the miners' organ, the *Labour Tribune*, points out, "with the present heavy demand for coal, anything in the shape of legislative restriction of output will be bitterly opposed in the House." But still, as the same paper remarks, the legislative failure will probably teach the men a useful lesson, so that they will close their ranks in future, and there will be a better chance of obtaining eight hours by national combination. Men often learn the way to victory by past mistakes, and it may be so in the present instance.

The North-Eastern Railway Men.

It seems not improbable that there will soon be serious trouble upon this line. The railwaymen there are well organised and have plenty of backbone. On Sunday Jan. 5th a deputation waited upon the directors from the men to demand the ten hours working day. They were not met at once with a direct refusal, but with a number of petty objections. For instance, one of the directors, Mr. Dale, cited the instance of a roadside-station porter, who was on duty fifteen hours a-day, during which time there might be several intervals of rest, when the man was not actively engaged, and surely the men would not undertake to bring forward such a case as that on the basis of ten hours a-day. The deputation, however, stuck to their demands. They did not see how a man could enjoy his "leisure" very much while cooped up within the narrow limits of a country railway station for fifteen hours, even if he was not hard at work all the time. Most people would consider that kind of monotonous imprisonment as rather worse than steady

work. One of the most active of the directors in opposing the demands of the men was Sir J. W. Pease, a Liberal M.P. who owes his seat largely to the votes of working-men. But as Mr. Foreman, one of the deputation, stated, Sir Joseph the director is a somewhat different person to Sir Joseph the candidate for parliamentary honours. The candidate was all smiles and affability, but the director is all frowns and severity when his men demand a reduction of their hours. The directors have now refused to comply with the men's demands. The discontent of the men is great, and many of them are thinking seriously of striking. It will probably not be long before some decisive action is taken.

N.

"WHEN MEN PRAISE YE!"

It is the fashion just now, and has been for some time, says the *Journal of United Labour*, for the capitalistic press to say that labour organisations are all right if only they will content themselves with mild requests for higher wages, shorter hours, and slightly improved conditions, and provided that they carefully word these requests so as not to make them offensive to capital. It also being understood that in case their requests be refused, that is to end the matter. The press does not exactly phrase it thus, but this is the meaning of it all.

Suppose, now, that the workers should organise in this way, and suppose that the employers, moved by their neatly and mildly phrased petitions for better pay, etc., should generously grant their prayers—which is supposing a good deal—how much better off would the workers be in a year or so? While coal rings, railway pools, and the whole swarm of trusts and monopolies exist, how are such ineffectual and impotent labour organisations to keep them from getting all but the bare living which they now allow the producers of the wealth they exploit?

No doubt the journalistic Hessians of the devouring class are best serving the interest of those who pay their mercenary pens, by endeavouring to keep the workers from realising that the true cause of their poverty lies beyond and is independent of the relations which exist between employers and employed. Beyond all doubt the spoilers would be pleased to have the wealth-producers spend all their energies in fighting their employers about wages and hours of labour, and give no thought to the existence of the legalised system of plunder by which employed labour and employed capital is robbed for their benefit. In fights of that kind their interest can hardly rise above a listless curiosity—something resembling that taken by the bee-keeper in the annual struggle between the drones and the workers. But the workers are beginning to understand the true inwardness of things. They are coming to understand that if they would secure any permanent betterment of their condition they must organise themselves for the defeat and overthrow of those in whose interests the unjust laws are passed and for whose benefit the iniquitous systems exist.

The review of the 'Fabian Essays in Socialism' is held over till next week through the pressure on our space, caused by having two continued articles in one number. The book is one to be read, anyhow, in spite of its defects. It may be obtained from 'Weal' office, post free, at published price, 6s.; usual terms to branches.

"Rebels in Cork are patriots in Madrid," wrote Moore, but now the same men who in England recognise the right of Irish tenants to combine to wrest from the landlords a fairer share of the results of their labour would fain deny the right of the English working-man to combine to force from their employers a fairer share of the products of their labour. Be he Home Ruler, Unionist, or Tory, the English manufacturer believes in the divine right of capital to despoil labour. But, without a very powerful glass, the same kind of employers can be discovered here in America. Their hearts bleed for the wrongs of the Irish tenant, but they have no bowels of compassion for the worse-off American miner. They

"Du believe in Freedom's cause
Ez fur away as Paris is";

but that cause, sacred abroad, is vile sedition and causeless discontent at home. Long-sightedness is a disease which the oppressors of men have always had in all countries.—*Journal of United Labour*.

To Help the Paper.—There are several ways in which you can help to spread the 'Weal'. Ask your newsagent to try and sell it. Get those who don't care to buy it week by week to subscribe direct. Arrange for the posting of contents bills anywhere you can. Any number of other plans will suggest themselves if you think about it.

Postal Propaganda.—Some who would like to do propaganda but dare not openly, or who cannot spare the time to do it personally, can find many ways in which it can be done quietly. Not the least useful among possible plans would be to order and pay for a number of copies to be sent to persons in whose hands they might do good. We will send six copies to six different addresses for 7d. Write the names and addresses legibly.

DO YOU AGREE?

Do you agree with us that the social awakening of the workers is a desirable end? Do you agree with us that we are working in the right way to achieve that end?

You do not? Then oppose us and prove us wrong on every platform and in every paper to which you can gain access!

You do agree? Then work with us and for us; help us to extend our circle of influence; let no day pass in which you have not interested some one in our propaganda!

There is no middle course for an honest man!

THE SOCIALIST LEAGUE.

OFFICES: 24, GREAT QUEEN ST., LINCOLN'S INN FIELDS, W.C.

The Offices of the Socialist League will be open for the sale of *Commonweal* and all other Socialist publications from 8.30 a.m. to 9 p.m. every day except Sunday. The Secretary will be in attendance from 10 a.m. to 9 p.m. daily.

Executive.—At the Council meeting on Jan. 13th, it was resolved to start a Premises Fund, and to place all monies in the hands of a trustee. The League desires all friends to help them to secure at the expiration of the present tenancy suitable premises on lease for a long term.

Central Reading Room.—The Hall at 24, Great Queen Street, will be open to all Members of the League every evening from 7.30 to 10 p.m. Daily papers, games, and refreshments. Members must show their cards to the steward. Lectures and dramatic readings every Sunday evening at 8 p.m. For particulars of the new *Commonweal* Branch, now forming, address F. Kitz, 24, Great Queen Street, London, W.C.

Branch Subscriptions Paid.—1888:—Oxford, to end of September. 1889:—Bradford and Hammersmith, to end of April. Norwich, Glasgow, and Yarmouth, to end of May. Manchester, to end of September. Clerkenwell and East London, to end of October. North London, and Mitcham, to end of November. St. Georges East, and Leicester, to end of December. 1890:—North Kensington, to end of January.

For Reprinting "Monopoly."—W. Baxter, 2s. 6d.

Propaganda Fund.—E. Warlow, 5s.; North Kensington Branch, 2s. 10d.

Notice.—All letters on League business, except those intended for Editors of *Commonweal*, to be addressed to me. No other person is authorised to sign any official communication. FRANK KITZ, Secretary.

NEW PREMISES FUND.

Collected at Council meeting, Jan. 13th, 6s.

"COMMONWEAL" GUARANTEE FUND.

The following further sums have been received towards this fund:—Webb, 1s.; H. R., 1s.; J. B. G., 1s.; J. Thomson, 6d.; E. Warlow, 5s.; Mrs. Schack, 5s.; F. Kitz, 6d.; D. Nicoll, 6d.; B. W., 6d.; and A. J. Smith, 1s.

REPORTS.

NORTH KENSINGTON.—Sunday evening, Jan. 12, comrade Frye delivered an interesting address on "A Sketch of Underground Russia;" the subject-matter being taken from Stepiak's "Underground Russia." Good discussion followed. Collected 1s. 4d.

NORTH LONDON.—Good meeting at Hyde Park, addressed by Cantwell, Mowbray, and Hall. Good sale of *Commonweal*, and 2s. 9d. collected.

ABERDEEN.—At weekly meeting on 6th, Leatham lectured on "The New Sociology."—L.

GLASGOW.—On Tuesday night Joe Burgoyne and Gilbert spoke on Cathedral Square; towards the conclusion of the meeting our comrades were subjected to a good deal of interruption and annoyance by a number of thoughtless youths. On Wednesday evening Glasier gave a lecture on "Socialism and the Reward of Genius" to the Maxwell Parish Church Literary Society. On Sunday afternoon Glasier lectured on "Socialism" to the Partick Branch of the Irish National League; the lecture was very favourably received. At 5.30 Joe Burgoyne and Gilbert spoke to a good audience at Paisley Road Toll. At 8.30 Glasier lectured to the Henry George Institute on "Socialism and the Single Tax"; our comrade's severe criticism of Henry George's theory was keenly combatted by several of the members, but it appeared to win the approval of quite the majority of the audience.

LEEDS.—On Sunday morning a good meeting was held in Vicar's Croft; Rogers spoke. At night, at the Socialist League Club, T. Maguire lectured on "John Morley" to an attentive audience; discussion followed. *Commonweal* sold out, also half a quire of *Freedom*, and other literature.

MANCHESTER.—Three lectures on "The Beginnings of Modern Socialism" were given by an Oxford Extension lecturer at Islington Hall, at which a number of our members attended and took the opportunity which the after discussion afforded to explain the principles of revolutionary Socialism and upset the lecturer's economic fallacies and criticisms of Socialism. On Sunday in Stevenson Square good meeting addressed by Barton, Bailie, Stockton, and Parkinson. Two quires of *Commonweal* sold.

YARMOUTH.—On Sunday comrades Ruffold and Headley distributed a large bundle of back numbers of *Commonweal* and leaflets in the morning, and held a meeting on Colman's Granary Quay in the evening; there was a large audience, and fair sale of *Commonweal*.—J. H.

DUBLIN.—At Progressist Club, 87 Marlboro' Street, Jan. 11th, R. F. Wilson delivered an address on "Capitalism"; very good discussion, Regan, Hamilton, Fitzpatrick, and Kavanagh taking part.

EDINBURGH (SCOTTISH SOCIALIST FEDERATION).—Comrade Hamilton lectured on "The Spirit of the Age" to a large audience on Sunday night in the Moulders' Hall; good discussion. Our Annual Soiree, Concert, and Dance is to be held on January 24th, and we hope members will endeavour to push the sale of tickets and make the affair a success.

PLEASE TAKE NOTE!

How is it that the *Commonweal* does not publish more news from the Branches? Because the editor is not omniscient, and the local secretaries forget that he depends upon them for news. Hint: Let us know what you're doing.

How is it that not all that is sent is inserted? Because branch secretaries forget that the editor has less than a thousand hands, and often mix things so that it would mean entirely re-writing their letters before they could be of use. Hint: Keep reports separate from announcements, and news from both. Write briefly, plainly, and on one side of the paper.

EDINBURGH—SCOTTISH SOCIALIST FEDERATION.—In Moulders' Hall, High St., lectures on Sundays January 19 and 26, at 6.30, "The Politics of Burns."

WEST KENSINGTON PARK RADICAL CLUB, 80 Faroe Road, West Kensington.—Sunday January 19, at 8 p.m., F. C. Barker, "Practicable Socialism for London."

NOTTINGHAM SOCIALIST CLUB, Woodland Place, Parliament Street.—Sunday January 19, T. Barclay (of Leicester), at 11 a.m., "Co-operation and Socialism"; at 7 p.m., "Fallacious Remedies for Poverty."

CHELSEA S.D.F., Co-operative Lecture Hall, 312 Kings Road, Chelsea.—Sunday January 19, at 8 p.m., J. Hunter Watts, "Bismarckian Socialism." Tuesday 21, Annie Besant, "Is Socialism a Dream."

MANHOOD SUFFRAGE LEAGUE, "Three Doves," Berwick St., Oxford St., W.—Sunday January 19, at 8.30 p.m., T. E. Benson (London Unitarian Mission), "Some Experiences with the Chartists and Ernest Jones."

LECTURE DIARY.

LONDON.

Battersea.—All communications to E. Buteux, 20 Abercrombie Street, Battersea Park Road.

Clerkenwell.—All members are requested to attend an important business meeting at 24 Great Queen Street, on Sunday January 19, at 8 p.m., to decide upon amalgamation with West Central Branch.

East London.—Crown Coffee Tavern, 2 Columbia Road, Hackney Road.

Hammersmith.—Kelmescott House, Upper Mall, W. Sunday Jan. 19, at 8 p.m., A. Beasley, "The Wastefulness of Competition." Wednesday 22nd, Rev. H. C. Shuttleworth, A Lecture. French Class, Friday at 8.

Merton.—3 Clare Villas, Merton Road.

Mitcham.—"Lord Napier," Fair Green. Meets every Sunday at 12.30, to enroll members, etc.

North Kensington.—Clarendon Coffee Palace, Clarendon Road. Meets every Wednesday at 8 p.m. On Sunday evening, Jan. 19, a lecture.

North London.—6 Windmill Street, Tottenham Court Road. Meets every Wednesday evening at 8 o'clock. Wm. Morris lectures Wednesday Jan. 22, on "How Shall we Live Then."

Southwark.—Secretary, George Evans, 56 Lucy Road, Bermondsey, S.E. Hill's Coffee Tavern, Great Charlotte Street, Blackfriars Road, S.E.

Streatham.—Meets every Thursday at the "Leigham Arms," Wellfield Road, at 8.30 p.m.

West Central.—Socialist League Hall, 24 Great Queen Street, Holborn, W.C. On Sunday evening at 8, a general meeting of members of the Clerkenwell Branch and other members, to take steps towards forming the new *Commonweal* Branch.

Whitechapel and St. Georges in the East.—Branch meetings at International Club, 40 Berner Street, Commercial Road. J. Turner, organising secretary.

PROVINCES.

Aberdeen.—Organiser, J. Leatham, 7 Jamaica Street. Branch meets in Odd-fellows' Small Hall, Crooked Lane, on Monday evenings at 8. Singing practice at 46 Marischal Street on Thursdays at 8 p.m.

Bradford.—Laycock's Temperance Hotel, Albion Court, Kirkgate. Meets every Tuesday at 7.30.

Dundee.—Address to W. Cameron, 17 Laurence Street, Dundee.

Glasgow.—Ram's Horn Hall, 122 Ingram Street. Branch meets on Thursday evenings at 8 o'clock and Sundays at 7 o'clock.

Halifax.—Socialists meet every Sunday at 6.30 p.m. at Helliwell's Temperance Hotel, Northgate.

Leeds.—Clarendon Buildings, Victoria Road, School Close. Open every evening. Business meeting Saturdays at 8 p.m. Sunday January 19, at 7.30, lecture, H. Samuels, "Socialism, Old and New."

Leicester.—Exchange Buildings, Rutland Street. Branch meets on Monday and Thursday, at 8 p.m.

Manchester.—Branch meets temporarily at the Secretary's, 52 Miller Street, on Tuesdays at 8 p.m.

Norwich.—Sunday, at 8, Gordon Hall. Tuesday, at 8.30, Members' meeting. Thursday, at 8, Discussion Class. Saturday, Social Meeting. Hall open every evening from 8 p.m.

Oxford.—Temperance Hall, 25½ Pembroke Street. First Friday in every month, at 8.30 p.m.

Walsall.—Socialist Club, 18 Goodall Street, Walsall. Meetings every night.

Yarmouth.—Branch meets at comrade Headley's, near Co-operative Stores, every Tuesday evening. Elocution Class Friday at 8 p.m. On Sunday afternoons during winter a Discussion Class will be held at 3 o'clock.

All persons who sympathise with the views of the Socialist League are earnestly invited to communicate with the above addresses, and if possible to help us in preparing for the birth of a true society, based on equality, brotherhood, and freedom for all.

OPEN-AIR PROPAGANDA.

SATURDAY 18.

8.30..... Mile-end Waste Cores and Presburg

SUNDAY 19.

11 Latimer Road Station Dean and Crouch
 11.30..... Kilburn—"Old Plough," Kilburn Lane Mainwaring
 11.30..... Commercial Road—Union Street Cores
 11.30..... Mitcham—Fair Green The Branch
 11.30..... Regent's Park Cantwell and Nicoll
 11.30..... Southwark—Flat Iron Square The Branch
 3.30..... Hyde Park—Marble Arch Cantwell and Nicoll
 3.30..... Victoria Park The Branch
 7 Weltje Road, Ravenscourt Park Hammersmith Branch
 7.30..... Walham Green—back of Church Hammersmith Branch

TUESDAY 21.

8 Walham Green—back of Church Hammersmith Branch

THURSDAY 23.

8.15..... Hoxton Church The Branch

PROVINCES.

Glasgow.—Sunday: Jail Square at 2 o'clock; Paisley Road at 5 o'clock. Tuesday: Cathedral Square, at 8 p.m.

Leeds.—Sunday: Hunslet Moor, at 11 a.m.; Vicar's Croft, at 7 p.m.

Manchester.—Sunday: Philips Park Gates, at 11; Stevenson Square, at 3.

Norwich.—Sunday: St. Faiths, at 11; Market Place, at 3.

Sheffield.—Sunday: Monolith, Fargate, at 11 a.m.; Gower Street, at 3 p.m.; Pump, Westbar, 8 p.m.

Yarmouth.—Sunday: Priory Plain, at 11; Colman's Granary Quay, at 7.

LIVERPOOL SOCIALIST SOCIETY, 1 Stanley Street, Dale Street.—Meets every Tuesday at 8 p.m.

LAMBETH PROGRESSIVE CLUB.—H. M. Hyndman will lecture on Sunday January 19, at 8 p.m.

DUBLIN.—At Progressist Club, 87 Marlboro' Street, Saturday Jan. 18, at 8, A. Kavanagh, "Practical Legislation."

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TWENTIETH CENTURY.

HUGH O. PENTECOST, EDITOR.
T. L. M'CREADY, ASSOCIATE EDITOR.

Each number contains the Address of the preceding Sunday, delivered by the Editor in Newark, Brooklyn, and New York.

Motto: "Hear the other side."

THIS Journal advocates Personal Sovereignty in place of State Sovereignty, Voluntary Co-operation as opposed to Compulsory Co-operation, the Liberation of the human mind from Superstition, and the application of the principles of Ethics toward Social Regeneration.

But it is meant also to be a broad-minded, unsectarian meeting-place for the representatives of all schools of Religious and Economic thought. Orthodox and Liberal Christians, Spiritualists, Hebrews, Agnostics, Liberals, Infidels, Atheists, Freethinkers, and Secularists of every shade of opinion; Protectionists, Free-traders, Single-taxers, Nationalists, Socialists, and Anarchists, advocates of peaceful measures of social regeneration and revolutionists,—will all be welcomed to its columns with equal cordiality, fairness, and respect. As an indication of the broad scope of the paper, here are the names of

Some Contributors.

EDWARD BELLAMY	JAMES H. WEST
REV. JOHN W. CHADWICK	J. W. SULLIVAN
REV. W. S. CROWE	DANIEL DELLEON, PH.D.
CLINTON FURBISH	RABBI G. GOTTHEIL
REV. JOHN C. KIMBALL	HARRY L. KOOPMAN
DYER D. LUM	EDGEWORTH
REV. R. HEBER NEWTON	WM. M. SALTER
W. L. SHELDON	A. VAN DEUSEN
REV. J. M. WHITON	GEN. M. M. TRUMBULL
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OF THE CLERGY AND THE SOCIALISTS,

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PUBLISHER'S LIST.

ANY of these books which do not happen to be in stock on receipt of order, can be procured at a few hours' notice. Postage extra, unless otherwise stated.

Bax (Ernest Belfort)—The Religion of Socialism; being Essays in Modern Socialist Criticism. Crown 8vo, 177 pp., cloth, 2s. 6d.

— The Ethics of Socialism; being further Essays in Modern Socialist Criticism. Crown 8vo, 210 pp., cloth, 2s. 6d.

Bebel (August)—Woman in the Past, Present, and Future. Translated from the German by Dr. Adams Walther. 5s.

Carlyle (Thomas)—Sartor Resartus. With Portrait of Thomas Carlyle.

— French Revolution. A History. 3 vols.

— Oliver Cromwell's Letters and Speeches. 5 vols. With Portrait of Oliver Cromwell.

— On Heroes and Hero Worship, and The Heroic in History.

— Past and Present.

— Critical and Miscellaneous Essays. 7 vols.

— Wilhelm Meister. 3 vols.

— The Life of Schiller, and Examination of his Works.

— Life of John Sterling.

— Latter-Day Pamphlets.

— History of Frederick the Great. 10 vols.

— Translations from Musseus, Tieck, and Richter. 2 vols.

— The Early Kings of Norway; Essay on the Portraits of Knox.

Cloth, One Shilling a Volume.

Carpenter (Edward)—Towards Democracy. New edition. Cloth, 2s. 6d.

— Modern Science: a Criticism. 1s.

— Civilisation: its Cause and Cure. Cloth, 2s. 6d.

— Chants of Labour. With front and title by Walter Crane. 1s.

— Desirable Mansions. 1d.

— Modern Money-Lending, and the Meaning of Dividends. 1d.

— Co-operative Production, with references to the experiment of Leclair. 1d.

— England's Ideal. 2d.

— Social Progress and Individual Effort. 1d.

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STATEMENT OF PRINCIPLES.

THE Socialist League advocates International Revolutionary Socialism. That is to say the destruction of the present class society, which consists of one class who live by owning property and therefore *need not work*, and of another that has no property and therefore *must work* in order that they may live to keep the idlers by their labour. Revolutionary Socialism insists that this system of society, which is the modern form of slavery, should be changed to a system of Society which would give every man an opportunity of doing useful work, and not allow any man to live without so doing, which work could not be useful unless it were done for the whole body of workers instead of for do-nothing individuals. The result of this would be that livelihood would not be precarious nor labour burdensome. Labour would be employed in co-operation, and the struggle of man with man for bare subsistence would be supplanted by harmonious combination for the production of common wealth and the exchange of mutual services without the waste of labour or material.

Every man's needs would be satisfied from this common stock, but no man would be allowed to own anything which he could not use, and which consequently he must *abuse* by employing it as an instrument for forcing others to labour for him unpaid. Thus the land, the capital, machinery, and means of transit would cease to be private property, since they can only be used by the combination of labour to produce wealth.

Thus men would be *free* because they would no longer be dependent on idle property-owners for subsistence; thus they would be *brothers*, for the cause of strife, the struggle for subsistence at other people's expense, would have come to an end. Thus they would be *equal*, for if all men were doing useful work no man's labour could be dispensed with. Thus the motto of Liberty, Fraternity, and Equality, which is but an empty boast in a society that upholds the monopoly of the means of production, would at last be realised.

This Revolutionary Socialism must be International. The change which would put an end to the struggle between man and man, would destroy it also between nation and nation. One harmonious system of federation throughout the whole of civilisation would take the place of the old destructive rivalries. There would be no great centres breeding race hatred and commercial jealousy, but people would manage their own affairs in communities not too large to prevent all citizens from taking a part in the administration necessary for the conduct of life, so that party politics would come to an end.

Thus, while we abide by the old motto:

Liberty, Fraternity, Equality,

we say that the existence of private property destroys Equality, and therefore under it there can be neither Liberty nor Fraternity.

We add to the first motto then this other one—

FROM EACH ACCORDING TO HIS CAPACITY, TO EACH ACCORDING TO HIS NEEDS.

When this is realised there will be a genuine Society; until it is realised, Society is nothing but a band of robbers. We must add that this change can only be brought about by combination amongst the workers themselves, and must embrace the whole of Society. The new life cannot be given to the workers by a class higher than they, but must be taken by them by means of the abolition of classes and the reorganisation of Society.

COUNCIL OF THE SOCIALIST LEAGUE.

NOTICE.

Subscribers who find a red mark against this notice are thereby reminded that their subscriptions have expired and must be renewed immediately if they wish to continue to receive *Commonweal*.

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THE COMMONWEAL

The Official Journal of the SOCIALIST LEAGUE.

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SATURDAY, JANUARY 25, 1890.

WEEKLY; ONE PENNY.

NOTES ON NEWS.

"THEY ordain the unjust to minister justice, and do injury to them that be just." Judges are, like policemen, the paid upholders of things as they are, eager to avenge any onslaught upon property or privilege. So that when Mr. Ernest Parke, editor of the *North London Press*, came before Mr. "Justice" Hawkins and was found "guilty" of libelling a lord, everybody knew that his punishment was not going to be a light one. For it is to be remembered that Mr. Parke was sub-editor of the *Star*, and honoured in that capacity with the fear and hatred of the class whom their servant Hawkins was defending. Whatever quarrel we may have had with the *Star*, or with Mr. Parke himself, for occasional unfairness to Socialism and Socialists, we can have nothing but praise for their part in forcing something more than mere politics upon public attention.

If Mr. Parke had been connected with any other paper than the *Star*—outside of declared Socialist journals—he would have been let off with a quarter of the penalty to which he has been condemned. This was the universal opinion among press-men when they heard the verdict. And that if he had been a Socialist writer the penalty would have been doubled several times over I am equally confident. I do not yet know what his colleagues of the *Star* intend to do in the matter, but I hope that they are going to do something, and that they will allow the Radicals and Socialists of London to help them in doing it.

In the early days of the League, a then comrade raised a laugh upon one occasion by declaring that "his mission in life was to smash the British Empire." He has since become an "extinct volcano," as a contributor to "a contemporary" signs himself, and has apparently neglected his mission for a long time past. But there are innumerable signs that although he is not likely to carry out his threat of smashing the British Empire, the British Empire is fully capable of smashing itself, and further, that it will perform the desirable operation at no very distant date.

Despite the smooth prophecies of the Imperial Federationists, and the loud shouting of the Jingo mob, there can be no doubt in the mind of anybody who watches at all closely the course of Australian affairs that the birth of the Australian Republic is drawing very near; so near that men are counting the possibilities of repression, and preparing for their Bunker Hill. As Chief Justice Lilley, of New South Wales, said the other day:

"In truth, Australian Independence is in the air and in the hearts of men, and although no man can foretell the hour of its birth, its advent sooner or later is sure."

It will be many a long year yet before Australia will satisfy a Socialist by its administration of public affairs; a republic with private property, it will be like France or the United States; but all the same, there will be few Socialists who will not rejoice when the—well! when the republican flag replaces the Union Jack.

Rather different will be the case of the South African Republic, which is also trembling on the verge of actuality; for, in that case the rebellion will be in defence of the right of "whacking their own nigger." Brutal as is the British treatment of all subject races, including their own working-classes, there is yet some restraint imposed by the English Government upon the cruelty of the Africanders towards the poor devils of natives whom they exploit. English or Dutch, Gentile or Jew, whatever the blood may be that runs in the exploiter's veins, it makes no perceptible difference in his attitude towards the "nigger." The white folk of South Africa are nearly as degraded in that respect as those of the Southern States of the Union are now, and would soon be as bad as those were before the war without any very great trouble.

After Australia and South Africa have departed—I don't know much about New Zealand—we may begin to expect the absorption of

the West Indies by the United States. Canada, too, is not far off throwing in her lot with the States—and where will the Empire be then, poor thing? where will the Empire be then?

A Mr. Sidney J. Thomson wrote as follows to the *Pall Mall Gazette* the other day:

"Some weeks ago you published an article on the Aërated Bread Company, and mentioned that the average wage of the waitresses is 9s. a-week. I, as a holder of a few shares in the company, could not at first believe this statement; but subsequent inquiries confirm its truth. It seems to me monstrously unjust that a company earning a dividend equal to 25 per cent. should be satisfied to pay its servants so poorly. It must never be forgotten that every shareholder is himself an employer, and as such is, to the extent of his holding, responsible for the wages paid."

It is evident that he is not far from "finding salvation," and if he can only get his fellow shareholders to agree with him will have done some good in his day and generation.

Amid all the froth and splutter about Mr. Parnell as a co-respondent, there has been only one utterance on the subject which was characterised by anything like sense; and that was the letter of our old friend and foe, Mr. Auberon Herbert, which appeared in the *Pall Mall* the other night, and which we reprint elsewhere. But then Mr. Herbert is honest and fearless, while all others who have written or spoken on the subject, being politicians, are also "formalists, out of fear and base flattery . . . a rout of temporisers, ready to embrace and maintain all that is, or shall be proposed, in hope of preferment."

S.

NEWS FROM NOWHERE:

OR,

AN EPOCH OF REST.

BEING SOME CHAPTERS FROM A UTOPIAN ROMANCE.

CHAP. III.—THE GUEST HOUSE AND BREAKFAST THEREIN.

I LINGERED a little behind the others to have a stare at this house, which, as I have told you, stood on the site of my old dwelling.

It was a longish building with its gable ends turned away from the road, and long traceried windows coming rather low down set in the wall that faced us. It was very handsomely built of red brick with a lead roof; and high up above the windows there ran a frieze of figure-subjects in baked clay, very well executed, and designed with a force and directness which I had never noticed in modern work before. The subjects I recognised at once, and indeed was very particularly familiar with them.

However, all this I took in in a minute; for we were presently within doors, and standing in a hall with a floor of marble mosaic and an open timber roof. There were no windows on the side opposite to the river, but arches below leading into chambers, one of which showed a glimpse of a garden beyond, and above them a long space of wall gaily painted (in fresco, I thought) with similar subjects to those of the frieze outside: everything about the place was handsome and generously solid as to material; and though it was not very large (somewhat smaller than Crosby Hall perhaps), one felt in it that exhilarating sense of space and freedom which satisfactory architecture always gives to an unanxious man who is in the habit of using his eyes.

In this pleasant place, which of course I knew to be the hall of the Guest House, three young women were flitting to and fro. As they were the first of the sex I had seen on this eventful morning, I naturally looked at them very attentively, and found them at least as good as the gardens, the architecture, and the male men. As to their dress, which of course I took note of, I should say that they were decently veiled with drapery and not bundled up with millinery; that they were clothed like women, not upholstered like arm-chairs, as most women of our time are. In short, their dress was somewhat between that of the ancient classical costume and the simpler forms of the fourteenth

century garments, though it was clearly not an imitation of either: the materials were light and gay to suit the season. As to the women themselves, it was pleasant indeed to see them; they were so kind and happy-looking in expression of face, so shapely and well-knit of body, and though they were healthy-looking and strong. All were at least comely, and one of them very handsome and regular of feature. They came up to us at once merrily and without the least affectation of shyness, and all three shook hands with me as if I were a friend newly come back from a long journey: though I could not help noticing that they looked askance at my garments; for I had on my clothes of last night, and at the best was never a dressy person.

A word or two from Robert the weaver, and they bustled about on our behalf, and presently came and took us by the hands and led us to a table in the pleasantest corner of the hall, where our breakfast was spread for us; and, as we sat down, one of them hurried out by the chambers aforesaid, and came back again in a little while with a great bunch of roses, very different in size and quality to what Hammersmith had been wont to grow, but very like the produce of an old country garden. She hurried back thence into the buttery, and came back once more with a delicately made glass, into which she put the flowers and set in the midst of our table. One of the others, who had run off also, then came back with a big cabbage-leaf filled with strawberries, some of them barely ripe, and said as she set them on the table, "There, now; I thought of that before I got up this morning; but looking at the stranger here getting into your boat, Dick, put it out of my head; so that I was not before all the blackbirds: however, there are a few about as good as you will get them anywhere in Hammersmith this morning."

Robert patted her on the head in a friendly manner; and we fell to on our breakfast, which was simple enough but most delicately cooked, and set on the table with much daintiness. The bread was particularly good, and was of several different kinds, from the big, rather close, dark-coloured, sweet-tasting farmhouse loaf, which was most to my liking, to the thin pipe-stems of wheaten crust, such as I have eaten in Turin.

As I was putting the first mouthfuls into my mouth, my eye caught a carved and gilded inscription on the panelling, behind what we should have called the High Table in an Oxford college hall, and a familiar name in it forced me to read it through. Thus it ran:

"Guests and neighbours, on the site of this Guest-hall once stood the lecture-room of the Hammersmith Branch of the Socialist League. Drink a glass to the memory! May 1962."

It is difficult to tell you how I felt as I read these words, and I suppose my face showed how much I was moved, for both my friends looked curiously at me, and there was silence between us for a little while.

Presently the weaver, who was scarcely so well-mannered a man as the ferryman, said to me rather awkwardly:

"Guest, we don't know what to call you: is there any indiscretion in asking you your name?"

"Well," said I, "I have some doubts about it myself; so suppose you call me Guest, which is a family name, you know, and add William to it if you please."

Dick nodded kindly to me; but a shade of anxiousness passed over the weaver's face, and he said—

"I hope you don't mind my asking, but would you tell me where you come from? I am curious about such things for good reasons, literary reasons."

Dick was clearly kicking him underneath the table; but he was not much abashed, and awaited my answer somewhat eagerly. As for me, I was just going to blurt out "Hammersmith," when I thought me what an entanglement of cross purposes that would lead us into; so I took time to invent a lie with circumstance, guarded by a little truth, and said—

"You see, I have been such a long time away from Europe that things seem strange to me now; but I was born and bred on the edge of Epping Forest—Walthamstow and Woodford, to wit."

"A pretty place, too," broke in Dick; "a very jolly place, now that the trees have had time to grow again since the great clearing of houses in 1955."

Quoth the irrepressible weaver: "Dear neighbour, since you knew the Forest some time ago, could you tell me what truth there is in the rumour that in the nineteenth century the trees were all pollards?"

This was catching me on my archaeological natural-history side, and I fell into the trap without any thought of where and when I was; so I began on it, while one of the girls who had been scattering little twigs of lavender and other sweet-smelling herbs about the floor, came near to listen, and stood behind me with her hand on my shoulder, in which she held some of the plant that I used to call balm: its strong sweet smell brought back to my mind my very early days in the kitchen-garden at Woodford, and the large blue plums which grew on the wall beyond the sweet-herb patch,—a connection of memories which all boys will see at once.

I started off: "When I was a boy, and for long after, except for a piece about Queen Elizabeth's Lodge, and for the part about High Beech, the Forest was almost wholly made up of pollard hornbeams mixed with holly thickets. But when the Corporation of London took it over about twenty-five years ago, the topping and lopping, which was a part of the old commoners' rights, came to an end, and the trees were let to grow. But I have not seen the place now for many years, except once when we Leaguers went a-pleasuring to High Beech. I was very much shocked then to see how it was built-over and altered;

and the other day we heard that the philistines were going to landscape-garden it. But what you were saying about the building being stopped and the trees growing is only too good news;—only you know."

At that point I suddenly remembered Dick's date, and stopped short rather confused. The eager weaver didn't notice my confusion, but said hastily, as if he were almost aware of his breach of good manners, "But, I say, how old are you?"

Dick and the pretty girl both burst out laughing, as if Robert's conduct were excusable on the grounds of eccentricity; and Dick said amidst his laughter:

"Hold hard, Bob; this questioning of guests won't do. Why, much learning is spoiling you. You remind me of the radical cobblers in the silly old novels, who, according to the authors, were prepared to trample down all good manners in the pursuit of utilitarian knowledge. The fact is, I begin to think that you have so muddled your head with mathematics, and with grubbing into those idiotic old books about political economy (he he!), that you scarcely know how to behave. Really, it is about time for you to take to some open-air work, so that you may clear away the cobwebs from your brain."

The weaver only laughed good-humouredly; and the girl went up to him and patted his cheek and said laughingly, "Poor fellow! he was born so."

As for me, I was a little puzzled, but I laughed also, partly for company's sake, and partly with pleasure at their unanxious happiness and good temper; and before Robert could make the excuse to me which he was getting ready, I said:

"But neighbours" (I had caught up that word), "I don't in the least mind answering questions, when I can do so: ask me as many as you please; it's fun for me. I will tell you all about Epping Forest when I was a boy, if you please; and as to my age, I'm not a fine lady, you know, so why shouldn't I tell you? I'm hard on fifty-six."

In spite of the recent lecture on good manners, the weaver could not help giving a long "whew" of astonishment, and the others were so amused by his *naïveté* that the merriment flitted all over their faces, though for courtesy's sake they forbore actual laughter; while I looked from one to the other in a puzzled manner, and at last said:

"Tell me, please, what is amiss: you know I want to learn from you. And please laugh; only tell me."

Well, they *did* laugh, and I joined them again, for the above-stated reasons. But at last the pretty woman said coaxingly—

"Well, well, he is rude, poor fellow! but you see I may as well tell you what he is thinking about: he means that you look rather old for your age. But surely there need be no wonder in that, since you have been travelling; and clearly from all you have been saying, in unsocial countries. It has often been said, and no doubt truly, that one ages very quickly if one lives amongst unhappy people. Also they say that southern England is a good place for keeping good looks." She blushed and said: "How old am I, do you think?"

"Well," quoth I, "I have always been told that a woman is as old as she looks, so without offence or flattery, I should say you were twenty."

She laughed merrily, and said, "I am well served out for fishing for compliments, since I have to tell you the truth, to wit, that I am forty-two."

I stared at her, and drew musical laughter from her again; but I might well stare, for there was not a careful line on her face; her skin was as smooth as ivory, her cheeks full and round, her lips as red as the roses she had brought in; her beautiful arms, which she had bared for her work, firm and well-knit from shoulder to wrist. She blushed a little under my gaze, though it was clear that she had taken me for a man of eighty; so to pass it off, I said—

"Well, you see, the old saw is proved right again, and I ought not to have let you tempt me into asking you a rude question."

She laughed again, and said: "Well, lads, old and young, I must get to my work now. We shall be rather busy here presently; and I want to clear it off soon, for I began to read a pretty old book yesterday, and I want to get on with it this morning: so good-bye for the present."

She waved a hand to us, and stepped lightly down the hall, taking (as Scott says) at least part of the sun from our table as she went.

When she was gone, Dick said: "Now, guest; won't you ask a question or two of our friend here? It is only fair that you should have your turn."

"I shall be very glad to answer them," said the weaver.

"If I ask you any questions, sir," said I, "they will not be very severe; but since I hear that you are a weaver, I should like to ask you something about that craft, as I am—or was—interested in it."

"Oh," said he, "I shall not be of much use to you there, I'm afraid. I only do the most mechanical kind of weaving, and am in fact but a poor craftsman, unlike Dick here. Then besides the weaving, I do a little with machine printing and composing, though I am little use at the finer kinds of printing; and moreover machine printing is beginning to die out, along with the waning of the plague of book-making; so I have had to turn to other things that I have a taste for, and have taken to mathematics; and also I am writing a sort of antiquarian book about the peaceable and private history, so to say, of the end of the nineteenth century,—more for the sake of giving a picture of the country before the fighting began than for anything else. That was why I asked you those questions about Epping Forest. You have rather puzzled me, I confess, though your information was so interesting. But later on I hope we may have some more talk together, when our friend Dick isn't here. I know he thinks me rather a grinder, and despises me for not being very deft with my hands: that's

the way nowadays. From what I have read of the nineteenth century literature (and I have read a good deal), it is clear to me that this is a kind of revenge for the stupidity of that day, which despised everybody who *could* use his hands. But, Dick, old fellow, *Ne quid nimis!* Don't over-do it!"

"Come, now," said Dick, "am I likely to? Am I not the most tolerant man in the world? Am I not quite contented so long as you don't make me learn mathematics, or go into your new science of aesthetics, and let me do a little practical aesthetics with my gold and steel, and the blowpipe and the nice little hammer? But, hillo! here comes another questioner for you, my poor guest. I say, Bob, you must help me to defend him now."

"Here, Boffin," he cried out, after a pause; "here we are, if you must have it!"

WILLIAM MORRIS.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

INTERNATIONAL NOTES.

GERMANY.

The German Social-Democratic party has sustained a heavy loss in the person of comrade Johannes Wedde, who died suddenly last week at Lübeck. He was a clever poet, full of originality and life, whose writings, in the older papers of the party, were signed by the *nom de plume* of "Silvanus." At the time of the suppression of the last Socialist paper at Hamburg, and when all the Socialists who actually were writing for the press were expelled from that town, it was Wedde who at once started the *Hamburger Bürgerzeitung*. An article entitled "Force no Remedy" brought, however, the flourishing paper to a violent end, and Bismarck, not satisfied with the suppression of the organ, had also its editor expelled from Hamburg. Wedde went to Lübeck, where he founded the *Echo*. He was a candidate to the next Reichstag.

Another misfortune has befallen the German Social-Democratic party: Ignaz Auer, formerly member of the Reichstag, has become insane, and it is said that there is but little hope for his recovery.

It is announced in the German papers that the miners of the Lower Rhine district and Westphalia, who lately struck in their thousands, have now put forward a demand for an increase of 50 per cent. in their wages and for an eight hours shift, to be counted from the time of their entering the pit to that of their leaving off work.

The whole of the stokers and coal-trimmers belonging to the vessels lying in the port of Hamburg struck work last Thursday in consequence of the shipowners having reduced the men's wages by ten marks (10s.) a-month. The strike has already increased in magnitude, and appears likely to extend still further.

BELGIUM.

The miners of the basin of Charleroi, after a hard four weeks' struggle, have won the victory over the coalowners: 30,000 workers of Jument-Gohysart, Gilly, Dampremy, Chatelet, Chatelineau, Souvet, Fleurus, Fontaine-l'Évêque, Marchiennes-au-Pont, Marcinelle, Montceau-sur-Sambre, Wanfreecies, Baullet, Pont-du-Loup, etc., have compelled their greedy exploiters to reduce the work hours from eleven to ten, and to consent to an increase of their wages according to the raise of the coal prices realised during the year. The miners have been substantially supported by the Socialists of "Vooruit," Ghent, and all the branches of the Belgian Workingmen's Party. The cause of the workers was certainly a good one. In order to prove it, we need only glance for a moment at the following figures, showing how much the shares of the Belgian mineowners have increased from January to December 1889, and then compare these figures with the scanty, ridiculous increase of wages that has been realised by the workers from 1888 to 1889.

Name of Coalpit.	Price of Shares. 1889		Name of Coalpit.	Price of Shares. 1889	
	Jan. 1.	Dec. 30.		Jan. 1.	Dec. 30.
Cockerill	Fr. 995	1,280	Espérance et Bonne-	Fr. 617.50	1,350
Marcinelle et Couillet	385	1,165	Fortune	260	635
Angleur	300	600	Fontaine l'Évêque ...	1,420	2,700
Athus	1,000	1,400	Gosson-Lagasse ...	570	1,175
Charleroi	580	950	Grande Machine à feu	235	520
Espérance-Logdoz ...	95	135	Grand Mambourg en
Halanzuy	295	580	Sablonne	340	755
Montceau-sur-Sambre	620	780	Haine St. Pierre et la
Ougrée	1,250	1,850	Hestre	98	180
Providence	1,625	2,065	Hasard	2,025	2,600
Thy-le-Château ...	1,025	1,510	Kessales à Jemeppe	1,585	2,800
Aulnoy-Vezin	350	560	La Louvière, la Paix	200	560
Amerceur	750	1,270	Levant du Flénu ...	2,125	3,450
Anderlues	2,000	3,774	Marihaye à Flémalle Gde.	640	1,360
Bonne Espérance et	Monc. Fontaine et
Batteris	200	590	Martinet	1,675	3,250
Carabinier	210	350	Noël Sart-Culpart à Gilly	225	480
Charbonnages belges	150	420	Nord de Charleroi ...	850	1,325
Paturages et Wasmes	151	305	Patience et Beaujone	725	1,375
Réunis de Charleroi	165	400	Poirier (charbonnage du)	700	1,150
Chevalières à Dour ...	850	1,700	Produits du Flénu ...	2,330	4,500
Concorés (Charb. réunis)	925	1,250	Sacré Madame	1,650	2,500
Conchant du Flénu ...	210	400	Sars Longchamps ...	550	1,300
Courcelles-Nord	475	860	Trieu Kaisin	333	670
Falnuée	405	660			

The average daily wages of the miners for 1888 and 1889 has been as follows (one franc equal 10d.):

	1888.		1889.	
	Fr.	10d.	Fr.	10d.
January	3.46	4.08	3.73	4.04
February	3.54	4.08	3.72	4.02
March	3.44	4.08	3.77	4.15
April	3.57	3.92	3.87	4.35
May	3.58	3.95	3.82	4.24
June	3.90	4.08	3.83	4.30

The highest increase has thus been of 48 centimes, or 4½d., or 12 per cent., whereas the increase in the shares has been on an average 50 per cent.

But the miners' strike will have a better result still than a reduction of hours and an increase of wages. The miners, having now been convinced that combination alone can help them, have resolved to unite into a vast

miners' union throughout the country, and they have already taken steps for the organisation of a general miners' congress, to be held on the first Sunday of February next, at Jument, when the following agenda will be discussed: 1. Rules of the Association; 2. Nomination of an Executive; 3. Economical and political platform of the Union; 4. International miners' congress; 5. Eight hours work-day.

The foregoing lines were already written when we were informed that new difficulties had arisen between the workers and the pit-owners. It is now asserted that a general strike will soon be decided upon at Charleroi if the employers refuse to grant the miners 15 or in certain cases 20 per cent. increase instead of 10 per cent. The agitation throughout the whole coal-basin is becoming very serious, and the strikers seem to be utterly dissatisfied at the recent compromise. Numerous secret meetings are being held, and it is said that the Ministers, in a conference held on the 18th inst., decided to send gendarmes and cavalry to the various spots where the strike has broken out afresh. The outlook is altogether very dark.

On the other hand, the strike in the Liège coal district has now completely terminated, but it is asserted that if the miners of the Charleroi basin resort to a general strike the district of Liège will come out "on principle."

At Antwerp, where the Socialist movement has made during the last two years a very considerable progress, the Sailors' Union, numbering nearly one thousand members, has made formal adhesion to the Socialist party.

HOLLAND.

Our Anarchist comrades at Rotterdam publish a new organ for the defence of the workers' interests, under the title of *Arbeidderstolk* (The Workers' Organ). The offices are: Havenstraat, 166, Rotterdam. Good luck to the new combatant! VICTOR DAVE.

THE PRICE OF FREEDOM.

["At midnight preceding the morning of his execution, Albert R. Parson's voice rang out clear and proud through the corridors of the gaol as he sang in distinct tones the beautiful ballad, 'Annie Laurie.'"] The following was prompted by reading the above item in the daily papers, and was printed in the *Chicago Labour Enquirer* during its brief existence.]

The night is dark about me;
I hear the midnight bell;
Before another midnight
It will ring my funeral knell.
It will ring my funeral knell;
O! the hours are speeding by
When to win the toilers' freedom
I shall pay the price and die.

To-night my babes are crouching
By their weeping mother's side;
For his country's sake the father
Leaves his children and his bride.
Leaves his children and his bride,
When men for succour cry.
Then to win the toilers' freedom
I shall pay the price and die.

Pent in a dismal dungeon,
Forbidden to be free,
A slave in chains and prison,
O what were life to me!
O what were life to me!
Speak out, my heart; reply
That to win the toilers' freedom
I will pay the price and die.

What greater love hath mortal,
For one whom he holds dear,
Than for his sake to gladly
Meet death without a fear!
Meet death without a fear—
Yes, such a love have I,
And to win the toilers' freedom
I pay the price and die.

The night will soon be over;
For me 'twill be the last;
And the night of wrong, my country,
From thee shall soon have passed.
From thee shall soon have passed;
I see the stars on high,
So to win the toilers' freedom
I will pay the price and die.

Weep not above my ashes,
This is no hour for tears,
Let every man stand ready
When he the bugle hears.
When he the bugle hears;
Let every man reply:
We to win the toilers' freedom
Will pay the price and die!

We have received the *Trades and Labour Advocate* of Sydney (N.S.W.), which, so far as we can tell from the numbers to hand, is a thoroughly sound labour paper on trades-union lines. It is well filled with information on labour matters, and gives a good deal of space to the meetings of the various trades organisations.

SOCIALISM IN LANCASHIRE AND YORKSHIRE.—On Saturday January 11th a conference was held at the rooms of the Liverpool Socialist Society, to discuss the advisability of forming a union of the various Socialist bodies of Lancashire and Yorkshire, for the purpose of arranging for the interchange of public speakers, and generally to consider the best means of carrying on a more effective propaganda. Delegates were present from Sheffield, Salford, Blackburn, Rochdale, and Liverpool. Comrade Reeves (Liverpool) was elected chairman, and some discussion took place as to the proposed line of action; after which comrade W. H. Chapman (Liverpool) proposed: "That in the opinion of this conference it is desirable to form a union of the north-western counties Socialists, to be called 'The North-Western Counties Socialist Union.'" Comrade Sharples (Blackburn) seconded the resolution. After further remarks from comrades Bingham (Sheffield), Horrocks (Salford), and others of the assembled delegates, the following amendment was proposed by Bingham: "That this conference, being of opinion that it is desirable in the interests of Socialist propaganda to facilitate the interchange of speakers between the different centres, at once proceed to draw up a list of probable speakers, and make the best possible arrangements to give effect to that decision." The amendment having been put and carried unanimously, the original motion was withdrawn. Finally it was decided that the secretary of the Liverpool Society (E. C. Chapman) should be appointed general secretary *pro tem.*, in order to draw up a list of lectures; and those societies which are willing to co-operate in this object are requested to send in the necessary particulars as early as possible. At a later hour a conversazione was held, at which a number of pieces of vocal and instrumental music were rendered by members and friends, and a most enjoyable evening was spent; W. H. Chapman, sen., superintended the arrangements for refreshments, etc. On Sunday we held two open-air meetings—the first since the formation of our society. In the morning we met at 11.30 near the Landing Stage, when Reeves, Sharples, and Bingham delivered stirring addresses. In the afternoon Reeves, Creaghe, Bingham, and Horrocks spoke to good effect to a large gathering in the old Haymarket. A considerable quantity of literature was sold, and we are much indebted to our friends from the country for the help they gave us to make a start in this work. We intend holding similar meetings each Sunday in the future.



OFFICES: 24 GREAT QUEEN STREET, LONDON, W.C.

HAVE YOU NOT HEARD HOW IT HAS GONE WITH MANY A CAUSE BEFORE NOW: FIRST, FEW MEN HEED IT; NEXT, MOST MEN CONTEMN IT; LASTLY, ALL MEN ACCEPT IT—AND THE CAUSE IS WON!

THE COMMONWEAL is the official organ of the Socialist League; but, unless definitely so announced by the Editors, no article is to be taken as expressing in more than a general way the views of the League as a body. In accordance with the Manifesto and Statement of Principles of the League, the COMMONWEAL is an exponent of International Revolutionary Socialism. On minor differences of opinion the widest freedom of discussion is maintained. As all articles are signed, no special significance attaches to their position in the paper.

Articles and letters dealing with any phase of the social problem are invited and will meet with earnest consideration. They must be written on one side of the paper only, and accompanied by the name and address of the writer, not necessarily for publication. MSS. can only be returned if a stamped directed envelope accompanies them.

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Remittances from abroad must be made by International Money Order.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

J. C. B. (Liverpool).—The *Freiheit* is printed in German. You will see from advertisement that it is the organ of "German-speaking Anarchists."

N. W. (Manchester).—No attention can be paid to correspondents who conceal name and address.

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NEW SOUTH WALES	La Revue Socialiste	Cadiz—El Socialismo
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Milwaukee—National Reformer	Liege—L'Avenir	Stockholm, Social-Demokraten
	Antwerp—De Werker	Malmö—Arbetet

FABIAN ESSAYS IN SOCIALISM.¹

THIS book is of importance as embodying the views of a society which has been so active in lecturing on behalf of the Socialist movement. Indeed, some time ago many of us thought and said that the Fabians should publish a volume of their lectures; and, without wishing to carp at the present expression of opinions from which we of the Socialist League dissent in some measure, I cannot help wishing that such a volume had appeared about three years ago: for such a book published at that date would have dealt almost wholly with the economical and practical side of the question, and would have formed a kind of text-book for Socialists of all shades of opinion; and illuminated, as it would have been, by the brilliant and attractive style of

¹ "Fabian Essays in Socialism." 233 pp., bound in cloth with designs by Walter Crane and May Morris. May be ordered from *Commonweal* Office at 6s. post free.

some of the present essayists, would have been a most useful weapon of attack on the capitalist position as long as the battle might last; whereas a large part of the present volume is given up to the advocacy of the fantastic and unreal tactic which the Fabian Society has ex-cogitated of late, and which is at best tentative and temporary; is hardly constructed to last longer than the coming into power of the next Liberal government. The result is, that the clear exposition of the first principles of Socialism, and the criticism of the present false society (which latter no one knows how to make more damaging than Mr. Bernard Shaw, *e.g.*) is set aside for the sake of pushing a theory of tactics, which could not be carried out in practice; and which, if it could be, would still leave us in a position from which we should have to begin our attack on capitalism over again; a position, it may be said, which might be better or might be worse for us than our present one, as far as the actual struggle for the new society is concerned.

Mr. Sydney Webb, to judge from this book, is the leader in this somewhat disastrous move. He seems to enjoy all the humiliations of opportunism, to revel in it, so to say; and, indeed, he would appear to drag some of his fellow-writers somewhat unwillingly behind his chariot wheels. In his hands the *argumentum ad hominem* becomes a rather dangerously double-edged weapon. He is so anxious to prove the commonplace that our present industrial system embraces some of the machinery by means of which a Socialist system *might* be worked, and that some of the same machinery is used by the present municipalities, and the bureaucratic central government, that his paper tends to produce the impression of one who thinks that we are already in the first stages of socialistic life, all the while that "the poor we have always with us," and that the workers are worse off than they were under the feudal hierarchy. The retort of the enemy is obvious: "If we are already all Socialists, be happy! for *we* are happy!"

I give Mr. Sydney Webb all credit for sincerity in desiring the destruction of privilege; but it is strange that his rollicking opportunism should blind him to the fact that since he is sincere, the privileged will see through his attempt to hoodwink them into joining his attack on the privilege which is their life; while the discontented miserable workers will be discouraged by being practically told that they are already entering into the fruition of the Promised Land. They may well say: "Is it to be like this society, or *something* like it? We thought Socialism would be quite unlike our present position; if it is not to be so—." To avoid the disaster of gaining the doubtful alliance of the well-to-do at the expense of losing the support of the poor, it is surely necessary never to cease saying: The test of the realisation of Socialism will be the abolition of poverty.

Let us be clear on this point, that if the municipal Socialism of Mr. Sydney Webb were carried and put in practice, though it should *logically* (perhaps) lead to the destruction of privilege and poverty, yet *historically* it may do nothing of the kind; and that at any rate it is *not* Socialism, as it would still admit of the existence of competing classes. We should remember (as a Socialist said to me the other day) that under the Roman Empire municipal administration reached a pitch which we are very unlikely to come to in England in our day; but it had no destructive effect on the society of that epoch, which was based on chattel slavery and a pauper proletariat fed by the doles of the rich.

Mr. Sydney Webb takes in hand the "historic" basis of Socialism; but he is not more historic than any other of the paper-writers, indeed, less so than Mr. Shaw; his history only begins at the period just before the great industrial revolution of the eighteenth century. The industrial conditions of this period he treats too roughly; so roughly, indeed, as to be both inaccurate and misleading. It is true that some of the industries of the country were carried on in an individualistic way on the surface; but the greater part were under the rule of a most elaborate division of labour system, of which the mediæval workmen knew nothing; and even the Yorkshire weavers (as well described by Mr. Illingworth), though they were masters of their tools, time, and materials within their workshops or houses, worked for a master (usually a neighbouring farmer) who exploited them, though mildly, and who in his turn sold the goods to a factor. The workmen had a world-market behind their backs though they were unconscious of it; the goods were made for profit, not primarily for use. In short, Mr. Sydney Webb has ignored the transition period of industry which began in the sixteenth century with the break up of the Middle Ages, and the shoving out of the people from the land. This transition is treated of by Karl Marx with great care and precision under the name of the "Manufacturing Period" (workshop period we might call it), and some mention of it ought to have been included in Mr. Sydney Webb's "history." I should not have felt bound to call attention to this blemish, however, if it were not, to my mind, another indication of the weak side of Mr. Sydney Webb and his followers; their tendency, namely, to over-estimate the importance of the *mechanism* of a system of society apart from the *end* towards which it may be used.

The great machine industries, though they have played an important part in the movement toward Socialism are not an essential condition of its existence; they may be used, as they are now, for the mere enslavement of the workers. They *will* be so used as long as they last, unless the workers in some form or other revolt against their slavery. On the other hand, as you may have a perfected system of co-operative production in a society of capitalism and wage-slavery, so you may have Socialism or Communism conjointly with a system of (so-called) individualist production. Nay, I feel certain that when the time comes, wherein we have forgotten the period of artificial poverty thrust upon us by capitalism and wage-slavery, the world will

in a large measure return to the individual system which once produced goods; a word which our present system has deprived of three parts of its meaning. Fourier put forward his truly inspired doctrine of attractive industry to a world that *could* not listen to him, so sunken as it was in misery and slavery. In times to come we shall need no social philosopher to tell us that if we cannot make our work attractive we shall still be slaves, even though we have no master but Nature. But to-day the world is still so sunken in misery and slavery, that in this book, honestly devoted to the regeneration of society, the assumption is everywhere made that labour must for ever be unattractive.

It is through no disrespect to the other writers in this remarkable book that I have given so much of my space to the consideration of Mr. Sydney Webb's paper, which is rather worse than better than the others, but simply because it shows most clearly the present position of the Fabian Society towards the Socialist movement.

Mr. Clarke's paper, though not quite avoiding the historical mistake of Mr. Sydney Webb, is clear and well written, and full of very valuable information; the latter portion, dealing with the special vagaries of American "Commerce," will serve as a text-book for the subject "until the times do alter." At the same time, though we may well hope that the extravagance of exploitation and contempt of the public shown by these "captains of industry" will lead us on toward Socialism, it is dangerous to rest our hopes on this development, as Mr. Bellamy does in his 'Looking Backward.' It may, after all, be nothing but a passing phase of that capitalist organisation of robbery, which surely must be attacked in front by the workers grown conscious of their slavery.

Mr. Sydney Olivier's "Moral Basis" is worth taking the trouble of careful reading. It is less obvious to the objections against the Fabian opportunism, partly no doubt because of the subject, but also partly, I think (judging from the paper), because of the turn of mind of the writer himself.

Mr. Graham Wallas's "Property Under Socialism" is clear and free from pedantry, and shows distinct sympathies with Communism; but it is confessedly dealing with the transitional period of Social Democracy, and consequently lacks the interest which a paper on more definite principles would have. There is, indeed, a tone of apology for the feebleness of Social Democracy running through it which might be sneered at by the bourgeois. One friendly objection I make to Mr. Wallas—he allows himself to speak of Socialism as "the system of property-holding which we call Socialism," and goes on to say that this is not necessarily the wished-for new life, "any more than a good system of drainage is health, or the invention of printing, knowledge." Here is a net statement of the exaggeration of the value of a mechanical system, which I have already complained of. Socialism is emphatically not merely "a system of property-holding," but a complete theory of human life, founded indeed on the visible necessities of animal life, but including a distinct system of religion, ethics, and conduct, which, if put into practice, will not indeed enable us to get rid of the tragedy of life, as Mr. Wallas hints, but will enable us to meet it without fear and without shame.

Mrs. Besant's article on "Industry Under Socialism" gives a sketch of State Socialism in practice in its crudest form, which, owing to the difficulty of the subject rather than from any shortcoming on her part, is not satisfactory,—could hardly be satisfactory to any one.

Mr. Hubert Bland's paper, "On the Outlook," is, for this book, a curious one, for it is a not very indirect attack on his optimistic democratic coadjutors. "It is not so much to the thing which the state does, as to the end for which it does it," is stating again what I have already put forward in this article, and there is a good deal in Mr. Bland's "Outlook" to the same purport. For the rest, Mr. Bland, of course, goes in for the Parliamentary struggle which we do not believe in; but he is too acute (his eye-sight being aided, I judge, by some traditional Tory instincts) not to see that the permeation of the Radicals by Socialism does not mean the creation of a Socialist-Radical Parliamentary party, but rather the absorption of the individuals of the Radicals, on the one hand, into the definite Socialist ranks, and, on the other, into the Whig phalanx; which latter, he, very rightly, looks on as a most formidable and enduring body of obstruction, capable of "holding the fort" long after the intelligence of the nation has declared for Socialism, and of holding it in the teeth of the logical sequence of economical events. So goes history.

I have yet to mention Mr. Bernard Shaw's two papers. Whatever I have to blame in them is comprised in the statement of my differences with the Fabian tactic which is so frankly condemned by Mr. Hubert Bland. Yet, at least, Mr. Shaw does not love opportunism for its own sweet self; for in his second lecture he definitely proclaims his shame of the course to which, as he thinks, circumstances have driven him; perhaps he only needs a little extra dose of Parliamentary tactics to disgust him so much as to force him to drop them altogether. Judging from the eloquence of the concluding part of his first paper, we can hardly suppose that that disgust will drive him into despair of the whole movement, and so deprive us of the services of one of the clearest heads and best pens that Socialism has got. As aforesaid, his criticism of the modern capitalistic muddle is so damaging, his style so trenchant, and so full of reserves of indignation and righteous scorn, that I sometimes wonder that *guilty*, i.e., non-Socialist, middle-class people can sit and listen to him. If he could only forget the Sydney-Webbian permeation tactic, even without putting any other in its place, what an advantage it would be to all of us! He would encourage his friends thereby; and as to his enemies—could he offend them more than he does now?

I have not had any space to quote passages from this book; I thought that there was no need to do so, as I assume that all Socialists will read it whether they agree with it or not. WILLIAM MORRIS.

IN PARIS.

WE shall soon have some new elections in and about Paris, as about half-a-dozen Boulangist deputies' elections have been invalidated on account of not being on the side of the bourgeois Republic. I should let this pass by unrecorded as being without interest for us Socialists, who don't care a damn who gets in or out of Parliament, but it furnishes a good opportunity to study the different schools of Socialism we have here. As internationalists it is good for us to know our men in case we want them.

Any foreigner coming to Paris is sure to meet good Socialists here so long as he speaks to the point, that is, as long as he does not wander away from his programme or principles; but if he takes to politics he is nearly sure to fall out with them. Although we have half-a-dozen schools at ordinary times, at the polls we have but two, or rather none at all; one school, the *Parti ouvrier*, is swallowed up by the Government; the other, the Blanquist school, goes with Boulanger.

There are, of course, parties that remain independent, such as the *Ligue Socialiste*, which has *L'Egalité* as their daily paper; the party of Vaillant, which is without a paper since the *Cri du Peuple* stopped; the Anarchists, again, whose weekly paper is *La Révolte*. Staunch revolutionaries as these three last schools may be, they are accused of voting for Boulangists.

It is a known fact that the *Parti ouvrier*, 25,000 strong in Paris, with nine town councillors and one and a-half deputies—one and a-half because Joffrin is no deputy in reality, being "elected" by the government in the place of Boulanger, who got 3,000 majority over him; the *whole* one being Dumay, who has done good work in former years. It is a known fact, I say, that this party get secret money to play the game of the government. In their opinion all who are not with them are with Boulanger; not being able to keep to their own guns, they see a traitor in any man outside of their ranks. They do not understand a man standing aloof from their petty miseries.

They are rather strong in Paris, where the *Bourse du Travail* is in their hands, but are nowhere in the country. It is not so easy to make friends there, as the municipality of Paris, on which nine of them are sitting, cannot give situations outside of the town, and therefore cannot corrupt the country.

I fell into the hands of these men when I came to Paris as a delegate to the International (Possibilist) Congress, and I confess that I regret it ever since. They are Nationalists, and as much so as are Irishmen. Their ostensible programme is, "Emancipation of the toiler by the toiler himself," but they should add, "with the gracious help of His Majesty Carnot and the Bourgeois Republic."

Between these Socialists and those who intended to make a good use of Boulanger's triumph by taking hold of the Government at the first opportunity, we have about 15,000 Anarchists, who are recruited from among the most intelligent and sensible workmen here. They do not vote, but they make more recruits at the present time than any other school. While there are lots of Socialists who waver between the Opportunists, the *Parti ouvrier*, and the Boulangists, once a man becomes an Anarchist he usually remains there. They are promoting now the idea of a general European strike, which, if it comes off, will about finish the present delightful system of society.

The *Ligue Socialiste* is a combination of discontented and practical Socialists. It was erected on the ruins of the *Cri du Peuple*. Its members are all young and ardent men, who would not feel at home with such veterans as Vaillant and Jules Guesde. One of them, Odin, is to be prosecuted for a speech he delivered a few weeks ago in Nantes. Chirac is another rising man. The *Ligue Socialiste* is to French Socialism what Sandhurst is to the English army. Its paper is *L'Egalité*, which was started by Jules Roques, a capitalist, and doubtful Socialist. The League counts about a thousand members, and has been about a year in existence. It goes in for the *grève générale* (general strike); has no programme; and thinks of taking the *Elysée* by storm one day—a quite possible thing, if we consider the kind of men it is composed of.

Vaillant, Minister of Public Instruction under the Commune, and still a Communist, has joined Jules Guesde, the Collectivist of old fame, and in spite of all these different opinions and schools of which I have been speaking, all other chiefs would be cast into the shade in the hour of action, and Vaillant would be the rallying-point, in whose presence all differences would disappear. His name reflects a moral strength that cannot be denied. He is watching the first opportunity to strike a decisive blow. Delegates of the twenty arrondissements meet every week, and he never fails to be there also. He does not care to take the chair; he sits in the crowd, and always speaks to the point. He personifies Revolution, no doubt about it. Let the Government make a blunder, and we shall see Vaillant on the *Place de la Concorde*, and with him a hundred thousand revolutionaries of every school, who have descended from the heights of Montmartre and Belleville to strike a final blow at the cursed reign of the money-bag.

A big meeting assembled last week to protest against the arbitrary arrest of Bertoya, a Spanish student of twenty-four, who was arrested in the street, without any warning, by a *mouchard*, who couldn't even tell him for what reason it was done. The reason is, that Bertoya is a Socialist, who has been expelled already from Germany, Italy, France, and probably from Belgium, on account of his opinions and propaganda.

Before the opening of the meeting, one heard all the different languages of Europe—Italian, German, Russian, Greek, etc.: it was a truly international meeting. A Greek student was the first speaker, and he protested strongly against this disgraceful persecution, saying, however, that it was a sure sign that governments must feel their own decay when they resorted to such means as these. Citizen Brunel said they should not protest in words only, but should try to make their words good by their works; which sentiment was received with vigorous applause, waving of hats, and many curses against law's order as carried out in this grand country of freedom, *where every man has a vote*, where idlers have a carefully guarded right to live without producing, and where every poor man has the right and many opportunities to starve while working. Hurrah for the Bourgeois Republic!

A. COULON.
Paris, 19th Jan., 1890.

It would be absurd, amongst any people, to regard as just all that the law sanctions. Would the Athenians have been more equitable if they had ratified the decrees of their thirty tyrants?—*Cicero*.

THE LABOUR STRUGGLE.

The Gas-stokers' Strike.

The struggle is still as dogged as ever. The Seamen and Firemen's Union is nearly every day drawing men out from coal ships that supply the company, and on the whole the strikers have still a fair chance of winning. The gas-stokers' treasurer, William Byford, writing to the *Star* on Friday, Jan. 17, states that funds are coming in well, despite the lying statements that have been circulated in the capitalist press. He says, "The strike which has now lasted five weeks, was forced upon us by Mr. Livesey, and has cost up to the present over £5,000. This has been met somewhat by a levy upon our members, whom, I am glad to say, have responded nobly. We have paid the strikers 10s. a week and 5s. extra Christmas week, and I am pleased to state that instead of our funds being done and our society in a deplorable condition, the funds were never better. Last week our own income was over £800; this week up to date it is over £500. Independent of outside support, which is coming in very well just now, we paid our strikers last week without calling on our bankers, and are prepared to do the same next week." This statement, and, indeed, the whole history of the strike shows that the new trade unionism is not so deficient in staying power as some of its enemies thought. The gas-stokers, unlike the dockers, have received very little outside support, and yet this strike has been fought with as much strength and determination as any struggle in the history of the older trade unions. Should the men even be defeated, they have still done enough to show that the new trade unions can make a good fight without showers of gold from an enthusiastic public.

The strikers have had another opportunity of admiring the administration of middle-class justice. Two blacklegs were charged at the Central Criminal Court this week with shooting strikers. One of them, Alfred Newgrove, has been let off altogether; the other, Charles Higgins, a black man, was discharged upon entering on his recognisances to come up for judgment when called upon. If a striker had shot a blackleg I wonder if he would have got off as easily! It is a wonder that the judge and the middle-class jury, in their enthusiasm for the amiable eccentricities of these gentlemen, did not present them with a valuable testimonial as a proof of their approval—a silver-plated revolver with an injunction to make good use of it would be most suitable.

It is rather surprising, after these examples of middle-class justice, to find that Henry Weir was also only bound over to appear for judgment when called upon. But there are several explanations of this extraordinary leniency; first, it is probable that it struck the judge that it would be rather too absurd to send a man to prison for advising people to kill Mr. Livesey, when blacklegs had been let off for actually trying to kill people; secondly, the judge, Mr. Justice Hawkins, had doubtless exhausted his superfluous stock of severity upon the editor of the *North London Press* the day before, and was therefore in a pretty good humour.

The funniest feature of the case was the "evidence" of the police "short-hand" writer. This gentleman admitted that he was not a "professional," also that he would not swear positively as to whether the prisoner had said that Mr. Livesey had no right or no moral right to live; and finally, he admitted that since the meeting he had made several "alterations" in his short-hand notes, and had "struck out" some portions of them. Nice evidence to convict any one upon! When a policeman adds "short-hand" to his natural vices, he evidently becomes more unreliable in his "evidence" than ever.

There has been another interview between Mr. Livesey and a deputation of gas-stokers, but the interview has had no result. The good gentleman complained bitterly of the trouble and expense to which he had been put by the action of the Coal Porters' and Sailors and Firemen's Unions. We hear on good authority that some 17 coal ships have lost their crews through the pickets of the last-named union, and poor Mr. Livesey has had to partially fill up their places with blacklegs, for whom he has had to pay very dearly. He was, however, in spite of this annoyance, good enough to offer, if the men would make a total surrender, to take "some" of them back. This proposition being afterwards submitted to a mass meeting of the men, was unanimously rejected amid cries of "Fight it out to the bitter end." The demonstration held in Hyde Park on Sunday, showed by its numbers and enthusiasm that the men are determined to resist to the last. There was a large attendance of police, and their "short-hand" writers were very busy "reporting" the speeches. Mr. Livesey is finding that "smashing the union" is not so easy as he thought.

Strike of Wharfmen.

A strike broke out at several wharves in Bermondsey Friday morning, January 17, the men demanding three-quarters of an hour for dinner, and that they shall be paid for it. On Friday night Tom Mann, who represented the workers, had an interview with Captain Davis, one of the directors, at Wilson and Simmons', who conceded the men's demands, but stipulated that the agreement should only hold good till April 13th, when the whole question of payment for mealtimes should be thoroughly discussed. Mr. Morgan, secretary of the dock company, writes to the papers in a fit of virtuous indignation concerning the infraction of the famous agreement of the 14th September last by the men, one of the conditions of which, as our readers will remember, was that there should be no payment for mealtimes. But as Tom Mann explained, the agreement was never intended to be eternal. In fact by this time it has been nearly torn to pieces, as many of the workers at the docks and wharves have gained this concession. The men at Hay's Wharf are still out, but there is every hope of a speedy victory.

The East-end Tailors.

A crowded meeting of East-end tailors was held at Christ Church Hall, Hanbury Street, on Saturday January 18, to consider the breaking of the strike agreement by the masters. According to a statement made by Lewis Lyons at the meeting, two weeks had not passed from the signing of the agreement before some of the masters had broken it, and now the majority of them appear to have followed their example. It appears that the masters have issued a circular to the retail trade in which they stated that the cause which led to long hours had been abolished. The meeting passed a resolution stating that the statements in this circular were misleading and mischievous, and that they had resolved as early as possible to enforce the terms of the agreement by every legitimate means in their power; also calling upon merchant tailors, shopkeepers, and warehouses to open workshops of

their own, or else give their work out to fair houses. It was stated at the meeting that the agreement would be enforced if necessary by a general strike throughout London and the provinces.

Tram and Bus Men.

This union again seems in a bad way. There was a very small attendance at a torchlight meeting held at Stratford Broadway on Saturday morning, owing, it is said, to the men being warned against attending the meeting by the company's officials. This may be so; but similar warnings have been issued before and haven't had much effect. It is probable that the weakness shown by the officials of the union towards the Road Car Co.—which has set them at defiance, broken their agreement, and discharged union men, while the union officials have borne it as meekly as lambs—has had more to do with it. The fact is that the union officials, two months ago, when the Road Car men were ready to strike, allowed the decisive moment to go by. The consequence is that the men have lost heart, and do not care to risk their places for a union that will do nothing for them. Mr. Sutherst, the president of the union, has now evidently given up all idea of organised action on the part of the men, and has prepared a "twelve hours per day bill" for Parliament. A lot of good that will do, even if it passes, though there is not much chance of that. Of what use is a union which can only prepare bills for Parliament? No wonder the men have lost all enthusiasm for such a miserable sham.

Trouble at Billingsgate.

There is a row at Billingsgate. The fish porters have had enough of being sweated by various fishing companies, and on one of the union men being discharged on Saturday morning, January 18, the union men started work on their own account for the buyers, securing half the work of the market, and receiving the full reward of their labour. The companies replied on Monday by posting the following notice on all the wholesale forms: "The undersigned companies hereby give notice that on and after the 20th inst. all fish sold over their forms will be under the sole control of the company until delivered to the stand or vehicle of the buyer, and is only sold on these conditions. This means that the buyers must not employ union labour for themselves, but must have their fish carried by the blacklegs employed by the companies. On Saturday the companies showed they meant boycotting by refusing the bid of Mr. B. Hotine, one of the largest salesmen in Billingsgate, because he employed union men. The men have issued a manifesto, calling upon the buyers to support them in the struggle, and pointing out that the blacklegs do not know their business and are therefore likely to cause them delay and annoyance. N.

MR. AUBERON HERBERT ON MARRIAGE.

THE following letter was addressed by Mr. Auberon Herbert to the editor of the *Pall Mall*, in reply to some very reactionary utterances of the "family altar" type, which the *Pall Mall* had quoted with admiration:

A few days ago the *Pall Mall Gazette* quoted from a speech of Professor Murray about Mr. Parnell. Personally I have never admired the fashion or the spirit of the Irish leading. I have seen in it the same deep taint that I see in the modern Liberal party, as a party. Irish patriots have been manufactured wholesale at the price of 20 to 30 per cent.—or whatever the percentage may be—of reduced rents; just as modern Radicals are manufactured at the price of free education, taxation of land, and the promise of State services at the cost of owners of property. In neither case do I believe the product worth the producing. Having said this, and having separated myself from admiration of Mr. Parnell's leading, I wish to protest most strongly against Professor Murray's manner of speaking about Mr. Parnell. It breathes that deep unconscious hypocrisy which pervades almost all of us in this matter; especially those who, with a very slight knowledge or understanding of their own human nature, proceed to denounce their fellow men. Men safely moored in the haven of marriage sit in sublime judgment upon those who are moved by their passions in the irregular and unhappy ways that lie outside marriage. Do not think I am upholding the state of no marriage as against the state of marriage. I deeply reverence the state of true marriage—by which I mean the faithful continuous attachment of two people to each other, without any legal restraint to perpetuate that attachment, when its inner life has departed—but I say that this true marriage is the concern of the two people themselves, and not the concern of the world outside them. It always seems to me a deep unconscious hypocrisy on the part of the happily married people when they revile either the transgressions of the unmarried or a transgression such as that of which Mr. Parnell is accused. I am not minimising these transgressions. They are generally sins against one's own sense of honour and truth and constancy; they are departures from high ideals; they are acts of high treason against one's own happiness and the happiness of those involved; but I deny utterly they are the concern of the outside world, and it is just as impertinent of Professor Murray to comment upon Mr. Parnell's relations with Mrs. O'Shea, in the high tragic line of a betrayed Ireland, as it would be impertinent for me to comment publicly upon his own ill-natured treatment of his wife or his severity towards his children—if he is married, and if I had any reason to believe in either of these things, which most certainly I have not—as obstacles to our confidence in him as a trustworthy Liberal or a trustworthy Conservative. A great deal of this kind of talk comes from the shallow soil in which Liberal principles of the present day are grown. Women are to vote, to be lawyers, doctors, and so forth; but they are not to be treated as the real owners, with all the consequences, of their own selves. The modern Liberal, in this respect, is often like the Paris husband, who buys a revolver for twenty francs and dramatically shoots his wife, if she has betrayed him, amidst the half-suppressed applause of other Paris husbands. A sense of property in the wife—joined, of course, in France to the intense *amour propre* or vanity that has been injured—is at the bottom of the shooting, just as with us it is at the bottom of that foul creation the divorce court and its money damages. No fouler institution was ever invented; and its existence drags on, to our deep shame, just because we have not the courage frankly to say that the sexual relations of husband and wife, or those who live together, concern their own selves, and do not concern the prying, gloating, self-righteous, and intensely untruthful world outside them. What Mr. Parnell was as a political leader, that he remains to-day.

His faults are not increased; his virtues as leader are not diminished. That he may or may not have sinned against a woman's happiness and self-respect, and against his own happiness and self-respect, are matters that affect him and her, and not his political followers. If the Irish party allow him to be cast on one side—if they allow him to be sacrificed to Catholic jealousies—they will indeed barb the saying, that has been more than once pointed against them, that they cannot be well served because they betray their leaders.

THE SOCIALIST LEAGUE.

OFFICES: 24, GREAT QUEEN ST., LINCOLN'S INN FIELDS, W.C.

The Offices of the Socialist League will be open for the sale of *Commonweal* and all other Socialist publications from 8.30 a.m. to 9 p.m. every day except Sunday. The Secretary will be in attendance from 10 a.m. to 9 p.m. daily.

Executive.—At the Council meeting on Jan. 20th, it was resolved to protest against the attempts made by the capitalist press to obtain a public ovation for the filibuster Stanley upon his return.

Commonweal Branch.—The Hall at 24, Great Queen Street, will be open to all Members of the League every evening from 7.30 to 10 p.m. Daily papers, games, and refreshments. Members must show their cards to the steward. Lectures and dramatic readings every Sunday evening at 8 p.m. For particulars of the new *Commonweal* Branch, now forming, address F. Kitz, 24, Great Queen Street, London, W.C.

Branch Subscriptions Paid.—1888:—Oxford, to end of September.

1889:—Bradford and Hammersmith, to end of April. Norwich, Glasgow, and Yarmouth, to end of May. Manchester, to end of September. Clerkenwell and East London, to end of October. North London, and Mitcham, to end of November. St. Georges East, and Leicester, to end of December. 1890:—North Kensington, to end of January.

Notice to Branch Secretaries.—Please remit to Central Office your Branch Capitation fees as soon as possible.

Notice.—All letters on League business, except those intended for Editors of *Commonweal*, to be addressed to me. No other person is authorised to sign any official communication.
FRANK KITZ, Secretary.

NEW PREMISES FUND.

Collected at Council meeting, Jan. 20th, 3s. 6½d.

"COMMONWEAL" GUARANTEE FUND.

The following further sums have been received towards this fund:—Webb, 1s.; H. R., 1s.; Mrs. Schack, 1s.; M. M., 5s.; F. Kitz, 6d.; D. Nicoll, 6d.; B. W., 6d.; J. W. Brunne, £1 1s.; and C. Saunders, 2s.

REPORTS.

NORTH KENSINGTON.—Fair meeting at Latimer Road on Sunday morning; speakers Maughan Crouch, Dean, and A. J. Smith. Comrade Albert Tarn lectured in the evening on "Capital, Money, and Interest"; many questions and good debate. Collected 2s. 6d. *Commonweal* sold out.

LEEDS.—On Sunday morning at Vicars Croft a meeting was held, when Rogers spoke to an attentive audience. At night, in the Socialist League Hall, Samuels lectured on "Socialism, Old and New" to a good audience; spirited discussion. *Commonweal* went well, also 'Appeal to the Young.'

LEICESTER.—Good meeting in Russell Square, addressed by Taylor and Chambers; audience very attentive and sympathetic. On Monday, a lively discussion on "Communal Life," which was adjourned until Thursday.

MANCHESTER.—We held two meetings on Sunday, despite unfavourable weather. At Phillips Park in the morning, Stockton, Barton, and Baillie addressed a meeting; in the afternoon, the same speakers held a meeting in Stevenson Square. About 40 *Commonweal* sold.

DUBLIN.—At Progressist Club, 87 Marlboro' Street, Jan. 18th, A. Kavanagh lectured on "Practical Legislation," advocating land nationalisation, eight hours, etc., etc. The views of the lecturer were forcibly assailed by Wilson, Regan, O'Gorman, and Fitzpatrick.

SHEFFIELD.—The labour movement in Sheffield is rapidly developing. Good meetings are held every Tuesday evening at Hallamshire Hall, and on Wednesday and Thursday evenings in other parts of the town. We are also getting good meetings at the above hall every Sunday. On Sunday January 12, comrade Sketchley lectured, in the morning at 11, subject, "The Labour Movement"; and in the evening at 6.30, subject, "The Land Question." On Sunday Jan. 19, morning at 11, subject, "The Labour Movement"; and in the evening at 6.30, subject, "Socialism—What it is." Admission is free, and discussion invited. The organisation is extending every week. Socialist literature on sale at the hall.—S.

PLEASE TAKE NOTE!

How is it that the *Commonweal* does not publish more news from the Branches? Because the editor is not omniscient, and the local secretaries forget that he depends upon them for news. Hint: Let us know what you're doing.

How is it that not all that is sent is inserted? Because branch secretaries forget that the editor has less than a thousand hands, and often mix things so that it would mean entirely re-writing their letters before they could be of use. Hint: Keep reports separate from announcements, and news from both. Write briefly, plainly, and on one side of the paper.

LIVERPOOL SOCIALIST SOCIETY, 1 Stanley Street, Dale Street.—Meets every Tuesday at 8 p.m.

EDINBURGH—SCOTTISH SOCIALIST FEDERATION.—In Moulders' Hall, High St., lecture on Sunday January 26, at 6.30, "The Politics of Burns."

CHelsea S.D.F., Co-operative Lecture Hall, 312 Kings Road, Chelsea.—Sunday January 26, at 8 p.m., Harold Cox, "The Eight Hours Question."

MANHOOD SUFFRAGE LEAGUE, "Three Doves," Berwick St., Oxford St., W.—Sunday January 26, at 8.30 p.m., F. Pinnock, "Labour's Social Warfare."

WEST KENSINGTON PARK RADICAL CLUB, 80 Faroe Road, West Kensington.—Sunday January 26, at 8 p.m., Graham Wallas, "Practicable Socialism for Great Britain."

SHEFFIELD.—At Hallamshire Hall, Westbar, on Sunday January 26, J. Sketchley, 11 a.m., "The Labour Movement at Home and Abroad"; at 6.30, "The Claims of Capital and Labour from a Socialistic Standpoint."

A MASS MEETING, to protest against the buying-out of Irish landlords, will be held (under the auspices of the E.L.R.L.) at St. James's Hall, Piccadilly, on Tuesday Jan. 28, at 8 p.m. Michael Davitt, John Burns, and others will speak.

LECTURE DIARY.

LONDON.

Battersea.—All communications to E. Buteux, 20 Abercrombie Street, Battersea Park Road.

Commonweal Branch.—24 Great Queen Street, Holborn, W.C. Business meeting of members every Thursday evening at 8. Lectures every Sunday at 8 p.m. Hall open every evening from 7 till 10.30 to all members of the League; cards of membership must be produced to steward of branch on entering. Entertainments on last Sunday of every month. Membership: 6d. entrance fee and 6d. per month.

East London.—Crown Coffee Tavern, 2 Columbia Road, Hackney Road.

Hammersmith.—Kelmscott House, Upper Mall, W. Sunday Jan. 26, at 8 p.m., George Bernard Shaw, "The New Politics."

Merton.—3 Clare Villas, Merton Road.

Mitcham.—"Lord Napier," Fair Green. Meets every Sunday at 12.30, to enroll members, etc.

North Kensington.—Clarendon Coffee Palace, Clarendon Road. Meets every Wednesday at 8 p.m. On Sunday evening, Jan. 26, a lecture by W. L. Phillips, "Labour and Socialism."

North London.—6 Windmill Street, Tottenham Court Road. Meets every Wednesday evening at 8 o'clock. D. J. Nicoll lectures Wednesday Jan. 28, on "Law and Order."

Southwark.—Secretary, George Evans, 56 Lucy Road, Bermondsey, S.E. Hill's Coffee Tavern, Great Charlotte Street, Blackfriars Road, S.E.

Streatham.—Meets every Thursday at the "Leigham Arms," Wellfield Road, at 8.30 p.m.

Whitechapel and St. Georges in the East.—Branch meetings at International Club, 40 Berner Street, Commercial Road. J. Turner, organising secretary.

PROVINCES.

Aberdeen.—Organiser, J. Leatham, 7 Jamaica Street. Branch meets in Odd-fellows' Small Hall, Crooked Lane, on Monday evenings at 8. Singing practice at 46 Marischal Street on Thursdays at 8 p.m.

Bradford.—Laycock's Temperance Hotel, Albion Court, Kirkgate. Meets every Tuesday at 7.30.

Dundee.—Address to W. Cameron, 17 Laurence Street, Dundee.

Glasgow.—Ram's Horn Hall, 122 Ingram Street. Branch meets on Thursday evenings at 8 o'clock and Sundays at 7 o'clock.

Halifax.—Socialists meet every Sunday at 6.30 p.m. at Helliwell's Temperance Hotel, Northgate.

Leeds.—Clarendon Buildings, Victoria Road, School Close. Open every evening. Business meeting Saturdays at 8 p.m. Sunday January 26, at 7.30, lecture, S. Braithwaite, "Sir Lyon Playfair and the Labour Question."

Leicester.—Exchange Buildings, Rutland Street. Branch meets on Monday and Thursday, at 8 p.m.

Manchester.—Branch meets temporarily at the Secretary's, 52 Miller Street, on Tuesdays at 8 p.m.

Norwich.—Sunday, at 8, Gordon Hall. Tuesday, at 8.30, Members' meeting. Thursday, at 8, Discussion Class. Saturday, Social Meeting. Hall open every evening from 8 p.m.

Oxford.—Temperance Hall, 25½ Pembroke Street. First Friday in every month, at 8.30 p.m.

Walsall.—Socialist Club, 18 Goodall Street, Walsall. Meetings every night.

Yarmouth.—Branch meets at comrade Headley's, near Co-operative Stores, every Tuesday evening. Elocution Class Friday at 8 p.m. On Sunday afternoons during winter a Discussion Class will be held at 3 o'clock.

All persons who sympathise with the views of the Socialist League are earnestly invited to communicate with the above addresses, and if possible to help us in preparing for the birth of a true society, based on equality, brotherhood, and freedom for all.

OPEN-AIR PROPAGANDA.

8.30..... Mile-end WasteCores and Presburg

SATURDAY 25.

11 Latimer Road StationMaughan, Dean, and Crouch

SUNDAY 26.

11.30..... Kilburn—"Old Plough," Kilburn LaneMainwaring

11.30..... Commercial Road—Union StreetCores

11.30..... Mitcham—Fair GreenThe Branch

11.30..... Regent's ParkCantwell and Nicoll

11.30..... Southwark—Flat Iron SquareThe Branch

3.30..... Hyde Park—Marble ArchCantwell and Nicoll

3.30..... Victoria ParkThe Branch

7 Weltje Road, Ravenscourt ParkHammersmith Branch

7.30..... Walham Green—back of ChurchHammersmith Branch

TUESDAY 28.

8 Walham Green—back of ChurchHammersmith Branch

THURSDAY 30.

8.15..... Hoxton ChurchThe Branch

PROVINCES.

Glasgow.—Sunday: Jail Square at 2 o'clock; Paisley Road at 5 o'clock. Tuesday: Cathedral Square, at 8 p.m.

Leeds.—Sunday: Hunslet Moor, at 11 a.m.; Vicar's Croft, at 7 p.m.

Manchester.—Sunday: Philips Park Gates, at 11; Stevenson Square, at 3.

Norwich.—Sunday: St. Faiths, at 11; Market Place, at 3.

Sheffield.—Sunday: Monolith, Fargate, at 11 a.m.; Gower Street, at 3 p.m.; Pump, Westbar, 8 p.m.

Yarmouth.—Sunday: Priory Plain, at 11; Colman's Granary Quay, at 7.

To Help the Paper.—There are several ways in which you can help to spread the 'Weal. Ask your newsagent to try and sell it. Get those who don't care to buy it week by week to subscribe direct. Arrange for the posting of contents bills anywhere you can. Any number of other plans will suggest themselves if you think about it.

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TWENTIETH CENTURY.

HUGH O. PENTECOST, EDITOR.
T. L. M'CREADY, ASSOCIATE EDITOR.

Each number contains the Address of the preceding Sunday, delivered by the Editor in Newark, Brooklyn, and New York.

Motto: "Hear the other side."

THIS Journal advocates Personal Sovereignty in place of State Sovereignty, Voluntary Co-operation as opposed to Compulsory Co-operation, the Liberation of the human mind from Superstition, and the application of the principles of Ethics toward Social Regeneration.

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Some Contributors.

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STATEMENT OF PRINCIPLES.

THE Socialist League advocates International Revolutionary Socialism. That is to say the destruction of the present class society, which consists of one class who live by owning property and therefore *need not work*, and of another that has no property and therefore *must work* in order that they may live to keep the idlers by their labour. Revolutionary Socialism insists that this system of society, which is the modern form of slavery, should be changed to a system of Society which would give every man an opportunity of doing useful work, and not allow any man to live without so doing, which work could not be useful unless it were done for the whole body of workers instead of for do-nothing individuals. The result of this would be that livelihood would not be precarious nor labour burdensome. Labour would be employed in co-operation, and the struggle of man with man for bare subsistence would be supplanted by harmonious combination for the production of common wealth and the exchange of mutual services without the waste of labour or material.

Every man's needs would be satisfied from this common stock, but no man would be allowed to own anything which he could not use, and which consequently he must *abuse* by employing it as an instrument for forcing others to labour for him unpaid. Thus the land, the capital, machinery, and means of transit would cease to be private property, since they can only be *used* by the combination of labour to produce wealth.

Thus men would be *free* because they would no longer be dependent on idle property-owners for subsistence; thus they would be *brothers*, for the cause of strife, the struggle for subsistence at other people's expense, would have come to an end. Thus they would be *equal*, for if all men were doing useful work no man's labour could be dispensed with. Thus the motto of Liberty, Fraternity, and Equality, which is but an empty boast in a society that upholds the monopoly of the means of production, would at last be realised.

This Revolutionary Socialism must be International. The change which would put an end to the struggle between man and man, would destroy it also between nation and nation. One harmonious system of federation throughout the whole of civilisation would take the place of the old destructive rivalries. There would be no great centres breeding race hatred and commercial jealousy, but people would manage their own affairs in communities not too large to prevent all citizens from taking a part in the administration necessary for the conduct of life, so that party politics would come to an end.

Thus, while we abide by the old motto:

Liberty, Fraternity, Equality,

we say that the existence of private property destroys Equality, and therefore under it there can be neither Liberty nor Fraternity.

We add to the first motto then this other one—

FROM EACH ACCORDING TO HIS CAPACITY, TO EACH ACCORDING TO HIS NEEDS.

When this is realised there will be a genuine Society; until it is realised, Society is nothing but a band of robbers. We must add that this change can only be brought about by combination amongst the workers themselves, and must embrace the whole of Society. The new life cannot be *given* to the workers by a class higher than they, but must be *taken* by them by means of the abolition of classes and the reorganisation of Society.

COUNCIL OF THE SOCIALIST LEAGUE.

NOTICE.

Subscribers who find a red mark against this notice are thereby reminded that their subscriptions have expired and must be renewed immediately if they wish to continue to receive *Commonweal*.

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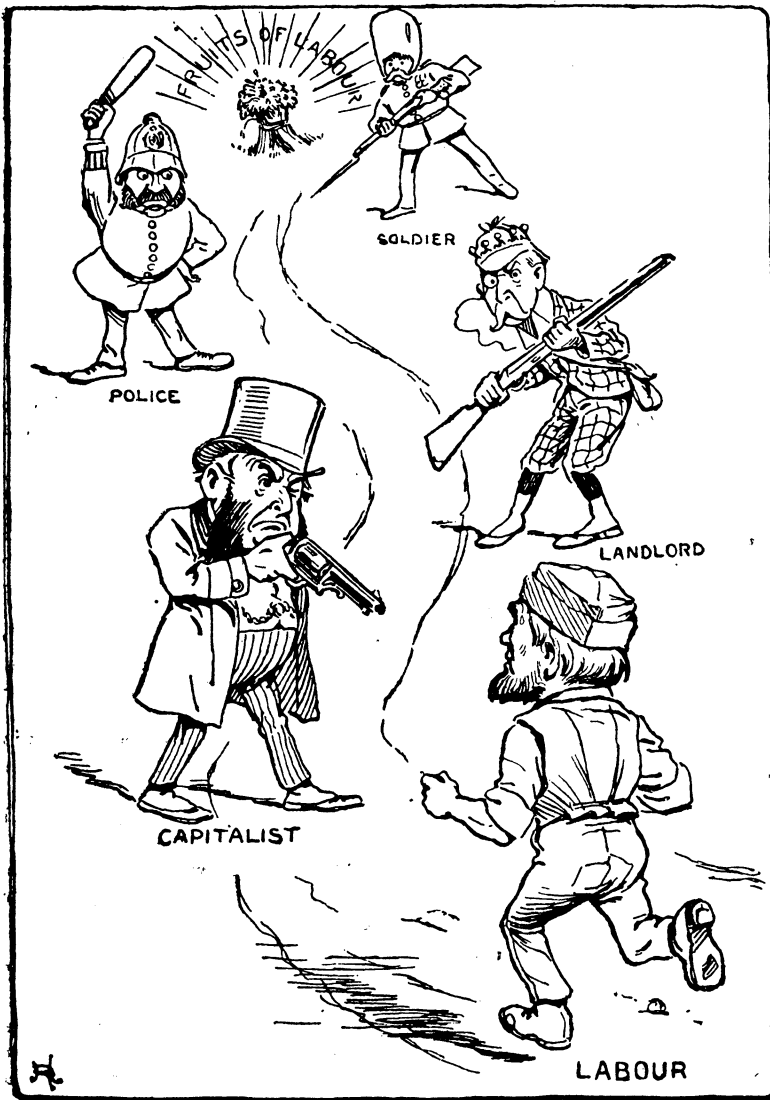
The Official Journal of the
SOCIALIST LEAGUE.

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WEEKLY; ONE PENNY.

WHEN WILL HE GET THERE?



NOTES ON NEWS.

THE *Labour Elector* appeals to the mass of the trades' union workmen, and is supposed to do something toward teaching them; but one of its last efforts in this direction is not a happy one. English people are fond of boasting that they do not hit a man when he is down; but here is the *Labour Elector* attacking Mr. Parke in a way that it is difficult to characterise, although he is in prison for doing what most people believe he thought to be his duty.

Mr. Parke has made a mistake, and is paying a frightful penalty for it. Twelve month's persistent and intentional torture, administered by a pedantic system that does not recognise humanity except as an inconvenient something to be repressed, one would think sufficient "punishment" for any "crime" in the calendar, let alone the crime of a mere mistake, which any generous-minded man would at once forgive. But this is not enough for the "*Newest Journalism*"; which out-herods Herod, out-Saturdays the *Saturday*, in calling for pit, gallows and rack in defence of an injured society. Really, the *Labour Elector* has learned its lesson from its coercionist friends only too well. It seems bent on reducing political persecution to an absurdity.

The bourgeois papers are congratulating the German Socialists on their victory over Bismark, but to a Socialist onlooker it does not seem so tremendous, or at least must be read by the light of the

extra-coercionist state of things in Germany. For the only doubts that the respectable parties had was as to the best method of damaging Socialism; and all the Liberals wanted to do apparently was to get a coercionist bill which should have a certain amount of respectability about it, so that it might last the longer and be put in force the more rigorously.

The Tory gentleman, Prince Zu Carolath, who spoke against the Bill and so astonished his colleagues, appears to be rather a Simple Simon. To us, at any rate, the crushing of Socialism by intellectual argument seems rather like a joke; since by this time nobody but Professor Huxley or the regular debating-club bore ventures to argue against Socialism in front; let alone that it seems rather late in the day for the countrymen of Karl Marx and Lassalle to *begin* to talk of intellectual opposition. But no doubt there is something in the argument that brutal coercion consolidates a forward movement.

An article in the *Star* the other day carried the "We are all Socialists now" about as far as that stale piece of cant could be carried. "We have had municipal Socialism for fifty years," said its writer. Have we indeed? It must be a valuable article, then, considering how it has abolished all the evils of which Labour has to complain! Let alone the London slums, I could show our *Star* friends a biggish population in the fields of merry (?) England to whom Socialism of any kind would be of some advantage if it were real. Whereabouts is this municipal Socialism? I should like to find out. I think it must be Socialism for the rich; that is the reason why we cannot find it out; they keep it to themselves, I suppose, like they do all the rest of their stealings.

W. M.

Mr. John P. Brown, "of Birmingham," is an admirer of Mr. Stanley and an upholder of the system which he represents. To him, this God-appointed (which is to say, self-appointed) apostle of rum, rifles, and religion, who forces his way across Africa with a wallet of bullets and bibles, appears to be not only a semi-divine hero, but "furthermore a gentleman" (!). Imagine, then, the horror of Mr. John P. Brown when he picks up a stray number of the *Commonweal* in a Liverpool café, and reads the "infernal rubbish" which is written therein about his idol, by "miserable hounds" who "have not the pluck to undertake one-half, nay, one-quarter of what he has successfully accomplished"! Then for the first time it dawns upon him that there are men alive who do not prostrate themselves before the feet of the vulgar freebooter whom he so adores.

What his first impulse was, who shall say? Something of its nature may be gathered from the fact, that on reflection he wrote a letter in reply to our "article on Mr. H. M. Stanley, whom you call a filibuster," in which he says:

"Your reason for so doing I cannot imagine, unless it is that his object is to open up fresh provinces for the furtherance of the gospel, and to try and enlighten the poor niggers (!) on the glorious truths contained therein. Pray is he not opening up fresh fields for commercial enterprise, and thus furthering the interests of the community at large?"—

making, of course the familiar confusion between the interests of the capitalist and those of the "community at large."

But Mr. Brown proceeds in a loftier strain:

"These glorious principles are of course quite antagonistic to your own, which can be defined in one short word, and that is HELLISH. This definition may perhaps be rather strong, but in this case it is the only one adapted for the purpose of which it is used. Your other remarks are without doubt cowardly in the extreme. Because a *man*, and furthermore a *gentleman*, has the pluck to take in hand an expedition the object of which was the advancement of civilisation, knowing the privations and fatigues he would have to undergo, and having successfully accomplished his object, your miserable crew raise objections to a grateful and admiring populace giving him his just and due reward. I should like to have the task, or rather the pleasure, of stringing up every man jack of you."

There speaks the good Christian!

Having relieved himself of all that, one may now fairly ask Mr.

Brown to reflect a little. If he will only try to formulate, in some calmer moment, the benefit which has been conferred by Mr. Stanley on the "true working class"; if he will only try really to find out to how much of "mankind generally" Mr. Stanley has been a "benefactor"; if he will only do these things with a little earnestness and a genuine desire for truth, he will find that the heroic figure of his imagination will dwindle down to something like the dimensions of a commercial traveller crossed with a footpad. S.

NEWS FROM NOWHERE:

OR,
AN EPOCH OF REST.

BEING SOME CHAPTERS FROM A UTOPIAN ROMANCE.

CHAP. III. (continued).—THE GUEST HOUSE AND BREAKFAST THEREIN.

I LOOKED over my shoulder, and saw something flash and gleam in the sunlight that lay across the hall; so I turned round, and at my ease saw a splendid figure slowly sauntering over the pavement; a man whose surcoat was embroidered most copiously as well as elegantly, so that the sun flashed back from him as if he had been clad in golden armour. The man himself was tall, dark-haired, and exceedingly handsome, and though his face was no less kindly in expression than that of the others, he moved with that somewhat haughty mien which great beauty is apt to give to both men and women. He came and sat down at our table with a smiling face, stretching out his long legs and hanging his arm over the chair in the slowly graceful way which tall and well-built people may use without affectation. He was a man in the prime of life, but looked as happy as a child who has just got a new toy. He bowed gracefully to me, and said—

"I see clearly that you are the guest, of whom Annie has just told me, who have come from some distant country that does not know of us or our ways of life. So I daresay you would not mind answering me a few questions; for you see—"

Here Dick broke in: "No, please, Boffin! let it alone for the present. Of course you want the guest to be happy and comfortable; and how can that be if he has to trouble himself with answering all sorts of questions while he is still confused with all the new customs and people about him? No, no: I am going to take him where he can ask questions himself, and have them answered; that is to my great-grandfather in Bloomsbury; and I am sure you can't have anything to say against that. So instead of bothering, you had much better go out to James Allen's and get a carriage for me, as I shall drive him up myself; and please tell Jim to let me have the old grey, for I can drive a wherry much better than a carriage. Jump up, old fellow, and don't be disappointed; our guest will keep himself for you and your stories."

I stared at Dick; for I wondered at his speaking to such a dignified-looking personage so familiarly, not to say curtly; for I thought that this Mr. Boffin, in spite of his well-known name out of Dickens, must be at the least a senator of these strange people. However, he got up and said, "All right, old oar-wearer, whatever you like; this is not one of my busy days; and though" (with a condescending bow to me) "my pleasure of a talk with this learned guest is put off, I admit that he ought to see your worthy kinsman as soon as possible. Besides, perhaps he will be the better able to answer my questions after his own have been answered."

And therewith he turned and swung himself out of the hall.

When he was well gone, I said: "Is it wrong to ask what Mr. Boffin is? whose name, by the way, reminds me of many pleasant hours passed in reading Dickens."

Dick laughed. "Yes, yes," said he, "as it does us. I see you take the allusion. Of course his real name is not Boffin, but Henry Johnson; we only call him Boffin as a joke, partly because he is a dustman, and partly because he will dress so showily, and get as much gold on him as a baron in the Middle Ages. As why should he not if he likes? only we are his special friends, you know, so of course we jest with him."

I held my tongue for some time after that; but Dick went on:

"He is a capital fellow, and you can't help liking him; but he has a weakness: he will spend his time in writing reactionary novels, and is very proud of getting the local colour right, as he calls it; and as he thinks you come from some forgotten corner of the earth, where people are unhappy, and consequently interesting to a story-teller, he thinks he may get some information out of you. O, he will be quite straightforward with you, for that matter. Only for your own comfort, beware of him!"

"Well, Dick," said the weaver, doggedly, "I think his novels are very good."

"Of course you do," said Dick; "birds of a feather flock together; mathematics and antiquarian novels stand on much the same footing. But here he comes again."

And in effect the Golden Dustman hailed us from the hall-door; so we all got up and went into the porch, before which, with a strong grey horse in the shafts, stood a carriage ready for us which I could not help noticing. It was light and handy, but had none of that sickening vulgarity which I had known as inseparable from the carriages of our time, especially the "elegant" ones, but was as graceful and pleasant in line as a Wessex waggon. We got in, Dick and I. The girls, who had come into the porch to see us off, waved their hands to

us; the weaver nodded kindly; the dustman bowed as gracefully as a troubadour; Dick shook the reins, and we were off.

CHAP. IV.—A MARKET BY THE WAY.

WE turned away from the river at once, and were soon in the main road that runs through Hammersmith. But I should have had no guess as to where I was if I had not started from the waterside; for King Street was gone, and the highway ran through wide sunny meadows and garden-like tillage. The Creek, which we crossed at once, had been rescued from its culvert, and as we went over its pretty bridge we saw its waters, yet swollen by the tide, covered with gay boats of different sizes. There were houses about, some on the road, some among the fields with pleasant lanes leading down to them, and each surrounded by a teeming garden. They were all pretty in design, and as solid as might be, but countryfied in appearance, like yeomen's dwellings; some of them of red brick like those by the river, but more of timber and plaster, which were by the necessity of their construction so like mediæval houses of the same materials that I fairly felt as if I were alive in the fourteenth century; a sensation helped out by the costume of the people that we met or passed, in whose dress there was nothing "modern." Almost everybody was gaily dressed, but especially the women, who were so well-looking, or even so handsome, that I could scarcely refrain my tongue from calling my companion's attention to the fact. Some faces I saw that were thoughtful, and in these I noticed great nobility of expression, but none that had a glimmer of unhappiness, and the greater part (we came upon a good many people) were frankly and openly joyous.

I thought I knew the Broadway by the lie of the roads that meet there. On the north side of the road was a range of buildings and courts, low, but very handsomely built and ornamented, and in that way forming a great contrast to the unpretentiousness of the houses round about; while above this lower building rose the steep lead-covered roof and the buttresses and higher part of the wall of a great hall, of a splendid and exuberant style of architecture, of which one can say little more than that it seemed to me to embrace the best qualities of the Gothic of northern Europe with those of the Saracenic and Byzantine, though there was no copying of any one of these styles. On the other, the south side, of the road was an octagonal building with a high roof, not unlike the Baptistery at Florence, except that it was surrounded by a lean-to that clearly made an arcade or cloisters to it: it also was most delicately ornamented.

This whole mass of architecture which we had come upon so suddenly from amidst the pleasant fields was not only exquisitely beautiful in itself, but it bore upon it the expression of such generosity and abundance of life that I was exhilarated to a pitch that I had never yet reached. I fairly chuckled for pleasure. My friend seemed to understand it, and sat looking on me with a pleased and affectionate interest. We had pulled up amongst a crowd of carts, wherein sat handsome healthy-looking people, men, women, and children, very gaily dressed, and which were clearly market carts, as they were full of very tempting-looking country produce.

I said, "I need not ask if this is a market, for I see clearly that it is; but what market is it that it is so splendid? And what is the glorious hall there, and what is the building on the south side?"

"O," said he, "it is just our Hammersmith market; and I am glad you like it so much, for we are really proud of it. Of course the hall inside is our winter Mote-House; for in summer we mostly meet in the fields down by the river opposite Barn-Elms. The building on our right hand is our theatre: I hope you like it."

"I should be a fool if I didn't," said I.

He blushed a little as he said: "I am glad of that, too, because I had a hand in it; I made the great doors, which are of damascened bronze. We will look at them later in the day, perhaps: but we ought to be getting on now. As to the market, this is not one of our busy days; so we shall do better with it another time, because you will see more people."

I thanked him, and said: "Are these the regular country people? What very pretty girls there are amongst them."

As I spoke, my eye caught the face of a beautiful woman, tall, dark-haired, and white-skinned, dressed in a pretty light-green dress in honour of the season and the hot day, who smiled kindly on me, and more kindly still, I thought, on Dick; so I stopped a minute, but presently went on:

"I ask because I do not see any of the country-looking people I should have expected to see at a market—I mean selling things there."

"I don't understand," said he, "what kind of people you would expect to see; nor quite what you mean by 'country' people. These are the neighbours, and that like they run in the Thames valley. There are parts of these islands which are rougher and rainier than we are here, and there people are rougher in their dress; and they themselves are tougher and more hard-bitten than we are to look at. But some people like their looks better than ours; they say they have more character in them—that's the word. Well, it's a matter of taste.—Anyhow the cross between us and them generally turns out well," added he, thoughtfully.

I thought his eye rather wandered from me, and didn't wonder, for that pretty girl was just disappearing through the gate with her big basket of early peas, and I myself felt that disappointed kind of feeling which overtakes one when one has seen an interesting or lovely face in the streets which one is never likely to see again; and I was silent a little. At last I said: "What I mean is, that I haven't seen any poor people about—not one."

He knit his brows, looked puzzled, and said: "No, naturally; if anybody is poorly, he is likely to be within doors, or at best crawling about the garden: but I don't know of any one sick at present. Why should you expect to see poorly people on the road?"

"No, no," I said; "I don't mean sick people. I mean poor people, you know; rough people."

"No," said he, smiling merrily, "I really do not know. The fact is you must come along quick to my great-grandfather, who will understand you better than I do. Come on, Greylocks!" Therewith he shook the reins, and we jogged along merrily eastward.

WILLIAM MORRIS.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

INTERNATIONAL NOTES.

FRANCE.

The bourgeois Republic goes on expelling foreigners exactly as if France were the counterpart of Russia. During last year, 1,612 Spaniards, 1,410 Belgians, 573 Germans, 369 Swiss, 93 Dutch and Luxemburgers, 57 Austrians, 52 Englishmen, 32 Americans, 22 Russians and 21 Turks, have been sent over the frontiers, thus making a total number of 4,247 expelled. Hip, hip, hurrah, for Republican fraternity!

GERMANY.

At the general meeting of the ships' stokers on strike, held on Jan. 22nd, it was unanimously resolved that the men should continue to hold out. A strike committee of eight members was accordingly appointed, a Hamburg Ships' Stokers and Trimmers' Union being formed at the same time. The majority of the substitutes obtained from Antwerp are already on their way back to that city. They were plentifully supplied with provisions by the strikers, and their departure was effected peacefully. At the last hour, we are informed that the strike, which has been going on for ten days, has now ended. A meeting of the strikers was held at Altona, near Hamburg, on January 25th, at which the proposal made by the shipowners, that they should cancel the reduction of 10 marks (10s.) per month, recently made in the strikers' wages, and should restore their salary to 85 marks per month, provided that the workers undertook to demand no further increase in wages during this year, was unanimously adopted. With this limitation, the ships' stokers and coal-trimmers have won the victory over their masters.

The coalowners have given their answer to the five demands put forward by the coalminers of Westphalia and the Rhine Province. The workers claimed an advance of 50 per cent. in their wages, the eight hours shift, the abolition of overtime, the suppression of all deductions hitherto imposed for what is considered unsatisfactory work, and payment of wages once every fortnight. The Masters' Association, at a meeting held at Dortmund on January 23rd, drew up a letter which was addressed to H. Meyer, of Bochum, the Chairman of the Miners' Association for the Rhine Province and Westphalia, and which declared that the demands of the workers could not be agreed to by the mine owners. What will be the result of this summary refusal of all the miners' claims, we do not know; but it seems to us that the owners are again playing with the fire, and will have to come soon to some better terms, if they do not wish a renewal of the last great strike, which did them no good.

The debate on the Anti-Socialist Bill has come to an end, and the Reichstag has rejected the whole measure by 169 votes against 98. Bismarck was not there to witness his defeat, but he will feel it all the same.

We stated last week on the authority of several Socialist papers, that comrade Ignaz Auer had become insane, and that but little hope was entertained for his recovery. We are glad to say that we have been misled. Auer, whose health has been rather severely shaken by his labours in the service of his party, has gone to Montreux, a Swiss watering-place, where a sojourn of a few weeks has already proved very beneficial, and it is said that he will soon resume his political agitation in Germany.

AUSTRIA-HUNGARY.

Our Austrian friends, notwithstanding the very serious difficulties with which they have to carry on their propaganda, make steady progress. They have more workers' institutions, associations, clubs, reading-rooms, etc. than any other country in Europe, and in the last few weeks they have created six more such "Vereine;" namely at Alt-Harzdorf, near Reichenburg, at Feldkirchen, at Brannseifen, at Wolfsburg, at Weisbach and at Znaim.

Comrades R. Hanser and A. Gollen, have issued the first issue of a new Socialist venture, under the title of *Familien-Bibliothek für des arbeitende Volk* (Family-Library for the Workers). It contains the following articles: 1. The workers and the press; 2. How the rich always manage matters; 3. Illustrations; 4. The bourgeois point of view; 5. Poetry. The new organ is to appear fortnightly. Address: Familien-Bibliothek, VII., Kaiserstrasse, 117, Vienna.

BELGIUM.

One of the most valiant propagandists of the revolutionary cause has died at Brussels, a few weeks ago, after a few days of illness: comrade Emile Brassine, who has been administrator of the Anarchist paper, *Le Drapeau Noir* (The Black Flag).

RUSSIA.

On December 10, 1889, the Russian revolutionary club in Paris held a meeting of protest against the massacres of Russian exiles in Siberia, which occurred last spring, and are now fully known from the exhaustive documentary evidence published in the *Times* on December 26. Attacked as they were without any provocation by soldiers and policemen, six were killed outright, eight severely wounded, and the rest made prisoners. Three of these latter were hanged, one in an almost dying state, and the others sent for many years to the mines. The resolution adopted at the meeting referred to runs as follows:

"This meeting of Russians, held on December 10, 1889, at 308 Rue St. Jacques, Paris, heard with feelings of the deepest sorrow and indignation the news of the beastly actions of the representatives of the Russian Government, which took place at Yakutsk, and the victims of which were the political exiles Podbielsky, Pik, S. Gurevich, Shur, Notkin, Muchanov, Kohan-Bernshtein, Zotoo, and Rauman. Protesting with all their might against this incomparable cruelty, the meeting expresses their boundless contempt for the gang of henchmen who

call themselves the Russian Government, and their entire solidarity with the martyrs who paid with their freedom and their lives for their protest against coercion and high-handedness."

This resolution has been published in a leaflet, written in the Russian tongue, and is signed by E. Stepanov, Ch. Turevich, E. Ashkinasi, members of the committee of the Paris Russian Club.

UNITED STATES.

We hear with much regret that the Supreme Court of the United States has rejected the appeal of comrade John Most, the editor of the *Freiheit*, the organ of the German-speaking Anarchists, for a revision of his sentence of one year's imprisonment for vindicating the noble cause of free speech in America. The last number of comrade Most's paper announces that in the course of this year the *Freiheit* will again be published in eight pages instead of four. This change will be the best answer comrade Most could give to the magistrates for their vindictive sentence.

VICTOR DAVE.

SWEDEN.

From the 1st of April the Stockholm paper *Social-Demokraten* is going to be published as a daily paper. *Social-Demokraten* has been very good as a weekly, and we only hope that its staff and the support of the North Swedish workers will be strong enough to make it as good a daily. *Folkets Röst* (Gothenburg) has been compelled to cease. Considering that Gothenburg is the second largest city in Sweden, with a strong working-man population, this is rather sad. Comrade Danielsson (of *Arbetet*, Malmö) has lately printed a small book ('Genom Gallret—i.e., 'Through the Lattice Window') with poetry and some short stories. They are not only inspired with a truly revolutionary enthusiasm, but are also nearly all of them brilliant pieces of art. Danielsson seems to be one of those very rare, highly gifted persons, who have exceptional capacities as well for science as for art. They are perhaps the most useful of all revolutionists, because not so one-sided. On the 1st of February Danielsson will leave prison, after a detainment of eighteen months.

DENMARK.

The *Social-Demokraten* (of Copenhagen) has not said a word about the seven "revolutionists" since their expulsion became a fact. But it does not seem that the Danish workers ignore them in the same way, because there are rumours that *Arbejderen* is soon going to become a daily. Just now *Social-Demokraten* is making a great fuss about the elections to the miserable Danish Diet, which for several years has been treated like a sheepflock by the autocratic Estrugian ministry—or rather, like that silly coward mob which it is. And to be "represented" by a few men in this contemptible mob is by a Socialist paper recommended as a great and beautiful aim for the special exertions of Socialists! That is really very like giving stones to those who cry for bread.

STN.

CORRESPONDENCE.

STANLEY.

DEAR SIR,—Some one sent me last Saturday's issue, and I am glad to find my view concerning the *humbug* connected with Stanley's return coincides with yours and that of other advanced and sound thinkers. I have sent further opinions to the press, and, if appearing, there will be seen the reasons I advance for not considering him a "hero"—quite the contrary. But all such honesty of expression—especially by travellers or voyagers, capable of rightly judging—is, nowadays, the bringing down upon the daring speaker or writer crushing blows of ruin, as it has upon yours truly,

Bexley Heath, Jan. 21.

W. PARKER SNOW.

A PROTEST.

"Some of us must be content to die in the wilderness." So said a Fabian. And surely it is too true that many of us will die in "the wilderness." But the question is, how hard ought we to fight that we and others may not die in that wilderness? How hard, I say? Well, our hardest. And what is our hardest? 'Tis not to sit and consider which is the most convenient method to the privileged and brass-hearted of saving the poor from their merciless clutches. No; there is a wider, nobler, altogether humaner way of acting. Moses "looked this way and that way," and seeing none about, slew the Egyptian slave-driver. Was that the noblest kind of action? No. Had Moses ninety and nine lives to lose, he should have slain the Egyptian even though the whole armed forces of Egypt were by.

It is our business to raise up the most deadly, the most unflinching, the most clear-seeing spirit of revolt that can be, and as quickly as can be too. So that the ruling classes cannot misunderstand, cannot misinterpret the handwriting on the wall. What! shall we calmly see our lives and the lives of our beloved friends and brothers trampled under foot? Shall we feel the largeness of our powers of deed and happiness, and allow them to wither within us and not be stirred to the greatest depths of our manhood? And fearless of death, fearless of all, except of being agents in the perpetuation of this gigantic curse, stand forth and say: You the privileged, you the masters, you the rulers are murdering us body and soul for no good. For no good to yourselves or us. And you will not hear our cry, you will not take the stopping from your ears. No; your feet are tangled in the carcasses of our brothers and lovers and children; you will not deprive your full gorged bellies or your grotesquely covered backs of one atom of your wantonness to save our bodies alive. We tell you plainly, that with the greatest possible speed and with the most inevitable tread, we will step up to you and strike your pitiless mouths with the iron glove of justice. We will not palter, we will not cringe, we will not calculate, but manfully take from you the power by which you grind us.

We know what we want, and ought not to be afraid to ask for it in its entirety. Why should we hold back one hour? Why hold back one jot of our demand? Up and out to the four winds, and declare for a life worthy of manhood and nothing less! "Content to die in the wilderness"? No, by the glorious hope of man's unqualified freedom!

January 1890.

R. CATTERSON SMITH.

If it be the fact that it is a natural duty for a man to assist his fellow, solely because he is man, it is also natural that all particular interests should unite for the common welfare.—Cicero.



OFFICES: 24 GREAT QUEEN STREET, LONDON, W.C.

HAVE YOU NOT HEARD HOW IT HAS GONE WITH MANY A CAUSE BEFORE NOW: FIRST, FEW MEN HEED IT; NEXT, MOST MEN CONTEMN IT; LASTLY, ALL MEN ACCEPT IT—AND THE CAUSE IS WON!

THE COMMONWEAL is the official organ of the Socialist League; but, unless definitely so announced by the Editors, no article is to be taken as expressing in more than a general way the views of the League as a body. In accordance with the Manifesto and Statement of Principles of the League, the COMMONWEAL is an exponent of International Revolutionary Socialism. On minor differences of opinion the widest freedom of discussion is maintained. As all articles are signed, no special significance attaches to their position in the paper.

Articles and letters dealing with any phase of the social problem are invited and will meet with earnest consideration. They must be written on one side of the paper only, and accompanied by the name and address of the writer, not necessarily for publication. MSS. can only be returned if a stamped directed envelope accompanies them.

Advertisements can only be inserted if unobjectionable in all particulars. Scale of charges and special quotations may be obtained from the Manager.

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Labour Elector	Buffalo—Arbeiter-Zeitung	Ghent—Vooruit
London—Freie Presse	Chicago—Knights of Labor	SPAIN
Norwich—Daylight	Vorbote	Madrid—El Socialista
Personal Rights Journal	Detroit—Der Arme Teufel	GERMANY
Social Demokrat	Milwaukee—National Reformer	Berlin—Volks Tribune
Seafaring	San Francisco Arbeiter-Zeitung	AUSTRIA
Worker's Friend	S. F. Coast Seamen's Journal	Brunn—Volksfreund
INDIA	St Louis—Altruist	HUNGARY
Bankipore—Behar Herald	FRANCE	Arbeiter-Wochen-Chronik
UNITED STATES	Paris—La Revolté	DENMARK
New York—Truthseeker	Le Proletariat	Social-Demokraten
Freiheit	Vierzon—Le Reveil Social	SWEDEN
Der Sozialist	Charleville—L'Emancipation	Stockholm, Social-Demokraten
Volkszeitung	HOLLAND	Malmö—Arbetet
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SEA SHELLS, SANDWICHES, AND SPREAD-EAGLEISM.

PLEASANT PROPAGANDA IN AID OF ST. JINGO.

THE other day your reporter received a neat card inviting him in the name of Lord Brassey to 24, Park Lane, to listen to Mr. G. R. Parkin deliver an address on Imperial Federation. In the interests of Socialism and the readers of the 'Weal' your reporter has in his time dared much, but some amount of consideration was required on this particular occasion. In the search after knowledge much has to be risked, truth is worth considerable risk; but was this really a promise of some worthy addition to the store of truth, or was it simply a deep-laid scheme to get possession of your reporter? The doubt was suggested by the word "Refreshments" down in one corner. Memory recalled in an instant the various treacherous banquets recorded in history, when dangerous persons have had to be removed without exciting too much notice, and the reporter almost wished that the sub-editor, or one of those compositors, who are always spoiling one's best bits of writing out of pure envy, had been put on the job.

However, at last deciding in the interests of the ten thousand readers awaiting for this number, and that if necessary he would

greatly daring die, your reporter started off, only pausing to take on the road a penny-per-hundred ticket from an automatic insurance supply box. Being somewhat more used to the wilds of Whitechapel than to the pleasantries of Park Lane, it was some trouble to find the house, especially as, in the district of overturned park railings, it did not seem quite advisable for a dangerous-looking Socialist to "Ask a P'leeceman" where Lord Brassey lived, inquisitorial questions might be put.

At last, finding the house, fortunately just as the door was opened to let some visitors in, your reporter reached the door-mat without having to make a special appeal by knocker or bell. Fairly inside the hall doubts again took possession, for quite a display of male servitors were in evidence, one of whom solemnly pointed to a side room with an intimation to undress, an order which in olden times was a prelude to the torture-chamber. Biting his lips, however, he obeyed, but it appeared that it was only hat and top-coat that was received. Luckily, in consequence of your handsome cheque on account of arrears, your reporter was, for a wonder, in possession of and therefore wearing two coats.

Having received a ticket with a number on in exchange for hat and coat, he did as others seemed to be doing, making believe to be quite at home, mounting the stairs with a quite two-thousand-a-year air, which was a quite ten-thousand-a-year air by the time one room had been inspected; an inspection which was necessitated by the fact that there was no lecturer or lecture-hall yet to be found, and as it is quite *infra dig* to be in a hurry or at all curious, or to ask questions, the only thing one could do was simply to follow suit, and loaf round in the hope of striking the lecture-room and lecturer in good time for the peroration if nothing else.

At last it was announced that an adjournment was to be made to the museum, and under the guidance of the speaker we passed along some passages not originally too commodious, and somewhat reduced by cases of curiosities and a number of frames containing some hundred of most dainty little drawings and pictures, taken in all parts of the world under all sorts of conditions, and which form the illustrations of the published works of the late Lady Brassey. At last an open-gallery permits a view of the hall below, which is reached by a short and somewhat steep stairway with a twist in its foot.

A dainty hall this for propaganda, by my troth, and after having climbed up ladders into lofts, and plunged down break-neck stairs into dingy cellars, groped through the stream of pea-soup and horse-bean coffee, to the hall at the rear of some coffee palace to listen to a lecture on "Art and Socialism," or "How we do live and How we might live," it almost seemed that your reporter's devotion to that sort of propaganda had now led into the lotus land; that the time of rough plank seats, dirty walls, and paraffin smoke had passed for ever, and that the cool, calm, electric beam showed the way to really restful seats in cosy corners, where one could make love, or talk on the new economics, in which, as is suggested in "News from Nowhere," the greatest difficulty is how to fairly share out the small amount of useful labour called for to provide everything for everybody.

It really seemed quite a matter of "Make-believe Land," for most of those present were known members of various more or less revolutionary organisations. Strange, surely, to find so many of the exploited class as guests of one of the greatest exploiters of this generation; audacious rather, to let the exploited see exactly the pass to which the poor capitalist has been brought to.

Just for the moment, however, all such thoughts seemed foreign, everything seemed Peace. In truth, it was very like the peace which reigned at Warsaw just when the streets had been clean swept by artillery. This, too, was the thought which came up over and over again during the proceedings. The talk was all of peace—peaceable intentions, that is—but the calculations were wholly as to war. Our country, Our empire, Our colonies, Our supremacy, the importance of Our commerce, Our civilisation, and Our mission to spread this civilisation among the uncivilised, until in absolute impatience one felt inclined to ejaculate "Say Our Everything, and damn all the rest!"

In introducing the lecturer, Lord Brassey told the audience that Mr. Parkin's mission to Australia was to "awaken the feeling that it was desirable to maintain the Unity of the Empire." This was a particularly agreeable bit of news, because it has been a very strong point with some of the Imperial Federationists that the Australian Colonies were already very awake and earnest on the question. They have laid much stress on the few hundred Australian Jingoese who were got together to volunteer for service in Egypt to secure the interest on Goschen bonds. There was some amount of pleasure also in learning from Lord Brassey that although "the solution of the question of Imperial Federation is very important and pressing, it is not the foremost of all the questions, with which statesmen have to deal," for one could not help but think that the Federationists might be a bit disappointed if they were expecting to get their questions settled just for a day or two yet. Some are inclined to think that an English Land and Labour question will come on first.

One remark that he made, we only put on record to show that Lord Brassey has a fund of quiet humour which might not be expected of him. He said that in consequence of his inquiries while in the colonies as to what was being done in the way of defence, he found that a great work was being done in the direction of a volunteer force. When he returned to England he suggested to the authorities that besides being a great compliment to the colonies, much good could be done by sending out a Properly Qualified Influential and Competent Military Man, to report on and advise as to the future; and as one of the P.Q.I. and C.M.M., he suggested the Duke of Connaught! He

said it without turning a hair, and the audience stood it bravely. We were assured that Sir Henry Parkes had favourably taken up the question of Imperial Federation, but there was no mention of the speech of Sir Charles Lilley, Chief Justice of Queensland, and the remarkable fact that "Three Cheers for the Australian Republic!" is more often heard than "Rule Britannia!"

Next, Mr. G. R. Parkin, M.A., "A man with a mission," was turned on. Turned on, is in truth the only term possible to apply, for the next three-quarters of an hour or more was simply a flow of drivel, of which one strongly marked feature was the immense care which Providence had devoted to provide Our Empire with convenient coal-beds. Speaking to an audience mostly of the working-class, or representing such, he of course made out, or struggled to make out, that Imperial Federation was most particularly a working-class question. To do this, as a start, he made a statement which proved that, however bad his knowledge of economics, his knowledge of history was worse. For a man to-day to date our great industrial departure from a period of only thirty years ago, proves a very small amount of knowledge of the real facts of the case he is arguing; one might say an absolute ignorance of English industrial history and development; nothing could be more stupendously absurd. Fancy, the great change in the centre of industrial gravitation dating from thirty years ago—ten years after the Great Exhibition; if he had put it ten years before or fifty years ago he might have made out a slight case, but very slight then. But thirty years! ye gods, what history!

The next point he laboured at was almost as bad for his knowledge of details of English Government. He said there are in Canada 5,000,000 of our people, and in Australia 3,000,000 more, all of whom might be involved in a war with Russia without having had a word to say one way or the other; "the great demand of the Imperial Federationist is that these people should have a word to say, in the same way as we have at home." Holy Simples! "in the same way as we have at home"; this, in the hearing of Hodgson Pratt, who has spent a large part of his life in travelling and working with the sole object of satisfying one of the most pressing demands of English democracy, that we should have a word to say on the question of peace or war. It is a very old dodge in rhetoric to dilate on the use of pleasures, privileges, and powers which are not possessed, but it should not be done too daringly, because it sometimes intensifies demands which have to be satisfied.

The man with a mission then launched forth on our immense commerce, how in one of the remotest of our Welsh villages in a tiny grocer's shop he found a tinned lobster which had come all the way from British Columbia; how in every corner could be found similar proofs of our dependence on food from far away; how that in a discussion before the dons of Oxford last summer a gentleman declared positively "that England was never more than six or eight weeks from want of food supplies," a fact which has been urged for years by some of us, but which seems such a novel suggestion to the Federationists that it is laboured at under all varieties of re-stating, but with the only conclusion that a Special Providence has placed coal-fields just exactly where most useful to re-coal men-of-warships. To remember that we have £1,100,000,000 sterling worth of property floating every year, is enough to make every patriotic Briton hug these coal-fields to his bosom, and swear mighty swears of devotion to "Our Flag," that flag which trade goes hunting all over the globe.

It was very interesting to note how, that all the way through the proceedings—although occasional references were made to peace and the interest the working classes have in peace—war, warships, the army and the navy, had by far the largest amount of consideration. Providence, according to Mr. Parkin, was more concerned to provide coal for war-ships than for working-men's fires. Although much was made of our immense imports of food, there was not a single word suggesting the possibility of producing any increased supply of food in England, not a word as to the thousands of acres of waste land here, not a word as to the possibility of increasing our own consumption of products, but much of increased export; although much was made of the fish from British Columbia, there was not a word on the iniquitous claims over river, lake, and sea at home, which causes the waste of tons of food every year.

As was fitting under the circumstances of time and place, it was deemed well to admit that this is a great democratic age; but by some crooked arguments from the ancient democracies we were warned against hoping too much from the spread of democracy. "Democracies have been broken up by want of power to combine." Yes, true, oh preacher! and bear in mind that aristocracies are smashed up as soon as democracies do combine, so don't be too anxious.

The wind-up was truly great—bosh! "A brave, hardy British nation ready at a minute's notice to spring to arms"; "her flag floating over one-fifth of the whole world"; "the power of war controlled by 300,000,000 people"; "if such a mighty power is to be in the hands of any nation, it should be in the hands of the British nation." Yes, we have been so good in the past! "We can shut up the coalings and refuse to supply foreign ships of war." Hurrah for general boycott! Of course our past record in war-making had to be in a measure excused by this apostle of peace. It might have been rather unfortunate that we had to fight so often, but in self-defence we had to fight them, right or wrong. In mercy we will assume that he has no knowledge of England's futile war to repress the French Revolution.

Although several promises were made of a chance to put questions or to criticise, no real opportunity was given; and Hodgson Pratt surprised some by his praise of what he termed a wonderful address,

filled with facts and information, and by his want of a word of challenge on the jingoism of the whole affair.

George Howell, M.P., in seconding the vote of thanks, really struck the only sensible note when he gave a few figures on the small increase of our colonial trade during the last fifty years, suggesting that from various causes it might be our foreign trade had reached its limit of development, in spite of all our efforts.

Sir Frederick Young, President of the Colonial Institute, who it appeared had been Imperial Federalising in Africa, supported the vote, and told us that "our type of civilisation is the highest in the whole world." Snakes!

Parkin in his reply said he was satisfied that if we will only study the question (of federation) the settlement will take care of itself;—the only remark in the whole palaver with which your reporter agreed, and with which *Wealers* will cordially agree; upon grounds, however, which would disgust Parkin and Co.

The coffee and cake which followed was quite an agreeable change, for it was real, while the other had sham—bogus—vapour in every member of it.

An inspection of the beautiful and curious objects gathered by "Sunbeam" voyages all over the world, daintily lit up by electric lamps cunningly contrived of shells and other devices, the turning over of choice books of travel and log-books, finished up a very comforting evening, proving in the first place the utter emptiness of the Imperial Federation craze and furnishing a whole fund of suggestion to the Socialist, who sees hope that in the future the many will have more of reliefs to life's dreariness and struggle, than they ever yet have had; who believes that the producer, and not the profit-monger only, will enjoy what he produces; when the Sunbeam takes the place of foul fog and fever-laden smoke, and when the true Federation of Labour takes the place of Imperial Federation and of every other sort of Imperialism.

YOUR DEVOTED AND DARING REPORTER,

IN PARIS.

THE other week I spoke of the *Parti Ouvrier* as being the daily organ of the Possibilist party, supported by secret service money. Well! this week I invite you to its funeral; for the paper is dead. Dead, because the Government, having secured a majority for four years in the Chamber of Deputies, no longer needs the help of those deluded Socialists who, a year or so ago, put their confidence in the Opportunists, to fight with them against that shadowy "danger" *le brave General*, who is now pondering over human caprice on that safe refuge the rock of Jersey—which it is too much to hope he will leave for Zululand or Timbuctoo—to share the fate of the son of his prototype, Badinguet.

The smash-up of this paper, the *Parti Ouvrier*, is a striking lesson to those more half-hearted Socialists who think they may rely upon Radicals to further their Socialistic schemes. Here was a strong body of men, imbued with good Socialist principles, many of whom had built and fought behind barricades in '48, and defended their homes, arms in hand, against the bloody *Versaillais*. The leaders of these men were invited to a drawing-room party in the rue Cadet, and to their great shame they accepted. Boulanger had begun to be noisy, and the Government offered Joffrin a seat in parliament at the coming general election, and a daily paper for his party, on condition of fighting him *à outrance*, and the bargain was made.

All the time the paper lasted, Victor Dalle, Brisac and Allemaire, were its editors, and, although each of them had suffered imprisonment and persecution for the cause of Socialism in the past, they were now no longer able to write one common-sense article. They got so besmeared and mixed up with anti-Boulangist tomfoolery, that they forgot all their former sufferings at the hands of the very same "Democratic" Government they were now so warmly defending. Reading the *Parti Ouvrier*, one would have thought, that after Boulanger's downfall we should see ready roasted skylarks falling into our mouths, and dainty frog-legs leaping into every Frenchman's dish! Socialism was nowhere. "Let us kill Boulanger" and then—we will get a seat in parliament for Joffrin and the suppression of the *Parti Ouvrier*. Constant having got all he could out of these workmen, would not even leave them the journal till after the municipal elections, which come off in three months. No; the three cats who had been chestnut-getting for M. Monkey-Constant will get a small compensation; but the 25,000 proletarians who are now left gaping, amazed by the shock, will get a dog's allowance—kicks and curses.

At this critical time, when international conflicts are coming to a head, when thousands of the hungry and rebellious are learning from the past to prepare for the change which they feel is inevitable in the near future, at such a moment this smash-up of the Possibilists comes in the nick of time. The rank and file are sure to swell the number of those who believe that when the pear is ripe it must be plucked and not asked for; that guns have no will of their own, but obey the hand that can wield them. In their minds at least the cartridge-box will replace the ballot-box.

A very large percentage of the population of any country is thoughtless and careless; things may go as they will so long as they are not troubled. Place the forces of a country under the control of the enemies of the present system, and you will see that great section of the populace looking on at the change unconcerned. Well, the plan of thousands of our friends here, is to get hold of these forces, and so easy of realisation is the plan, that they are not afraid of proclaiming it upon the house-tops. We have scarcely a barrack in France where you could not find dozens of ours, and the dozens are growing into hundreds.

Now that Constant has got all he could by flattering the workmen, he is beginning to show his teeth. Odin got notice a month ago that he would have to appear before the *Cour d'Assises* for a speech. Last week a foreign Socialist was expelled. This week another sub-editor is to be prosecuted; and Jules Roques, the proprietor of *l'Egalité*, may see his paper suppressed at any time. All this is the forerunner of the great struggle which cannot be avoided. The bourgeois shot 35,000 of our friends in the last commune. If so many are killed this time, they won't be all on one side we can promise you.

A. COULON.

Paris, 26th Jan., 1890.

THE LABOUR STRUGGLE.

The Gas-stokers' Strike.

Mr. Livesey has not yet crushed the gallant stokers; but they are very much surprised at the apathy of other trade unions, who calmly look on while these brave men are fighting their battle. Hugh Brown, who presided at the meeting at Deptford on Sunday, pointed this out with a certain amount of bitterness. He especially complained of the dockers, whom the gas-stokers had helped in their trouble, but who had done very little for them. Now this should not be. Even from a purely selfish point of view the unions should help the gas-stokers in their fight, for if Livesey wins, it simply means that every employer who wants to sweat his workmen will have learnt the way in which trade unions can easily be broken up. The army of labour will be attacked in detachments and utterly beaten. Therefore the unions, and especially the new unions like the dockers, should look upon the gas-stokers' strike as a life and death struggle, in which all workers are intimately concerned. If they regard the matter in this light, and rally to the aid of their brothers, Livesey may yet be defeated and the new movement be saved from a danger that threatens its very existence.

The trade union delegates who met at the Great Assembly Hall on Saturday Jan. 25, recommended the strikers to send a deputation to the London Trades Council to ask their aid in bringing the strike to a successful issue. It is to be hoped that the Council will do their utmost to help the strikers, though we fear that any attempts at mediation on their part will not be successful, as Mr. Livesey has already announced his intention of receiving no more deputations of the men or of any other persons on their behalf. What is wanted is the workmen's pence to help their brothers in the struggle, and if their fellow-workmen will only come to their aid with the sinews of war, the men may be still victorious.

The Billingsgate Fishporters.

There is very little to report during the past week. The men offer now to submit the dispute to arbitration. They have sent a letter to the chairman of the Fish Companies, in which they state that they are willing to nominate "two gentlemen of known position and character" to act with two gentlemen to be nominated by the Companies, to decide upon the points in dispute. The arbitrators are to select an umpire, whose decision in case of disagreement is to be final. The men state they are willing to abide by and to work according to this decision for six months. We do not like arbitration schemes, especially when the arbitrators are all "gentlemen of known position and character"—that is, middle-class men, whose sympathies are naturally with the capitalists, and who always decide in their interests. Surely the dissatisfaction among the dockers with the famous Mansion House agreement, which the men are so disgusted with that they have torn it to pieces within considerably less than six months after its conclusion, should teach the fish-porters how very unsatisfactory from the workers' point of view are the decisions of "gentlemen of known position and character." Probably experience will make them wiser.

Trouble at the Wharves.

The men at Hay's Wharf are still out. It appears that one reason for the strike, according to one of the men who writes to the *Star*, is the fact that some fifty men are even now paid for their meal-time, simply because they went back to work a few days before others at the termination of the great strike. This correspondent also states that Hay's Wharf is now the only one on the South side which does not pay for meal-times; for, while all the other wharves receive 4s. for eight hours work, the men at Hay's get only 3s. 9d., while before the great strike they were paid 3s. 4d. No wonder they are in revolt against the Mansion House agreement.

On Monday twenty-five carmen who were entering a wharf, were called upon to come out by the secretary of their union. They obeyed the summons, and Tom Mann, who cheered them, was run in by the police on a charge of obstruction. The magistrate however dismissed the case. The police seem very zealous in the interest of the capitalist; rather too zealous in fact.

The men at Chamberlain's Wharf are also out. A foreman was suspected of keeping back a certain part of the plus which was due to the men. One of the men was appointed by his comrades to inquire of the wharf-owner if this was so. He was soon assured that it was wrong, and the men were satisfied; but the man who made the inquiries has been discharged, and fifty men are now "out," and will not return till their "mate" is taken back.

Miners' Conference at Birmingham.

The conference of the National Miners' Federation was opened in Birmingham on Wednesday, January 22nd. The Miners' Federation now numbers over a hundred thousand, and is increasing rapidly. The chairman, Mr. Pickard, M.P., spoke his mind upon the South Wales men, who had indulged in daring speeches in past conferences, declaring that they would not have such a rotten system as the sliding scale again, unless they could secure a 10 per cent. advance and the eight hours system; and yet after all, when it came to fighting or not fighting, had adopted another rotten sliding scale, and had tied their hands for years to come. This cowardly action on the part of these men has made a general strike an impossibility; therefore it was not surprising that the conference agreed to adopt the Eight Hours Bill, introduced by Cunningham-Graham in 1889, with slight modifications. They decided also to make the question a test one in all elections in mining constituencies. It appears that the Parliamentary Committee of the Trade Unions had been instructed at the Dundee Conference to draft an Eight Hours Bill for Miners; but the Parliamentary Committee had not done it, probably because of their objection to anything which they imagine savours of Socialism. The result was that the miners' delegates present went for the Parliamentary Committee, and said they should hear "more of it" at the next Trade Union Congress. A deputation from the Federation are going to interview Messrs. Gladstone, Churchill and Dunraven, to see if these politicians were in earnest or not with their promises. We fear that the Miners will not get the bill through, and after all will be forced to fall back upon gaining the eight hours day by means of a general strike. Referring the question to parliament is merely postponing the whole question. The conference also decided to demand another 10 per cent. advance.

The Capitalist Press and South Wales.

If the South Wales men have incurred the anger of their English comrades, they can at least shake hands with themselves upon receiving the congratulations of the capitalist press upon their moderation. A correspondent of the *South Wales Daily News*, points out that "Mabon," Mr. Abrahams, M.P., ought to receive a testimonial from tradesmen, merchants, bankers and professional men, because his wise and courageous counsel to workmen greatly helped to bring about the settlement." The correspondent goes on to say that: "If a strike had taken place it would have probably been the longest and most bitter strike ever known, and the loss to tradesmen, bankers and others, would have been incalculable, and in many places ruinous." Therefore of course they ought to subscribe liberally. A Trade Union leader, who considers the interests of tradesmen, bankers, merchants, and professional men, before that of the men he represents, is decidedly the sort of person that trade unions should get rid of as soon as possible. As the *Labour Tribune* points out, bankers, etc., are all peace at any price men, and are only anxious that there should be no strikes. It is a matter of no interest to them whether the miners get high, low, or even fair wages. We think that mine-owners ought also to subscribe to the testimonial, as Mr. Abrahams has evidently rendered them very important services, as the only people who have suffered from his "wise and courageous counsel" are the men.

SOCIALISM IN SHEFFIELD.

THE progress made by us in Sheffield during the past year may be said to be very satisfactory. In the beginning we were much hampered by the lack of a regular meeting-place, but we held meetings at each other's houses; we also had open-air meetings at Hillfoot and Westbar. We have now, however, secured rooms in a central position in the town, and our numbers are constantly increasing.

During the dock strike in London, we held a special meeting in Paradise Square to raise funds to aid the men, and we were enabled to forward about £30 to the Strike Fund.

Strikes have as yet been few in Sheffield, but there have been two in which we took part. In the month of September, the fibre-drawers of the firm of S. Laycock and Son, Limited, turned out to resist the imposition of a new rule which the masters wished to add to the long list already in force, and each of which was enforced by the penalty of a fine. These fines were already so many, and applied in such arbitrary ways, that the masters could at any time take the whole and even more than the weekly earnings of any worker. All had been meekly endured until the last straw of the additional rule or excuse for robbery, when the men struck against it. They then consulted with us, and we advised them not alone to resist the new rule but to demand the abolition of all the others, the return of the 10 per cent. taken off three years before, and also that justice should be done to the women, who, most unjustly, were paid about 20 per cent. less than the men, though payment was by piece-work! The firm of Laycock is one of the most prosperous in Sheffield, but notwithstanding this the firm stood out for their new rule, and the men surprised them by demanding all we advised. This was answered by a threat to close the works, the company falsely declaring that they would supply their customers from other houses. The men held firm, and even refused, at our instigation, to send a committee to consult with the masters as the latter proposed, saying that they would accept nothing less than all they had demanded, and if the masters had anything to say to them they might come or send to their committee room. In the end, however, the men agreed to give up the demand for equal wages for the women, and returned to work as all their other demands had been conceded.

On the 16th of November, our comrade Mowbray visited us from London, and held numerous successful meetings. On Sunday, Nov. 17th, he addressed a meeting near the Jubilee Monument in Fargate, one of the best and most central positions in the town, and which we were led to believe could not be used for the purpose without permission from the Corporation or the God-Almighty of Sheffield—the Duke. While Mowbray was speaking, an inspector attended by a policeman made his way through the crowd and demanded his name, which was given. On Dec. 7th, he returned here, and on this occasion aroused the wrath of the enemy to a most satisfactory extent. Letters appeared in the *Telegraph* denouncing him, and calling him every kind of hard names, at which we rejoiced and were exceedingly glad.

We had another strike at that time at the firm of John Brown and Co., an account of which has recently appeared in the *Weal*. Blackleg traitors were not wanting in the strike, and some of them were severely handled. We took a prominent part in the struggle, and owing to our increased activity and the plain and honest manner in which we advised the workers, the police were soon stirred to action by the masters, and at our next meeting at the Jubilee Monument we had the honour of being attended by several policemen and a short-hand reporter of the *Independent*, which paper had been requested to furnish a report to the Watch Committee of the Town Council. At our next meeting, beside the policemen and the reporter, we were favoured by the attendance of the chief constable and the town clerk, who stood out the whole of the time, about an hour and a-half, which showed the great interest they took in the proceedings; no doubt they have profited by our teachings. We are sorry to say, however, we were defeated mainly through the treachery of the blacklegs.

Our last meetings took place on January 5th, and we held two outdoor meetings in spite of the weather. Our evening meeting at Westbar was very well attended, and great attention was paid to the addresses of Bingham and Charles. I should mention that we had a good address in the morning from Edward Carpenter at the Monument. Comrade Creaghe gave a lecture the same evening at half-past eight at the Central Radical Club, on "Lessons for English Radicals from the Argentine Republic." The lecturer's remarks were well received by a large audience. There is no doubt that among the members of the Central Radical Club there are many already well disposed towards the teachings of Socialism. On the whole we may claim in Sheffield that much has been done with the means at our disposal. Much more we hope will be done in the future, as we now have good rooms which we can offer to trade societies as meeting-places, when they desire to confer with each other on the occasion of a strike or for other purposes.

LONDON PAUPERISM.

The subjoined official weekly return of metropolitan pauperism was issued on the 22nd:

	Indoor.	Outdoor.	Total.
2nd week of Jan. 1890	61,592	40,539	102,131
" " 1889	61,272	42,413	103,685
" " 1888	60,049	44,569	104,618
" " 1887	58,563	42,551	101,114

Vagrants relieved in the metropolis on the last day of the second week of January 1890: Men, 705; Women, 134; Children under sixteen, 14—total, 853.

Population of the metropolis in 1881, 3,815,000.

THE SOCIALIST LEAGUE.

OFFICES: 24, GREAT QUEEN ST., LINCOLN'S INN FIELDS, W.C.

The Offices of the Socialist League will be open for the sale of *Commonweal* and all other Socialist publications from 8.30 a.m. to 9 p.m. every day except Sunday. The Secretary will be in attendance from 10 a.m. to 9 p.m. daily.

Executive.—On Jan. 27th the Council, having heard with deep regret at their last meeting of the death of our comrade Owen Lloyd, passed a vote of condolence with Mrs. Lloyd in her bereavement.

Commonweal Branch.—The Hall at 24, Great Queen Street, will be open to all Members of the League every evening from 7.30 to 10 p.m. Daily papers, games, and refreshments. Members must show their cards to the steward. Lectures and dramatic readings every Sunday evening at 8 p.m. For particulars of the new *Commonweal* Branch, now forming, address F. Kitz, 24, Great Queen Street, London, W.C.

Branch Subscriptions Paid.—1888:—Oxford, to end of September. 1889:—Bradford and Hammersmith, to end of April. Norwich, Glasgow, and Yarmouth, to end of May. East London, to end of October. North London and Mitcham, to end of November. St. Georges East, and Leicester, to end of December. 1890:—North Kensington and Manchester, to end of January. 'Commonweal' Branch, to end of February.

Notice to Branch Secretaries.—Please remit to Central Office your Branch Capitation fees as soon as possible.

Propaganda Committee.—The Propaganda Committee meets on Tuesday, Feb. 4, at 8.30 p.m. Special meeting; important business; all members of the League interested in the propaganda invited to attend.

Notice.—All letters on League business, except those intended for Editors of *Commonweal*, to be addressed to me. No other person is authorised to sign any official communication. FRANK KITZ, Secretary.

NEW PREMISES FUND.

Collected at Council meeting, Jan. 27th, 2s.

"COMMONWEAL" GUARANTEE FUND.

The following further sums have been received towards this fund:—H. R., 1s.; Mrs. Schack, 1s.; J. Presburg, 6d.; N. Rogers, 1s.; B. W., 6d.; F. Kitz, 6d.; J. B. G., 6d.; James Thomson, 6d.; E. Radford, 1s.; W. Morris (Coleford), 5s.; and Bell Scott, £1.

REPORTS.

'COMMONWEAL'.—On Sunday evening, H. H. Sparling delivered an interesting lecture to an appreciative audience on "Cannibalism and Capitalism."—S. P.

NORTH KENSINGTON.—Fair meeting at Latimer Road on Sunday morning. Speakers were Harrigan, Crouch, R. Catterson-Smith, A. J. Smith, Maughan and Dean. In evening, owing to non-arrival of lecturer, comrade Crouch opened a discussion on "Why a Working-man should be a Socialist." The subject gave rise to a good debate, in which comrades Maughan, W. H. Rogers, Dean and Saint, took part. We made two converts; regular attendants at our meetings. All *Commonweal's* sold. Collected 1s. 3d.

NORTH LONDON.—Comrade Morris lectured to a crowded audience last Wednesday on "How shall we live then," and was well received. There were a fair amount of questions and discussion, but practically no opposition. Eight shillingsworth of literature sold.

ABERDEEN.—We have done good work here lately. At indoor meeting on 13th, two short papers were read and discussed. At a meeting of house and ship painters, held for the purpose of again forming a union (the former one having collapsed). Leatham spoke as a Socialist, and as a member of the Organising Committee of the Aberdeen Trades' Council (to which he and comrade Aiken were returned some months ago). The enthusiasm of his reception showed how our work tells among the working-men of Aberdeen. At indoor meeting on 28th, we discussed the Protection v. Free Trade and Currency question, with some warmth till a late hour.

GLASGOW.—On Monday evening of last week, Glasier lectured to the South-side Branch of the Single Tax Association, on "Socialism v. The Single Tax." A lively debate followed, in which comrades Joe Burgoyne and Gilbert took part, the audience being well divided in our favour. All our out-door meetings had to be abandoned during these last two weeks, owing to the unusually stormy weather; with the exception of our Paisley Road Toll meeting on Sunday evening, when Glasier, during an interval of calm, lectured to a very good audience.

LEICESTER.—Open-air meeting, Russel Square; small audience. We sold 5s. 4d. worth of literature at Mrs. Annie Besant's lecture at Secular Hall, on Sunday evening. Monday evening: Paper by comrade Timson, on "The Evolution of Socialism." Good discussion.

EDINBURGH (SCOTTISH SOCIALIST FEDERATION).—Comrade Bell lectured on the "Politics of Burns," to a good audience on the two last Sundays. The lectures were much appreciated and good discussions followed. On Friday the 24th, the Federation held its Annual Soiree, Concert and Dance. A large company partook of a plentiful supply of cake, fruit and tea, provided by Mrs. Forsyth. Musical selections, recitations and songs, (mostly Burns' and Socialist), were well rendered by comrades and friends. Stirring addresses were delivered by comrades Melliet and Glasse. Dancing was indulged in until 4 a.m.

NOTTINGHAM SOCIALIST CLUB.—On Sunday, Jan. 19th, T. Barclay, of Leicester, spoke in Sneinton Market to a good audience, on "Socialism;" Rooke presiding. In the evening there was a good audience in the Socialist Hall, and Barclay spoke on "Fallacious Remedies for Poverty;" Peacock in the chair.

EDINBURGH—SCOTTISH SOCIALIST FEDERATION.—In Moulders' Hall, High St., Sunday February 2, at 6.30, comrade Gilray, "The Place of Syndicates in Social Evolution."

NOTTINGHAM SOCIALIST CLUB, Woodland Place, Parliament Street.—Sunday H. H. Sparling (of London), at 11 a.m., "The Evoluted Cannibal"; at 7 p.m., "Luxury now, Necessity then."

SHEFFIELD.—At Hallamshire Hall, Westbar, on Sunday February 2, J. Sketchley, 11 a.m., "The Labour Movement at Home"; at 6.30, "Free Trade v. Fair Trade from a Workman's point of view."

LANCASHIRE AND YORKSHIRE SOCIALISTS.—All those branches and societies who are wishful to be represented on the lecture-list to be drawn up in accordance with the resolution of the Liverpool Conference, as reported Jan. 25, are to send the names and addresses of their secretaries to Edw. C. Chapman, 1 Stanley Street, Liverpool.

LECTURE DIARY.

LONDON.

Battersea.—All communications to E. Buteux, 20 Abercrombie Street, Battersea Park Road.

Commonweal Branch.—24 Great Queen Street, Holborn, W.C. Business meeting: of members every Thursday evening at 8. Lectures every Sunday at 8 p.m. Hall open every evening from 7 till 10 to all members of the League; cards of membership must be produced to steward of branch on entering. Entertainments on last Sunday of every month. Membership: 6d. entrance fee and 6d. per month. On Sunday February 2, at 8 p.m., G. Netlow, "Historical Glance at Anarchism."

East London.—Crown Coffee Tavern, 2 Columbia Road, Hackney Road.

Hammersmith.—Kelmescott House, Upper Mall, W. Sunday Feb. 2, at 8 p.m., T. Wright, "Liberty and Coercion."

Mitcham.—"Lord Napier," Fair Green. Meets every Sunday at 12.30, to enroll members, etc.

North Kensington.—Clarendon Coffee Palace, Clarendon Road. Meets every Wednesday at 8 p.m. On Sunday Feb. 2, at 8 p.m., a Lecture.

North London.—6 Windmill Street, Tottenham Court Road. Meets every Wednesday evening at 8 o'clock. C. W. Mowbray lectures on Wednesday Feb. 5, "Revolution or Reform."

Streatham.—Meets every Thursday at the "Leigham Arms," Wellfield Road, at 8.30 p.m.

Whitechapel and St. Georges in the East.—Branch meetings at International Club, 40 Berner Street, Commercial Road. J. Turner, organising secretary.

PROVINCES.

Aberdeen.—Organiser, J. Leatham, 7 Jamaica Street. Branch meets in Odd-fellows' Small Hall, Crooked Lane, on Monday evenings at 8. Singing practice at 46 Marischal Street on Thursdays at 8 p.m.

Bradford.—Laycock's Temperance Hotel, Albion Court, Kirkgate. Meets every Tuesday at 7.30.

Dundee.—Address to W. Cameron, 17 Laurence Street, Dundee.

Glasgow.—Ram's Horn Hall, 122 Ingram Street. Branch meets on Thursday evenings at 8 o'clock and Sundays at 7 o'clock.

Halifax.—Socialists meet every Sunday at 6.30 p.m. at Helliwell's Temperance Hotel, Northgate.

Leeds.—Clarendon Buildings, Victoria Road, School Close. Open every evening. Business meeting Saturdays at 8 p.m.

Leicester.—Exchange Buildings, Rutland Street. Branch meets on Monday and Thursday, at 8 p.m. On Sunday Feb. 2, at 3 p.m., William Morris will lecture in the Radical Club, Vine Street—"How Shall We Live Then?" Tuesday Feb. 4, in the Co-operative Hall, High Street, at 8 p.m., H. H. Sparling, "The Evoluted Cannibal."

Manchester.—Branch meets temporarily at the Secretary's, 52 Miller Street, on Tuesdays at 8 p.m.

Norwich.—Sunday, at 8, Gordon Hall. Tuesday, at 8.30, Members' meeting. Thursday, at 8, Discussion Class. Saturday, Social Meeting. Hall open every evening from 8 p.m.

Oxford.—Temperance Hall, 25½ Pembroke Street. First Friday in every month, at 8.30 p.m.

Walsall.—Socialist Club, 18 Goodall Street, Walsall. Meetings every night.

Yarmouth.—Branch meets at comrade Headley's, near Co-operative Stores, every Tuesday evening. Elocution Class Friday at 8 p.m. On Sunday afternoons during winter a Discussion Class will be held at 3 o'clock.

All persons who sympathise with the views of the Socialist League are earnestly invited to communicate with the above addresses, and if possible to help us in preparing for the birth of a true society, based on equality, brotherhood, and freedom for all.

OPEN-AIR PROPAGANDA.

SATURDAY 1.

8.30..... Mile-end WasteCores and Presburg

SUNDAY 2.

11 Latimer Road StationDean, Maughan, and Crouch
11.30..... Kilburn—"Old Plough," Kilburn LaneThe Branch
11.30..... Commercial Road—Union StreetCores
11.30..... Mitcham—Fair GreenThe Branch
11.30..... Regent's ParkCantwell and Nicoll
11.30..... Southwark—Flat Iron SquareThe Branch
3.30..... Hyde Park—Marble ArchCantwell and Nicoll
3.30..... Victoria ParkThe Branch
7 Weltje Road, Ravenscourt ParkHammersmith Branch
7.30..... Walham Green—back of ChurchHammersmith Branch

TUESDAY 4.

8 Walham Green—back of ChurchHammersmith Branch

THURSDAY 6.

8.15..... Hoxton ChurchThe Branch

PROVINCES.

Glasgow.—Sunday: Jail Square at 2 o'clock; Paisley Road at 5 o'clock. Tuesday: Cathedral Square, at 8 p.m.

Leeds.—Sunday: Hunslet Moor, at 11 a.m.; Vicar's Croft, at 7 p.m.

Manchester.—Sunday: Philips Park Gates, at 11; Stevenson Square, at 3.

Norwich.—Sunday: St. Faiths, at 11; Market Place, at 3.

Sheffield.—Sunday: Monolith, Fargate, at 11 a.m.; Gower Street, at 3 p.m.; Pump, Westbar, 8 p.m.

Yarmouth.—Sunday: Priory Plain, at 11; Colman's Granary Quay, at 7.

LIVERPOOL SOCIALIST SOCIETY, 1 Stanley Street, Dale Street.—Meets every Tuesday at 8 p.m.

CHLSEA S.D.F., Co-operative Lecture Hall, 312 Kings Road, Chelsea.—Sunday February 2, at 8 p.m., H. Quelch, "Strikes and Social Democracy."

MANHOOD SUFFRAGE LEAGUE, "Three Doves," Berwick St., Oxford St., W.—Sunday February 2, at 8.30 p.m., G. R. Cox, "A Scamper o'er some Gold Fields."

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STATEMENT OF PRINCIPLES.

THE Socialist League advocates International Revolutionary Socialism. That is to say the destruction of the present class society, which consists of one class who live by owning property and therefore *need not work*, and of another that has no property and therefore *must work* in order that they may live to keep the idlers by their labour. Revolutionary Socialism insists that this system of society, which is the modern form of slavery, should be changed to a system of Society which would give every man an opportunity of doing useful work, and not allow any man to live without so doing, which work could not be useful unless it were done for the whole body of workers instead of for do-nothing individuals. The result of this would be that livelihood would not be precarious nor labour burdensome. Labour would be employed in co-operation, and the struggle of man with man for bare subsistence would be supplanted by harmonious combination for the production of common wealth and the exchange of mutual services without the waste of labour or material.

Every man's needs would be satisfied from this common stock, but no man would be allowed to own anything which he could not *use*, and which consequently he must *abuse* by employing it as an instrument for forcing others to labour for him unpaid. Thus the land, the capital, machinery, and means of transit would cease to be private property, since they can only be *used* by the combination of labour to produce wealth.

Thus men would be *free* because they would no longer be dependent on idle property-owners for subsistence; thus they would be *brothers*, for the cause of strife, the struggle for subsistence at other people's expense, would have come to an end. Thus they would be *equal*, for if all men were doing useful work no man's labour could be dispensed with. Thus the motto of Liberty, Fraternity, and Equality, which is but an empty boast in a society that upholds the monopoly of the means of production, would at last be realised.

This Revolutionary Socialism must be International. The change which would put an end to the struggle between man and man, would destroy it also between nation and nation. One harmonious system of federation throughout the whole of civilisation would take the place of the old destructive rivalries. There would be no great centres breeding race hatred and commercial jealousy, but people would manage their own affairs in communities not too large to prevent all citizens from taking a part in the administration necessary for the conduct of life, so that party politics would come to an end.

Thus, while we abide by the old motto:

Liberty, Fraternity, Equality,

we say that the existence of private property destroys Equality, and therefore under it there can be neither Liberty nor Fraternity.

We add to the first motto then this other one—

FROM EACH ACCORDING TO HIS CAPACITY, TO EACH ACCORDING TO HIS NEEDS.

When this is realised there will be a genuine Society; until it is realised, Society is nothing but a band of robbers. We must add that this change can only be brought about by combination amongst the workers themselves, and must embrace the whole of Society. The new life cannot be *given* to the workers by a class higher than they, but must be *taken* by them by means of the abolition of classes and the reorganisation of Society.

COUNCIL OF THE SOCIALIST LEAGUE.

NOTICE.

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THE COMMONWEAL

The Official Journal of the SOCIALIST LEAGUE.

VOL. 6.—No. 213.

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 8, 1890.

WEEKLY; ONE PENNY.

NOTES ON NEWS.

THE *Daily News*, in giving a glowing account of the Gladstonian meeting, of which William O'Brien and John Morley were the bosses, says that it would be a great mistake to suppose that the country is tired of the Irish question; that this feeling of weariness does not exist outside the London clubs, etc. Perhaps a Tory would answer with the proverb, "He who excuses himself accuses himself." Why should the *Daily News* suppose that people are tired of the Irish question? To speak plainly there is no doubt that everybody that is not a professional politician is heartily tired of the Irish question as it has been presented to us. In other words, it has about served the business for which it was taken up by the politicians, i.e., a game over which people could get desperately angry so that they might forget the real matters of importance—matters of life and death that are crying out to us.

The Irish are beaten then? All this excitement has been for nothing? No, surely not. On the contrary the English democrat has made up his mind, and for him the Anglo-Irish tyranny is a thing of the past. I suspect also that the intelligent Tory (if there be such a thing) has made up his mind also, and is preparing for a climb down by means of the inevitable ladder of compromise.

The real point to be noticed in the lull on the subject of Home Rule is this, it has lost its relative importance because of the advance of opinion within these last years. It is no longer the Great Wrong to be righted by the Great Redresser of Wrongs, the Great Liberal Party under the leadership of the G.O.M. Many Radicals, I think, honestly believed in this once, and thought that they, the freemen, could set this nation of slaves free.

All that is gone indeed! How fast the "wide-roaring loom of time" goes! How the web is changing! The Irish peasant oppressed by his landlord is not the only figure that the English workman sees on whom to exercise his political heroism, for he sees himself also in pretty much the same condition as his Irish brother, and for him to give freedom to any one before he has got it for himself is beginning to seem to him a dull job. The Irish question is getting to be swallowed up in the one question of classes. As a political football it has been pretty much kicked to pieces. But the Irish working-man, under whatever name, need not trouble himself about that. That he could be freed from his exploiter while other workmen were groaning under theirs, was a mere delusion of his, and the only hope for his freedom lies in the awakening of his English brethren.

In commenting on the proceedings of the Society for the Preservation of Footpaths, the *Daily News* says of the stealers of footpaths: "Generally the attempt is made more from want of thought than from any desire to rob the public." H'm, well; I don't think landowners do these things in their sleep. I remember a country lawyer telling me that the chief part of his business came from his devising means for the shutting up of rights of way. I asked him what he thought of his career set beside that of Jack Sheppard, and he replied that he must live. He seemed rather hurt by my views on that question.

W. M.

The *Labour Elector* has, if trades-unionists are not the curs which they are sometimes said to be, finally broken with any large body of workmen whom it may hitherto had some claim to speak for. In its last number it repeated the offence of the week before, by again attacking Mr. Parke, who, being in prison, is unable to speak for himself. One thing which I note with pleasure is the withdrawal of John Burns and George Bateman from connection with the *Labour Elector*. This is what might have been looked for; the last accusation that could have been brought against either of these men was cowardice. What the reactionary sheet will do now, deprived of the only name which gained it recognition or support, remains to be seen.

John Burns's letter in the *Star* showed what he felt; in it he spoke

of another sent by him to the *Labour Elector*, to which, however, that estimable paper made no reference, treating other similar letters in the same way. If this were done to conceal the receipt of Burns's letter, it was certainly useless; for "after all," like Mrs. Wilfer's underpetticoat, "we know it's there!" S.

We have been told that even Homer nods sometimes; but one is forced to think that Huxley was not only nodding, but fast asleep, when he wrote his profoundly illogical article in the *Nineteenth Century*, in which he makes such game of Rousseauism, as he calls the latter-day demand for equality of opportunity, or what a Yankee would call "a square deal."

To some it will sound like heresy to suggest that Prof. Huxley has, to use Oliver Wendell Holmes's phrase, only a one-story intellect. "All fact-collectors who have no aim beyond their facts are one-story men. Two-story men compare, reason, generalise, using the labours of the fact-collectors as well as their own. Three-story men idealise, imagine, predict. . . Specialists are the coral-insects that build up a reef. . . I had rather be a voyager that visits all the reefs. . . I am a little afraid that science is breeding us down too fast into coral-insects."

Prof. Huxley's latest seems to be a very sad proof of the truth of the above estimate, and of the statement which Holmes makes in another place that logic is not everything: "You can hire logic, in the shape of a lawyer, to prove anything that you want to prove." The correctness of this has seldom been proved so completely as when Prof. Huxley, starting with the fact that a new born baby is the slave of its nurse, ends up by agreeing that "there is much to be said for the opinion that force, effectually and thoroughly used, so as to render further opposition hopeless, established an ownership which should be recognised as soon as possible."

Physical-force revolutionists have not for a long time been provided with an authoritative sanction more complete than this of Prof. Huxley. As an incitement, it is as frank as when the *Times* said "that Liberty is a serious game, to be played out, as the Greek told the Persian, with knives and hatchets, and not with drawled epigrams and soft petitions." It is also a warning for the force to be justified must be strong enough to render further opposition hopeless. War à l'outrance means war justifiable and justified. It is support to what has been urged before, that had the men who took off Charles I.'s head have taken off a few more, there would have been no anti-revolution, no Charles II. It very considerably extenuates the later period of the French Revolution and its so-called excesses.

Prof. Huxley's method of unreason has done one little service, in that it has brought out two very eloquent letters from Robert Buchanan, who in the *Daily Telegraph* has shown that the son of one of Robert Owen's Socialist missionaries has still some lively sympathy with the views so ably expounded on the platform and in the *Glasgow Sentinel* of forty odd years ago by the Robert Buchanan of that day.

"Great wits jump, and poets are always allowed some prophetic instinct," says Buchanan. "Men advance more surely by freedom than by restraint, necessary as certain restraints may be. Before the outbreak of the English Revolution, personal prerogative, the arbitrary will of one sincere political bigot, had strangled English liberty. Englishmen rose en masse, and liberty, in the political sense, was saved. Before the outbreak of the great French Revolution, Catholicism had almost destroyed the commerce of a great nation. The inevitable cataclysm came, with what terrible accompaniments we all know. At the present hour, at the very time when the free thought of England is at its brightest and best, when the scientific and historic method have disintegrated the whole mass of religious superstition, still another great upheaval is imminent, to the peril, perhaps to the destruction, of our whole social system. . . A colossal Hand, which some call the hand of destiny and others that of humanity, is putting out the lights of heaven one by one, like the candles after a feast."

It behoves us, then, to watch heedfully that the same hand, having emptied the heavens, does not touch the lowly but life-illuminating lights of earth. The fairest of these lights is Liberty, the principle of natural freedom and equality, without which individual growth would be impossible, and social organisation, as we now understand it, an impossibility." T. S.

NEWS FROM NOWHERE:

OR,

AN EPOCH OF REST.

BEING SOME CHAPTERS FROM A UTOPIAN ROMANCE.

CHAP. V.—CHILDREN ON THE ROAD.

PAST the Broadway there were fewer houses on either side. We presently crossed a pretty little brook that ran across a piece of land dotted over with trees, and a while after came to another market and town-hall, as we should call it. Although there was nothing familiar to me in its surroundings, I knew pretty well where we were, and was not surprised when my guide said briefly, "Kensington Market."

Just after this we came into a short street of houses; or rather, one long house on either side of the way, built of timber and plaster, and with a pretty arcade over the footway before it.

Quoth Dick: "This is Kensington proper. People are apt to gather here rather thick, for they like the romance of the wood; and naturalists haunt it, too; or it is a wild spot even here, what there is of it; for it does not go far to the south: it goes from here northward and west right over Paddington and a little way down Notting Hill: thence it runs east to Primrose Hill, and so on; rather a narrow strip of it gets through Kingsland to Stoke-Newington and Clapton, where it spreads out along the heights above the Lea marshes, on the other side of which, as you know, is Epping Forest holding out a hand to it. This part we are just coming to is called Kensington Gardens; though why 'gardens' I don't know."

I rather longed to say, "Well, I know"; but there were so many things about me which I did *not* know, in spite of his assumptions, that I thought it better to hold my tongue.

The road plunged at once into a beautiful wood spreading out on either side, but obviously much further on the north side, where even the oaks and sweet chestnuts were of a good growth; while the quicker-growing trees (amongst which I thought the planes and sycamores too numerous) were very big and fine-grown.

It was exceedingly pleasant in the dappled shadow, for the day was growing as hot as need be, and the coolness and shade soothed my excited mind into a condition of dreamy pleasure, so that I felt as if I should like to go on for ever through that balmy freshness. My companion seemed to share in my feelings, and let the horse go slower and slower as he sat inhaling the green forest scents, chief amongst which was the smell of the trodden bracken near the way-side.

Romantic as this Kensington wood was, however, it was not lonely. We came on many groups both coming and going, or wandering in the edges of the wood. Amongst these were many children from six or eight years old up to sixteen or seventeen. They seemed to me especially fine specimens of their race, and were clearly enjoying themselves to the utmost; some of them were hanging about little tents pitched on the greensward, and by some of these fires were burning, with pots hanging over them gipsy fashion. Dick explained to me that there were scattered houses in the forest, and indeed we caught a glimpse of one or two. He said they were mostly quite small, such as used to be called cottages when there were slaves in the land, but they were pleasant enough and fitting for the wood.

"They must be pretty well stocked with children," said I, pointing to the many youngsters about the way.

"O," said he, "these children do not all come from the near houses, the woodland houses, but from the countryside generally. They often make up parties and come to play in the woods for weeks together in summer-time, living in tents, as you see. We rather encourage them to it; they learn to do things for themselves, and get to notice the wild creatures; and, you see, the less they stew inside houses the better for them. Indeed, I must tell you that many grown people will go to live in the forests through the summer; though they for the most part go to the bigger ones, like Windsor or the Forest of Dean or the northern wastes. Apart from the other pleasures of it, it gives them a little rough work, which I am sorry to say is getting a little scarce for these last fifty years."

He broke off, and then said, "I tell you all this, because I see that if I talk I must be answering questions, which you are thinking, even if you are not speaking them out; but my kinsman will tell you more about it."

I saw that I was likely to get out of my depth again, and so merely for the sake of tiding over an awkwardness and to say something, I said—

"Well, the youngsters here will be all the fresher for school when the summer gets over, and they have to go back again."

"School?" he said; "yes, what do you mean by that word? I don't see how it can have anything to do with children. We talk, indeed, of a school of herring, and a school of painting, and in the former sense we might talk of a school of children—but otherwise," said he, laughing, "I must own myself beaten."

Hang it! thought I, I can't open my mouth without digging up

some new complexity. I wouldn't try to set my friend right in his etymology; and I thought I had best say nothing about the boy-farms which I had used to call schools, as I saw pretty clearly that they had disappeared; so I said after a little fumbling, "I was using the word in the sense of a system of education."

"Education?" said he, meditatively, "I know enough Latin to know that the word must come from *educere*, to lead out; and I have heard it used; but I have never met anybody who could give me a clear explanation of what it means."

You may imagine how my new friends fell in my esteem when I heard this frank avowal; and I said, rather contemptuously, "Well, education means a system of teaching young people."

"Why not old people also?" said he, with a twinkle in his eye. "But," he went on, "I can assure you our children learn, whether they go through a 'system of teaching' or not. Why you will not find one of these children about here, boy or girl, who cannot swim; and every one of them has been used to tumbling about the little forest ponies—there's one of them now! They all of them know how to cook; the bigger lads can mow; many can thatch and do odd jobs at carpentering; or they know how to keep shop. I can tell you they know plenty of things."

"Yes, but their mental education, the teaching of their minds," said I, kindly translating my phrase.

"Guest," said he, "perhaps you have not learned to do these things. I have been speaking about; and if that's the case, don't you run away with the idea that it doesn't take some skill to do them, and doesn't give plenty of work for one's mind: you would change your opinion if you saw a Dorsetshire lad thatching, for instance. But however, I understand you to be speaking of book-learning; and as to that, it is a simple affair. Most children, seeing books lying about, manage to read by the time they are four years old; though I am told it has not always been so. As to writing, we do not encourage them to scrawl too early, though scrawl a little they will, because it gets them into a habit of ugly writing; and what's the use of a lot of ugly writing being done, when rough printing can be done so easily. You understand that handsome writing we like, and many people will write their books out when they make them, or get them written; I mean books of which only a few copies are needed—poems, and such like, you know. However, I am wandering from my lambs; but you must excuse me, for I am interested in this matter of writing, being myself a fair writer."

"Well," said I, "about the children; when they know how to read and write, don't they learn something else—languages, for instance?"

"Of course," he said; "sometimes even before they can read, they can talk French, which is the nearest language talked on the other side of the water; and they soon get to know German also, which is talked by a huge number of communes and colleges on the mainland. These are the principal languages we speak in these islands, along with English and Welsh; and children pick them up very quickly, because their elders all know them; and besides our guests from over sea often bring their children with them, and the little ones get together and rub their speech into one another."

"And the older languages?" said I.

"O, yes," said he, "they mostly learn Latin and Greek along with the modern ones, when they do anything more than merely pick up the latter."

"And history?" said I; "how do you teach history?"

"Well," said he, "when a person can read, of course he reads what he likes to; and he can easily get someone to tell him what are the best books to read on such or such a subject, or to explain what he doesn't understand in the books when he is reading them."

"Well," said I, "what else do they learn? I suppose they don't all learn history?"

"No, no," said he; "some don't care about it; in fact, I don't think many do. I have heard my great-grandfather say that it was mostly in periods of turmoil and strife and confusion that people cared much about history; and you know," said my friend, with an amiable smile, "we are not like that now. No; many people study facts about the make of things and the matters of cause and effect, so that knowledge increases on us, if that be good; and some, as you heard about friend Bob yonder, will spend time over mathematics. 'Tis no use forcing people's tastes."

Said I: "But you don't mean that children learn all these things?"

Said he: "That depends on what you mean by children; and also you must remember how much they differ. As a rule, they don't do much reading, except for a few story-books, till they are about fifteen years old; we don't encourage early bookishness: though you will find some children who *will* take to books very early; which perhaps is not good for them; but its no use thwarting them; and very often it doesn't last long with them, and they find their level before they are twenty years old. You see, children are mostly given to imitating their elders, and when they see most people about them engaged in genuinely amusing work, like house-building and street-paving, and gardening, and the like, that is what they want to be doing; so I don't think we need fear having too many book-learned men."

What could I say? I sat and held my peace, for fear of fresh entanglements. Besides, I was using my eyes with all my might, wondering as the old horse jogged on when I should come into London proper, and what it would be like now.

But my companion couldn't let his subject quite drop, and went on meditatively:

"After all, I don't know that it does them much harm, even if they grow up book-students. Such people as that, 'tis a great pleasure

seeing them so happy over work which is not much sought for. And besides, these students are generally such pleasant people; so kind and sweet-tempered, so humble, and at the same time so anxious to teach everybody all that they know. Really, I like those that I have met prodigiously."

This seemed to me such *very* queer talk that I was on the point of asking him another question; when just as we came to the top of a rising ground, down a long glade of the wood on my right I caught sight of a stately building whose outline was familiar to me, and I cried out, "Westminster Abbey!"

"Yes," said Dick, "Westminster Abbey—what there is left of it."

"Why," said I, "what have you done with it?"

"What have we done with it?" said he; "nothing much, save clean it. But you know the whole outside was spoiled centuries ago: as to the inside, that remains in its beauty after the great clearance, which took place over a hundred years ago, of the beastly monuments to fools and knaves, which once blocked it up, as great-grandfather says."

We went on a little further, and I looked to the right again, and said, in rather a doubtful tone of voice, "Why, there are the Houses of Parliament! Do you still use them?"

He burst out laughing, and was some time before he could control himself; then he clapped me on the back and said:

"I take you, neighbour; you may well wonder at our keeping them standing; and I know something about that, and my old kinsman has given me books to read about the games that went on there. Use them! Well, yes, they are used for a sort of subsidiary market, and a storage place for manure, and they are handy for that, being on the water-side. I believe it was intended to pull them down quite at the beginning of our days; but there was, I am told, a queer antiquarian society, which had done some service in past times, and which straightway set up its pipe against their destruction, as it has done with many other buildings, which most people looked upon as worthless and public nuisances; and it was so energetic, and had such good reasons to give, that it generally gained its point; and I must say that when all is said I am glad of it: because you know at the worst these silly old buildings serve as a kind of foil to the beautiful ones which we build now. You will see several others in these parts; the place my great-grandfather lives in, for instance, and a big building called St. Pauls. And you see, in this matter we need not grudge a few poorish buildings standing, because we can always build elsewhere; nor need we be anxious as to the breeding of pleasant work in such matters, for there is always room for more and more work in a new building, even without making it pretentious. For instance, elbow-room *within* doors is to me so delightful that if I were driven to it I would almost sacrifice out-door space to it. Then, of course, there is the ornament, which, as we must all allow, may easily be overdone in mere living houses, but can hardly be in mote-halls and markets, and so forth. I must tell you though that my great-grandfather sometimes tells me I am a little cracked on this subject of fine building; and indeed I *do* think that the energies of mankind are chiefly of use to them for such work, for in that direction I can see no end to the work, while in many others a limit does seem possible."

WILLIAM MORRIS.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

INTERNATIONAL NOTES.

DENMARK.

One of our comrades in Stockholm visited Copenhagen when the elections to Parliament were on, and made a special point of studying the tactics of the party leaders and their organ, *Social-Demokraten*. He says:—"The tactics have been: (1) To criticise the proposals and doings of the Government; (2) To point out the standpoint of the Danish Social Democratic party in regard to these proposals and doings; (3) Besides that, *not to point out any measures that the candidates of the working-men party would struggle for if they were elected.*" And our Swedish comrade says he is utterly astonished to find that the Danish elections are not at all used for Socialistic propaganda, not even for agitation against the Liberals, but merely for discussion of the Conservative policy of the government and their party. Not even a word about the resolutions of the Paris Congress, eight hours working-day, and laws protecting the workers against some of the worst forms of capitalistic oppression. Not even that! These Danish Social Democrats explain that we shall get Socialism (the Social Democratic reforms) through reform legislation by Parliament. That may be some sort of standpoint, but it is socialistic?

Arbeideren has begun a very good and interesting series of critical articles upon "The Programme of the Danish Social Democracy." It would only be reasonable and evolutionistic if every party that has a programme revised and criticised it at least once every two or three years. Such "house-cleaning" will always be found healthy and necessary. Anybody doubting this will change his opinions when reading the above-mentioned partly amusing, partly astonishing articles in *Arbeideren*.

What I said last week about *Social-Demokraten* leaving *Arbeideren* and its group in peace, is no longer true. There have again lately been some most vile personal attacks in the former paper upon the principal supporters of the latter, who are again and again by means of evidence, that the latter has proved false, denounced as hirelings of the Conservatives and of the Government.

STN.

Every serious thinker, and the great body of the working-men, who are, if they will, the real rulers of the land, look steadily to the inevitable and noble outcome of the Australian Republic. The wise among us regard the Imperial Federation League as an important ally of republicans, because it has aroused the just and vigilant suspicion of people that it and similar enterprises are intended to impede and defeat the national aspirations for independence.—*Chief Justice Lilliey*.

IN AUSTRALIA.

THE Western Queensland drovers are organising; and the following suggestions are to be submitted to a general meeting of drovers called for December 28th, at Tambo:

RATES OF WAGES, AT PER WEEK.—For sheep, 10,000 or under, not less than 80s.; over 10,000, not less than 100s. For cattle, 500 or under, not less than 80s.; over 500, not less than 100s.

CONTRACT RATES.—For cattle, at per hundred miles, for 500 head, not less than 1s. 6d. per head; over 500 head, not less than 1s. 3d. per head. For sheep, 10,000 or under, not less than 55s. per week per thousand; over 10,000, not less than 50s. per week per thousand. And that the annual subscription be £2 2s.

As considerable enthusiasm prevails successful organisation seems certain.

The Darlings Downs shearing dispute still drags on, several stations being seriously crippled by the severe letting alone they are getting. In the *Toowoomba Chronicle*, "A Shearer" has pointed out that if the squatters offered to meet the shearers in a fair way they would find the trouble easily got over, as the union rules do not prevent the manager being boss of his own shed but simply prevent him imposing on the men. Some of the shed rules have been the grossest imposition, notably one clause which enabled an overseer to forfeit a whole pen of ten or twelve sheep if in his opinion one was improperly shorn. Such a rule is one of the many reasons why the shearers are sticking to the union.

A conference was held at the Maritime Hall, Brisbane, on Saturday last, to discuss the starting of a labour paper, which was attended by delegates from the Charters Towers and Gympie miners, Queensland railway employes, Brisbane Early Closing Association, Maritime Council, Central Queensland Labourers and Carriers, Building Trades Council, Australian Labour Federation, Boilermakers, and Butchers. Over 20,000 workmen were represented. After a long discussion a scheme was recommended to the various societies which provides for a monthly journal to be circulated free of charge among all members of co-operating societies, and to be supported by a payment of 1s. per member per annum from such societies. This paper will be the sole property of the societies supporting it, and be in charge of a board of trustees to be elected by the societies. The question will be submitted to the shearers, carriers, and labourers at their annual meetings, and it is generally thought that such advanced bodies cannot fail to lead the way by carrying a resolution to co-operate *nem. con.* The indications seem to be that most of the other societies represented will be similarly and spontaneously favourable, particularly as the scheme has the joint advantages of excluding every interest detrimental to labour, and of placing the finances of the concern at once on a sound and truly co-operative footing. The name suggested, by the way, is the *Swagsman*, the Australian term for a workman tramping in search of work, a popular and topical name that should "take."

The *Australian Trades and Labour Journal*, of Melbourne, has gone to pieces on the financial rocks. The *Sydney Trades and Labour Advocate* celebrated its tenth weekly issue by announcing the receipt of a writ for libel. Its editor, W. G. Higgs, was for a long while secretary of the Typographical Association, and was given a testimonial the other day by the members for long and good service.

At the meeting of the Council of the Queensland Labour Federation held on November 26th, the secretary was elected delegate to visit the annual meetings of the Labourers, Carriers, and Shearers Unions to be held at Barcardine and Blackall on the 2nd, 3rd, and 6th of January next; he will endeavour to secure the affiliation of these societies, and, judging from the feeling which is manifesting itself in all parts of the colony, there will be no difficulty in doing so. At a meeting of shearers held on the Downs the other day, it was unanimously agreed to instruct their delegate to the Blackall annual meeting to vote for the federation of their union with all other unions in the colony. This in itself speaks well for the success likely to attend the secretary's efforts.

The rules of the Sydney Tailoresses' Union contain provisions for the payment of 7s. 6d. per week to each member who may be ill, this sick pay to continue for the first thirteen weeks, after which 5s. per week will be paid for the following thirteen weeks. The Sydney Journeymen Butchers have formed a union, which starts with 300 members. The Journeymen Bakers are following suit. The Cutters and Trimmers are also organising, and have about 30 members in their Provisional Union.

On Saturday, a meeting of the Operative Bakers' Association and non-union men connected with the trade took place at the Temperance Hall, about 400 being present. The object was, to invite the non-union men to join the Operative Bakers' Association in consequence of the defiant attitude shown by the master bakers towards trades-unionism. The following resolutions were passed *nem. con.*:

"That the non-union bakers of Sydney and suburbs agree to join the Bakers' Union; that five non-union members be appointed from the meeting to meet the committee of the Bakers' Union to arrange for entrance fees and any other business necessary to further the one object they have in view."

"That the committee appointed report to the Executive of the Trades and Labour Council and request them to take the matter up, and get an interview with the employers with the object of bringing about a settlement of the bakers' question."

About 70 men handed in their names to join the union, and a committee of five was appointed to meet the union committee, and the operative bakers now seem in a fair way of being united at last.

The movement for Australian independence is growing fast. This is the sort of paragraph one comes across:—"France has recognised the Brazilian Republic. Of course it has, but Britain has as yet—witness the last Exhibition—not fully recognised the French Republic, and will probably feel disinclined at first to recognise the Federated States of Australia." But then one also sees items like this taken from the Cairns (Queensland) *Post*:—"Before Mr. O'Malley, P.M., at the Police-court, an aboriginal, the property of Mr. A—, was charged with having stolen a coat with a watch and chain in the pocket from one Ah Fee, a cook in the Cairns hotel."

What with wage-slavery and chattel-slavery, the working-classes here won't be much better off for their new Republic, unless they take warning in time and prepare for it.

CORNSTALK.

Sydney, N.S.W., Dec. 14, 1889.

"If the *Commonweal* should succeed in its purpose, important and permanent will be the benefits accruing to those who have hitherto satisfied themselves with creating and accumulating wealth, of which they obtain but a very small and precarious share."—*Lloyd's Weekly London Newspaper*, June-July, 1845.



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Die Autonomie	Milwaukee—National Reformer	Madrid—El Socialista
Freedom	St. Louis (Mo.)—Die Parole	PORTUGAL
Labour Tribune	Anarchist	Porto—A Revolucao Social
Norwich—Daylight	FRANCE	AUSTRIA
Railway Review	Lille—Le Cri du Travailleur	Brunn—Arbeiterstimme
Sozial Demokrat	BELGIUM	SWEDEN
Seafaring	Antwerp—De Werker	Stockholm, Social-Demokraten
Unity	Ghent—Vooruit	WEST INDIES
UNITED STATES	Liege—L'Avenir	Cuba—El Productor
New York—Volkszeitung	SWITZERLAND	ARGENTINE REPUBLIC
Twentieth Century	Arbeiterstimme	Buenos Ayres—Vorwarts
Workmen's Advocate	Basel—Eight Hours Day	
Boston—Woman's Journal		

MEN WHO ARE NOT SOCIALISTS.

V.

HIS GRACE THE DUKE OF HAMILTON.

I HAVE never had the pleasure of meeting His Grace,—one of the reasons being that he is so seldom in this part of the country—but if I should ever have that pleasure, I will cordially grasp his hand. It is true he is a duke, and that he steals £120,000 a year from his poor neighbours; but there is no need of our affecting to be fastidiously virtuous, so long as things are as they are. We are all thieves, if it comes to that; and if we don't steal as much as the Duke of Hamilton, it is chiefly because we have not got the chance. If we could all be dukes the thing would be right enough. After all, there is not so much harm in stealing; it is the monopoly of stealing—the preventing others having an equal opportunity—that does the mischief. If stealing were universalized, (Kant says that true morality is to act so that your actions may be universalized) it would be Socialism. (The editors of some capitalist advertising prints, will no doubt drag this little sentence from its home, and stick it in the pillory of their leader columns as a mark for the brick-bats of ignorant slander and abuse; it is foredoomed, I know, to become a martyr in the cause, nevertheless let it go bravely forth to do its duty.) The Duke of Hamilton is not

a Socialist so far as I am aware; but he is better than being a Socialist—he makes other people become Socialists. He is one of the biggest propaganda forces in the country. I know many people who call themselves Socialists, who might as well call themselves cabbages for all the good they do. It doesn't matter a rap what a man *is*, it is what a man *does* that tells on the progress of the cause. There are some Socialists who have so little energy, generosity and courage, that they could better serve Socialism by dying right off, and having the words, "Here lies a Socialist," inscribed on their tombstones, than by living to the age of Methuselah; (and here let me suggest that every Socialist should stipulate on his death-bed that a text from the *Socialist Catechism*, or a verse from one of Morris' songs, should be engraved on the slab that decorates the sward above his mortal clay. I especially commend this idea to timid Socialists, who are afraid to avow their principles when alive—a man can say what he likes after he is dead—they don't hang corpses now-a-days.)

The Duke of Hamilton filches £120,000 from the labourers and miners of Lanarkshire. He has a magnificent palace at Hamilton, in which he has not resided for many years. He has a castle on one side of the Island of Arran, and a grand shooting lodge on the other; neither of which he inhabits for more than a couple of weeks in the year. He cruises on the Mediterranean; gambles at Baden-Baden and Monte Carlo; shoots buffaloes on the Rocky Mountains; attends race-meetings, and does anything "he damn'd well pleases," to use a favourite phrase of an Anarchist friend of mine. He is thus a living monument of the iniquity of the existing state of society; and his career speaks more eloquently than a hundred unemployed socialist agitators, in behalf of the subversion of landlordism and capitalism, and the institution of a "general divide."

A Lanarkshire miner gets on the average 1s. for hewing a ton of coal; and his work is hard, unhealthy and dangerous. For every ton of coal the miner hews, the Duke gets 1s. in the form of royalty; yet the Duke does not move a muscle or do anything in the least to produce the coal. The Duke has never worked, and never intends to work, with the help of Providence, the political parties, and the stupidity of the people! Of course, this 1s. per ton royalty, is downright, flagrant, clamorously crying-out robbery, and the Duke himself would, I suppose, be the first to admit the fact. But the Duke has to do this robbery business—people would laugh at him if he refused, and someone else would be got to do it in his stead. Even the miners who are presently being plundered, would only be too glad to step into his shoes if they could. Supposing the Duke wanted to stop the thing, he couldn't; he would just require to wait till the social revolution came, like the rest of us.

Whenever therefore I feel the interest of my audience flagging, I trot out the Duke as it were, and show him round, metaphorically. I make him take off his hat, and show his carrotty hair and low forehead. I unbutton his great-coat, to exhibit the grand dimensions of his neck and waist. I then turn his trousers-pockets inside out, and count his £120,000 in gold and bank-notes, and ask him to tell the audience where he got it all, and how he intends spending it. I ask him a few questions in elementary arithmetic, geography, history and mineralogy, to show that as a clerk or a check-weight man at a pit-head, he would not be tolerated for ten minutes. I give him a spade to dig the ground; a pick to hew coal; a saw to cut wood, to show that he could not make two pence a day at any manual craft. Of course the audience gets mad at the Duke; and if I had the real Duke, and not merely the theosophical part of him beside me, I have little doubt but that he would "fare rather roughly" at its hands—to use a happy phrase of the capitalist press, when describing how a Socialist speaker got dipped in a horse-pond, stripped of nine-tenths of his clothes, robbed of ten-tenths of his railway fare money, and afterwards pitched over an embankment on to a dung-heap.

But I would not allow the mob to harm a single hair of the Duke's head if I could help it, so long, at least, as they are fools enough to tolerate dukes and lords and capitalists at all. He is very useful to us, as I have already said, so handy for being shown round the ring; and, besides, he is quite free from the usual cant and hypocrisy of his class. He does not build churches or preside at political meetings. If he steals he does it because he has the power, and he makes no justification or apology. He doesn't attempt to prove that stealing is a virtue, and that those who allow him to pick their pockets are 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 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 *débris*. 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 feel 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 of 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 not quite out of 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.

IN SOUTHERN AFRICA.

How much sympathy the workers at home may expect from the colonial press may be well judged by the following comment, which I cut from a recent article in the *Cape Times* on one of the London strikes. The writer says: "A striker with a grievance is a man with whom to reason, but a striker with a grudge is a victim to be scourged." The thought came to me at the time that the writer of the article from which the comment is cut knew, or sought to know, very little of what he was writing about, knew nothing of the "gospel of discontent" which is taking hold of the workers in all countries, and which will not rest till it has wrought out a happier condition of life for all. It may be that before this happens the "scourging" which the writer refers to may have to be resorted to, and I am much mistaken if the stripes do not fall upon the right backs when the time comes.

I have just returned from a visit to Robben Island, where there is a leper hospital and lunatic asylum. The article in *Blackwood's* a couple of months ago has brought about a little improvement in the general arrangements made for the inmates; but let the Government do what they will—and they are not over likely to do very much—one thing they will never be able to do, and that is to make the island a fit place for a human being to pass his or her lifetime. *Ach mein Gott!* I would not land a mad dog upon it to end its days, let alone a human being—though only a Kaffir! There seemed to be only one opinion amongst the whole of the passengers coming back, and that was, that a month or so on Robben Island would send the sanest man that ever lived—Solomon included—hopelessly mad. I should like to banish the whole Legislative Assembly for one short month to the island, with this proviso, that if they found it comfortable they could stop there, but if not, that they would shift the lepers and lunatics to some other place. I will pass my word that not a soul would be found in the island at the end of the month. From the deck of the small steamer it looks as if the ground had been thickly strewn with broken sandstone, and the glare of the sun on the white sand hurts one's eyes as much as looking into a huge furnace would. The Government seems to have found out—but mark, this is only since the brutal treatment and filthy surroundings of the inmates were exposed—that the friends of the natives do not wish visitors to be admitted. Had the article in *Blackwood's* never been penned, one could have almost driven a horse and cart through the wards and no notice would have been taken; but now the doors are shut, and the visitor is told that the inmates are well cared for, which is lie number one; and that they are comfortably housed, which is lie number two; and that they do not wish for any change, which is lie three. As for the friends of the inmates, well, there is nothing to fear from them; they belong to the class which does not as a rule write leading articles, and which if they did would find it a difficult matter to get any paper to print them.

I noticed some suggestive remarks in the different magistrates' reports to be found in the Blue Book of Native Affairs for 1889. From a magistrate in the district of Mganduli comes the following: "There is but little progress in civilisation worthy of remark amongst the natives during the past year; they seem contented to go on in the same course, to plant their gardens and herd a few cows." Let me here hazard a remark: I wonder if said magistrate imagines the natives have aught to gain by accepting the civilisation which the Government are trying to foist upon them. If he imagines so—but he can hardly be thick enough in the head to imagine that—I pity him. However, I should like to say to the natives—Go on planting your gardens and herding your cows, for if you accept the rotten civilisation offered you, you will very soon have no gardens to plant and precious few cows to herd.

W. E. Shanford, chief magistrate of Griqualand East, speaking of the excitement caused by a rising among the natives, says: "With the change in the form of government and the cessation of quarrels the opportunity of the European dealers and speculators came. Farms were sold for a case of

gin—for a small debt due at the local store—for a trifling sum of money advanced—for a few head of stock—and after a time there was the reaction. Of course the Griquas did not blame themselves for the landless destitute condition into which they were falling. First it was the dealers and speculators who had cheated them; but the bargains were shown to have been openly entered into, and could not be upset. Then the discontent became political; 'Under our own government we were prosperous,' they said, 'but now how different.' The wilder spirits went into rebellion, but the land had gone for ever, and the last phase has been the immigration into Pondoland of the remnants of the tribe under Wm. Kook, a stepson of the old Kaptin. They have settled down in a strip of country given them by the late chief Umqakela, and are comparatively happy again." And this tale can be told of most of the tribal risings which have taken place in years past, and the same thing will no doubt occur wherever and whenever the speculator and British syndicate maker appears.

The magistrate of Bathurst reports: "As a general conclusion, I have the satisfaction of saying that the natives of this division are quiet and contented, living peaceably with one another. I heard of little distress among them, but I do not know of any who are really well-to-do. There have been no diseases except the ordinary maladies, such as measles. The state of affairs is fairly satisfactory, and the only thing that causes any anxiety is the collection of the hut-tax." This magistrate, to whom the "collection of the hut-tax" is the only cause of anxiety, seems to think it a matter of surprise that there are no millionaires to be found amongst the natives. Well, Mr. Magistrate, let me tell you that when the presence of "well-to-do" men figures in your report, that day there will also appear a statement that the natives no longer live peaceably with one another, no longer are quiet and contented, and instead of little, that there is much distress amongst them, and more maladies than measles. The state of affairs won't then be "fairly satisfactory," and other causes than the "collection of the hut-tax" will give you or your successors cause for anxiety.

From the district of Bedford comes the report that the "return of the Kaffir chiefs from transportation gladdened their countrymen, who have been since then living in expectation of hearing where they are to be located, presumably with the intention of going there too."

From all of the different districts almost an entire absence of disease and very little crime of any kind is reported. The "triumphant march of the white man" is all that is required to alter all this; a few speculators, with their "fair and open bargains," will cause more crime than shiploads of missionaries can ever hope to cure—i.e., if one put any faith in the usefulness of these people.

In an article which appeared in the *Cape Times* of December 31st, the writer admits that "the influence of Socialism upon the political development in England will be widely recognised before the close of another year. And the numbers of earnest politicians who are adopting Socialist views of certain questions relating to labour—who are avowing a modified Socialism—is increasing day by day." So much for the editor of the *Cape Times* opinion. If I thought that the influence of Socialism was going to rest with the "political development," why, I would join a branch of the Primrose League at once and be done with it. As for the said "political development," it can well be let go where it is fast going—viz., to the devil. Let us look to the industrial development.

In the meanwhile, just to show you that there is no slavery in this part of Africa, I cut this from a daily paper. Somehow it had a sound about it that puts one in mind of "down South" during the old slavery days.

"LEFT HER HOME.—Amina Mobara, a Malay Girl, aged 18 years, having run away from Stall No. 22, New Market, Cape Town, on the 9th inst. Anyone possessing information of her whereabouts kindly communicate with that address. Any person harbouring her after this date will be prosecuted."

Cape Town, Jan. 8, 1890.

J. BAIN.

STRIKE OF STICKMAKERS IN THE EAST-END.

It seems for some time past there has been a strike amongst the stickmakers of this district, and, strange to say, the capitalist press have ignored all communications sent to it by the secretary of the union. The greatest offenders in this matter have been the *Star* and the *North London Press*, perhaps this may be owing to the fact that most of the men are "foreigners." The chairman of the South London Gas Company is not the only one to break up the recently formed unions, most desperate efforts having been made by two stick-making sweaters, viz., Strouss and Metz. It seems that these two sweaters have seen what effect the union would ultimately have upon the robbery of labour, that cost what it would, they would use every effort to smash the organisation. The finishers can earn at the utmost an average wage of 12s. per week of 15 and 18 hours per day, with a reduction of 4d. to 6d. for the use of gas according to wages earned, 1d. for cleaning the shop, and 1d. interest in the 1s. is charged on all money lent during the week. Filers and benders can earn from 20s. to 25s. per week, with the reductions at above rate. Notwithstanding the sweating wages paid, Metz, of 20, Worship Street, and Strouss, of Playhouse Yard, Golden Lane, insist upon a reduction of 45 per cent. on these miserable wages, which will render it impossible for any of the employes an opportunity of bare existence. The men ask that the masters should receive a deputation. No answer being received to the first letter, a second was written to these firms, and met with the following treatment. The blank half was sent as an insult to the English society, and the other half containing the suggestions of the men was scribbled over and sent to the International Society of Stickmakers, with an intimation from Strouss that he would have nothing to do with the "damn union" at all. This is a matter affecting trades unionism as a whole in a most vital manner, and if the present indifferent attitude of the trades unions of London is kept up it will be one of the most effective means of retarding the movement. We appeal, therefore, to all workers, of whatever nationality, to aid the stickmakers against tyranny of the most brutal kind ever adopted against workers' organisations. This is not merely an attempt on the part of the masters to resist increased wages, but is part of a deep-laid scheme to break up all organisations, knowing that the workers have learnt that their unions are but a preliminary to the great battle of the future, which will emancipate labour.

But legal (Imperial) Federation would, if ever created, be the beginning of the end—a separation inevitably violent and unfriendly. There would be a rupture, because all experience shows that Great Britain would then endeavour to maintain the legal bond by military coercion, and with that show of right which legality gives to the wrong.—*Chief Justice Lilley.*

THE LABOUR STRUGGLE.

The Strike at the Wharves.

It is likely that the struggle at Hay's Wharf may have some serious developments. It is evident that the attack by Mr. Livesey on the gas-stokers' union has inspired Mr. Norwood and his fellow capitalists with the idea of "smashing" the Dockers' Union. Mr. Norwood has shown in all his recent speeches that he has been writhing for some considerable time under his recent defeat; but in the speech to the shareholders last week he practically declared war against the union. After complaining bitterly that the company, through the formation of the union, had lost control over their own property, he went on to say that "the Joint-Committee must regain the control over the management of their own affairs, whatever may be the cost of their struggle." This means in plain English that the docker must be plunged into his former slavery by forcing on a quarrel with the union and locking out every man. But the quarrel must be of such a nature that public sympathy shall not be engaged on the side of the men, so that they shall be left to fight their battle with the scanty funds of a young trade union. Mr. Norwood imagines that he has such a quarrel in the fight at Hay's Wharf, and he, through the agency of his fellow conspirators—dock directors and wharf-owners—is bombarding the middle-class press with accusations against the men of breaking the sacred agreement of 14th Sept. Now, for my part, I should not regard that as a very great offence, as that agreement was in every way a most unsatisfactory one; but it just happens that the men have not broken that agreement, for the very simple reason that these men had concluded an agreement of their own with the proprietors of the wharf, and had gone back to work on 7th Sept., seven days before the Mansion House agreement was signed. Therefore the accusation falls to the ground. But no doubt this will make little difference to Mr. Norwood and his friends; they will go on repeating the same stale old lie about the "breach of agreement," and if the facts are against them—well, so much the worse for the facts!

We are glad to see that the men hold well together, and are well backed up by the Dockers' and Carmen's unions, the members of these unions refusing to take goods from the wharf. Both unions have issued a manifesto, calling on their members after the 10th February to refuse to work with non-union men. The secretary of the South Side Labour League has issued a similar notice. This is an excellent answer to Mr. Norwood's gage of battle.

At Cutler Street Tea Warehouse the men refused to load a van from the wharf, and though a hundred of them were dismissed, yet the van had to go away empty. A hundred men struck at Brooks' Wharf on Friday 31st Jan., on being asked to load tea for Hay's Wharf. The stevedores have also refused to handle goods from steamer "Bellaini," berthed beside the wharf. The boycott promises to be very effective. The enraged masters are endeavouring to get up a case against Tom Mann for intimidation; but should he be arrested John Burns, who spoke at a large meeting held in Southwark Park on Sunday, is ready to take his place.

Later.—The dock directors and wharf-owners decided on Tuesday to form a union of masters, and to sack any men who refuse to load the vans of blackleg carmen. This will bring matters to a crisis.

The Gas-stokers.

A deputation from the Gas-stokers' Union attended at the London Trades Council on Thursday Jan. 30. The Council has decided to help them to bring the strike to a successful issue, though it has not stated publicly what form that help will take. There are already signs that the other trade unions are beginning to take an interest in the gallant fight which the gas-stokers are making. The Strike Committee have received £30 from the Ironfounders; the London Journeymen Basket-makers, numbering over 400 members, have subscribed a sum averaging 4s. a-head; the Hatters, numbering 800, have promised a levy of 1s. a-man; and the Glass-blowers a sum of £5 a-week till the strike is over; and the London Compositors will also probably subscribe £100 to the strike fund. We hope that other unions who are thinking about helping the gas-stokers will do so at once, as this is probably the worst part of the struggle.

The Sailors and Firemen's Union are still loyally helping the strikers. They have sent a steam launch from the north, which they expect will be very useful in the task of calling out the men from the colliers. There is trouble, too, among the blacklegs at Rotherhithe and East Greenwich. They are holding meetings and carrying on a vigorous agitation against the reduction of their wages by Livesey taking away the £1 a-week bonus they received in the earlier weeks of the strike. On the whole, it seems that the men have still a good chance if the other unions continue to support them.

Unskilled Labour in Mines.

The recent conference of miners in Birmingham have passed a resolution amending the Mines Act, which will enact, if passed through Parliament, that no person shall be allowed to work in an ironstone or coal mine who has not entered the mine as a worker before attaining the age of 20 years, and any manager admitting such people to work in the mine to be subject to six months' imprisonment. The reckless way in which mine-owners are willing to risk the lives of their men by flooding the mines with a mass of unskilled labour from the agricultural districts, is one of the chief grievances of the miners. Great lumbering country bumpkins, 30 or 40 years of age, who have never seen a mine in their lives before, are sent down to risk their own lives and the lives of the miners in a place where a blunder frequently means death. This is done by mine owners to lower wages, the lives of the workers being a matter of very small consequence. To such a pitch has this evil gone in some cases, that a delegate stated at the conference that at one colliery in South Wales there were so many agriculturists employed, that it was known as the "farm labourers' mine." There can be no question that many of the fearful calamities that frequently startle us in the mining districts, are caused by the ignorance and stupidity of these "new hands." We fear, however, that this proposed amendment of the Mines Act will have a small chance of passing through a House of Commons composed of capitalists with a love for "cheap" labour. We think, however, that the miners would be quite within their rights in treating this as part of the great "blackleg" question, by refusing to work with people who increase to such a terrible extent the risks of a most dangerous occupation.

BUYING OUT LANDLORDS.

At the protest meeting in St. James's Hall the other evening, the following resolution was carried:

"That this meeting strongly condemns any scheme of land purchase which would entail a risk of burdening the British taxpayers for the benefit of Irish landlords."

John Burns, in seconding it, said that that meeting was called to protest against English landlords in Ireland being compensated out of the money English labourers contributed to the rates and treasury of this country. He would further say that he would object to money being paid by the English people to compensate English landlords in England, but, as sufficient for the day was the evil thereof, they could confine themselves to the iniquity of exploiting the labour of the English workpeople, so that the Irish landlords could be ransomed for having exploited too well in the past the Irish proletariat by means of rack rents, famine, disease, and civil war. A few thousand landlords, mostly Englishmen, now demanded what would be equivalent to £5,000,000 of interest to be paid by the taxpayers yearly. Having wrung from the Irish peasant all that meant a decent life, they now wanted to extract 150 millions from the English workman, and for what? for the privilege of ceasing to rob other people. Yet in Parliament, and to some extent in the County Council, men came to them saying, "In the name of justice and liberty would you expropriate the Irish landlord?" and ask them to submit quietly to the charge of 150 millions; whilst in the same breath they objected to spend a few millions to perfect the London sewerage, to provide improved workmen's dwellings, or to build a town hall on the Embarkment. He called upon the English working-men, who, he said, if they knew their power, could be the arbiters for the Irish people, not to yield to the demand. The Irish landlords were to be compensated up to the hilt, in order that they might have an opportunity of doing something to justify their existence. The men who compromised on a question like this betrayed a cause, and deluded a people. The time had come to talk plainly and openly, and the truth was that private property in land was an anomaly, an injustice, and an unmitigated curse to the community. He trusted the day was not far distant when the working-men of London would hold a meeting in that hall to celebrate the downfall of the system of compensation being paid to landlords, whether they were labelled English, Irish, Scotch, or French. Private ownership in land was doomed six years ago, when Michael Davitt, Henry George, and himself stood on that platform, and he called attention to the adherence now given to this view by the Radical candidates for London constituencies, by certain members of Parliament. He contrasted this adherence with the manner in which the doctrine of land nationalisation was scouted six years ago. He was willing to forgive all the injustice which the landlords had committed in the past provided they should have the privilege to rob no longer, and do no more injustice to their fellow men. The economic development of society tended to the abolition of all monopolies; landlordism was essentially a monopoly, and they protested against it, and objected to compensation being given for past holding. They must resolve that there should be no peasant proprietors, no leasehold enfranchisement, and no free sale of land, for this, he said, would make the work of land nationalisation more difficult, and he called upon the working-men not to content themselves with mere shouting at public meetings, but to throw aside the hereditary subserviency of the frock coat and high hat. As a Socialist and workman, he told them that the enemy they had to meet was not landlord tyranny in itself, but their own apathy, ignorance, mistrust, selfishness, and suspicion. What a year the past had been! In Brazil slavery had been abolished, and the slave-master had got the sack with a month's notice paid in advance to clear out. Forced labour had been abolished in Egypt, slavery had been done away with in more than half of the Turkish dominions, and in America and the Colonies workmen were arousing themselves with an enthusiasm that was really extraordinary. In this grand old London they had shaken up, and 200,000 men and women had combined for paltry palliatives, for higher wages, and shorter working hours. In that they had done the best as a precursor to organisation towards the further things that would inevitably follow. It had been said by Tories and Liberals that the price of denying Home Rule to Ireland was socialistic legislation as bribes to the English workmen. As a Socialist and a workman he denied that that was the truth. They would take from both parties what they could get, and would force from either all they possibly could, but if what was offered was meant as a blind to prevent those who agreed with him in extending their sympathy to the Irish people, it would only make English working-men more discontented and more determined to get justice for themselves, and whilst endeavouring to obtain justice for themselves were determined to secure for the Irish people what they had a right to demand.

CORRESPONDENCE.

THE TRAM MEN.

Dear Comrade,—In the *Weal* for January 25th, re "Labour Struggle," some remarks are made on the tramway men and their union; I should like to supplement them with a few of mine. The union is managed similar to the Dockers' Union, the men having little or no voice in the management. They pay 3d. per week to the union, which is sent to headquarters. They do not, as far as I can gather, know what they are paying it for as far as I can learn except for out-of-work pay which they are to receive, or what the objects of the union are, except to find a job for the secretary and allowing the Rev. Mr. Barclay to pose as a philanthropist. When tram men belonging to the union leave their job on the Woolwich and South-Eastern London line to go to the gun factory at Erith to act as "blacklegs," it shows that the union is not worth much. In fact, tram men are slaves, and only fit to be slaves; as they are afraid of one another, have no luck, and put up with all sorts of insults from inspectors, clerks, and passengers alike. The managers play with them, as they like putting extra work on to them and other inconveniences, which they accept without a murmur. All their thoughts are centred on betting and horseracing; they are composed mostly of pensioners and country yokels, in fact, the trams are next to the docks, their last resort.—Yours fraternally,

H. PAUL,

"One who has been Behind."

EDINBURGH—SCOTTISH SOCIALIST FEDERATION.—In Moulders' Hall, High St., Sunday February 9, at 6.30, lecture, "A Criticism of the Present System."

THE SOCIALIST LEAGUE.

OFFICES: 24, GREAT QUEEN ST., LINCOLN'S INN FIELDS, W.C.

The Offices of the Socialist League will be open for the sale of *Commonweal* and all other Socialist publications from 8.30 a.m. to 9 p.m. every day except Sunday. The Secretary will be in attendance from 10 a.m. to 9 p.m. daily.

Executive.—The Council of the League have decided to invite speakers from the Provincial Branches to take part in the Celebration of the Commune this year, and also to solicit help towards defraying the expenses of the meeting, which will be exceptionally heavy this year.

Branch Subscriptions Paid.—1888:—Oxford, to end of September.

1889:—Bradford and Hammersmith, to end of April. Norwich, Glasgow, and Yarmouth, to end of May. East London, to end of October. North London and Mitcham, to end of November. St. Georges East, and Leicester, to end of December. 1890:—North Kensington and Manchester, to end of January. 'Commonweal' Branch, to end of February.

Notice.—All letters on League business, except those intended for Editors of *Commonweal*, to be addressed to me. No other person is authorised to sign any official communication.
FRANK KITZ, Secretary.

"COMMONWEAL" GUARANTEE FUND.

The following further sums have been received towards this fund:—H. R., 1s.; F. C. S. S., 1s.; J. Presburg, 6d.; B. W., 6d.; F. Kitz, 6d.; Nicoll (2 weeks), 1s.; A. Seglie, 6d.; P. Webb (2 weeks), 2s.; and C. Saunders (2 weeks), 2s.

REPORTS.

'COMMONWEAL.'—Good meeting at Broad Street, where Mowbray spoke to a very attentive audience; 17 *Weals* sold. We believe that this will be a good station if worked well. On Sunday, Feb. 2nd, comrade G. Netlow delivered an interesting lecture on "A Glance at the History of Anarchism;" good attendance; 1s. 8½d. collected.—S. P.

NORTH LONDON.—A good audience turned up on Wednesday, Jan. 29th, to hear Nicoll on "Law and Order;" very good discussion and good sale of *Weal*. On Sunday afternoon, Mowbray and Nicoll spoke at Hyde Park; about 30 *Weal* and other literature sold; 1s. 4½d. collected.—T. C.

ABERDEEN.—At weekly meeting on Monday, Morris's lecture on "Monopoly" was read and discussed. At the meetings held on Thursdays we have taken up the study and discussion of Spencer's "Study of Sociology," and mean to go over it chapter by chapter. The first has already gone well.—L.

GLASGOW.—On Sunday at 2 o'clock, we held a meeting on Jail Square, Glasier being the speaker. At 5 o'clock, Joe Burgoyne addressed a good meeting at Paisley Road Toll. In connection with the County Council elections, Glasier spoke at a miner's meeting at Springside, Kilmarnock, on Friday night, and at a mass meeting in Dalry on Saturday evening.

HALIFAX.—On Sunday evening, Samuels (of London) lectured here to an appreciative audience on "Socialism and the Political Economists." There was afterwards a most spirited and interesting discussion. Good sale of pamphlets.

LEEDS.—On Sunday morning in the Market, Samuels spoke to an attentive audience for an hour on "Reasons for Discontent." There was over 3s. worth of literature sold.

LEICESTER.—Sunday last, Barclay and Chambers spoke in the Square. In the afternoon, William Morris lectured at the Radical Club, Vine Street, on "How We Shall Live Then." There was a very good attendance, and Morris's ideal, a lucid and logical demonstration of the desirability and necessity of putting it into practice, was listened to eagerly, and frequently applauded; 12s. 6d. was collected. A sharp discussion followed the discourse, as also in the evening at the Secular Hall, where Morris addressed a full audience on "What Socialists Want." Monday night, Spurling spoke at Humberstone Gate; good attendance again. Sale of *Commonweal* and other literature amounted to 6s. 10½d.—T. B.

EDINBURGH (SCOTTISH SOCIALIST FEDERATION).—Comrade Gilray lectured to a good audience on Sunday in the Moulders' Hall. "The Place of Syndicates in Social Evolution" was interesting and instructive to all. A good discussion followed.

PLAISTOW.—On Thursday 16th January, at Secular Hall, Plaistow Broadway, H. Paul opened an adjourned debate on "Is Trade necessary to Civilisation?" in the negative, and advocated Communism; which was opposed by brain-working clerks and little shop keepers, who thought that the human race would degenerate and die out without commercialism. There are a few Socialists and one or two Individualist-Anarchists in this branch of the N.S.S. Very good discussions on social questions have taken place.—H. P.

HALLAMSHIRE HALL, SHEFFIELD.—On Feb. 2, J. Sketchley lectured in the above hall—in the morning on "Free Trade v. Fair Trade from a Workman's point of view"; in the evening on "Work and Wages." We have a good piano, and hope in a week or two to get together a good choir. It is also intended to organise a band of our own.—S.

SHEFFIELD SOCIALISTS.—A good meeting was held Sunday morning at the Monolith, addressed by Mrs. Usher and Charles. In the afternoon we went down to Rotherham, where Mrs. Usher and Charles held another meeting. In the evening, at the Westbar, a very attentive audience listened to the reading of 'A King's Lesson,' and addresses by Shortland, Smith, and Charles. *Commonweal* sold out, also good sale of other literature. Last week a warrant was applied for against one of our comrades, but the magistrates only granted a summons returnable next Friday, when he is to be charged with persuading, inciting, etc., etc., divers persons to murder a blackleg. We hold special meetings in connection with this affair next week, and are probably in for some lively times with the authorities here, as we understand from a good source that these proceedings are being instituted on the instructions of the Home Office, and are to be taken up by the Public Prosecutor.

LIVERPOOL SOCIALIST SOCIETY.—On Saturday evening last, a paper was given to the members of the Institute Debating Society, united for the evening with the Rathbone Literary Club, Liverpool, by the Rev. J. E. Stronge (Unitarian) of Birkenhead, the subject being "Is Socialism, or complete Individualism, likely to be the ultimate goal of human development?" Several of our members attended by invitation. Mr. Stronge answered the question entirely in our favour, maintaining that the whole tendency of modern events is towards Socialism. Comrades Nance, W. H. Chapman, sen., Reeves, and Lawrence Small supported the paper. No opposition worthy of record was offered, with the exception of that from the Rev. L. P. Jacks, M.A., of Liverpool (Unitarian minister), who out-Giffened Giffen in dealing with figures relating to the comparative wealth of the capitalist and working classes. Comrade J. C. Kenworthy replied to our opponent in a short but telling manner. We hope to number Mr. Stronge among our members ere long.

SOCIALIST CO-OPERATIVE FEDERATION, LTD. (Stores: 49 Southampton Row, W.C.).—The Half-Yearly General Meeting of the members will be held on Wednesday February 12th, at 8 p.m., in the Hall of the Social Democratic Federation, 337 Strand; William Morris in the chair. Please bring subscription card for audit.

LECTURE DIARY.

LONDON.

Battersea.—All communications to E. Buteux, 20 Abercrombie Street, Battersea Park Road.

Commonweal Branch.—24 Great Queen Street, Holborn, W.C. Business meeting of members every Thursday evening at 8. Lectures every Sunday at 8 p.m. Hall open every evening from 7 till 10 to all members of the League; cards of membership must be produced to steward of branch on entering. Entertainments on last Sunday of every month. Membership: 6d. entrance fee and 6d. per month. On Sunday February 9, at 8.30 p.m., C. W. Mowbray, "Fair Day's Wage for a Fair Day's Work."

East London.—A meeting of members will be held on Sunday February 9th, for the purpose of reorganising the branch. Comrades willing to help in the propaganda are requested to attend. 12 Basing Place, Kingsland Road.

Hammersmith.—Kelmescott House, Upper Mall, W. Sunday Feb. 9, at 8 p.m., William Morris, "Equality."

Mitcham.—"Lord Napier," Fair Green. Meets every Sunday at 12.30, to enroll members, etc.

North Kensington.—Clarendon Coffee Palace, Clarendon Road. Meets every Wednesday at 8 p.m. On Sunday Feb. 9, at 8 p.m., D. J. Nicoll, "The Commune of Paris."

North London.—6 Windmill Street, Tottenham Court Road. Meets every Wednesday evening at 8 o'clock. Wednesday Feb. 12, a Lecture.

Streatham.—Address secretary, R. Smith, 1 Natal Road, Streatham.

Whitechapel and St. Georges in the East.—Branch meetings at International Club, 40 Berner Street, Commercial Road. J. Turner, organising secretary.

PROVINCES.

Aberdeen.—Organiser, J. Leatham, 7 Jamaica Street. Branch meets in Odd-fellows' Small Hall, Crooked Lane, on Monday evenings at 8. Singing practice at 46 Marischal Street on Thursdays at 8 p.m.

Bradford.—Laycock's Temperance Hotel, Albion Court, Kirkgate. Meets every Tuesday at 7.30.

Dundee.—Address to W. Cameron, 17 Laurence Street, Dundee.

Glasgow.—Ram's Horn Hall, 122 Ingram Street. Branch meets on Thursday evenings at 8 o'clock and Sundays at 7 o'clock.

Halifax.—Socialists meet every Sunday at 6.30 p.m. at Helliwell's Temperance Hotel, Northgate.

Leeds.—Clarendon Buildings, Victoria Road, School Close. Open every evening. Business meeting Saturdays at 8 p.m.

Leicester.—Exchange Buildings, Rutland Street. Branch meets on Monday and Thursday, at 8 p.m. On Sunday Feb. 9, at 6.30 p.m., George Bernard Shaw will lecture in the Secular Hall, Humberstone Gate—"Socialist Individualism." Tuesday Feb. 11, in the Co-operative Hall, High Street, at 8 p.m., Annie Besant, "The Basis of Socialism."

Manchester.—Branch meets temporarily at the Secretary's, 52 Miller Street, on Tuesdays at 8 p.m.

Norwich.—Sunday, at 8, Gordon Hall. Tuesday, at 8.30, Members' meeting. Thursday, at 8, Discussion Class. Saturday, Social Meeting. Hall open every evening from 8 p.m.

Oxford.—Temperance Hall, 25½ Pembroke Street. First Friday in every month, at 8.30 p.m.

Walsall.—Socialist Club, 18 Goodall Street, Walsall. Meetings every night.

Yarmouth.—Branch meets at comrade Headley's, near Co-operative Stores, every Tuesday evening. Elocution Class Friday at 8 p.m. On Sunday afternoons during winter a Discussion Class will be held at 3 o'clock.

OPEN-AIR PROPAGANDA.

SATURDAY 8.

8.30..... Mile-end WasteCores and Presburg

SUNDAY 9.

11 Latimer Road StationDean, Maughan, and Crouch

11.30 Broad Street, Golden SquareNicoll

11.30 Kilburn—"Old Plough," Kilburn LaneThe Branch

11.30 Mitcham—Fair GreenThe Branch

11.30 Regent's ParkCantwell and Mowbray

3.30 Hyde Park—Marble ArchCantwell and Mowbray

3.30 Victoria ParkThe Branch

7 Weltje Road, Ravenscourt ParkHammersmith Branch

7.30 Walham Green—back of ChurchHammersmith Branch

TUESDAY 11.

8 Walham Green—back of ChurchHammersmith Branch

THURSDAY 13.

8.15..... Hoxton ChurchThe Branch

PROVINCES.

Glasgow.—Sunday: Jail Square at 2 o'clock; Paisley Road at 5 o'clock. Tuesday: Cathedral Square, at 8 p.m.

Leeds.—Sunday: Hunslet Moor, at 11 a.m.; Vicar's Croft, at 7 p.m.

Manchester.—Sunday: Philips Park Gates, at 11; Stevenson Square, at 3.

Norwich.—Sunday: St. Faiths, at 11; Market Place, at 3.

Sheffield.—Sunday: Monolith, Fargate, at 11 a.m.; Gower Street, at 3 p.m.; Pump, Westbar, 8 p.m.

Yarmouth.—Sunday: Priory Plain, at 11; Colman's Granary Quay, at 7.

LIVERPOOL SOCIALIST SOCIETY, 1 Stanley Street, Dale Street.—Meets every Tuesday at 8 p.m.

DUBLIN.—At Progressist Club, 87 Marlboro' Street, Saturday Feb. 8, at 8 p.m., B. McGuinness, "Dublin Municipal Reform."

CHELSEA S.D.F., Co-operative Lecture Hall, 312 Kings Road, Chelsea.—Sunday February 9, at 8 p.m., Daniel McEwen, "Co-operation and Socialism."

THE NEW FELLOWSHIP, 267 Strand (rooms of the National Vigilance Association).—Tuesday Feb. 11, Hubert Bland, "A Criticism of the Woman Movement."

MANHOOD SUFFRAGE LEAGUE, "Three Doves," Berwick St., Oxford St., W.—Sunday February 9, at 8.30 p.m., J. D. Bouran, "Climbing the Steepes."

SHEFFIELD.—At Hallamshire Hall, Westbar, on Sunday February 9, J. Sketchley, 11 a.m., "Trade Unions, Present and Future"; at 6.30, "Insufficient Remedies for Existing Evils."

IRELAND.—A new Socialistic Society, called the "Irish Socialist Union," has been started in Dublin. Basis: The union on a common Platform of representatives of the various schools of Socialistic thought, with a view to the more effective propaganda of the principles on which all are agreed. Address: 87 Marlboro' Street, Dublin.

LANCASHIRE AND YORKSHIRE SOCIALISTS.—All those branches and societies who are wishful to be represented on the lecture-list to be drawn up in accordance with the resolution of the Liverpool Conference, as reported Jan. 25, are to send the names and addresses of their secretaries to Edw. C. Chapman, 1 Stanley Street, Liverpool.

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STATEMENT OF PRINCIPLES.

THE Socialist League advocates International Revolutionary Socialism. That is to say the destruction of the present class society, which consists of one class who live by owning property and therefore *need not work*, and of another that has no property and therefore *must work* in order that they may live to keep the idlers by their labour. Revolutionary Socialism insists that this system of society, which is the modern form of slavery, should be changed to a system of Society which would give every man an opportunity of doing useful work, and not allow any man to live without so doing, which work could not be useful unless it were done for the whole body of workers instead of for do-nothing individuals. The result of this would be that livelihood would not be precarious nor labour burdensome. Labour would be employed in co-operation, and the struggle of man with man for bare subsistence would be supplanted by harmonious combination for the production of common wealth and the exchange of mutual services without the waste of labour or material.

Every man's needs would be satisfied from this common stock, but no man would be allowed to own anything which he could not use, and which consequently he must *abuse* by employing it as an instrument for forcing others to labour for him unpaid. Thus the land, the capital, machinery, and means of transit would cease to be private property, since they can only be *used* by the combination of labour to produce wealth.

Thus men would be *free* because they would no longer be dependent on idle property-owners for subsistence; thus they would be *brothers*, for the cause of strife, the struggle for subsistence at other people's expense, would have come to an end. Thus they would be *equal*, for if all men were doing useful work no man's labour could be dispensed with. Thus the motto of Liberty, Fraternity, and Equality, which is but an empty boast in a society that upholds the monopoly of the means of production, would at last be realised.

This Revolutionary Socialism must be International. The change which would put an end to the struggle between man and man, would destroy it also between nation and nation. One harmonious system of federation throughout the whole of civilisation would take the place of the old destructive rivalries. There would be no great centres breeding race hatred and commercial jealousy, but people would manage their own affairs in communities not too large to prevent all citizens from taking a part in the administration necessary for the conduct of life, so that party politics would come to an end.

Thus, while we abide by the old motto

Liberty, Fraternity, Equality,

we say that the existence of private property destroys Equality, and therefore under it there can be neither Liberty nor Fraternity.

We add to the first motto then this other one—

FROM EACH ACCORDING TO HIS CAPACITY, TO EACH ACCORDING TO HIS NEEDS.

When this is realised there will be a genuine Society; until it is realised, Society is nothing but a band of robbers. We must add that this change can only be brought about by combination amongst the workers themselves, and must embrace the whole of Society. The new life cannot be *given* to the workers by a class higher than they, but must be *taken* by them by means of the abolition of classes and the reorganisation of Society.

COUNCIL OF THE SOCIALIST LEAGUE.

NOTICE.

Subscribers who find a red mark against this notice are thereby reminded that their subscriptions have expired and must be renewed immediately if they wish to continue to receive *Commonweal*.

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THE COMMONWEAL

The Official Journal of the SOCIALIST LEAGUE.

VOL. 6.—No. 214.

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 15, 1890.

WEEKLY; ONE PENNY.

NOTES ON NEWS.

THE Kaiser has quite fluttered the capitalistic doves by his rescripts. Of course we get the irrepressible article in the *Pall Mall Gazette*, assuring us once more that we are indeed all Socialists now, and praising heaven for the House of Hohenzollern and this last development of Monarchism. Of course, on the other hand, we get the general "Pooh! pooh!" of the orthodox capitalistic press, both Liberal and Tory.

Most of them say, "Ah! Kaiser, here's an opportunity for you! If you would only be good like us English, and have free trade, then we would go to your Congress; then, at last, and not before, would be the time to consider whether our working population should starve or thrive—or, at all events, to pretend to consider it. For, of course, you will understand, that while free trade is a practical question to us, the questions you are suggesting of the duration of the day's labour, the conditions of factories, and so forth, have ceased to be practical questions to us since we passed the consolidation of the Factory Acts in order to make the Factory Hell respectable. And as to our working-classes, we assure you we are not at all afraid of them; they are sheep and like to be shorn, and if they baa a bit under the operation, our nerves are strong enough to bear it. Liberty of the press! Free competition! Unrestricted march of economic laws! Free trade! Imitate us and keep on bawling out these phrases, which cost nothing, and you will live peacefully and die happy."

Well, perhaps! And yet, on the surface of things, it scarcely seems likely that the Kaiser should set out on his enterprise of dishing the Socialists without some reason behind him, even if his step be only an electioneering dodge, as seems likely. It is not unreasonable to suppose that he is impressed, not to say alarmed, by the spread of Socialism, and feels that it would be no bad stroke if he could detach a considerable body of working-men from the Socialist party: a thing which he may consider possible in Germany, where the superstition of loyalty is yet strong. At any rate, if the workers refuse to bite at his phantom minnow, his "intentions" will help to respectabilise his position amongst the respectables of all Europe, and in no case will they cost him much. For who knows if the quarrel with Bismark is anything else than a bit of stage effect? W. M.

Some of our Radical friends have not been best pleased at our exposure from time to time of what hollow shams "Republican institutions" can be. A few weeks ago, when we wrote of the Argentine, they could say, and some of them did, that it was a new country, populated for the most part by a heterogeneous mass of recent immigrants, and still suffering from the effects of Spanish mis-rule. But if they read the reports of the National Convention of the coloured citizens of the United States, they will find that the Stars and Stripes is still the "haunting lie" it was before the war. That in spite of the blood poured out to free the negro, he is only technically free; that so far as he is concerned, "Republican institutions" are a sham and a fraud; that even in the Northern States, where he is allowed to exercise his "political rights," he is still ostracised and treated as a helot. Together with the position of the working-classes in France, Argentina, and the United States, this continued ill-treatment of the negro needs to be accounted for, before we can accept the adequacy of "Republican institutions" to the cure of social ills.

"Ivory is worth over £2,000 per ton, and those advertising 'humanitarian' brigands, Explorer Stanley and Co., have over 600 tons of it." That is how the Sydney *Bulletin* speaks of the sainted person who is an object of worship to Mr. John P. Brown and men of his kidney. Where is divine vengeance and the power of respectability?

The newspapers are talking of another "Carnegie free library," and are praising Mr. Carnegie to the skies because he offers a million dollars for the endowment of a free library. Well! as we have said before, we should like to hear what the sweated iron-workers have to

say about this "generous" disposal of their unpaid earnings. It is all very well to have free libraries, but they would probably have preferred to live decently first of all, and then to have built libraries where they wanted them. "Justice, not Charity."

M. Lemoine, the well-known French writer, has been speaking plainly to his countrymen, who have been so jubilant about the Russian alliance. He says:

"We foolishly take the northern visitors who flock to the Mediterranean every winter, under the combined attractions of sunshine and the *roulette*, to represent the Tzar and the Russian people; and there is no man to tell us that, behind these idlers and cosmopolitan tourists, there are millions of men far away in the north who know nothing of this superficial agitation, who are ignorant of our very existence, and who acknowledge but one master on earth, whose will to them is that of a god, and whom they are prepared to obey at the sacrifice of their life. We forget in our levity that we have no means of knowing the views of the solitary man who wields such crushing power, or the workings of his mind."

His utterance is quoted by the *Pall Mall*, with the comment:

"M. Lemoine is wrong in saying that 'we have no means of knowing the views of the solitary man.' The Tzar has expressed them frankly enough, and he never speaks without sincerity. If M. Lemoine does not know what these views are, it is his own fault for not reading the *Pall Mall Gazette*."

The *Pall Mall* has often enough been accused of being a Russian organ, but has never quite so fully and cynically avowed the fact.

The richest man in Germany, according to recently published statistics, is Herr Krupp, the notorious maker of (legal) murder-machines, whose income for the current year amounts to £279,000. Clearly his business has been flourishing in the past year, for a twelvemonth ago his revenue was officially estimated at "only" £219,000. It is a profitable trade, this tool-making for tyrants. How the poor devils who never get above skeleton-keys and burglar's jemmes must look up to and admire their big brother!

An Anti-Opium League has been formed in Holland, having for its object to bring public opinion to bear on the system of raising revenue from the farming of the opium monopoly in the Dutch West Indies. The manifesto of the League is signed by a considerable number of present or former members of both branches of the Netherlands Legislature, ex-colonial officials, and other influential persons. Anyone who has read 'Baboe Dalima' and 'Ran Away from the Dutch,' must wish all success to the League; though it is difficult for an Englishman who "looks at home" to say much upon the matter. S.

NEWS FROM NOWHERE:

OR,

AN EPOCH OF REST.

BEING SOME CHAPTERS FROM A UTOPIAN ROMANCE.

CHAP. VI.—A LITTLE SHOPPING.

As he spoke, we came suddenly out of the woodland into a short street of handsomely built houses, which my companion named to me at once as Piccadilly: the lower part of these I should have called shops, if it had not been that, as far as I could see, the people were ignorant of the arts of buying and selling. Wares were displayed in their finely designed fronts, as if to tempt people in, and people stood and looked at them, or went in and came out with parcels under their arms, just like the real thing. On each side of the street ran an elegant arcade to protect foot-passengers, as in some of the old Italian cities. About half-way down, a huge building of the kind I was now prepared to expect told me that this also was a centre of some kind, and had its special public buildings.

Said Dick: "Here, you see, is another market on a different plan

from most others: the upper stories of these houses are used for guest-houses; for people from all about the country are apt to drift up hither from time to time, as folk are very thick upon the ground, which you will find to be the case at present, and there are people who are fond of crossing the water, though I can't say that I am."

"I don't help smiling to see how long a tradition would last. Here was the ghost of London still asserting itself as a centre,—an industrial centre, for aught I knew. However, I said nothing, except that I asked him to drive very slowly, as the things in the booths looked exceedingly pretty.

"Yes," said he, "this is a very good market for pretty things, and is mostly kept for the handsomer goods, as the Houses of Parliament market, where they set out cabbages and turnips and such like things, along with beer and the rougher kind of wine, is so near."

Then he looked at me curiously, and said, "Perhaps you would like to do a little shopping, as 'tis called."

I looked at what I could see of my rough blue duds, which I had had plenty of opportunity of contrasting with the gay attire of the citizens we had come across; and I thought that if, as seemed likely, I should presently be shown about as a curiosity for the amusement of this most unbusiness-like people, I should like to look a little less like a discharged ship's purser. But in spite of all that had happened, my hand went down into my pocket again, where to my dismay it met nothing metallic except two rusty old keys, and I remembered that amidst our talk in the guest-hall at Hammersmith I had taken the cash out of my pocket to show to the pretty Annie, and had left it lying there. My face fell fifty per cent., and Dick, beholding me, said rather sharply—

"Hilloa, Guest! what's the matter now? Is it a wasp?"

"No," said I, "but I've left it behind."

"Well," said he, "whatever you have left behind you can get in this market, so don't trouble yourself about it."

I had come to my senses by this time, and remembering the astounding customs of this country, had no mind for another lecture on social economy and the Edwardian coinage; so I said only—

"My clothes— Couldn't I? You see— What do you think could be done about them?"

He didn't seem in the least inclined to laugh, but said quite gravely:

"O don't get new clothes yet. You see my great-grandfather is an antiquarian, and he will want to see you just as you are. And, you know, I mustn't preach to you, but surely it wouldn't be right for you to take away people's pleasure of studying your attire by just going and making yourself like everybody else. You feel that, don't you?" said he, earnestly.

I did not feel it my duty to stick myself up for a scarecrow amidst this beauty-loving people, but I saw I had got across some ineradicable prejudice, and that it wouldn't do to quarrel with my new friend. So I merely said, "O certainly, certainly."

"Well," said he, pleasantly, "you may as well see what the inside of these booths is like: think of something you want."

Said I: "Could I get some tobacco and a pipe?"

"Of course," said he; "what was I thinking of, not asking you before? Well, Bob is always telling me that we non-smokers are a selfish lot, and I'm afraid he is right. But come along; here is a place just handy."

Therewith he drew rein and jumped down, and I followed. A very handsome woman, splendidly clad in figured silk, was slowly passing by, looking into the windows as she went. To her quoth Dick: "Maiden, would you kindly hold our horse while we go in for a little?" She nodded to us with a kind smile, and fell to patting the horse with her pretty hand.

"What a beautiful creature!" said I to Dick as we entered.

"What, old Greylocks?" said he, with a sly grin.

"No, no," said I; "Goldyllocks,—the lady."

"Well, so she is," said he. "'Tis a good job there are so many of them that every Jack may have his Jill: else I fear that we should get fighting for them. Indeed," said he, becoming very grave, "I don't say that it does not happen even now, sometimes. For you know love is not a very reasonable thing, and perversity and self-will are commoner than some of our moralists think." He added in a still more sombre tone: "Yes, only a month ago there was a mishap down by us that in the end cost the lives of two men and a woman, and as it were put out the sunlight for us for a while. Don't ask me about it just now; I may tell you about it later on."

By this time we were within the shop or booth, which had a counter, and shelves on the walls all very neat, though without any pretence of showiness, but otherwise not very different to what I had been used to. Within were a couple of children—a brown-skinned boy of about twelve, who sat reading a book, and a pretty little girl of about a year older, who was sitting also reading behind the counter; they were obviously brother and sister.

"Good morning, little neighbours," said Dick. "My friend here wants tobacco and a pipe; can you help him?"

"O yes, certainly," said the girl with a sort of demure alertness which was somewhat amusing. The boy looked up, and fell staring at my outlandish attire, but presently reddened and turned his head, as if he knew that he was not behaving prettily.

"Dear neighbour," said the girl, with the most solemn countenance of a child playing at keeping shop, "what tobacco is it you would like?"

"Latakia," quoth I, feeling as if I were assisting at a child's game, and wondering whether I should get anything but make-believe.

But the girl took a dainty little basket from a shelf beside her, went to a jar, and took out a lot of tobacco and put the filled basket down

on the counter before me, where I could both smell and see that it was excellent Latakia.

"But you haven't weighed it," said I, "and—how much am I to take?"

"Why," she said, "I advise you to cram your bag, because you may be going where you can't get Latakia. Where is your bag?"

I fumbled about, and at last pulled out my piece of cotton print which does duty with me for a tobacco pouch. But the girl looked at it with some disdain, and said—

"Dear neighbour," I can give you something much better than that cotton rag." And she tripped up the shop and came back presently, and as she passed the boy whispered something in his ear, and he nodded and got up and went out. The girl held up in her finger and thumb a red morocco bag, gaily embroidered, and said, "There, I've chosen one for you, and you are to have it: it is pretty, and will hold a lot."

Therewith she fell to cramming it with the tobacco, and laid it down by me and said, "Now for the pipe: that also you must let me choose for you: there are three pretty ones just come in."

She disappeared again, and came back with a big-bowled pipe in her hand, carved out of some hard wood very elaborately, and mounted in gold sprinkled with little gems. It was, in short, as pretty and gay a toy as I had ever seen; something like the best kind of Japanese work, but better.

"Dear me!" said I, when I set eyes on it, "this is altogether too grand for me, or for anybody but the Emperor of the World. Besides, I shall lose it: I always lose my pipes."

The child seemed rather dashed, and said, "Don't you like it, neighbour?"

"O yes," I said, "of course I like it."

"Well, then, take it," said she, "and don't trouble about losing it. What will it matter if you do? Somebody is sure to find it, and he will use it, and you can get another."

I took it out of her hand to look at it, and while I did so, forgot my caution, and said, "But however am I to pay for such a thing as this?"

Dick laid his hand on my shoulder as I spoke, and turning I met his eyes with a comical expression in them, which warned me against another exhibition of extinct commercial morality; so I reddened and held my tongue, while the girl simply looked at me with the deepest gravity, as I were a foreigner blundering in my speech, for she clearly didn't understand me a bit.

"Thank you so very much," I said at last, effusively, as I put the pipe in my pocket, not without a qualm of doubt as to whether I shouldn't find myself before a magistrate presently.

"O, you are so very welcome," said the little lass, with an affectation of grown-up manners at their best which was very quaint. "It is such a pleasure to serve dear old gentlemen like you; especially when one can see at once that you have come from far over sea."

"Yes, my dear," quoth I, "I have been a great traveller."

As I told this lie from pure politeness, in came the lad again, with a tray in his hands, on which I saw a long flask and two beautiful glasses. "Neighbours," said the girl (who did all the talking, her brother being very shy, clearly), "please to drink a glass to us before you go, since we do not have guests like this every day."

Therewith the boy put the tray on the counter and solemnly poured out a straw-coloured wine into the long bowls. Nothing loth, I drank, for I was thirsty with the hot day; and thinks I, I am yet in the world, and the grapes of the Rhine have not yet lost their flavour; for if ever I drank good Steinberg, I drank it that morning; and I made a mental note to ask Dick how they managed to make fine wine when there were no longer labourers compelled to drink rot-gut instead of the fine wine which they themselves made.

"Don't you drink a glass to us, dear little neighbours?" said I.

"I don't drink wine," said the lass; "I like lemonade better: but I wish your health!"

"And I like ginger-beer better," said the little lad.

Well, well, thought I, neither have children's tastes changed much. And therewith we gave them good day and went out of the booth.

To my disappointment, like a change in a dream, a tall old man was holding our horse instead of the beautiful woman. He explained to us that the maiden could not wait, and that he had taken her place; and he winked at us and laughed when he saw how our faces fell, so that we had nothing for it but to laugh also.

"Where are you going?" said he to Dick.

"To Bloomsbury," said Dick.

"If you two don't want to be alone, I'll come with you," said the old man.

"All right," said Dick, "tell me when you want to get down and I'll stop for you. Let's get on."

So we got under way again; and I asked if children generally waited on people in the markets. "Often enough," said he, "when it isn't a matter of dealing with heavy weights, but by no means always. The children like to amuse themselves with it, and it is good for them, because they handle a lot of diverse wares and get to learn about them, how they are made and where they come from, and so on. Besides, it is such very easy work that anybody can do it. It is said that in the early days of our epoch there were a good many people who were hereditarily afflicted with a disease called Idleness, because they were the direct descendants of those who in the bad times used to force other people to work for them—the people, you know, who are called slave-holders or employers of labour in the history books. Well, these Idleness-stricken people used to serve booths *all* their time, because they were fit for so little. Indeed, I believe that at one time

they were actually compelled to do some such work, because they, especially the women, got so ugly and produced such ugly children that the neighbours couldn't stand it. However, I'm happy to say that all that is gone by now; the disease is either extinct, or exists in such a mild form that a short course of aperient medicine carries it off. It is sometimes called the Blue-devils now, or the Mulleygrubs. Queer names, ain't they?"

"Yes," said I, pondering much. But the old man broke in:

"Yes, all that is true, neighbour; and I have seen some of those poor women grown old. But my father used to know some of them when they were young; and he said that they were as little like young women as might be: they had hands like bunches of skewers, and wretched little arms like sticks; and waists like hour-glasses, and thin lips and peaked noses and pale cheeks; and they were always pretending to be offended at anything you said or did to them. No wonder they bore ugly children, for no one except men like them could be in love with them—poor things!"

He stopped, and seemed to be musing on his past life, and then said:

"And do you know, neighbours, that once on a time people were still anxious about that disease of Idleness: at one time we gave ourselves a great deal of trouble in trying to cure people of it. Have you not read any of the medical books on the subject?"

"No," said I; for the old man was speaking to me.

"Well," said he, "it was thought at the time that it was the survival of the old mediæval disease of leprosy: it seems it was very catching, for many of the people afflicted by it were much secluded, and were waited upon by a special class of diseased persons queerly dressed up, so that they might be known. They wore amongst other garments, breeches made of worsted velvet, that stuff which used to be called plush some years ago."

All this seemed very interesting to me, and I should like to have made the old man talk more. But Dick got rather restive under so much ancient history: besides, I suspect he wanted to keep me as fresh as he could for his great-grandfather. So he burst out laughing at last, and said: "Excuse me, neighbours, but I can't help it. Fancy people not liking to work!—its too ridiculous. Why, even you like to work, old fellow—sometimes," said he, affectionately patting the old horse with the whip. "What a queer disease! it may well be called 'Mulleygrubs!'"

And he laughed out again most boisterously; rather too much so, I thought, for his usual good manners; and I laughed with him for company's sake, but from the teeth outward only; for I saw nothing funny in people not liking to work, as you may well imagine.

WILLIAM MORRIS.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

IN PARIS.

I HAPPENED to be at the *Bourse du travail* last week, to hear how it stood with the general strike movement, and when in the secretary's office, citizen Ribanier showed me a letter he had just received from a certain citizen (?) Bennett, or something like that, at the Board of Trade, London, asking for information as to the working of our *Bourse du travail*, as being of the greatest interest to him. The letter was written in tolerably good French, making allowance, that is, for misplaced prepositions, which sounded very harsh to an *habitué* of the *Quartier Latin*. No matter; Mr. Bennett (?) will improve if he comes into nearer contact with French Socialists, and it will do him and his fellow-Cockneys good if they persevere in their bold enterprise.

Having read the letter, my friend Ribanier asked for my opinion upon it. "Hem!" said I, "it looks very strange to me that Englishmen should come to us for information about our *Bourse du travail*, for the whole of Europe knows us as Socialists; and, this being so, must know that our aim is not to make use of this municipal grant to "settle" disputes between masters and employed, nor to find employment for the unemployed—which, indeed, would be impossible, as we have double the number of hands needed for the work at any time of the year. No! our aim is to fight the capitalists to the bitter end; and I am sure if you say this in your answer to Mr. Bennett, as no doubt you will, for it is a fact, he will not favour you with another such letter."

Having said so much, I burst into a hearty laugh, whereon the general secretary stared at me, and musically joined in the laugh, without knowing what was the joke. However, I soon became conscious of my breach of good manners, and grew serious as a lobster. "So," said I, "it seems that the English Tory Government will give a Labour Exchange to the people of London; and what have you to say about that, Ribanier? Or rather, as I have an hour to spare, tell me how Paris got one at first; that's more interesting."

Here is the substance of what the general secretary of the Paris Labour Exchange told me. "The first idea of a *Bourse du travail* was brought before the municipality of Paris, as far back as the 2nd of March, 1790, when the motion was defeated. It was taken up again by the *Chambre des Députés*, and met with the same fate, being defeated by 413 votes against 218. A few years ago it was resolved on at the *Hotel de ville*, the Government refusing to have anything to do with it. The Municipality voted £500,000 for one central labour exchange, promising several annexes in different parts of Paris, in proportion as the Budget would admit of it.

"Before we had this first building, working-men used to meet on certain squares called *grèves*, waiting till masters came to engage them. Now the masters do not come to us, for the good reason that, the market being over-stocked, they get plenty of hands coming to them direct from the country or from private registry offices in town. The *Bourse* can give but few situations, and it will never work properly unless the Government does away with private registry offices, and this it naturally won't do. Some desperadoes, labouring under a strong sense of injury, have blown up some of these registries, and have thereby done us no good.

"Only a small proportion of the workmen are organised in unions, and have a right to hold meetings here; 130 unions, or syndicates as they are

called, have joined altogether, but the great majority of the toilers are indifferent, and do not see the good they could do by banding themselves; for our object is not so much to find work as to see our way to a complete upheaval of this cursed favouritism system."

I took leave of my friend, who gave me as I came away the statistics of the *Bourse*, in which I could see that the officials are paid at the rate of 8 frs. a-day for eight hours work; the other secretaries are paid by their trades-unions, and, all considered, I think English trades-unions are far better off than the Paris ones. They are at home, and the police are not quite so ready to interfere; whilst here, if they are "rowdy," the police may close the building, as they did two years ago, when it was closed for three weeks and troops were camped in the streets around. This brutal interference of bayonets gave the *Bourse* almost a death-blow; working-men see they can agitate better in their own localities, where they are comparatively free. If Mr. Bennett would take the trouble to see for himself, instead of writing from a distance, he would soon find that all is not gold that glitters.

In most cases the groups, or trades, have so few members syndicated at the *Bourse* that they cannot afford to pay a secretary the whole day long, so most of them come there from seven to nine at night. Wouldn't it be better for, and more worthy of them, to meet in their own little hall where they would feel at home, and never be disturbed nor molested by any busy-bobbies. Every man supporting the funds of his trade may come to the *Bourse* to get a job; his name will be taken down, and when his turn comes— But why speak of his turn that never will turn up, considering that tens of thousands are out of work at any time of the year? You can get a job through the medium of a friend lucky enough to be at work, but I never saw a master inside of the *Bourse du travail* to look for hands. Why should he take the trouble of going there, when he has only to open his door to see numbers of toilers anxious to work at any price it may please *Monsieur le patron* to give them?

I will give you some day a list of the recognised rates of wages of the syndicates at the *Bourse*, and compare it with the real wages paid with impunity by the robbers. It is all very easy for the *Bureau* to publish a wage-tariff based on the strict necessity of a man's existence. It may have done twenty years ago, when all hands were employed, but then we were all law-abiding sheep, who thought of "duty" instead of "right." Now that we have a little sense, it is only to see how our tyrants are armed against us, and that we may choose between starvation and open revolt.

I would advise the secretary of every Socialist branch or Anarchist group to write to citizen Ribanier, *Secrétaire Général, Bourse du travail*, 35, Rue Jean Jacques Rousseau, Paris, for a copy of the *Annuaire de la Bourse du travail*, which will be sent them post free. If the readers have still a little remnant of respect for the present scandalous form of society, I am sure that respect will vanish after the perusal of this book, for it is heartrending to read some of the accounts given by men of the different trades in this and other countries.

It is a puzzle to understand how a man can live, as in nearly every trade men are idle four months in the year. The book does not explain what they do; but I suppose they are cursing the kind government which secures to them the right of starvation. It is interesting to read it, not so much to know about the hours, work, wages, etc., as to notice the way in which questions are answered. Some of the questions are answered with scorn, some with pride, some again with a contemptuous silence; not one complaint, that would be unworthy the dignity of a working-man. They suffer and hate until the time comes when they will endeavour to make non-producers a thing of the past.

Georges Mertz, a young Anarchist of 20, got five days prison and 15 frs. fine for having, as a conscript, drawn a handful of numbers out of the urn and thrown them on the pavement in front of the gendarmes and the Mayor. When before the judge he was asked, "If the fatherland were in danger, would you defend it?" "No," was his answer, "for to kill a man, be he a German or an Italian, is a crime!" This took place at Dijon. When the judge was reading his sentence there were interruptions and expressions of sympathy with the prisoner, which does not look bright for discipline in the French army.

I hear at the last moment that the syndicates (trades-unions) of Bordeaux are going to start a *Bourse du travail* for themselves, independent of the one given them by the municipality, unless the municipality allows them to make their own rules and statutes. This is a good hint for Englishmen who think so much of municipal grants.

Paris, Feb. 9th, 1890.

A. COULON.

ANOTHER SIBERIAN TRAGEDY.

INFORMATION has just reached London of another horrible tragedy in the far east of Siberia, at Kara, near the north-west coast of Tobolsk. Nadejda Sihida, formerly a superior teacher in St. Petersburg, had been condemned to penal servitude. Some copies of *Narodnaia Volja* had been found in her house. This refined and highly-educated woman was detained in the Kara prison, where of late many political prisoners sentenced to hard labour have been sent. Sihida was grossly insulted by the Director of the prison, but repulsed his outrageous advances with a box on the ear, whereupon he ordered that she should be stripped and flogged, a punishment illegal for politicals even in Holy Russia. The humiliation so afflicted Sihida that she poisoned herself. The women political prisoners thought they were no longer safe from insults. No sooner had Sihida killed herself than her friend and fellow prisoner, Marie Kovalevskaya, wife of Professor Kovalevskaya of Kieff, also poisoned herself. It is said that other women destroyed themselves after the flogging of their companion, but of this there is as yet no certain evidence, though it is probably true. A few miles from the women's prison is the men's, and the inmates have contrived to establish communications. It is supposed that when the men heard of the flogging and subsequent suicides, some burst of indignant sorrow naturally took place, and this, of course, was sure to be followed by violent and brutal suppression. In any case, the procurator, whose functions are somewhat similar to that of an English sheriff, the colonel of the gendarmes, and the surgeon of Chita were summoned in hot haste to Kara. One of the letters says that every day the situation of the exiles in Siberia becomes more and more difficult. The position has now become so critical that they do not know if to-morrow they will not be involved in some affair which will result in their dying at the point of the bayonet.



OFFICES: 24 GREAT QUEEN STREET, LONDON, W.C.

HAVE YOU NOT HEARD HOW IT HAS GONE WITH MANY A CAUSE BEFORE NOW: FIRST, FEW MEN HEARD IT; NEXT, MOST MEN CONTEMN IT; LASTLY, ALL MEN ACCEPT IT—AND THE CAUSE IS WON!

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TO CORRESPONDENTS.

J. BIBBY (Liverpool).—Not a "reply," but a comment; a different thing.

N. WETHERALL (Manchester).—When your postcard reached us, your letter had already reached the grave that waits for anonymous letters; even if they are so by accident, as yours was. We regret the mishap.

W. B. (Abercarn) asks for a good work on Organisation. Can any of our readers help him?

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Periodicals received during the week ending Wednesday February 12.

ENGLAND	Chicago (Ill)—Vorbote	ITALY
Brotherhood	Milwaukee—National Reformer	Milan—Cuore e Critica
London—Freie Presse	Philadelphia—United Labour	Rome—L'Emancipazione
Labour Tribune	San Fran.—Commonwealth	SPAIN
Norwich—Daylight	Ybor City—Revista da Florida	Madrid—El Socialista
Railway Review	FRANCE	PORTUGAL
Social Demokrat	Paris—La Revolte	A Revolva
Seafaring	Le Proletariat	Porto—A Revolucao Social
Worker's Friend	La Revue Europeenne	GERMANY
INDIA	Charleville—L'Emancipation	Berlin—Volks Tribune
Bankipore—Behar Herald	Lille—Le Cri du Travailleur	AUSTRIA
UNITED STATES	Rouen—Le Salarjat	Brunn—Arbeiterstimme
New York—Volkszeitung	HOLLAND	DENMARK
New York—Truthseeker	Hague—Recht voor Allen	Social-Demokraten
Twentieth Century	Middelburg, Lichten en Waarheid	SWEDEN
United Irishman	BELGIUM	Stockholm, Social-Demokraten
Workmen's Advocate	Antwerp—De Werker	Malmö—Arbetet
Boston—Woman's Journal	Ghent—Vooruit	WEST INDIES
Boston—Liberty	SWITZERLAND	Cuba—El Productor
Investigator	Arbeiterstimme	ARGENTINE REPUBLIC
The Dawn		Buenos Ayres—Vorwarts
Buffalo—Arbeiter-Zeitung		

SCENES FROM THE FRENCH REVOLUTION.

II.

THE BLACK COCKADES.

THERE is peace in Paris in these latter days of September; an ominous peace. The agitation concerning the Veto has died away, but the scarcity of bread continues, though the harvest is abundant, and is growing worse as the winter approaches. Whether it be the greed of speculators or royalist intrigues, there is a fearful scarcity of food.

Ominous grumblings are heard from groups around the baker's shops; many of the people who still had the superstitious belief in royalty which has long vanished in France, but still exists in England, imagine that if the King would but come and live in Paris matters might mend. Meanwhile, the tyranny of the officious patrols is not calculated to soothe the popular irritation; though you may still hear the cries of hunger by levelled bayonets, yet that does not satisfy a starving people. Besides, another danger threatens from above, which even makes constitutional Lafayette and Bailly feel very uncomfortable. The crushing of insurrectionary Paris by Lafayette's National Guard encourages the Court, which quickly sees its opportunity. Its foes are divided; what a splendid time, now the middle-class and the people have quarrelled, to strike a heavy blow at both. The Court knows the weakness of the bourgeoisie. Without the people, surely it will take but little to strike down these middle-class snobs, who have alienated the class that has helped them to gain their Bastille victories. A plot is accordingly set on foot among zealous royalists, not over-burdened by caution, to restore the former despotic power of the Crown. Some thirty thousand of the clergy and nobility are said to have signed a bond to stand by the King. Marie Antoinette, the Queen—a proud, haughty woman, with a genius for all kinds of intrigue and treachery—is the centre of these intrigues. The King, Louis, though naturally harmless enough, is completely swayed by his wife and her party, who would have slaughtered every soul in Paris to obtain absolute power, and who hated the people with the same fury as the Clanricardes' and Norwoods' of our own days.

Well, Marie Antoinette and her troops of Court gallants, who hovered like butterflies around her, had formed their plan. It was not a bad one, viz., to bring up, on pretext of alarm at the disorders in Paris, one of the few French regiments which was supposed to be quite untouched by revolutionary opinions—this was the regiment of Flanders; then with this regiment and the other troops at Versailles, to carry off the King to Metz, a strong fortress on the borders of Germany, where the Marquis de Bouille commanded troops, mostly German and Swiss, who could still be depended upon; and then, with the noblesse, who had fled from their burning chateaux, begin a war of extermination against rebellious Paris.

The Flanders regiment arrived at Versailles on September 23rd, bringing with it two pieces of cannon. At the same time a large number of royalist officers, who have suddenly obtained leave of absence, arrive at Paris, numbering it is reckoned from 1,000 to 1,200. The King's body-guard, which is totally composed of aristocrats, is doubled by a clever manœuvre, for the hundred men who are on duty at the chateau of Versailles, the French Windsor, are relieved by another hundred, as is the custom every month; but the men relieved do not leave the chateau. It is evident to sharp observers at Paris that there is something in the wind.

Now, if the royalists had even confined themselves to bringing up troops, and collecting royalist officers in the capital, had they possessed the caution necessary to conspirators, perhaps their plot might have succeeded; but, unfortunately for the success of their conspiracy, they were not cautious. They were so certain of success that they bragged of what they were going to do, and so the details of their plot were talked of everywhere. This was not enough, worse folly remains behind.

The King's body-guard invite the officers of the Flanders regiment to a grand dinner. Their majesties have graciously granted the use of their Opera House in huge Versailles Palace for the purpose. It is on Thursday, the 1st of October, when the dinner takes place; officers of the Flanders regiment body guards, and officers of the National Guards of the town of Versailles sit down together. The body-guard who are devoted royalists, still wear the white cockade, the symbol of despotic royalism; the officers of the Flanders regiment and National Guard, the new national colour, the tri-colour. The dinner is finished and the drinking begins; they drink the health of the King, the Queen, and royal family. A timid voice is heard to suggest the health of the nation, then the popular toast, but this is contemptuously rejected. Then, as the assembly is getting warm with wine, the King, Queen, and their son, the Dauphin, enter the dining-room. They are received with roars of half-drunken enthusiasm; the room is now thronged not only with officers, but soldiers of the various regiments at Versailles, who have been graciously admitted after the dinner. The royal family walk around the tables amid thunderous shouts; swords are drawn and frantically waved; soldiers, body guards, and officers drink, brandishing their weapons, to the health of the King, the Queen, and the Prince. The royal family retire, and as they leave the hall the band strikes up a popular opera air, "O Richard, O my King, the world is all forsaking thee." This is received with delirious loyalty, greatly strengthened by the amount of wine consumed. The band then plays a popular march, and the trumpets sound the charge. The drunken officers and soldiers scale the boxes; the national cockade, the tri-colour, the emblem of the victorious people, is torn out of their hats and trampled under foot. White cockades are distributed. They rush hither and thither in the madness of their intoxication. They then stagger in drunken riot into the marble court of Versailles; the tumult is so great that the inhabitants of Versailles imagine that the revolution has broken out afresh, and detachments are sent for from distant guard-houses to quell the disturbance. These are agreeably surprised to find it is only some drunken royalist officers on the spree. The riot dies out at last, and the revellers stagger home to bed and snore peacefully in swinish slumber; but they have done their work, they have lit a flame which they will not easily extinguish.

Imagine how the news of this drunken revel was received among

the starving crowds around the baker's shops in Paris. "In Paris we starve waiting for a few pounds of bad black bread, while at Versailles they feast in profligate riot; these drunken aristocrats laugh at our misery, trample the tri-colour under their feet as they long to trample us. Shall we wait patiently till the King flies to Metz, and then with foreign troops and emigrant aristocrats advances upon Paris to put us to the sword?" These and similar murmurs arise amid these starving groups; even Lafayette and the constitutional middle-class are looking blue. What can be done to stop these plots? Alas! constitutional patriotism cannot see, for its fears the multitude as much as it does the Court, and therefore it can only wait till the King flies and civil war begins. But the audacity of the royalist party increases, the trampling of the tri-colour under foot was no drunken freak. Next day the Queen declares herself "delighted" with the drunken riot of the day before. Officers of the National Guard who enter the chateau in their uniform, are told that they "Can have no feeling to appear at Court in that dress!" They are surrounded by tilted harlots of the most vicious Court in Europe, who hold the white cockade in their taper fingers and entreat them with smiles and wanton glances to exchange it for the "odious tri-colour." "Take it!" exclaim these ladies, "it is the only true one, and it shall be triumphant!" Remember, it could only be triumphant at the cost of spilling the blood of thousands of the people.

One young officer of the National Guard, overpowered with the witching smiles and glances, had donned the royalist colour, and is remonstrated with by Major Lecointre, a popular officer of the National Guard, who is immediately threatened by a Court bully with assassination.

On Saturday, there is another drunken orgie; and now the starving groups can see that the royalist officers have mounted black cockades, "the colour of the night," nay, some of them wear a new and strange uniform of a sinister hue—green faced with red. What does it mean? Another St. Bartholomew, a wholesale slaughter of patriots by the same means as a French king once rid himself of his Protestant subjects? And bread grows scarcer, for the Corbeil corn-boat that used to come twice a day now only comes once. Are we to be decimated by starvation and then slaughtered? It is said the aristocrats are drawing up a list of proscription against the best patriots. What shall we do? In the Palais Royal, where patriots still promenade, a woman is seen speaking, denouncing the black cockades. Her husband has been forbidden to speak but she will; if the men fear to act the women must, and she calls on the men to march and bring the King to Paris. Marat flies to Versailles, and returns crying in his paper "O ye dead men, rouse yourselves!" Danton's voice thunders in the Cordeliers. The next day (Sunday) the district decides that it will march to Versailles as the advance guard of Paris patriotism and bring back the King. It is, however, held back by the persuasions of the commandant of its National Guard, M. de Crevecoeur. But, at least, one thing shall be done, these aristocrats shall not be allowed to flaunt their black cockades in Paris, and with an angry roar the patriots, as the popular party were then called, rush into the streets. The offending cockades are torn from the royalists by main force and trampled into the mud. If an individual tries to pick up the unpopular badge, they threaten to string him up to the nearest lamp-post. One royalist officer, who is more than usually obstinate, is being dragged to the lanterne, but is saved by a National Guard patrol. But though the National Guards may save individuals, they will not defend the cockades; in some cases they assist in tearing them away from the wearers. Nor are the patrols over-vigilant this Sunday afternoon, for orators arise in the Palais Royal despite them, and declare that the wearer of a black cockade is deserving of death as a man who would murder the nation by bringing upon it civil war.¹ Rumours fly hither and thither, "40,000 stands of arms have been ordered by the royalists, the massacre of a whole people is impending." The Town Hall is alarmed at the progress of the royalist conspiracy, and issues a proclamation prohibiting the wearing of any cockade save those of the national colour. At the same time the sleek bourgeoisie are quite as much afraid of the people. A rumour is abroad that night, that there is a plot in progress to attack the guard-rooms of the National Guard and disarm these middle-class militia, and with their weapons march on Versailles. Lafayette doubles his posts and his patrols, as night sinks upon disturbed Paris. The night passes quietly, but what of the morrow?

D. J. NICOLL.

Comrades coming to Edinburgh from London or elsewhere, who may wish to meet with Edinburgh Socialists, should call on Donald Mackenzie, 35, George IV. Bridge, Edinburgh.

We are glad to hear that *Znamia* (Banner), the Russian paper of New York, which was forced to suspend publication some time ago, has reappeared. It is now of 8 pp., double the previous size, and after the current number will be issued weekly. Comrade Guilaroff, of 5, Devonshire Cottage, High Road, Chiswick, W., is the agent for this country.

"THE BATTENBERG LOCK-OUT."—Prince Henry of Battenberg is still out on strike, but with a difference compared with those who get their wages for useful work. His "work" at Court has ceased for some time, but his wages still run on. "Society" is not quite sure whether it is a "lock-out" or a revolt against the conditions of the Prince's employment. There is some talk of the matter being referred to arbitration, and the names of the Prince of Wales, Cardinal Manning, and John Burns are mentioned as likely persons to bring it to a reasonable termination.—G. McL.

¹ These black cockades were the colour of Austria, the native country of the Queen, and perhaps were worn by men who did not dare to wear the white one in Paris. The people looked upon them as an evil emblem signifying that the royalist party were prepared to carry out the most extreme measures against them.

TO A SOVEREIGN.

Thou glittering bauble, tell me why
In thee I see all tyranny,
All grief, and shame, and misery
Personified by Gold?

For Gold—men shed each other's blood;
For Gold—they sneer at all that's good;
For Gold—become as devils rude;
And rob their God for Gold!

For Gold—they raise the battle-cry,
And wage, with bitterest enmity,
A war against each loving tie,
Which can't be bought or sold.

For Gold—the youth is taught to rove;
For Gold—the maiden gives her love;
For it—old age through life has strove;
All joys exchanged for Gold.

For Gold—the brave plunge into strife;
For Gold—risk comfort, love, and life;
For Gold—fell murder's self is rife,
And stalks abroad for Gold.

For Gold—the priest beguiles the time
Of men with nonsense called sublime;
Shrives him of every sin and crime,
And barter heaven for Gold.

Gold—give me back my feelings rude,
Ere competition chilled my blood,
And taught me to regard all good
As centred all in gold.

Gold—bitterest foe to human joys!
Gold—hoary father of all lies!
Thy name all wickedness implies,
And HELL is meant by Gold!

By PENCIL 'EM, *New Moral World*, Sept. 21, 1839.

IN AUSTRALIA.

THE Brisbane bakers' troubles were the cause of a special meeting of the Labour Federation on Wednesday night. It was stated that of thirty-eight master bakers in the city, thirty-four had agreed to a scale providing for £3 and £2 10s. respectively. A deputation was appointed to visit the four who had refused on behalf of the Federation.

The General Labourers' Union is spreading in every direction. On Monday night a meeting was held in Brisbane to finally consider the rules, but adjourned till next Monday in order that a mass meeting, called for that night at the Maritime Hall, might definitely fix the monthly contribution. Another General Labourers' organisation meeting will be held this (Friday) evening at Lutwyche. If the attempt to federate all Queensland labour, for which purpose delegates are going to Blackall and Barcardine, is successful, the general labourers of the West, the Central, Maryborough and Brisbane, already fairly organised, will be united in one solid body along with their skilled brethren.

The Brisbane draymen last Saturday decided to organise, a large number joining. They will meet again to-morrow to decide whether they shall join the General Labourers' Union as a branch. This course is strongly urged by the best Brisbane organisers, not only for the draymen but for other shifting occupations, as it would enable casual labourers to work indiscriminately at anything, without being burdened by subscriptions which would be considerable if they had to belong to two or three distinct societies.

The Brisbane wharf-labourers held their annual meeting on Wednesday night, and decided to send a delegate to Blackall and Barcardine, as recommended by the Maritime Council, in order to join with delegates from the Labour Federation and bushmen's unions in discussing and drawing up a scheme for a Queensland federation. It is significant that at the same meeting correspondence was read from the Sydney wharf-labourers asking if Brisbane would send a delegate to discuss inter-colonial federation, from Hobart asking for federation information, also the same from Melbourne.

The newly-formed Cutters and Trimmers' Union of Sydney is experiencing the usual difficulties attendant on establishing a trades-union. One "boss" has announced his intention of "sacking" any man who joins the union. This tyrannical threat is not, however, going to deter the Cutters and Trimmers from carrying out their intentions. On the contrary, it has made the members of the new union more enthusiastic.

A minimum wage of £3 for a week of forty-eight hours has been decided on by the Journeymen Butchers here.

The Charters Towers Miners' Union, by a unanimous vote, have authorised a levy of half-a-crown per member to form a funeral fund for the newly-formed Queensland district. Next-of-kin of members meeting with fatal accidents will receive £50 therefrom.

Things are moving along here very nicely. In the *Trades and Labour Advocate* this week appears the League's "Statement of Principles" reprinted from your back page. This paper is going to do a lot of good. Since the *Radical* went Individualist, or whatever it may be by now, we have been in sad want of a labour paper. The Brisbane *Boomerang* and the Sydney *Bulletin* are real good, but all the same there was a "long-felt want." I will send you a *Swagsman* when it appears.

Sydney, N.S.W., Dec. 21, 1889.

CORNSTALK.

Frost and fraud have always foul ends.

Lost, in the neighbourhood of the Guelphic obstruction, Strand, by a Queen's messenger, a packet of royal condolences, assorted, to suit railway and mining disasters and fires; no cash enclosed. Also, at same time and place, an order on the Savage Semite of Fleet Street for a three-decker article on the domestic virtues of royalty. Whoever will return the above to the owner will be handsomely (*sic*) rewarded.

THE LABOUR STRUGGLE.

The end of the Gas-stokers' Strike.

The defeat of the gas-stokers—for it is a defeat, although the men have obtained from Livesey a promise that the eight hours system shall be continued—is a heavy blow for the new trade-unionism. The more so, because the defeat has occurred mainly through the workers not carrying out the principles which have hitherto made the new organisations successful. These principles were, first, widespread strikes, and secondly, generous support extended by workers in other organisations to those who were fighting the battle of labour. The first blunder the union made was in being too moderate in not calling out the men in the gas and coal trade all over London; and then, although it must have been evident to all workmen that the defeat of the gas-stokers meant an assault by the sweaters upon every trade union, yet they stood by in apathy while their comrades were starved into surrender. They will now find out their mistake. Already we find Col. Makins, chairman of the Gas Light and Coke Company, "congratulating Mr. Livesey and his colleagues," amid the resounding cheers of directors and shareholders, at the same time declaring his "sympathy" for Livesey during the struggle and announcing his intention of introducing a profit-sharing scheme of his own. Mr. Livesey was present at the meeting, and on seconding the vote of thanks to the chairman and directors was loudly cheered. He stated that it would be to the interest of both companies "to work cordially together." All these things show that it is extremely possible that "sympathy" was not the only aid extended to Mr. Livesey by Col. Makins during the strike, and it is most probable, as I said at the beginning of the strike, that Livesey's profit-sharing scheme was drawn up in agreement with the other company, South London being the most convenient battle-ground for smashing the union.

It is now evident that we shall have plenty of benevolent schemes from sweating capitalists for breaking up the newly-formed unions, the latest dodge being the sick and benefit society of Mr. Norwood. The capitalists have found that bribery succeeds where force would fail, and it is clear that a serious crisis has arrived for the workers' organisations. They will now be subject to a new and insidious attack, and the fate of most of the new unions will be decided in the next few weeks.

The Strike at the Wharves.

The renewal of the dock strike has only been prevented at the last moment by the withdrawal of the men's manifesto. This, under present circumstances, is a wise step on the part of the union, for the present would be a most unfavourable moment to renew the struggle of last autumn. We are still in the winter months, when trade is not over brisk, and the supply of unemployed men, who would be utilised as blacklegs, is considerable. Therefore it would certainly suit the newly-formed employers' association excellently.

A big demonstration of 25,000 men was held on Tower Hill last Sunday, at which John Burns and Tom Mann were the principal speakers. Burns stated that since the signing of the agreement in September, all the wharves with the exception of Hay's and the Monument had agreed to pay for meal-times, and it was not worth while to risk defeat in the others for these two. But still, there is the risk, if the dockers lose at Hay's, that the other wharves may declare their intention of going back to the Mansion House agreement, and refuse to pay for meal-times any longer. However, under present circumstances, the men can do very little but stand on the defensive; their opportunity will come next autumn. It is quite evident that Norwood and Co. are going for a policy of sap and mine; the announcement that the employers' union is going to start a blackleg supply association in the shape of a sick and benefit society is a proof of this. It is to be feared that the lockers will have reason to regret that they did not give the gas-stokers more help in their struggle.

The fight goes on briskly at Hay's Wharf. The blacklegs are not learning their work very quickly. The "Benamain," a steamer that is berthed beside the wharf, took forty-six hours to unload the other day—a job which the old hands could do in fourteen hours. The proprietors have not gained much by the substitution of non-union for union labour.

Mr. Bradlaugh and Eight Hours.

Mr. Bradlaugh made a speech at Northampton the other day in which, as usual, he declared his violent opposition to any interference by the State with the hours of labour. This Mr. Bradlaugh has a perfect right to do. But there is one thing Mr. Bradlaugh has no right to do, and that is to lower scurrilous and false abuse upon those who advocate measures of which he does not approve. In his speech he referred to advocates of the eight hour legislation as "blatant orators, who stood at street corners and quares, who never worked and never would." Now, Mr. Bradlaugh knows that this statement—excusable from a pig-headed capitalist who knows no better—is, to put it plainly, absolutely false. He knows as well as I do that the men who have been most prominent in advocating this measure are not only workmen, but trade-unionists, and are therefore much better able to understand the wants of their class than Mr. Bradlaugh, whose past experience as a lawyer's clerk and a private soldier—though both doubtless highly respectable occupations—does not justify him in posing as the only person who understands the rights and grievances of labour. We fear, however, despite the respectability of Mr. Bradlaugh's past pursuits, he has somehow failed to learn the excellent virtues of ordinary truthfulness and good manners.

The Stick-makers' Union.

This union held a successful meeting at Banner Street Hall, St. Luke's, on February 5. Vaughan Nash, of Toynbee Hall, spoke on Trade Unionism. These meetings will be continued on Wednesday evenings throughout February. The speakers are Tom Mann, Ben Tillet, H. Orbell, R. Feigenbaum, C. Rochman, C. W. Mowbray, B. Cooper, and H. Collier of the Cigar-makers' Society, and many well-known trade-unionists and co-operators. We wish our friends every success in their struggle against the sweaters.

The Shop Assistants' Union.

Even the most respectable of the workers, the most snobbish, probably, that exist—namely, the shop-assistants—have at last begun to be agitated by the labour boom. The union is now undoubtedly taking root in London,

four or five branches having been established up to date. The early-closing people are taking up parliamentary action for a change, but the assistants are determined on having a trade-union untrammelled by politicians. In the provinces things are also moving. Manchester, Liverpool, Bristol, and Cardiff being particularly active. It is hoped to make one large organisation out of the independent local societies before long. In the meantime, London will be worked well first. Further report next week. J. T.

Dundee Dock Labourers.

A number of Dundee dock labourers have given notice of a demand for an extra 1d. per hour. A meeting of the men was held on Saturday last, and consideration of the matter was deferred till Monday morning, when they will decide whether they will ask the increase on the work in hand or not. The present rate of pay is 7d. per hour.

The Aberdeen Comb Maker's Strike.

A procession of comb makers paraded the principal streets of Aberdeen on Saturday afternoon, as a mark of demonstrative sympathy with the men that are now out from Rosemount works, not directly on account of any wages dispute, but in consequence of a dispute as to the apportionment of the work in the different departments. The procession was composed of about 400 men and women, the latter class predominating. They bore aloft an effigy, which they addressed from time to time in sarcastic and abusive terms, and at the houses of several of the employers and heads of departments they made noisy demonstrations. The police, however, were on the job in the interests of the employers, and the order of coercion was maintained.

"When Constabulary Duty's to be Done."

A mass meeting of Glasgow night constables was held in the Albion Halls on Friday morning, Feb. 7th, to consider the attitude of the Town Council on the question of wages and hours. Resolutions were passed regretting that the Police Board had again refused an increase of pay, and the men indicated their intention of continuing their endeavours until successful. They further threatened that unless a favourable answer be returned by Monday, the 17th inst., extreme measures will be taken. The resolutions were the same as those adopted at a meeting of the day constables held the previous night in the same hall. The bulk of the Glasgow constables are only paid £1 6s. per week.

Scottish Railway Servants' Agitation.

Crowded meetings of railway servants were held on Sunday Feb. 2, at Glasgow, Greenock, Hamilton, Kilmarnock, Dalry, Stirling, Perth, Dunfermline, Dundee, Arbroath, Montrose, and Aberdeen, at which resolutions were passed expressing dissatisfaction with railway directors for not meeting the men in a body. At the Glasgow meeting, Mr. Henry Tait, the secretary, said that the conditions under which the men were labouring, where the late serious accidents occurred, may have had something to do with the accidents. Referring to the accident which occurred at Maryhill on the North British Railway, he said some of the men involved in that "accident" had been on duty for fourteen consecutive hours, and that in all probability before they reached the end of their journey they would be sixteen or seventeen hours on duty. At the Gartsherrie "accident" on the Caledonian Railway, after making enquiry, he found that the signalmen had been on duty in the cabin 11½ hours when the accident occurred, and that the engine-driver and fireman had been eleven hours on duty, with fifty miles still to run before their day's work was completed. In discussing the results of the deputations of the men to the Boards of the various railway companies, some difference of opinion was expressed as to what course should now be followed. Many speakers thought that the men had been sufficiently forbearing, and that some decisive action should now be taken. A very considerable number are in favour of striking on an early date if their demands are not granted—viz., the reduction of hours. G. McL.

The Yorkshire Labour Council.

This body held its first meeting on Saturday Feb. 1st. It was decided at the suggestion of our comrades Maguire, Sweeny, and Cockayne to form a bureau of statistics of the state of labour and trade in the county, so that the unemployed workers may know where labour is needed, and also to do their utmost to federate the various sections of labour. Comrades Paylor and Constantine were elected president and secretary, and Maguire and Sweeny were appointed as honorary members to the Council. Fifty delegates were present, representing over seven thousand organised labourers.

A Bedstead Maker's Wages.

The following particulars have been recently supplied to us during the bedstead-makers' strike in Birmingham:—

AVERAGE WAGE IN THE BEDSTEAD TRADE PER MAN PER WEEK, £1 4s. 5d.		Expenditure of Man with Wife and Three Children.	
	£ s. d.		£ s. d.
Short time (or time not at work) 4 weeks per annum, 1-13th of £1 4s. 5d.	0 1 10½	Vegetables, Potatoes, etc.	0 1 2
7 Loaves, at 5d. per loaf	0 2 11	Tea, ½lb. at 1s. 4d.	0 0 8
1lb. of Butter	0 1 2	Meat (including bacon) 5½lbs. at 8d.	0 3 8
House Rent	0 3 9	Soap, Soda, and sundries	0 0 10
Flour	0 0 2½	Sugar, 2lbs. for	0 0 3
1½lbs. of Lard	0 0 9	Milk, 2 quarts	0 0 7
Trade Club	0 0 6	Rice	0 0 3
Sick Society	0 0 6	Coal, 1 cwt.	0 0 11
Sickness of Family	0 0 6	School Fees.	0 0 3
Clothing	0 2 8		
Gas, Oil, and Candles.	0 0 6	Total	£1 3 11

Which leaves a balance of 6d. to be expended on such luxuries as books, newspapers, tobacco, etc., or to be "saved" with a view of turning capitalist. N.

Riches like muck which stinks in a heap, but spread abroad makes the earth fruitful.

THE SOCIALIST LEAGUE.

OFFICES: 24, GREAT QUEEN ST., LINCOLN'S INN FIELDS, W.C.

The Offices of the Socialist League will be open for the sale of *Commonweal* and all other Socialist publications from 8.30 a.m. to 9 p.m. every day except Sunday. The Secretary will be in attendance from 10 a.m. to 9 p.m. daily.

Branch Subscriptions Paid.—1888:—Oxford, to end of September. 1889:—Bradford and Hammersmith, to end of April. Norwich, Glasgow, and Yarmouth, to end of May. East London, to end of October. North London and Mitcham, to end of November. St. Georges East, and Leicester, to end of December. 1890:—North Kensington and Manchester, to end of January. 'Commonweal' Branch, to end of February.

Notice.—All letters on League business, except those intended for Editors of *Commonweal*, to be addressed to me. No other person is authorised to sign any official communication.
FRANK KITZ, Secretary.

NEW PREMISES FUND.

Collected at Council meeting, Feb. 10th, 4s. 11d.

"COMMONWEAL" GUARANTEE FUND.

The following further sums have been received towards this fund:—H. R., 1s.; J. Presburg, 6d.; B. W., 6d.; F. Kitz, 6d.; D. Nicoll, 6d.; P. Webb, 1s.; W. Hearn, 1s.; C. Henry, 2s.; J. B. G., 6d.; and Jeannie (Glasgow), 1s.

REPORTS.

EAST LONDON.—At a meeting held last Sunday evening at Basing Place, H. D. Morgan was elected treasurer; H. Mackenzie, secretary; and Mrs. Morgan, librarian. It was agreed to commence meetings next Sunday afternoon in Victoria Park.

NORTH KENSINGTON.—On Sunday, Feb. 2nd, a good meeting was held at Latimer Road, addressed by R. J. Lyne, Saint, Catterson Smith, Bullock, and Davis. The room was filled by a crowded audience in the evening to hear Lothrop Withington on "The Iron Crown," interesting discussion; good sale of *Commonweal*. On Sunday morning, Feb. 9th, R. J. Lyne and Saint addressed a fair meeting at Latimer Road. In the evening, D. J. Nicoll lectured at rooms on "The Commune of Paris" to a good audience; good discussion; all *Weals* sold and collected 2s.

MITCHAM.—I promised when I wrote my last to let you know a little more of how we get on in our village. We have had a real live M.P. (a Mr. Bonsor) amongst us. There was a pleasant lot of people to meet him, all the shopkeeping element, landlords, and the parson and his curate. Now Mr. Bonsor rattled away, and had a good deal to say about the great social question; he said he was in favour of trade unions, and that it was the first duty of workmen to organise; as to Ireland, he said it was now happy and contented. This was rather too much for one of our comrades, who seemed inclined to make a rush for the platform, and he was only pacified by being allowed to mount the platform and oppose. In answer to my question as to organisation, he told his audience that if they wanted to better their condition as against capital he should advise them to go to work and get what they wanted, and not look to Parliament for it, which seemed to stagger some of his hearers. In answer to another question as to the excessive price charged in Mitcham for allotments, he said he would receive me or a deputation as soon as Parliament meets. He lets his land at £2 per acre free to all comers, and here it is £8; only £6 difference. There has been a nice little plot going on in this village, and which has only just leaked out. The Socialist meetings seemed to annoy the parson and some of his followers, and now it has come to light that they have held a series of meetings to discuss the best method of attack; one suggestion was that they should hold ranters' meetings on the spot where we hold forth, but which fell through; another that they should have music met the same fate; but now they have found it out at last, and are going to start a temperance lecturer in opposition. It is curious how I got the information, but some one has played them false; such is the wickedness of mankind.—S. G.

GLASGOW.—On Sunday, Gilbert and T. and J. Burgoyne spoke on Jail Square. In the evening, at Paisley Road, the same speakers were supported by comrade Lyne, of London, who chanced to be present, and delivered a stirring address.

MANCHESTER.—Though for a week or two we have not reported in *Commonweal*, we have been as active in the cause as circumstances and the cold weather permitted. On Sunday last in Stevenson Square a meeting was addressed by Mr. Cutcheon, an extreme disciple of Ruskin, and other comrades. Of late, some of our speakers have assisted at the meetings of the Salford S.D.F., at the request of the latter. Barton lectured at their club on "Anarchist Socialism," which created a lively discussion.

WALSALL.—On Monday evening, Feb. 3, comrade P. Kropotkin lectured to a large audience at the Institute, Dudley, on "The Colonisation of Siberia." Comrades here took advantage of his being in the district for him to pay us a visit next day; and although there was but little time to organise a meeting, a capital audience assembled in the Unitarian Schoolroom and listened to an eloquent address on "The Social Problem." Questions were put at the close, and satisfactorily answered.—J. T. D.

DUBLIN.—At Progressist Club, 87 Marlboro' Street, Feb. 8th, B. McGuinness delivered an address on "Dublin Municipal Reform," outlining a Socialist administration. Kavanagh, O'Gorman, Fitzpatrick, and King also spoke. On Thursday, Fitzpatrick and McGuinness attended a meeting of the "Ratepayers' Association," a pettifogging association of small shopkeepers and tenement-house owners, and gave these worthies a lesson on their duties. Several old stagers were indignant at such doctrines being preached in their room.

EDINBURGH (SCOTTISH SOCIALIST FEDERATION).—On Sunday a friend of the cause treated a fair audience to a "Criticism of the Present System." He was subjected to a severe "heckling," and the questions on the whole were replied to satisfactorily; good discussion.

To Help the Paper.—There are several ways in which you can help to spread the *Weal*. Ask your newsagent to try and sell it. Get those who don't care to buy it week by week to subscribe direct. Arrange for the posting of contents bills anywhere you can. Any number of other plans will suggest themselves if you think about it.

Postal Propaganda.—Some who would like to do propaganda but dare not openly, or who cannot spare the time to do it personally, can find many ways in which it can be done quietly. Not the least useful among possible plans would be to order and pay for a number of copies to be sent to persons in whose hands they might do good. We will send six copies to six different addresses for 7d. Write the names and addresses legibly.

LECTURE DIARY.

LONDON.

Battersea.—All communications to E. Buteux, 20 Abercrombie Street, Battersea Park Road.
Commonweal Branch.—24 Great Queen Street, Holborn, W.C. Business meeting of members every Thursday evening at 8. Lectures every Sunday at 8 p.m. Hall open every evening from 7 till 10 to all members of the League; cards of membership must be produced to steward of branch on entering. Entertainments on last Sunday of every month. Membership: 6d. entrance fee and 6d. per month. Sunday Feb. 16, at 8.30, A. Tarn, "The First Step in the Social Revolution."
East London.—12 Basing Place, Kingsland Road.
Hammersmith.—Kelmescott House, Upper Mall, W. Sunday Feb. 16, at 8 p.m., T. Johnson, "Education."
Mitcham.—"Lord Napier," Fair Green. Meets every Sunday at 12.30, to enroll members, etc.
North Kensington.—Clarendon Coffee Palace, Clarendon Road. Meets every Wednesday at 8 p.m. On Sunday February 16, at 8 p.m., H. H. Sparling, "Luxury Now; Necessity Then."
North London.—6 Windmill Street, Tottenham Court Road. Meets every Wednesday evening at 8 o'clock. Feb. 19, a Discussion.
Streatham.—Address secretary, R. Smith, 1 Natal Road, Streatham.
Whitechapel and St. Georges in the East.—Branch meetings at International Club, 40 Berner Street, Commercial Road. J. Turner, organising secretary.

PROVINCES.

Aberdeen.—Organiser, J. Leatham, 7 Jamaica Street. Branch meets in Odd-fellows' Small Hall, Crooked Lane, on Monday evenings at 8. Singing practice at 46 Marischal Street on Thursdays at 8 p.m.
Bradford.—Laycock's Temperance Hotel, Albion Court, Kirkgate. Meets every Tuesday at 7.30.
Dundee.—Address to W. Cameron, 17 Laurence Street, Dundee.
Glasgow.—Ram's Horn Hall, 122 Ingram Street. Branch meets on Thursday evenings at 8 o'clock and Sundays at 7 o'clock.
Halifax.—Socialists meet every Sunday at 6.30 p.m. at Helliwell's Temperance Hotel, Northgate.
Leeds.—Clarendon Buildings, Victoria Road, School Close. Open every evening. Business meeting Saturdays at 8 p.m.
Leicester.—Exchange Buildings, Rutland Street. Branch meets on Monday and Thursday, at 8 p.m.
Manchester.—Socialist League Club, 60 Grosvenor Street, All Saints. Open every evening. Branch weekly meeting on Tuesdays at 8 p.m.
Norwich.—Sunday, at 8, Gordon Hall. Tuesday, at 8.30, Members' meeting. Thursday, at 8, Discussion Class. Saturday, Social Meeting. Hall open every evening from 8 p.m.
Oxford.—Temperance Hall, 25½ Pembroke Street. First Friday in every month, at 8.30 p.m.
Walsall.—Socialist Club, 18 Goodall Street, Walsall. Meetings every night.
Yarmouth.—Branch meets at comrade Headley's, near Co-operative Stores, every Tuesday evening. Elocution Class Friday at 8 p.m. On Sunday afternoons during winter a Discussion Class will be held at 3 o'clock.

OPEN-AIR PROPAGANDA.

SATURDAY 15.

8.30..... Mile-end WasteCores and Presburg

SUNDAY 16.

11 Latimer Road StationR. J. Lyne, Dean, and Crouch
11.30 Broad Street, Golden SquareCantwell
11.30 Kilburn—"Old Plough," Kilburn LaneThe Branch
11.30 Mitcham—Fair GreenThe Branch
11.30 Regent's ParkMowbray
3.30 Hyde Park—Marble ArchMowbray
3.30 Victoria ParkMrs. Schack, Mackenzie, and Parker
7 Weltje Road, Ravenscourt ParkHammersmith Branch
7.30 Walham Green—back of ChurchHammersmith Branch

TUESDAY 18.

8 Walham Green—back of ChurchHammersmith Branch

THURSDAY 20.

8.15..... Hoxton ChurchThe Branch

PROVINCES.

Glasgow.—Sunday: Jail Square at 2 o'clock; Paisley Road at 5 o'clock. Tuesday: Cathedral Square, at 8 p.m.
Leeds.—Sunday: Hunslet Moor, at 11 a.m.; Vicar's Croft, at 7 p.m.
Manchester.—Sunday: Philips Park Gates, at 11; Stevenson Square, at 3.
Norwich.—Sunday: St. Faiths, at 11; Market Place, at 3.
Sheffield.—Sunday: Monolith, Fargate, at 11 a.m.; Gower Street, at 3 p.m.; Pump, Westbar, 8 p.m.
Yarmouth.—Sunday: Priory Plain, at 11; Colman's Granary Quay, at 7.

LIVERPOOL SOCIALIST SOCIETY, 1 Stanley Street, Dale Street.—Meets every Tuesday at 8 p.m.

DUBLIN.—At Progressist Club, 87 Marlboro' Street, Saturday Feb. 15, at 8 p.m., G. King, "Women's Rights."

CHLSEA S.D.F., Co-operative Lecture Hall, 312 Kings Road, Chelsea.—Sunday February 16, at 8 p.m., R. E. Dell, "Why I am a Socialist."

EDINBURGH—SCOTTISH SOCIALIST FEDERATION.—In Moulders' Hall, High St., Sunday February 16, at 6.30, Comrade Melliet, "Gracchus Babeuf."

MANHOOD SUFFRAGE LEAGUE, "Three Doves," Berwick St., Oxford St., W.—Sunday February 16, at 8.30 p.m., Professor Lenne, "A Lecture for the Times."

IRELAND.—A new Socialistic Society, called the "Irish Socialist Union," has been started in Dublin. Basis: The union on a common Platform of representatives of the various schools of Socialistic thought, with a view to the more effective propaganda of the principles on which all are agreed. Address: 87 Marlboro' Street, Dublin.

LANCASHIRE AND YORKSHIRE SOCIALISTS.—All those branches and societies who are wishful to be represented on the lecture-list to be drawn up in accordance with the resolution of the Liverpool Conference, as reported Jan. 25, are to send the names and addresses of their secretaries to Edw. C. Chapman, 1 Stanley Street, Liverpool.

MANCHESTER.—Suitable premises have now been secured for the new Socialist Club. It is our aim to make it a centre for Socialist propaganda in Lancashire. A library, reading, recreation, and refreshment rooms will be some of its attractions. Aid is invited from friends who can assist, either with fittings, furniture, books, or funds. The Club, 60 Grosvenor Street, All Saints, is now open for members every evening. *Commonweal* and other literature on sale.

SOCIALIST LEAFLETS.

:o:

Single page, 8vo size, 2s. per thousand.

Why be Transported?

"Down with the Socialists!"

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The Workers' Claims and "Public Opinion."

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Shall Ireland be Free?

Ireland a Nation.

Songs for the Workers (2 leaflets).

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A Straight Talk to Working Men.

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STATEMENT OF PRINCIPLES.

THE Socialist League advocates International Revolutionary Socialism. That is to say the destruction of the present class society, which consists of one class who live by owning property and therefore *need not work*, and of another that has no property and therefore *must work* in order that they may live to keep the idlers by their labour. Revolutionary Socialism insists that this system of society, which is the modern form of slavery, should be changed to a system of Society which would give every man an opportunity of doing useful work, and not allow any man to live without so doing, which work could not be useful unless it were done for the whole body of workers instead of for do-nothing individuals. The result of this would be that livelihood would not be precarious nor labour burdensome. Labour would be employed in co-operation, and the struggle of man with man for bare subsistence would be supplanted by harmonious combination for the production of common wealth and the exchange of mutual services without the waste of labour or material.

Every man's needs would be satisfied from this common stock, but no man would be allowed to own anything which he could not use, and which consequently he must *abuse* by employing it as an instrument for forcing others to labour for him unpaid. Thus the land, the capital, machinery, and means of transit would cease to be private property, since they can only be used by the combination of labour to produce wealth.

Thus men would be *free* because they would no longer be dependent on idle property-owners for subsistence; thus they would be *brothers*, for the cause of strife, the struggle for subsistence at other people's expense, would have come to an end. Thus they would be *equal*, for if all men were doing useful work no man's labour could be dispensed with. Thus the motto of Liberty, Fraternity, and Equality, which is but an empty boast in a society that upholds the monopoly of the means of production, would at last be realised.

This Revolutionary Socialism must be International. The change which would put an end to the struggle between man and man, would destroy it also between nation and nation. One harmonious system of federation throughout the whole of civilisation would take the place of the old destructive rivalries. There would be no great centres breeding race hatred and commercial jealousy, but people would manage their own affairs in communities not too large to prevent all citizens from taking a part in the administration necessary for the conduct of life, so that party politics would come to an end.

Thus, while we abide by the old motto:

Liberty, Fraternity, Equality,

we say that the existence of private property destroys Equality, and therefore under it there can be neither Liberty nor Fraternity.

We add to the first motto then this other one—

FROM EACH ACCORDING TO HIS CAPACITY, TO EACH ACCORDING TO HIS NEEDS.

When this is realised there will be a genuine Society; until it is realised, Society is nothing but a band of robbers. We must add that this change can only be brought about by combination amongst the workers themselves, and must embrace the whole of Society. The new life cannot be given to the workers by a class higher than they, but must be taken by them by means of the abolition of classes and the reorganisation of Society.

COUNCIL OF THE SOCIALIST LEAGUE.

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THE COMMONWEAL

The Official Journal of the SOCIALIST LEAGUE.

VOL. 6.—No. 215.

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 22, 1890.

WEEKLY; ONE PENNY.

NOTES ON NEWS.

THE labouring mountain of the Parnell Commission has at last produced its mouse; which is in fact the final acceptance of Mr. Parnell into decent political society. If this was the aim of the *Times* in its "Parnellism and Crime," that renowned paper has been eminently successful. But in view of its own comments on the Report we can hardly accept that theory. We must admit that the *Times* has been heavily thrown; and the *Times* was, or perhaps is, one of the chief bulwarks of respectability.

Yes, it is breaking up, this respectable "Society" of oppression, which it is the business of Socialists to attack. It is shaken in its policy of bluster, and the carrying of everything by means of the high hand. The mere political business of Home Rule will not last much longer as a pretext for our political tricksters. They will be face to face presently with the necessities of the working people, not only of Ireland, but of England and Scotland also; and in that position they will be absolutely helpless. W. M.

A recent number of the *Paris Bulletin Municipal Officiel* contains a comparative table of the number of vacancies in the different departments of primary education, and also of the number of candidates entered for these vacancies. It can be seen from this table that for 43 vacancies for male teachers there are 2,021 applicants; also that 6,441 certificated girls have to divide among them 54 nominations.

It is not in England alone that the intellectual proletariat have to fight among themselves for a bare living. Figures like these speak for themselves; and when one thinks that each year so many thousand young girls and men have to be rejected, and have to wait till next time for another faint chance of being nominated, or grow tired of waiting and sink into misery and degradation, one cannot but think that their struggle for life is as bitter as that of the labour proletariat, though the hardships of it are not so apparent at first sight. M. M.

Another police plot has come to light in Chicago, and our comrades are naturally a little excited. From the story as told in the *Chicago Mail* and elsewhere, it seems likely that not only have the promoters been found of the plot which put Hronek into prison (for which see *Commonweal* of a few months ago), but that much valuable information has been gained as to the inside working of the conspiracy which ended in the murder of our four comrades. We hope to be able to lay full particulars before our readers in a week or so.

"Mrs. Hetty Greene, the eccentric millionaire, who personally conducts her business in Wall Street, has been interviewed at Chicago. She admitted being worth nearly 50,000,000 dollars (£10,000,000). She owns land in nearly every city in the United States, and says there is nothing like land as an investment. She added: 'I am a very happy woman, and the Lord has blessed me above others. I think I make good use of my opportunities, for I have endowed over a hundred churches and founded fifty schools. I give away my substance without ostentation. I belong to a Quaker family, which has been wealthy for the last five generations.'"

It is perhaps too much to expect from any preachers of the "Gospel of Wealth" that they should do any reckoning or reasoning: if they were capable of it, one might ask them to state approximately the relation between those churches and schools, etc., and the misery caused by the abstraction of so much wealth from its producers.

"Whatever else may be thought of Mr. Carnegie's 'Gospel of Wealth,'" says the *Pall Mall*, which is the most blatant Wealth-Gospeller in this country, "he is at any rate entitled to the respectful hearing due to any man who practises what he preaches. Our readers will remember that the foundation of Free Libraries was the first and almost the last word of Mr. Carnegie's gospel, and now this morning we learn from Allegheny that—

Mr. Andrew Carnegie has presented this city with a library worth £60,000. It was formally presented to-day in the presence of President

Harrison and a distinguished assemblage. Allegheny was the first American city that gave Mr. Carnegie shelter. He has offered Pittsburg £200,000 for public libraries, and the offer has been formally accepted."

"Mr. Carnegie," the *Pall Mall* goes on to say, "is like Chaucer's good monk: he teaches the law and commandments as he has received them; but 'first he followed them himself.'"

One would think that anyone who analysed the process of robbery and sweating which inevitably goes to the formation of a millionaire, with only a remote chance of his turning out even such a comparatively favourable specimen as Mr. Andrew Carnegie, would be unable to defend the system under which it is an ordinary and recognised thing. Can it be worth while to let one man plunder a million for years in order to take the chance of his benefiting a hundred or two before he dies?

"Potters' rot" is a kind of asthma brought on by the unhealthy conditions under which potters work. A man died of it last week in London, and that kind of unnecessary death is such an ordinary thing that the inquest seemed to be held as a mere matter of form. It is one of the many sacrifices that workmen must make in order to have millionaires and "gifts" of free libraries, or less desirable institutions—"Pelican Clubs," and so on.

Would it not be better for workmen to free their work from the mastership of the money-bag; to work in association for the common benefit, looking after their collective health, comfort, and happiness; and then, when they had satisfied the more immediate and pressing needs of food, clothing, and shelter, turning to the provision of libraries, concert-halls, and common-rooms for the satisfaction of other "higher" cravings?

As it is now, they are degraded at work by undue toil, in unhealthy conditions, and with scant reward; and are further degraded when work is done by accepting the "charitable" doles of their plunderers carelessly flung back to them.

I see that a "Stanley Exhibition" is to be held, and that a great German publishing firm will issue a translation of his book. If the managing committee will send their address to this office, we will furnish them with a few suggestions as to exhibits; and the publishers are welcome to a few annotations on the "great" man's book. No fees.

Mr. Stanley has found his poet; a Mr. Deane Brand is singing a song in his praise, of which a copy has been sent to us, presumably for review. Here is the chorus:

"So raise all praise through our Island home,
Till it spreads like stars on Heaven's dome;
A cheer for the right, a sword for the wrong,
Till we girdle the earth with glory and song."

After which there is nothing to be said, but that the bard is worthy of the hero, and both of their worshippers.

Exhibits and notes may both be suggested by, and the poet receive inspiration from, the following story of an "execution" told at the Savage Club on Saturday night by Mr. T. Stevens, the American "special" who was sent to meet Stanley:

"At the time, Stanley was so weak that he could not turn in his bed without help; but so strong was his iron will that he insisted upon being taken out of bed and propped up in a chair. He took a strong stimulant, and had himself carried outside of his tent, where the people were all drawn up, and where the mutineer, who had been tried and found guilty, awaited his sentence. The chair was put down, and Stanley faced the miscreant, the fever in his eye, and his thin hand outstretched. 'We have come through a thousand difficulties and dangers to save you,' he said, 'and this is our reward! Depart to God!' The people thereupon rushed upon the man, shouting 'What shall we do with him?' 'Send him to God, I say!' shouted Stanley, pointing to the overhanging limb of a tree. A rope was thrown over, noosed round the miscreant's neck, and he was swiftly run up, and soon dangled a corpse in the air." S.

NEWS FROM NOWHERE:

OR,

AN EPOCH OF REST.

BEING SOME CHAPTERS FROM A UTOPIAN ROMANCE.

CHAP. VII.—TRAFALGAR SQUARE.

AND now again I was busy looking about me, for we were quite clear of Piccadilly Market, and were in a region of elegantly-built much ornamented houses, which I should have called villas if they had been ugly and pretentious, which was very far from being the case. Each house stood in a garden carefully cultivated, and running over with flowers. The blackbirds were singing their best amidst the garden-trees, which, except for a bay here and there, and occasional groups of limes, seemed to be all fruit-trees: there were a great many cherry-trees, now all laden with fruit; and several times as we passed by a garden we were offered baskets of fine fruit by children and young girls. Amidst all these gardens and houses it was of course impossible to trace the sites of the old streets: but it seemed to me that the main roadways were the same as of old.

We came presently into a large open space, sloping somewhat toward the south, the sunny site of which had been taken advantage of for planting an orchard, mainly, as I could see, of apricot-trees, in the midst of which was a pretty gay little structure of wood, painted and gilded, that looked like a refreshment-stall. From the southern side of the said orchard ran a long road, chequered over with the shadow of tall old pear-trees, at the end of which showed the tall tower of the Parliament House, or Dung Market.

A strange sensation came over me; I shut my eyes to keep out the sight of the sun glittering on this fair abode of gardens, and for a moment there passed before them a phantasmagoria of another day. A great space surrounded by tall ugly houses, with an ugly church at the corner and a nondescript ugly cupolaed building at my back; the roadway thronged with a sweltering and excited crowd, dominated by omnibuses, crowded with spectators. In the midst a paved be-fountain square, populated only by a few men dressed in blue, and a good many singularly ugly bronze images (one on the top of a tall column). The said square guarded up to the edge of the roadway by a four-fold line of big men clad in blue, and across the southern roadway the helmets of a band of horse-soldiers, dead white in the greyness of the chilly November afternoon—

I opened my eyes to the sunlight again and looked round me, and cried out amongst the whispering trees and odorous blossoms, "Trafalgar Square!"

"Yes," said Dick, who had drawn rein again, "so it is. I don't wonder at your finding the name ridiculous: but after all, it was nobody's business to alter it, since the name of a dead folly doesn't bite. Yet sometimes I think we might have given it a name which would have commemorated the great battle which was fought on the spot itself in 1952,—that was important enough, if the historians don't lie."

"Which they generally do, or at least did," said the old man. "For instance, what can you make of this, neighbours? I have read a muddled account in a book—O a stupid book!—called James' Social Democratic History, of a fight which took place here in or about the year 1887 (I am bad at dates). Some people, says this story, were going to hold a ward-mote here, or some such thing, and the Government of London, or the Council, or the Commission, or what not other barbarous half-hatched body of fools, fell upon these citizens (as they were then called) with the armed hand. That seems too ridiculous to be true; but according to this version of the story, nothing much came of it, which certainly is too ridiculous to be true."

"Well," quoth I, "but after all your Mr. James is right so far, and it is true; except that there was no fighting, merely unarmed and peaceable people attacked by ruffians armed with bludgeons."

"And they put up with that?" said Dick, with the first unpleasant expression I had seen on his good-tempered face.

Said I, reddening: "We had to put up with it; we couldn't help it."

The old man looked at me keenly, and said: "You seem to know a great deal about it, neighbour! And is it really true that nothing came of it?"

"This came of it," said I, "that a good many people were sent to prison because of it."

"What, of the bludgeoners?" said the old man. "Poor devils!"

"No, no," said I, "of the bludgeoned."

Said the old man rather severely: "Friend, I expect that you have been reading some rotten collection of lies, and have been taken in by it too easily."

"I assure you," said I, "what I have been saying is true."

"Well, well, I am sure you think so, neighbour," said the old man, "but I don't see why you should be so cocksure."

As I couldn't explain why, I held my tongue. Meanwhile Dick, who had been sitting with knit brows, cogitating, spoke at last, and said gently and rather sadly:

"How strange to think that there have been men like ourselves, and living in this beautiful and happy country, who I suppose had feelings and affections like ourselves, who could yet do such dreadful things."

"Yes," said I, in a didactic tone; "yet after all, even those days were a great improvement on the days that had gone before them. Have you not read of the Mediæval period and the ferocity of its

criminal laws; and how in those days men fairly seem to have enjoyed tormenting their fellow men?—nay, for the matter of that, they made their God a tormentor and a jailer rather than anything else."

"Yes," said Dick, "there are good books on that period also, some of which I have read. But as to the great improvement of the nineteenth century, I don't see it. After all, the Mediæval folk acted after their conscience, as your remark about their God (which is true) shows, and they were ready to bear what they inflicted upon others; whereas the nineteenth century ones were hypocrites, and pretended to be humane, and yet went on tormenting those whom they dared to treat so by shutting them up in prison, for no reason at all, except that they were what they themselves, the prison-masters, had forced them to be. O, it's horrible to think of!"

"But perhaps," said I, "they did not know what the prisons were like."

Dick seemed roused, and even angry. "More shame for them," said he, "when you and I know it all these years afterwards. Look you, neighbour, they couldn't fail to know what a disgrace a prison is to the Commonwealth at the best, and that their prisons were a good step on towards being at the worst."

Quoth I: "But have you no prisons at all now?"

As soon as the words were out of my mouth I felt that I had made a mistake, for Dick flushed red and frowned, and the old man looked surprised and pained; and presently Dick said angrily, yet as if restraining himself somewhat—

"Man alive! how can you ask such a question? Have I not told you that we know what a prison means by the undoubted evidence of really trustworthy books, helped out by our own imaginations? And haven't you specially called me to notice that the people about the roads and streets look happy; and how could they look happy if they knew that their neighbours were shut up in prison, while they bore such things quietly? And if there were people in prison, you couldn't hide it from folk, like you may an occasional man-slaying; because that isn't done of set purpose, with a lot of people backing up the slayer in cold blood, as this prison business is. Prisons, indeed! O-no, no, no!"

He stopped, and began to cool down, and said in a kind voice: "But forgive me! I needn't be so hot about it, since there are *not* any prisons: I'm afraid you will think the worse of me for losing my temper. Of course, you coming from the outlands cannot be expected to know about these things. And now I'm afraid I have made you feel uncomfortable."

In a way he had; but he was so generous in his heat, that I liked him the better for it, and I said: "No, really 'tis all my fault for being so stupid. Let me change the subject, and ask you what the stately building is on our left just showing at the end of that grove of plane-trees?"

"Ah," he said, "that is an old building built quite in the beginning of the twentieth century, and as you see, in a queer fantastic style—not over beautiful; but there are some fine things inside it, too, mostly pictures, some very old. It is called the National Gallery; I have sometimes puzzled as to what the name means: anyhow, nowadays wherever there is a place where pictures are kept as curiosities permanently it is called a National Gallery, perhaps after this one. Of course there are a good many of them up and down the country."

I didn't try to enlighten him, feeling the task too heavy; but I pulled out my magnificent pipe and fell a-smoking, and the old horse jogged on again. As we went, I said—

"This pipe is a very elaborate toy, and you seem so reasonable in this country, and your architecture is so good, that I rather wonder at your turning out such trivialities."

It struck me as I spoke that this was rather ungrateful of me, after having received such a fine present; but Dick didn't seem to notice my bad manners, but said:

"Well, I don't know; it is a pretty thing, and since nobody need make such things unless they like, I don't see why they shouldn't make them, if they like. Of course, if carvers were scarce they would all be busy on the architecture, as you call it, and then these 'toys' (a good word) would not be made; but since there are plenty of people who can carve—in fact, almost everybody, and as work is somewhat scarce, or we are afraid it may be, folk do not discourage this kind of petty work."

He mused a little, and seemed somewhat perturbed; but presently his face cleared, and he said: "After all, you must admit that the pipe is a very pretty thing, with the little people under the trees all cut so clean and sweet;—too elaborate for a pipe, perhaps, but—well, it is very pretty."

"Too valuable for its use, perhaps," said I.

"What's that?" said he; "I don't understand."

I was just going in a helpless way to try to make him understand, when we came by the gates of a big rambling building, in which work of some sort seemed going on. "What building is that?" said I, eagerly, for it was a pleasure amidst all these strange things to see something a little like what I was used to: "it seems to be a factory."

"Yes," he said, "I think I know what you mean, and that's what it is; but we don't call them factories now, but Banded-workshops: that is, places where people collect who want to work together."

"I suppose," said I, "power of some sort is used there?"

"No, no," said he. "Why should people collect together to use power, when they can have it at the places where they live, or hard by, any two or three of them; or any one, for the matter of that? No; folk collect in these Banded-workshops to do hand-work in which working together is necessary or convenient; such work is often very

pleasant. In these, for instance, they make pottery and glass,—there, you can see the tops of the furnaces. Well, of course it's handy to have fair-sized ovens and kilns and glass-pots, and a good lot of things to use them for: though of course there are a good many such places, as it would be ridiculous if a man had a liking for pot-making or glass-blowing that he should have to live in one place or be obliged to forego the work he liked."

"I see no smoke coming from the furnaces," said I.

"Smoke?" said Dick; "why should you see smoke?"

I held my tongue, and he went on: "It's a nice place inside, though as plain as you see outside. As to the crafts, throwing the clay must be jolly work: the glass-blowing is rather a sweltering job; but some folk like it very much indeed; and I don't much wonder: there is such a sense of power, when you have got deft in it, in dealing with the hot metal. It makes a lot of pleasant work," said he, smiling, "for however much care you take of such goods, break they will one day or another, so there is always plenty to do."

I held my tongue and pondered,

WILLIAM MORRIS.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

THE PARTICK ELECTION.

BLESSED are those Socialists who have been several hundred miles at least away from Partick during these last three weeks. I cannot help thinking that their favourable impression of human nature will be directly as the square of their distance from the area of the conflict. Those who, like myself, have had to endure in the midst of it, have been sadly shocked with the appalling spectacle of human folly and downright knavery exhibited in that "free fight" for political advantage. The hair-brained enthusiasm of the working-class electorate who caught the fever of the fight, and the wolfish cunning and ferocity of the professional politicians and their hireling press, have been quite phenomenal. Paid agitators of every degree and description, and from every quarter of the kingdom, bull-dozed the electors nightly for fourteen days with lies, promises and threats, and every conceivable device of electioneering oratory. On the election-day carriages, cabs, dog-carts, brakes, vans, and lorries—furnished by supporters within a radius of five miles—were used by both parties to bring the electors to the poll. Canvassers, paid and unpaid, prowled from house to house beseeching the voters to vote; and every known method of cajoling and coercing the free and enlightened citizens of Partick was resorted to. Intelligent opinion, or a sense of public duty on the part of the working-class, had no more to do with the result of the contest than they had to do with the swindling vagaries of that poor idiot—Jubilee Benzon.

That Sir Charles Tennant was defeated is, however, a matter for congratulation. No more worthless Home Ruler, and no worse enemy of the interests of the workers could have been selected to fight the battle for the Liberals. The chairman of half-a-dozen large public companies, the director of as many more, and the head partner of the St. Rollox Chemical Works, which employs men at from 12s. 8d. to £1 per week to work amongst poisonous materials, his adoption as the Liberal candidate was a flagrant affront upon the democratic sentiment of our day. Mr. Parker-Smith, though a professed Liberal (Unionist), is recognised as a Tory—and his return as such can do little harm meanwhile; but the return of Sir Charles Tennant as a Radical and Home Ruler would certainly have done all the harm that a selfish capitalist, steeped to the lips in profit-mongering and the sweating of the poor, can do, when masquerading in the disguise of a champion of progress and a friend of freedom.

That his defeat was due to the fact of his being a capitalist and sworn foe of the workers is, I regret, an opinion that cannot be entertained. Most of the Liberal voters who would have voted in any case, voted, I believe, for him. His defeat was due mainly to the fact that the electorate is composed very largely of the wealthy residents of the west-end district of Glasgow, who, being always alert to their own interests, and conceiving that an anti-Home Ruler anti-Gladstonian was their safest man, voted *en masse* for Parker-Smith.

That Liberal papers in Glasgow and throughout the country should attribute the Liberal defeat to the advocacy of Mr. T. P. O'Connor, who was publicly charged with allowing articles to appear in the *Star*, expressing sympathy with the Portuguese and denouncing British missionary brigandage, shows the opinion which those enlightened prints have of the intelligence and fair-play of the Liberal electorate. Let me say that I do not believe that, stupid and ignorant as average Liberal electors are, the sentiments expressed in the *Star* articles were unfavourably regarded by the mass of them; and I am certainly of the opinion that the fact of Mr. O'Connor's connection with those articles did not turn a single vote against the Liberals.

J. BRUCE GLASIER.

SLAUGHTER OF SIBERIAN PRISONERS.—We have received two pamphlets from "Friends of Russian Freedom" on this subject. Those who are willing to aid in the dissemination of information on the subject should communicate with Robert Spence Watson, Bensham Grove, Gateshead-on-Tyne.

We have received an interesting report from the Cremation Society (8 New Cavendish Street, Portland Place, W.) on the valuable work they are doing in bringing about a common-sense disposal of the dead. It contains a useful bibliography of the subject, and much cognate matter.

In *Lippincott's* this month is a suggestive article by Francis Galton, F.R.S., which might be made the text for a good deal of Socialistic moralising. "Why do we measure mankind?" is the question he answers: if a parallel development-chart of a worker and an ordinarily wholesome middle-class man were made it would show some startling results. There is a good deal of material to be got; could not some of our scientific comrades put it in shape for us?

Let not anyone pacify his conscience by the delusion that he can do no harm if he takes no part and forms no opinion. Bad men need nothing more to compass their ends than that others should look on and do nothing. He is not a good man who, without a protest, allows wrong to be committed in his name, and with the means he helps to supply, because he will not trouble himself, and use his mind on the subject.—*John Stuart Mill, Inaugural Address, St. Andrews, 1867.*

IN AUSTRALIA.

THIS is a cutting from last week's *Boomerang*, the most powerful weekly in Queensland:

"We like men to be a little consistent, even in labour matters. At the time of the printers' strike the *Boomerang* was called all sorts of names for declaring that the men were right, that solidarity was an essential for the securing of a basis for conciliation between Labour and Capital. The Master Printers' Association would then get no nearer to that than talking about liberty and about permitting no interference in the internal affairs of an office. Now, having thrashed their employés on this question, they are coming the same capers themselves, and without anything like the same excuse, are trying to put the screw on non-association masters. The *Boomerang* and, we presume, other non-association firms, have received a circular informing us that, unless we join the M. P. A. before 1st January, the members of the association will 'decline to quote prices to, or execute work for, . . . any firm in the printing trade not being members of the Master Printers' Association.' There is an explanation pointing out that irremovable canvassers are 'cutting down prices' and 'blackmailing the public,' just as competing shipping companies are, we suppose; and this beautiful explanation is capped by another, declaring that the price-list agreed on in July shall not be binding upon members—in other words, that the cut-throat competition against which the association was formed shall proceed unchecked! We have reason to believe that the more thoughtful of the master printers disapprove of this circular; but whether they do or not, the *Boomerang* can't be bull-dozed in this fashion. When the Master Printers' Association recognises the solidarity principle, when it concedes to the journeymen the solidarity it demands for the employers, and acts accordingly and consistently, then the *Boomerang* will gladly join it and be loyal to it—but not till then."

The Australian labour movement just now seems to be in a constant state of progress, showing a strong and widespread tendency towards federation, the bringing of all wage-earners within one fold. The draymen of the far northern port of Cairns have written to some of the labour leaders in Brisbane seeking advice and have been recommended to throw in their lot with the General Labourers' Union. The draymen and carters of Brisbane have also come to the sound conclusion that caste has too long been the enemy of the common weal, and have decided to swell the ranks of what promises to be the strongest section of the proposed Federation—the General Labourers' Union.

The following letter has been sent by the South Australian Railway Commissioners to the Railway Service Mutual Association:

"The Commissioners have duly considered the communications made by you subsequent to the interview this morning—viz., that unless the Commissioners pay 6s. per day to probationary porters in future, all the employés, members of the association, would cease work to-morrow morning. I have to inform you that under the existing circumstances the Commissioners will not accept the responsibility of throwing the railway service into confusion and of causing such a dislocation of the public traffic as must be attended with serious loss and injury to many people wholly unable to protect themselves. The Commissioners therefore will adopt the following scale of wages for porters from January 1 next: First year, 6s. per day; second year, 6s. 6d. per day; third year and thereafter, 7s. per day. This scale to apply to the existing staff. The Commissioners must leave to the country and Parliament to decide whether, having regard to the position assumed by a certain section of the employés and the outside assistance rendered and promised, any other course was open to them."

The Brisbane Wharf-labourers' Union, having found that the rule providing for fifteen minutes' respite for "smoke, oh!" when engaged in working coals or heavy bagged goods was being infringed, has made an effort to enforce the rule. This "smoke" or breathing time is regarded by many people who know nothing of a wharf-labourer's occupation as an unnecessary interruption with "discipline," but these know-nothings should take a walk down to the wharves and watch the men at work for an hour or two.

I am told that the officers of the Australian coasting steamers have very frequently to work from thirty to forty hours straight off before sailing, and are completely exhausted before they go to sea. At the highest rate of pay, chief officers receive a fraction over 9d. per hour; seconds, 6d.; and thirds, a fraction over 5d. an hour.

How does this strike you, culled from the highly-respectable, vice-suppressing *Sydney Morning Herald*, the great upholder here of religion and property, which denounces us Socialists for our "immoral teachings":

WET-NURSE Wanted; young, unmarried preferred; arrangements made for nurse's child. Apply between 9 and 12, Mrs. —, —, Park-road, Burwood.

I hear of what seems to be a general determination to cut wages on all the mining fields. What with exemptions and reductions the miner will be a pretty much sat-on workman soon if he doesn't wake up.

The Brisbane Building Trades Council is the first to adopt the Labour Paper Conference report, of which I told you the other week.

After a "brief but lively" existence of thirteen weeks, the *Trades and Labour Advocate* has come to an end, "defeated, but not disgraced." The editor says in his valedictory:

"We are heartily sorry that we have been defeated in our attempt to establish a genuine labour newspaper, for there are many abuses that require to be shown up, many shams that it is necessary for the public good to expose. The sweating system is rampant in the city at the present time, and requires drastic treatment. The nigger-driving draper and late-hour shopkeeper are in want of severe castigation. One public disgrace in the shape of a gigantic business firm, who compel their employés to dine on the premises off a few small 'chunks' of mutton and a lone potato each, while the lynx-eyes of sycophantic shopwalkers watch lest the slave-driven employés shall dare, like Oliver Twist, to ask for 'More'—requires that the light of the public press shall be shed on the Siberian rigour of its 'discipline.' But all must go unscathed, and why? Because we who have the courage to denounce these people, in spite of libel actions, cannot carry on for want of capital. The daily press who have the capital but not the courage, will not refer to these abuses; for daily papers are run to make money, and no matter how earnestly the editor and his literary satellites may desire to carry out the noble work of elevating humanity by exposing its wrongs, the editor is controlled by his manager or directors, at the back of whom is a greedy body of shareholders or wealthy private firm of two or three, who clamour for 10, 15, or 20 per cent. dividends, dividends which cannot be produced unless advertisers are conciliated; and, as fully half the advertisers are the persons who carry on the nigger-driving, sweating, and starvation-wage system in conducting their emporiums, warehouses, establishments, shops, manufactories, etc., it is not to be wondered that the daily press is silent on the dark deeds that are being perpetrated on a large number of the working-classes in 'beautiful Sydney.' . . . We believe that the Labour party will never be able to assert its full strength until it has an established newspaper to give voice to its wants and requirements."

To which I say "Hear, hear!"
Sydney, N.S.W., Jan. 2, 1890.

CORNSTALK.



OFFICES: 24 GREAT QUEEN STREET, LONDON, W.C.

HAVE YOU NOT HEARD HOW IT HAS GONE WITH MANY A CAUSE BEFORE NOW: FIRST, FEW MEN HEED IT; NEXT, MOST MEN CONTEMN IT; LASTLY, ALL MEN ACCEPT IT—AND THE CAUSE IS WON!

THE COMMONWEAL is the official organ of the Socialist League; but, unless definitely so announced by the Editors, no article is to be taken as expressing in more than a general way the views of the League as a body. In accordance with the Manifesto and Statement of Principles of the League, the COMMONWEAL is an exponent of International Revolutionary Socialism. On minor differences of opinion the widest freedom of discussion is maintained. As all articles are signed, no special significance attaches to their position in the paper.

Articles and letters dealing with any phase of the social problem are invited and will meet with earnest consideration. They must be written on one side of the paper only, and accompanied by the name and address of the writer, not necessarily for publication. MSS. can only be returned if a stamped directed envelope accompanies them.

Advertisements can only be inserted if unobjectionable in all particulars. Scale of charges and special quotations may be obtained from the Manager.

SUBSCRIPTIONS, including postage:—For British Islands, Europe, United States, and Canada, a year, 6s.; six months, 3s.; three months, 1s. 6d. For Australia, New Zealand, Cape of Good Hope, Natal, Transvaal, and the Argentine Republic, a year, 8s.; six months, 4s.; three months, 2s. For India, Ceylon, China, Hong Kong, and the Straits Settlements, a year, 10s.; six months, 5s.; three months, 2s. 6d.

Subscribers who receive a RED WRAPPER are thereby reminded that their subscriptions have expired and must be renewed immediately if they wish to continue to receive COMMONWEAL.

SPECIAL RECRUIT SUBSCRIPTIONS.—To aid in spreading our principles, the following largely reduced terms are offered to those who obtain new subscribers: Two new yearly subscriptions for British Islands, etc., 10s. 6d.; for Australia, etc., 15s.; for India, etc., 19s. Five new subscriptions: For British Islands, etc., 25s.; for Australia, etc., 37s. 6d.; for India, etc., 47s. 6d. Specimen copies will be sent on receipt of postage.

Remittances from abroad must be made by International Money Order.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

J. B.—'Baboe Dalima; or, the Opium Fiend,' translated from the Dutch of Mr. M. T. H. Perelaer, is published by Vizetelly and Co. (7s. 6d.). The other book won't help you much. If you read Dutch, look up M. Perelaer's other books on the subject.

MANCHESTER and EDINBURGH.—Reports came Wednesday—a day too late.

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Periodicals received during the week ending Wednesday February 19.

ENGLAND	Philadelphia—United Labour	SWITZERLAND
Brotherhood	Princeton (Mass.)—Word	Przedswit
Die Autonomie	S.F. Coast Seaman's Journal	SPAIN
Justice	San Francisco Arbeiter-Zeitung	Madrid—El Socialista
London—Freie Presse	St. Louis (Mo.)—Die Parole	PORTUGAL
Labour Elector	Pacific Union	Lisbon—O Protesto Operario
Seafaring	FRANCE	GERMANY
Worker's Friend	Paris—La Revolte	Berlin—Volks Tribune
UNITED STATES	Le Proletariat	AUSTRIA
New York—Volkszeitung	L'Autonomie	Brunn—Volksfreund
New York—Truthseeker	Charleville—L'Emancipation	HUNGARY
Der Sozialist	Lille—Le Cri du Travailleur	Arbeiter-Wochen-Chronik
Freiheit	Lyon—L'Action Sociale	DENMARK
Jewish Volkszeitung	HOLLAND	Copenhagen—Arbejderen
Labour Advocate	Middelburg, Lichten Wahrheit	SWEDEN
Twentieth Century	BELGIUM	Stockholm, Social-Demokraten
Boston—Woman's Journal	Antwerp—De Werker	WEST INDIES
Chicago (Ill.)—Vorbote	Ghent—Vooruit	Cuba—El Productor
Detroit—Der Arme Teufel	Lige—L'Avenir	
Milwaukee—National Reformer		

HUXLEY AND SPENCER.

It is instructive to note how very soon those twin champions of capitalism, Huxley and Spencer, part company when they descend from general denunciations of Socialism to an explanation of their particular views of the social evils. If the "Reasoned Savagery" controversy goes on the capitalists of all denominations will have good cause for crying out, "Save us from our friends!" Spencer, in his letter to the *Telegraph* of the 8th inst., evidently writes under the professor's imputation that he and his school would rather leave men to starve than advocate State help or private "charity." Speaking of the poor man the professor says, "It is not I, but the extreme individualists, who will say that he may starve. If the State relieves his necessities, it is not I, but they who say it is exceeding its powers; if private charity succours the poor fellow, it is not I, but they, who reprove the

giver for interfering with the survival of the fittest." Spencer, in the letter above referred to, quotes these sentences, and protests against them as applying to his views. We may, therefore, take it for granted that both Spencer and Huxley are in favour of the principle of collective action in the solution of the great problem of poverty; or at any rate of the opposite principle not being carried to its logical conclusion.

"State" is a very elastic word, and the State of to-day may be a very different thing to the State of some years hence. But under every kind of composition its interference in social matters is utterly opposed to Mr. Spencer's individualism, which he has so strenuously advocated for years past. Extreme individualism Professor Huxley indignantly repudiates, and by implication admits the principle of Socialism. Not to be behind the professor, Mr. Spencer hastens to assure the public that his friend Huxley has misunderstood him and his works. And though he hedges a good deal (as he has done in regard to land nationalisation), the plain and logical inference is that he also is in favour, not only of private charity, but of collective action on what he would call "State interference" as well. Once having admitted the principle where will they stop? The truth is, Huxley and Spencer, like other men, must move with the times, and the latter begins to see with sorrow that all the factors of social progress are strongly setting towards Socialism. This is to him a very serious matter, for it means that his theory of economic development, persisted in to nearly the end of his life, is undoubtedly wrong: and that, so far as this part of his philosophy is concerned, he will go down to posterity as a collector of facts, and nothing more. This, to a man who wishes above all things to pose as a philosophical expounder of laws and principles, is, no doubt, very humiliating. There are many expressions in Mr. Spencer's recent utterances which seem to me to imply that he is aware that he has misinterpreted the laws of social evolution, and I would like to see him candidly acknowledge it. Apart from this, the basis of his reputation is sufficiently broad to satisfy the ambition of any man. Moreover, most of his facts will fit in with Collectivism or Socialism just as well as with Individualism.

With Professor Huxley the matter is somewhat different. Socialism is to him a little profitable diversion from cutting up monkeys. And though I do not wish to make a point of it, I may be permitted to say that those who advocate Socialism spend their earnings—many of them very scanty indeed—in so doing; whereas their opponents, by their magazine articles, etc., make the subject a source of considerable profit. I have read most of Huxley's writings on Socialism, and I venture to say there is no internal evidence in any of them that he has ever read, and, much less, understood, any work of authority on the subject. His assumption that Socialism is a revival of Rousseauism is utterly false in any sense whatever and without the smallest atom of foundation; and I challenge Professor Huxley to point to any body of Socialists in the world which bases its principles, its aims, or the justification of its actions upon the doctrine that "all men are born free and equal," either naturally or politically. If that were so, then I, for one, would begin to despair that the day will ever arrive when this earth will be the cheerful home of a happy and contented people, instead of as at present and through the long ages of the past, the theatre of suffering and want, from which for the million there is no escape but in the grave. Socialism has a deeper and more enduring foundation than any fanciful hypothesis with a dozen meanings. It is based as surely in the law of economic development as Professor Huxley's biology is in the law of organic development, and requires more time and study for its comprehension.

No Socialist that understands his science ever gave expression to the theory that all human beings are born equal, and should therefore remain equal throughout life. What a child is at birth has nothing whatever to do with the subject; nor has the natural inequality of man. And I believe Huxley's laboured and tortuous interpretation of Rousseau's equality at birth to be wide of the mark. When Rousseau said all men are born equal and free, he did not mean either of the ideas Mr. Huxley has attached to his words. He is kind enough to say that Rousseau could not have been "a mere fool"; but he tries very hard nevertheless to make him out one. And if one of the greatest writers France has produced meant either of Huxley's suppositions, then, in truth, he was but a mere fool. If he meant that a new-born infant was politically free, the expression had no meaning; if he meant it was naturally free, the assertion was equally meaningless. And in regard to equality; I do not imagine anyone will seriously maintain that Rousseau meant to affirm his belief that all human beings are born with equal powers of muscle and brain, or with potentialities for their equal development. What Rousseau probably did mean was, not that nature confers upon man any positive natural rights as a unit in the social organism, but that nature brings us all into the world under precisely the same laws, and is no respecter of persons or classes. The son of the peer is the product of the same laws as the son of the peasant; and, as regards these laws, they both stand upon the same footing at the time, and through the processes of their advent to this life. During the whole time the human being is subject to natural laws only, *i.e.*, up to the moment of its appearance on this stage of its existence, it has met with no partial or unequal treatment on the score of social caste. Our great mother has succoured all alike, and all have been subject to the same laws. But the very moment the birth is accomplished differentiation takes place, and inequality of conditions is established: the son of the peasant being destined by human laws and institutions to be through life the slave of the son of the peer. We, of course, know much that Rousseau

could not, of the pre-natal influences that form or malfonn the man or woman that is to be according to the condition and surroundings of their parents.

It is true that a few exceptionally gifted wage-earners may, and do, rise from the class in which they are born; but for the great mass of workers there is nothing for it but to work, and by the produce of their labour support in idleness and luxury those to whom human laws and institutions have secured a share of the monopoly of the sources and conditions of production. Human laws and institutions secure to these people, without any merit of theirs, a power to take from the wage-earners a large share of the fruits of their labour. No amount of disingenuous special pleading can disguise this fact, or make it appear otherwise than unjust and wrong. Nor, indeed, does Professor Huxley attempt to do so, for he plainly tells us in so many words that might is right, and that it is inexpedient and wrong to disturb or upset the possession of that which has been acquired through robbery, so long as the robbery is not of recent date. And when we bear in mind that this style of argument is applied to justify the possession of land by those whose ancestors stole it from the people, it is impossible to acquit Professor Huxley of deliberately adopting a kind of special pleading, which he would not dare resort to in the consideration of any of the sciences in which his name carries weight. He knows and feels the weakness of his argument, and to strengthen his position he tries to prove, from sources which may be made to prove either side of the contention, that land has been legally, industrially, and justly acquired.

Now, a man of Huxley's intelligence must know perfectly well that the question as to how land was acquired or held centuries ago is not of the slightest importance to us to-day, in practically approaching the subject of our food supply and the solution of the labour problem. We must be guided by the light of our knowledge of to-day, and not by the darkness and ignorance of ages ago. What would Professor Huxley say if such a line of argument were adopted in scientific discovery? On the question of sanitation, for instance, what would he say if he groped about among the darkness of past years for arguments to bring against the adoption of any new discovery in this direction; or attempted the solution of any scientific problem to-day by the ignorance of the past? The truth is Huxley knows that any absurd statements and assumptions will go down with the public, in condemnation of Socialism. He knows how largely he can draw upon the general ignorance of the subject, or he would never, surely, have trotted out a saying of Rousseau's, admitting of many interpretations, and placed it before the public as the basis of the great science of Socialism as known to-day. The laws of economic development were unknown in Rousseau's day. Nor could they possibly have been known so far as they relate to the transition from the wage-system to Socialism. The conditions of their existence had not arrived. It is not difficult to understand why Huxley went to Rousseau for his Socialism, against which he tells us he conceives it to be his duty to run a-muck. To grapple with the facts and arguments of true Socialism requires more time and study than Huxley is disposed to place at the service of his friends, though every such exertion brings him a nice little cheque. He has falsely assumed that Socialism is based upon certain doctrines of Rousseau; nothing could be more inaccurate or absurd. And furthermore, either in ignorance of Rousseau's meaning, or for the purpose of a cheap and easy victory, he has placed a false interpretation upon Rousseau's language; and then, having exposed the absurdity of his own assumptions, he flatters himself that he has done his friends, the capitalists, a service by demolishing Socialism!

The real point for Socialists is, not that Professor Huxley has knocked over an idol of his own creation, and paraded the performance as an exposure of Socialistic fallacies, but that a scientist of great, and perhaps deserved, reputation, has given the weight of his character and name to the outcry raised by the ignorant and prejudiced idle and worthless classes of society against the advent of a system, which the progress of economic laws is slowly, it may be, but surely, bringing about.

ARTHUR J. DADSON.

IN THE UNITED STATES.

R. G. DUN and Co., the great financial-information firm of New York, have published the following table of the number of business failures, amount of liabilities, and proportion of the number failing to the number in business for the 13 years from near the close of the great depression of 1873:

Year.	Liabilities. Dols.	No. of Failures.	No. in Business.	Proportion Failing.
1889	148,784,000	10,882	1,055,554	1 in 97
1888	123,830,000	10,679	1,046,662	1 in 98
1887	167,561,000	9,634	994,281	1 in 103
1886	114,644,000	9,834	969,841	1 in 93
1885	124,220,000	10,637	919,990	1 in 86
1884	226,343,000	10,968	904,759	1 in 83
1883	172,874,000	9,184	863,993	1 in 94
1882	101,547,000	6,738	822,256	1 in 122
1881	81,156,000	5,582	781,689	1 in 140
1880	65,752,000	4,735	746,823	1 in 158
1879	98,149,000	6,658	702,157	1 in 105
1878	234,383,000	10,478	674,741	1 in 64
1877	190,670,000	8,872	652,006	1 in 73

The American Federation of Labour has sent a circular letter to nearly 500 "prominent" persons. The following are the questions embodied in the circular letters:

"1. In view of the wonderful and ever-increasing inventions of and improvements in wealth-producing methods, should the working people of our country be required to work more than eight hours per day?"

"2. What effect would, in your opinion, the general reduction of the hours of labour to eight per day have upon the economic, social, industrial, and commercial condition of the people of our country?"

Some, mostly business men, doubted in their answer the feasibility of the plan in their own particular respective business; others, political demagogues, would like to see the eight hours discussed and perhaps introduced; in the answer of the rest one could plainly see the grin between the lines. Not a single one of those favoured with a letter, however, proposed to do anything.

As it is the opinion in some labour circles that, if the American Federation of Labour will do anything at all in reference to the introduction of the eight hours day on May 1st, and all the energy of the organisation will be concentrated first on the building trade, it may be of interest to know what the master builders propose to do. At the national convention of the builders, which was held at the end of January in St. Paul, Minn., a delegate offered the following resolution:

"The National Association of Builders recommend, as far as practicable in the construction of buildings, eight hours shall constitute a day's work for all mechanics employed on or in the construction of the same."

To this the Boston delegation offered the following substitute:

"Recognising the agitation for shorter hours of labour than those now prevailing, the National Association of Builders, in convention assembled, declares that, as a central body, representing so many different constituents, it is not competent or proper for it to define a certain number of hours for the building trades generally to adopt, but that it should be left to the local bodies to adjust the number of hours of labour as circumstances and conditions by which they are surrounded may dictate, but we do believe that this body should persistently urge upon local bodies that the thorough establishment of the system of payment by the hour is an absolutely necessary safeguard, and they should earnestly labour to secure the establishment of the system."

Then Mr. Purington, chairman of the Chicago delegation, presented the following brief substitute:

"Resolved, that this association deems it inexpedient to take any action on the eight hour day that shall interfere with, or in any way hamper the local exchanges affiliated with this body."

After a heated discussion a vote was called, and the Boston substitute was adopted by 111 to 4.

The Federation has issued a circular to all its affiliated bodies asking for the organisation of mass meetings on February 22nd, Washington's birthday, for the purpose of propagating the eight hour day.

The Massachusetts Federation of Labour has issued the following call:

"To the Trade Unionists of Massachusetts: It is the high and bounden duty of the trade unionists of this state to take advantage of the flood-tide of the eight hour agitation of 1890. From the definite purpose of the American Federation of Labour—to achieve an advance toward shorter hours for the wage-earners of the land—there should spring strengthened organisation, permanency of growth and unity of action in our state trade societies. To this end the state branch of the A. F. of L. cordially requests your co-operation and support, and requests that you send delegates to a convention of trade unionists to be held in Boston, Sunday, March 16, 1890, in Typographical Hall, 724, Washington Street, Boston."

At this session the eight hour movement will receive the fullest consideration. The trades that are in the best position to enforce eight hours will be determined, and plans will be formulated, and such committees appointed as will be necessary to carry forward the eight hour work.

In spite of all these nervous efforts "to do something at any price," the eight hours propagation will prove utterly abortive, as may be seen from the fact that we are close upon the 1st of May, and yet no action has as yet been determined upon.

In 1889, 3,567 murders have been committed in the United States against 2,184 in the previous year, and 1,499 in 1887, and 1,809 in 1886. And yet the police force has been increased everywhere! What about State protection of life in this case?

The Society of Christian Socialists has been given legal standing and made amenable to the laws of the commonwealth of Massachusetts. The purpose of the society is to call the attention of Christians to the necessity of so changing industrial conditions as to remove crime, misery, and want. Methinks that Christians always have professed to purpose something of the sort. And if they have effected nothing in 1,900 years, why don't they kick the "mounted policeman up above" overboard, leave all metaphysics to the devil and his assistants, and try to help solve the social problem on rational principles? Probably because they are "mostly fools."

A new political labour party has been inaugurated in the State of Massachusetts under the name of the "Working-men's League." The manifesto they issued concludes as follows:

"The issues we must put to the front at first are: A demand for an eight-hour law; the abolition of the poll-tax as a pre-requisite for voting; and the granting to cities and towns the right to own and control the plants for furnishing light, water, and various other functions which are at present enjoyed by private individuals. We urge you again, for the sake of yourselves, your homes, and the institutions of your country, to unite with us in instituting this labour party. We believe labour organisations to be necessary as educational factors; yet these organisations and our party are working on two different lines of action. While one deals with effects, the labour party is dealing with cause. Remove the cause, and you remove the effect. All industrial and social conditions are governed by, and dependent for success upon, laws controlling them; therefore it is our purpose to remove restrictions which prevent the working people from retaining an equitable share of the product of their labour. We believe that machinery and an enlightened age have made it possible to produce faster than we are able to consume; therefore, we desire to establish an equilibrium between production and consumption. Again we say commence at once. Organise your leagues and make ready for action while we have the long evenings with us."

As the new party proposes to go into politics, it will be short-lived indeed. The manager of the Lead Trust has made the following report to his organisation:

"Before organising the Trust on October 1st, 1887, the different companies always waged war on each other. During the year 1888 nothing was earned, and the Trust lost up to January 1, 1889, about 262,000 dollars. In May 1889, however, after the Trust had been properly organised, things altered. In the first six months of the last year a profit of 309,848 dols. was realised, and in the last six months 792,173 dols."

This is a remarkable statement, when trusts are said to be played out.

It will be remembered that comrade John Most was found guilty by an idiotic jury of having delivered an incendiary speech on November 12th, 1887, in the City of New York, and that he was sentenced by Judge Coming on December 8th, 1887, to one year's imprisonment in the penitentiary. He appealed against this judgment, and was admitted to 5,000 dollars bail.

Since then the affair has slumbered, and everybody thought that the asinine action of citizens of the city of New York had been buried in the pigeon-holes of the law courts. However, on January 25 Acting District Attorney Gunning S. Bedford received a notification from the General Term of the Supreme Court that the conviction of John Most for "unlawful assembly and inciting to riot" had been confirmed, and he notified Inspector Byrnes and issued a warrant for Most's arrest. Most got notice of the warrant in time, and as he had resolved to appeal again, and did not desire to be brought to the "Island," where he would have been shaved, clad in prison garb, and exhibited on private view for the benefit of political "bums" and their "ladies," he went to the house of his bondsman, Dr. Hoffmann. Of course, the press and the police, done out of their pleasure, howled in fury. The following clipping from the *New York Herald* may give an idea of the conduct of press and police:

"Two detectives were entrusted with the warrant of the District Attorney, and Inspector Byrnes went home to his dinner last evening confident that the Anarchistic shouter would be speedily made a prisoner. He was notified by telephone from Police Headquarters that the detectives had not succeeded in finding Most, and hurried back to his office. The detectives had searched Most's house, his usual haunts, and places where it was thought likely he might be found, but the agitator had disappeared. Inspector Byrnes was furious. "Go find him," he shouted, "and don't come back until you do." Then the Inspector soliloquised upon the publicity given the contemplated arrest, and heaped imprecations upon the head of the person who notified the Anarchist of his danger. To be outwitted by Most rattled the Inspector considerably, and it was some time before he could collect his scattered senses. All the available detectives on his staff were summoned, and inside of half an hour twenty reliable aids were scurrying about all over the city in quest of Herr Most. Detective Blissert, of the Fifth Street station, who is supposed to be familiar with all Anarchistic movements, was sent for, together with Sergeant Saul, a watcher of Socialistic movements."

On Saturday the 26th of January, Most, on leaving in company with his bondsman the latter's house, was at once pounced upon by the legal suckers and carried to the Tombs. However, Most's attorneys, Messrs. Howe and Hammond, acted promptly. No sooner was he arrested than an application was made for a writ of habeas corpus. Mr. Howe argued the case on Tuesday before Judge Van Brunt, who granted a stay of proceedings on the ground that one of the best judges had expressed his doubt of Most's criminality, and said that, if he had "incited," it was against the State of Illinois he had sinned, and not against the State of New York. Most was freed on 5,000 dollars bail. The case will now slumber again for two years, pending an appeal to the Supreme Court. This is good luck, as I do not believe that comrade Most's state of health would have stood another year in an American jail.

The orthodox Hebrew employers of Philadelphia, generally of low Polish Jewish origin, have organised a boycott against all their employes who do not believe in the Jewish God or who entertain ideas and hopes of a better social system. They have announced that such employes must sever their connection with all "Atheistic" or "Anarchistic" societies, or seek employment elsewhere. Long live liberty in the United States!

Through the courtesy of comrade Benjamin R. Tucker, I have come into the possession of a most remarkable book on economics, entitled 'Involuntary Idleness, an exposition of the cause of the discrepancy existing between the supply of and the demand for labour and its products,' by Hugo Bilgram; published in Philadelphia by T. B. Lippincott Company in 1889. As soon as time permits, I intend to review the book in the *Commonweal*. So much I may say now, that it is refreshing to read a serious work on social economics after one has been compelled to peruse the shilly-shally plans of social reconstruction by a Gronlund or a Bellamy, of which the latter openly confessed that when writing 'Looking Backward' he had never as yet studied seriously social economy! and that his book was nothing—this he practically admits in the first number of the *Nationalist*—but the fanciful product of an idle hour. In other words, a pinchbeck Utopia. And this is the fellow who says that our martyrs in Chicago "were justly hanged because they rebelled against the laws." Sic!

Boston, Mass., Feb. 6, 1890.

HENRY F. CHARLES.

THE LABOUR STRUGGLE.

The Strike at the Wharves.

The masters' association has already begun to take the offensive against the men. At the meeting of Norwood and Co. last week it was decided "that the members of this association hold themselves free to employ such labourers as they require, whether they are members of a union or not, no preference being shown to unionists or non-unionists, so long as the men satisfactorily discharge their duties." Some may think this a very harmless resolution, especially members of the sentimental middle-class who were so much moved last autumn by the story of the docker and his woes. What it means is simply this: Since the end of the great strike, the work at the docks has been done entirely by unionists, but now Mr. Norwood and his fellow-conspirators declare that blacklegs shall be forced into the docks and unionists excluded, whether they like it or not. Can anyone doubt that the old sweating contractors, who are now transformed under the new system into foremen, will not prefer to employ blacklegs to men whom they know are unionists? Of course they will; and though Mr. Norwood and his friends may declare they will show "no preference," yet they have shown us plainly by their speeches and the letters that have lately appeared in the press that they want to go back to the old system of low pay and merciless sweating. Under this new regulation the unionists will be gradually ousted for blacklegs, whom Mr. Norwood will import if he cannot find them in the neighbourhood. Result: fresh conflicts, increasing in intensity, followed by a general strike or lock-out. And then Norwood and Co. will go whining to the middle-class public and will say that these wicked dockers want to interfere with the "freedom of labour." And the middle-class public will respond, "It is shameful to prevent a man earning his living because he doesn't belong to a union. Quite right, Mr. Norwood, this sort of thing must be put a stop to." It becomes daily more evident that a renewal of the struggle of last autumn is inevitable.

There have been few features of interest about the strike at Hay's Wharf during the week. The men still hold out with determination, and have great hopes of success. On Saturday the 470 who are out received 13s. strike pay instead of the 10s. they have received up till now. This increased pay will be continued, owing to promises of financial help from Australia and other quarters. As to the wharf, the blacklegs have succeeded in getting the work completely disorganised.

Ten thousand men met on Tower Hill on Sunday, and were addressed by Tom Mann, Ben Tillett, Cunninghame Graham, and Keir Hardie. Tom Mann pointed out the way in which Norwood is trying to provoke a fresh fight. On November 14th an agreement was drawn up between the men and the company by which the representatives of the men had the right to stand by and assist at the taking on of hands, in order to prevent non-union men being engaged. The company have now deliberately gone back on their engagement, and refuse to allow them to do it. He said that he had been asked to stand as a candidate for Parliament, but he emphatically protested against going among thieves, and further, was of an opinion that labour's battles would never be fought successfully at the Parliament House. Tom Mann seems changing his opinion with regard to legislation.

Already the union men are finding out the way the new rule works. On Monday at Sharp's Wharf, Wapping, they found that blacklegs were taken on in preference, and all union men employed at the wharf are now out on strike. N.

The Stick-makers' Union.

The stickmakers on strike against a threatened reduction held a meeting at the Loyal Friends Hall, Banner St., Old St., on Feb. 12, with the object of calling upon those stickmakers in work to give greater support to those on strike, and also to call upon all non-union workers to at once join the society. Mr. J. Leslie, president of the society, stated that when the men went on strike they were told by their masters that they could "get dock labourers to do the work," how they are going to do this we do not know, considering the docker wants his "tanner" an hour and the stickmakers get on an average 3d. per hour. He stated that when the men first struck work the masters treated the union with contempt and would not recognise it, but now it appears they have learnt the meaning of what organisation can do for the worker and have sent an arbitrator to the strike committee, but they in return would have nothing to do with arbitrators, and told this worthy that they would not give in one inch but would stand by what they demanded as their rights. Comrade Feigenbaum (International Workers' Club) and C. W. Mowbray (Socialist League) were the other speakers. The chairman, in closing the meeting, stated that since the strike 350 more had joined the stickmaker's society. He further stated that though only a young society they were paying those on strike 10s. a-week, and called on those who could subscribe to help them. He would just say a word of some importance to those who believed that strikes in certain trades drove that particular trade away. A stickmaker who had a large stock of certain sticks could obtain no sale for them, but it appears that since the strike he has obtained that sale, and is even supporting the union. This should teach the worker how to make use of the "master blackleg," the same as the masters make use of the "workman blackleg." The following resolution was carried unanimously: "That this meeting pledges itself to heartily support by every means in its power (specially by subscriptions) the action of the present committee in their endeavours to keep up the union, and to support the present strike till we get our rights, and in the future to thoroughly organise the stick trade for the benefit of both men and masters." Endorsing as I would the sentiment of this resolution, and as I believe all Socialists will, I must abstain from so doing owing to the last sentence, "for the benefit of both men and masters." It is indeed phenomenal that men who lead workmen should know so little of the economic basis of modern society. There can be no benefit to both sides—to master and men. The conditions of society are so formed to-day that every one who monopolises capital and does not labour, is necessarily a thief; therefore, the masters must no longer thrive if they would benefit the worker, and the worker must not submit to robbery by his master if he would improve his own position. Now you worshippers of trades unionism, which position must the worker take?

On the following evening the strike ended in a decisive victory for the men, who received an advance instead of suffering a reduction. They have thereby practically learnt the advantages of combination. S. P.

Clay Workers' Strike.

At Wortley, just outside Leeds, there are several factories that produce fire-bricks, sanitary tubes, etc. These are being controlled by a syndicate, and one or two of the firms that trade by the name of Ingham and Cliff, are paying their "hands" about 15 per cent. less wages than neighbouring firms. Two weeks ago about 300 men and boys out of about 400 gave notice of their intention to strike for a 15 per cent. advance. The masters refused, and at the end of the week the men were refused their wages (the masters allege that the notices were irregular). Their wages are on an average about 19s. weekly. One man who has a wife and four children is only earning 12s. a-week. "Britons never shall be slaves." On Monday last the men received notices to quit their dwellings, which belong to their masters; and the married men are obliged to take these, for which they have to pay 3s. 6d. a-week. The horses that are in the same employment are lodged free of charge. The men a few months since joined the Gas Workers and General Labourers Union, who are getting subscriptions in for them. On Sunday, Feb. 9, a mass meeting was held in Vicar's Croft, at which comrades Paylor, Sweeney, Cockayne, and others spoke, and there was collected for the strikers £4 5s. 7½d. On Sunday, Feb. 16, a big meeting was held in Vicar's Croft; Michael Henry (London), Cockayne, and Roper were the speakers. A collection was made which resulted in £1 10s. On Monday the notices to quit expire, and as we have advised the men to stick to their homes as Irishmen have done, there is a probability of seeing something exciting. H. S.

Miners' Movements.

At the weekly meeting of the Lanarkshire Miners' Central Board, held on Saturday last, it was resolved, "That the delegates return to their districts, convene meetings, and ascertain whether the men would be in favour of a four days' policy or a cessation of labour, the results to be reported to a conference to be held on 22nd inst., so that definite action may be taken on Monday 24th." The secretary (comrade Small) vindicated the correspondence he had with the Lord Advocate and Home Office in reference to the right of checkweighmen to be employed by the men, the inspection of fiery workings, and anomalous position of the men under the Explosives and Mines Act, and stated his belief that the Home Secretary was about to take measures whereby checkweighmen would no longer be prohibited from weighing quarters, and the men would get credit for all the coal they produced. The chairman, in expressing the indebtedness of the delegates to comrade Small's very valuable services, advocated the application of the Corrupt Practices Act to future County Council elections.

At a meeting of the Executive Board of the Fife Miners' Association, Mr. Weir stated that he had written the secretary of the masters' association, pointing out that in the month of January the miners had only been conceded about a sixpence per day advance, whereas they had asked a shilling. He had asked that the other sixpence be conceded without delay. The masters expressed surprise that another demand should have been made for increased wages, and stated that selling prices would not permit of another increase—to the men! (ah! hem!). The matter was ultimately left in the hands of the wages committee, with instructions to issue an appeal to the miners to finish contracts should other districts in the county adopt this drastic course to enforce higher wages.

At a conference of the Miners' Federation on Saturday last, delegates attended from Yorkshire, Lancashire, Derbyshire, Notts, Warwickshire, Leicestershire, Staffordshire, Shropshire, Dean Forest, North Wales, Monmouthshire, Somerset, and Ayrshire, representing altogether over 350,000 miners. Reports on the wages question were handed in, and after a prolonged discussion a resolution was unanimously carried to demand an advance of 10 per cent. on all underground wages, and pledging all the counties, federations, and districts to co-operate in giving in notices and bringing out tools, and that if the advance be not conceded all round, no district, county, or federation be allowed to accept the advance demanded except on the lines laid down in Rule 20 of the Federation. It was resolved to terminate all contracts in the week ending 15th March, and the conference was adjourned to that date. At a meeting of Durham delegates held on 15th inst. the determination already arrived at to stop work unless the further advance in wages asked for is granted was fully confirmed. Colliers, firemen, and boiler-minders are agitating for eight hours instead of twelve as a day's work. G. McL.

THE SOCIALIST LEAGUE.

OFFICES: 24, GREAT QUEEN ST., LINCOLN'S INN FIELDS, W.C.

The Offices of the Socialist League will be open for the sale of *Commonweal* and all other Socialist publications from 8.30 a.m. to 9 p.m. every day except Sunday. The Secretary will be in attendance from 10 a.m. to 9 p.m. daily.

Branch Subscriptions Paid.—1888:—Oxford, to end of September.

1889:—Bradford and Hammersmith, to end of April. Norwich, Glasgow, and Yarmouth, to end of May. East London, to end of October. North London and Mitcham, to end of November. St. Georges East, to end of December. 1890:—North Kensington and Manchester, to end of January. 'Commonweal' Branch, and Leicester, to end of February.

Propaganda Fund.—Marland (Rochdale), 4s. 6d.

Notice.—All letters on League business, except those intended for Editors of *Commonweal*, to be addressed to me. No other person is authorised to sign any official communication. FRANK KITZ, Secretary.

NEW PREMISES FUND.

Collected at Council meeting, Feb. 17th, 3s. 0½d.

"COMMONWEAL" GUARANTEE FUND.

The following further sums have been received towards this fund:—H. R., 1s.; J. Presburg, 6d.; B. W., 6d.; F. Kitz, 6d.; D. Nicoll, 6d.; P. Webb, 1s.; M. Moscheles, 1s.; A. J. Dadson, £1; R. W. Buteux, 1s.; C. Saunders, 2s.; and Mrs. Schack, 1s.

REPORTS.

'COMMONWEAL.'—On Sunday evening, Mowbray in chair, A. Tarn delivered a lecture on "The First Step in the Social Revolution," mainly dealing with the "mutual banking" theory; many questions, good discussion, and 1s. 4½d. collected.—S. P.

NORTH KENSINGTON.—Fair meeting at room in evening, when H. Halliday Sparling delivered a lecture on "Luxury Now, Necessity Then;" good discussion, collected 1s. 6d., and good sale of 'Weal'.

NORTH LONDON.—We had a very good discussion last Wednesday, founded on Kropotkin's article on the "Spirit of Revolt." On Sunday morning Cantwell and Mowbray addressed a good meeting in Regent's Park. Fair sale of 'Weal', and 4s. 4d. collected.—T. C.

ABERDEEN.—At indoor meeting on 10th, Sydney Olivier's paper on "The Moral Aspects of Socialism" (Fabian Essays) was read and discussed.—L.

LEEDS.—On Sunday morning, at Vicars Croft, Taylor and Samuels spoke to a good audience, who seemed quite pleased with the remarks made, and bought *Weals* and *Freedom* well. In the evening, at the Socialist League Club, Mattison opened the discussion on "The Organisation of Labour," by Bebel. A good discussion followed.

YARMOUTH.—Socialism is slowly but firmly taking root here. Although we have not been able to do much in the open air lately, good work has been done indoors, and a lot of *Commonweal* distributed in the district. We are badly in want of funds to buy leaflets for distribution in the slums and the rural district. At the yearly meeting, on February 14th, there was a good attendance of members. The secretary gave the report of the work done during last year by the branch towards realising the Social Revolution. Comrade Headley was elected secretary and Comrade Brightwell treasurer for the ensuing year.—J. H.

LIVERPOOL SOCIALISTS.—In the morning a very successful open-air meeting was held near the landing stage, the speakers being S. Reeves, H. Sharples (Blackburn), and McCutcheon. Judging by the attention paid to the speakers and the literature sold, the open-air propaganda of this society promises to bear good fruit. Hubert Bland (Fabian) lectured in the morning and evening at the Concert Hall on "Where Radicalism Fails" and "What Socialism Is." Many questions and good discussion.

To Help the Paper.—There are several ways in which you can help to spread the 'Weal'. Ask your newsagent to try and sell it. Get those who don't care to buy it week by week to subscribe direct. Arrange for the posting of contents bills anywhere you can. Any number of other plans will suggest themselves if you think about it.

Postal Propaganda.—Some who would like to do propaganda but dare not openly, or who cannot spare the time to do it personally, can find many ways in which it can be done quietly. Not the least useful among possible plans would be to order and pay for a number of copies to be sent to persons in whose hands they might do good. We will send six copies to six different addresses for 7d. Write the names and addresses legibly.

LECTURE DIARY.

LONDON.

- Battersea*.—All communications to E. Buteux, 45, Smith Street, Battersea Park Road.
- Commonweal Branch*.—24 Great Queen Street, Holborn, W.C. Business meeting of members every Thursday evening at 8; Discussion Class at 9. Hall open every evening from 7 till 10. Lecture on Sunday February 23, at 8.15 p.m., D. J. Nicoll, "Law and Order."
- East London*.—12 Basing Place, Kingsland Road. A meeting of members will be held on Sunday February 23, to arrange for outdoor and proposed indoor propaganda.
- Hammersmith*.—Kelmescott House, Upper Mall, W. Sunday Feb. 23, at 8 p.m., a Lecture.
- Mitcham*.—"Lord Napier," Fair Green. Meets every Sunday at 12.30, to enroll members, etc.
- North Kensington*.—Clarendon Coffee Palace, Clarendon Road. Meets every Wednesday at 8 p.m. On Sunday February 23, at 8 p.m., R. E. Dell, "Anarchism and Social Democracy."
- North London*.—6 Windmill Street, Tottenham Court Road. Meets every Wednesday evening at 8 o'clock. Feb. 26, J. Turner will lecture on "The Outcome of Trade-Unionism."
- Streatham*.—Address secretary, R. Smith, 1 Natal Road, Streatham.
- Whitechapel and St. Georges in the East*.—Branch meetings at International Club, 40 Berner Street, Commercial Road. J. Turner, organising secretary.

PROVINCES.

- Aberdeen*.—Organiser, J. Leatham, 7 Jamaica Street. Branch meets in Odd-fellows' Small Hall, Crooked Lane, on Monday evenings at 8. Singing practice at 46 Marischal Street on Thursdays at 8 p.m.
- Bradford*.—Laycock's Temperance Hotel, Albion Court, Kirkgate. Meets every Tuesday at 7.30.
- Dundee*.—Address to W. Cameron, 17 Laurence Street, Dundee.
- Glasgow*.—Ram's Horn Hall, 122 Ingram Street. Branch meets on Thursday evenings at 8 o'clock and Sundays at 7 o'clock.
- Halifax*.—Socialists meet every Sunday at 6.30 p.m. at Helliwell's Temperance Hotel, Northgate.
- Leeds*.—Clarendon Buildings, Victoria Road, School Close. Open every evening. Business meeting Saturdays at 8 p.m.
- Leicester*.—Exchange Buildings, Rutland Street. Branch meets on Monday and Thursday, at 8 p.m.
- Manchester*.—Socialist League Club, 60 Grovesnor Street, All Saints. Open every evening. Branch weekly meeting on Tuesdays at 8 p.m.
- Norwich*.—Sunday, at 8, Gordon Hall. Tuesday, at 8.30, Members' meeting. Thursday, at 8, Discussion Class. Saturday, Social Meeting. Hall open every evening from 8 p.m.
- Oxford*.—Temperance Hall, 25½ Pembroke Street. First Friday in every month, at 8.30 p.m.
- Walsall*.—Socialist Club, 18 Goodall Street, Walsall. Meetings every night.
- Yarmouth*.—Branch meets at comrade Headley's, near Co-operative Stores, every Tuesday evening. Elocution Class Friday at 8 p.m. On Sunday afternoons during winter a Discussion Class will be held at 3 o'clock.

All persons who sympathise with the views of the Socialist League are earnestly invited to communicate with the above addresses, and if possible to help us in preparing for the birth of a true society, based on equality, brotherhood, and freedom for all.

OPEN-AIR PROPAGANDA.

SATURDAY 22.

- 8.30..... Mile-end WasteCores and Presburg.

SUNDAY 23.

- 11 Latimer Road StationMaughan, Dean, and Crouch
- 11.30..... Kilburn—"Old Plough," Kilburn LaneThe Branch
- 11.30..... Mitcham—Fair GreenThe Branch
- 11.30..... Regent's ParkNicoll
- 3.30..... Hyde Park—Marble ArchCantwell
- 3.30..... Victoria ParkMackenzie and Mowbray
- 7 Weltje Road, Ravenscourt ParkHammersmith Branch
- 7.30..... Walham Green—back of ChurchHammersmith Branch

TUESDAY 25.

- 8 Walham Green—back of ChurchHammersmith Branch

THURSDAY 27.

- 8.15..... Hoxton ChurchThe Branch

PROVINCES.

- Glasgow*.—Sunday: Jail Square at 2 o'clock; Paisley Road at 5 o'clock. Tuesday: Cathedral Square, at 8 p.m.
- Leeds*.—Sunday: Hunslet Moor, at 11 a.m.; Vicar's Croft, at 7 p.m.
- Manchester*.—Sunday: Philips Park Gates, at 11; Stevenson Square, at 3.
- Norwich*.—Sunday: St. Faiths, at 11; Market Place, at 3.
- Sheffield*.—Sunday: Monolith, Fargate, at 11 a.m.; Gower Street, at 3 p.m.; Pump, Westbar, 8 p.m.
- Yarmouth*.—Sunday: Priory Plain, at 11; Colman's Granary Quay, at 7.

CHELSEA S.D.F., Co-operative Lecture Hall, 312 Kings Road, Chelsea.—Sunday February 23, at 8 p.m., Theodore A. Wright, "Objections to Socialism."

MANHOOD SUFFRAGE LEAGUE, "Three Doves," Berwick St., Oxford St., W.—Sunday February 23, at 8.30 p.m., W. W. Townshend, "The Conspiracy of the German Government."

THE NEW FELLOWSHIP, 267 Strand (rooms of the National Vigilance Association).—Tuesday Feb. 23, Miss Woods, "Looking Backward." Education.

LIVERPOOL SOCIALIST SOCIETY, 1 Stanley Street, Dale Street.—Meets every Tuesday at 8 p.m.

MANCHESTER.—Suitable premises have now been secured for the new Socialist Club. It is our aim to make it a centre for Socialist propaganda in Lancashire. A library, reading, recreation, and refreshment rooms will be some of its attractions. Aid is invited from friends who can assist, either with fittings, furniture, books, or funds. The Club, 60 Grosvenor Street, All Saints, is now open for members every evening. *Commonweal* and other literature on sale.

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 Mrs. Wishart, 169 Dundee-street
 J. Weir, Freethought Depôt, 39 Rose-street

Glasgow.

Ferguson, Ingram-street
 Hood, Railway Arch, Argyle-street
 Porteous and Co., Exchange-place
 Sharpe, Exchange-square
 Thomson, St. Enoch's-square
 Tollins, Main-street, Bridgeton-crescent
 Young, Dundas-street
 Rutherford, Govan-street, Gorbals-cross
 Newsagent, 11A Morrison-street
 Tollcross—Alexander McMillan, newsagent

Grimsby.

W. A. Lee, 2 Central Market

Halifax.

A. Hargreaves, 6 Francis-street, Gibbet-lane
 W. H. Hancot, 76 Freemans-street
 Flanagan, Woolshops

Heywood.

Millett, Manchester-street

Leeds.

Watson, Market-street
 J. G. Fisher, 1 Coburg-terrace

Liverpool.

Stocker, 29 Vauxhall-road—Agent for Liverpool
 Socialist Society, 1 Stanley-street
 Fraser, 54 Tithebarn-street
 Malia, Cook-street

Leicester.

Crofts, 21 Willowbridge-street
 Oldershaw, Granby-street
 W. Smith, 202 Belgrave-gate
 C. H. Merrick, 248 " "
 Emery, " "
 Newsagent, Chatham-street, corner of Granby-street
 Crane, 23 Belgrave-gate
 Holyoake, Secular Hall, Humberstone-gate
 Wallace, Caxton House, Granby-street
 J. Clarke, 19 Applegate-street

Manchester.

Ashcroft, Rutland-street, C.-on-M.
 Ashworth, Loudon-road
 Clarke, 652 Rochdale-road
 Grant, 324 Rochdale-road
 A. Heywood, 56 Oldham-road
 D. Kelly, 82 Rochdale-road
 S. Renshaw, 32 Oldham-road
 Turnbull, 238 Rochdale-road
 Usher, Downing-street
 Walker, Gorton Brook, Gorton

Norwich.

F. J. Crotch, St. George's, Middle-street
 C. Sales, St. Augustine's
 Thompson, Magdalen-street

Nottingham.

Clark, Milton-street

Oldham.

News-stall, Covered Market

Plymouth.

Ley, Russell-street

Sheffield.

J. Sketchley, 165 Gibraltar-street

Walsall.

A. Deakin, 238 Stafford-street

Warrington.

A. Downes 1 Church-street

Yarmouth.

H. E. Howes, 67 George-street
 C. Brightwell, Pier-place, Goleston
 J. Headley, 48 Row, George-street

And at all Branch Meeting-Places and Outdoor-Stations of the Socialist League.

STATEMENT OF PRINCIPLES.

THE Socialist League advocates International Revolutionary Socialism. That is to say the destruction of the present class society, which consists of one class who live by owning property and therefore *need not work*, and of another that has no property and therefore *must work* in order that they may live to keep the idlers by their labour. Revolutionary Socialism insists that this system of society, which is the modern form of slavery, should be changed to a system of Society which would give every man an opportunity of doing useful work, and not allow any man to live without so doing, which work could not be useful unless it were done for the whole body of workers instead of for do-nothing individuals. The result of this would be that livelihood would not be precarious nor labour burdensome. Labour would be employed in co-operation, and the struggle of man with man for bare subsistence would be supplanted by harmonious combination for the production of common wealth and the exchange of mutual services without the waste of labour or material.

Every man's needs would be satisfied from this common stock, but no man would be allowed to own anything which he could not use, and which consequently he must *abuse* by employing it as an instrument for forcing others to labour for him unpaid. Thus the land, the capital, machinery, and means of transit would cease to be private property, since they can only be *used* by the combination of labour to produce wealth.

Thus men would be *free* because they would no longer be dependent on idle property-owners for subsistence; thus they would be *brothers*, for the cause of strife, the struggle for subsistence at other people's expense, would have come to an end. Thus they would be *equal*, for if all men were doing useful work no man's labour could be dispensed with. Thus the motto of Liberty, Fraternity, and Equality, which is but an empty boast in a society that upholds the monopoly of the means of production, would at last be realised.

This Revolutionary Socialism must be International. The change which would put an end to the struggle between man and man, would destroy it also between nation and nation. One harmonious system of federation throughout the whole of civilisation would take the place of the old destructive rivalries. There would be no great centres breeding race hatred and commercial jealousy, but people would manage their own affairs in communities not too large to prevent all citizens from taking a part in the administration necessary for the conduct of life, so that party politics would come to an end.

Thus, while we abide by the old motto:

Liberty, Fraternity, Equality,

we say that the existence of private property destroys Equality, and therefore under it there can be neither Liberty nor Fraternity.

We add to the first motto then this other one—

FROM EACH ACCORDING TO HIS CAPACITY, TO EACH ACCORDING TO HIS NEEDS.

When this is realised there will be a genuine Society; until it is realised, Society is nothing but a band of robbers. We must add that this change can only be brought about by combination amongst the workers themselves, and must embrace the whole of Society. The new life cannot be *given* to the workers by a class higher than they, but must be *taken* by them by means of the abolition of classes and the reorganisation of Society.

COUNCIL OF THE SOCIALIST LEAGUE.

NOTICE.

Subscribers who find a *red wrapper* round paper are thereby reminded that their subscriptions have expired and must be renewed immediately if they wish to continue to receive *Commonweal*.

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THE COMMONWEAL

The Official Journal of the SOCIALIST LEAGUE.

VOL. 6.—No. 216.

SATURDAY, MARCH 1, 1890.

WEEKLY; ONE PENNY.

NOTES ON NEWS.

It is certainly curious that among all the comments made by the English press upon the German elections and the Emperor's rescript, the *Pall Mall* should have most nearly approached the truth of the matter. That the paper which is afflicted with so perverse a squint when looking at anything Russian, can see straight when over the border, is an object-lesson with a moral attached to it somewhere. Of course, all that the Emperor has done, or has had done for him, is to read the signs of the weather a little more clearly than was expected, and to throw an anchor to windward against the squall that was coming.

Every election has registered a very large increase in the number of German Socialists; since the last election there has been a tremendous amount of propaganda done, in spite of the law and at the risk of life and liberty. Working under conditions of which few Englishmen can have any idea, and which even an Irishman can hardly appreciate, meetings have been held, lectures delivered, and pamphlets and papers circulated far and wide throughout the land. The policy of repression has failed, as it always must fail, and now the Emperor has turned, too late, to make peace with the enemy who is no longer "in his gates," but within them.

As the *Pall Mall* says:

"Germany, by force of its position between France and Russia, is bound to be a military State. Every German adult male is a soldier. Every German 'have not' is a soldier. Every German Social Democrat is a soldier. As the 'have nots' are increasing, and the Social Democrats consequently increasing, a state of things is possible in which the army, upon which the Empire is dependent for its stability and protection, will be an army of Social Democrats, or at least in which Socialism will thrive and develop as rapidly and vigorously as Puritanism did in the army of Fairfax and Cromwell. This is the chief shadow on the German throne, and what the young Emperor wants to do is to dispel it."

Here is another good specimen of election-time benevolence; now that the elections have gone the other way there will probably nothing come of it:

"The German Government is setting another good example in its treatment of labour. The Minister of War has been personally investigating the condition of the dwellings of the workmen employed at the Government Ordnance Factory at Spandau. The result is that the Government is going to provide dwellings for its hands at a cost of thirteen million marks."

It is perhaps not much to be feared that our own rulers here will read the weather-signs too well and follow the Emperor's example with more success. The interviews which a miners' deputation had last week with Lords Dunraven and Churchill and Mr. Gladstone on the Eight Hours Question were tragic, ludicrous, or disgusting, as you may choose to look at them. Each one of the gentlemen showed well that, as the old proverb goes, "the black ox never trod on his foot."

One thing Mr. Gladstone said is likely to have a far-reaching effect:

"Whatever may be the inconvenience of strikes and the roughness of the method of their operation, I should hesitate before assenting to this, that where an object could be gained by the working-men themselves by their own independent action, with resort to strike if necessary—that that method of proceeding was less to be desired than the interference of Parliament."

If he meant all he said, which may perhaps be doubted, it would be in order to ask him to try to secure fair play for strikers and to enforce a neutral attitude upon the police.

After endorsing "independent action" he can do no less than prevent it being hampered.

The *New York World* says much the same as we said last week. This from an ordinary bourgeois paper is not bad:

"Andrew Carnegie is making a noble use of his superfluous wealth in founding great public libraries in Pennsylvania. But would it not be a better illustration of 'Triumphant Democracy' if the working-men in the protected industries, from which Mr. Carnegie has obtained his wealth, were paid wages which would enable them to buy their own books?"

Or in other words, "to give the pettitoes in alms will not atone for stealing the pig."

The *Boston Herald* has this to say on the same subject:

"Mr. Carnegie continues to give away free public libraries. He is a very generous man, but it is to be borne in mind that his money comes directly out of the pockets of the tax-payers. They are the real donors of Carnegie libraries."

Which may be translated, "'Tis a dear collop that's cut from one's own flesh."

In the opinion of Mr. Russell Sage, an American millionaire, anyone with intelligence and industry may grow rich. This is a cheering view to take, and not a difficult one, perhaps, for a man whose own fortune is put at ten millions. But he would probably modify his opinion a good deal if he had had to earn his money and not "make" it after the approved fashion of nowadays, or, in plain English, by chicanery and gambling.

The would-be Sages who had found themselves to be shorn fools, and made such a noise over it at the Allsopp meeting on Friday, can claim but little pity. Their only complaint was, that instead of a very high dividend they were getting a moderately small one. The whole thing from beginning to end was a very clear and brief epitome of commercial morality and the high aims of "men of business."

If it were possible that such a sordid, vulgar, and miserable exhibition could have been made at a Socialist meeting, as was made by these "respectable" persons, we should never hear the last of it. But then broadcloth may steal a horse while fustian mustn't look over the hedge. S.

Amid all the agitation among workers during the last few months, there seems to have been very little attempt made to induce trade unionists to refrain from supporting sweating. It is a well known fact that the greater portion of our volunteer force are members of the various trade unions, who by their action obtain their clothing at firms (and they are all alike) who pay wages very far indeed from being near the rate a unionist receives.

They may not in all cases be aware, though some of them must be, that the price paid for the ordinary infantry tunic is no more than 3s. 9d., infantry trousers, $\frac{1}{4}$ inch stripe, only 1s. 4d., and at some firms 1s. 2d.; artillery tunic, 4s. 3d. to 4s. 6d., artillery trousers, 1s. 6d. to 1s. 9d.; in all cases linen thread and silk is supposed to be used and must be bought by the worker, who receives no extra pay for it.

Now, trade unionists, you can alter this state of things, if you like, better than the working tailors and tailoresses, and I will tell you how. Send in your resignations from the various regiments until the proper price is paid, or forever hold your peace and cease prating about the power of unionism and its unselfish object.

C. W. M.

NEWS FROM NOWHERE:

OR,
AN EPOCH OF REST.

BEING SOME CHAPTERS FROM A UTOPIAN ROMANCE.

CHAP. VIII.—AN OLD FRIEND.

WE now turned into a pleasant lane where the branches of great plane-trees nearly met overhead, but behind them lay low houses standing rather close together.

"This is Long Acre," quoth Dick; "so there must once have been a cornfield here. How curious it is that places change so, and yet keep their old names! Just look how thick the houses stand! and they are still going on building, look you!"

"Yes," said the old man, "but I think the cornfields must have been built over before the middle of the nineteenth century. I have heard that about here was one of the thickest parts of the town. But I must get down here, neighbours; I have got to call on a friend who lives in the gardens behind this Long Acre. Goodbye and good luck, Guest!"

And he jumped down and strode away vigorously, like a young man.

"How old should you say that neighbour will be?" said I to Dick as we lost sight of him; for I saw that he was old, and yet he looked dry and sturdy like a piece of old oak; a type of old man I was not used to seeing.

"O, about ninety, I should say," said Dick.

"How long-lived your people must be!" said I.

"Yes," said Dick, "certainly we have beaten the threescore-and-ten of the old Jewish proverb-book. But then you see that was written of Syria, a hot dry country, where people live faster than in our temperate climate. However, I don't think it matters much, so long as a man is healthy and happy while he is alive. But now, Guest, we are so near to my old kinsman's dwelling-place that I think you had better keep all future questions for him."

I nodded a yes; and therewith we turned to the left, and went down a gentle slope through some beautiful rose-gardens, laid out on what I took to be the site of Endell Street. We passed on, and Dick drew rein an instant as we came across a long straight-ish road with houses scantily scattered up and down it. He waved his hand right and left, and said, "Holborn that side, Oxford Road that. This was once a very important part of the crowded city outside the ancient walls of the Roman and Mediæval burg: many of the feudal nobles of the Middle Ages, we are told, had big houses on either side of Holborn. I daresay you remember that the Bishop of Ely's house is mentioned in Shakespeare's play of King Richard III.; and there are some remains of that still left. However, this road is not of the same importance now that the ancient city is gone, walls and all."

He drove on again, while I smiled faintly to think how the nineteenth century, of which such big words have been said, counted for nothing in the memory of this man, who read Shakespeare and had not forgotten the Middle Ages.

We crossed the road into a short narrow lane between the gardens, and came out again into a wide road, on one side of which was a great and long building, turning its gables away from the highway, which I saw at once was another public group. Opposite to it was a wide space of greenery, without any wall or fence of any kind. I looked through the trees and saw beyond them a pillared portico quite familiar to me—no less old a friend, in fact, than the British Museum. It rather took my breath away, amidst all the strange things I had seen; but I held my tongue and let Dick speak. Said he:

"Yonder is the British Museum, where my great-grandfather mostly lives; so I won't say much about it. The building on the left is the Museum Market, and I think we had better turn in there for a minute or two; for Greylocks will be wanting his rest and his oats; and I suppose you will stay with my kinsman the greater part of the day; and to say the truth, there may be someone there whom I particularly want to see, and perhaps have a long talk with."

He blushed and sighed, not altogether with pleasure, I thought; so of course I said nothing, and he turned the horse under an archway which brought us into a very large paved quadrangle, with a big sycamore tree in each corner and a plashing fountain in the midst. Near the fountain were a few market stalls, with awnings over them of gay striped linen cloth, about which some people, mostly women and children, were moving quietly, looking at the goods exposed there. The ground floor of the building round the quadrangle was occupied by a wide arcade or cloister, whose fanciful but strong architecture I could not enough admire. Here also a few people were sauntering or sitting reading on the benches.

Dick said to me apologetically: "Here as elsewhere there is little doing to-day; on a Friday you would see it thronged and gay with people, and in the afternoon there is generally music about the fountain. However, I daresay we shall have a pretty good gathering at our mid-day meal."

We drove through the quadrangle and by an archway, into a large handsome stable on the other side, where we speedily stalled the old nag and made him happy with horse-meat, and then turned and walked back again through the market, Dick looking rather thoughtful, as it seemed to me.

I noticed that people couldn't help looking at me rather hard; and considering my clothes and theirs, I didn't wonder; but whenever they caught my eye they made me a very friendly sign of greeting.

We walked straight into the forecourt of the Museum, where, except that the railings were gone, and the whispering boughs of the trees were all about, nothing seemed changed; the very pigeons were wheeling about the building and clinging to the ornaments of the pediment as I had seen them of old.

Dick seemed grown a little absent, but he could not forbear giving me an architectural note, and said:

"It is rather an ugly old building, isn't it? Many people have wanted to pull it down and rebuild it; and perhaps if work does really get scarce we may yet do so. But, as my great-grandfather will tell you, it would not be quite a straightforward job; for there are wonderful collections in there of all kinds of antiquities, besides an enormous library with many exceedingly beautiful books in it, and many most useful ones as genuine records of texts; and the worry and anxiety, and even risk, there would be in moving all this has saved the buildings themselves. Besides, as we said before, it is not a bad thing to have some record of what our forefathers thought a handsome building. For there is plenty of labour and material in it."

"I see there is," said I, "and I quite agree with you. But now—hadn't we better make haste to see your great-grandfather?"

In fact, I could not help seeing that he was rather dallying with the time. He said, "Yes, we will go into the house in a minute. My kinsman is too old to do much work in the Museum, where he was a custodian of the books for many years; but he still lives here a good deal; indeed I think," said he, smiling, "that he looks upon himself as a part of the books, or the books a part of him, I don't know which."

He hesitated a little longer, then flushing up, took my hand, and saying "Come along, then!" led me toward the door of one of the old official dwellings.

WILLIAM MORRIS.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

JOHN MOST.

JOHN MOST's recent imprisonment and release on bail has occasioned some newspaper talk about him just now, says Hugh O. Pentecost, in the *Twentieth Century*. One of Inspector Byrnes's men is reported to have said of him:

"The best people in New York, by which I mean the solid, respectable, and business-like folk who make up the wealth of the metropolis, hate him about as thoroughly as they do any man in Christendom. They have abused the police pretty roundly on one or two occasions for not shooting Most down, hanging him to a lamp-post, or disposing of him in some similarly abrupt manner, and his name in many a quiet household in this town inspires a sentiment of fear and alarm."

If this is true it reveals a bloodthirstiness in "the solid, respectable, and business-like folk who make up the wealth of the metropolis" that equals all that is charged against Most. And I am quite prepared to believe it. I have no doubt that "the solid, respectable, business-like," wealthy, church-going folk are the most merciless, cruel, and bloodthirsty people on earth when the fate of a discontented poor man is in question. The way they delight in capital punishment and reward the police for shooting strikers is an indication of their heartless natures. There is only one thing that surpasses their wicked cruelty, and that is their stupid ignorance of the real character and aims of such men as John Most. The idea of Most's name striking terror into quiet households is as laughable as to suppose the intelligent persons of this city to be afraid that a banshee would appear at their firesides.

Inspector Byrnes's man continued:

"The police have not bothered him much and for a very good reason. This reason has been explained with a good deal of frequency, but the public will not accept it. It is based on the fact that Most has really very little influence with the dangerous Anarchists of this town. He is a blowhard and that is all. There has never been any reason for people to fear him, and there never will be. The police are always in a position to take hold of him when they want him, but we have always been anxious here to avoid making martyrs of men who pose as liberators of a country that is already free. When you arrest a blatant fool of the Most stamp you make him a hero in the minds of ignorant people, and that is exactly the end he is striving for. The police have steadfastly refused thus far to make any more of a hero of Most than they could help. That is the real reason of the so-called lenity which has been shown to this silly and bumptious poser."

I may be mistaken, but I think Inspector Byrnes's man is wrong in everything he says here. If he means to say that Most has no influence with the working people of revolutionary tendencies on the east side of this city, he is certainly wrong. I have heard Most speak to two thousand working people who listened to him with rapt attention. And I have been informed that he has the confidence of the revolutionists almost, if not quite universally. My impression is that he has more influence among the social radicals in this city than any other one man.

When Most is called a "blowhard," a "blatant fool," and a "bumptious poser," he is totally misrepresented or I am no judge of men. I never saw him but once, and I confess that I was surprised to meet a perfect gentleman. Newspaper descriptions had had their effect upon me. I expected to meet a coarse person. Herr Most, as I saw him that evening, was a well dressed and perfect mannered gentleman; a man of polished and cultured address. I afterwards heard him speak, and do not hesitate to say that for choice words, fine rhetoric, and dignified though impassioned oratory, I have not heard so fine a platform performance for years. There were four or five speakers upon that occasion, Sergius G. Shevitch and I among them, but Herr Most was far and away the most finished and forcible orator of the number. There was nothing of the ranter about him. He was quiet and self-controlled even in his most impassioned utterances, and he swayed his audience with magnetic power.

I have written this for the purpose of cautioning our readers against believing what the newspapers print about Herr Most, or any other of the prominent men in the movement for social regeneration. I do not agree with Herr Most in his philosophy of society or in his advocacy of the use of physical force to resist the physical force of the capitalists. But I do believe him to be in intelligence, in learning, in gentlemanly manners, and in moral integrity, far superior to the average "solid, respectable, business-like" person who is so willing to have him shot or hanged.

SOCIALISM AS DEFINED BY PARSONS.

BRIEFLY stated Socialism means the right of the toiler to the free and equal use of the tools of production, and the right of the producers to the product. That is Socialism. The history of mankind is one of growth. It has been evolutionary and revolutionary. The dividing line between evolution and revolution, or that imperceptible boundary line where one begins and the other ends, can never be designated. Evolution and revolution are synonymous. Evolution is the incubatory state of revolution. "The birth is the revolution, its process the evolution." What is the history of man with regard to the labouring classes? Originally the earth and its contents were held in common by all men. Then came a change, brought about by violence, robbery, and wholesale murder, called war. Later, but still way back in history, we find there were but two classes in the world—slaves and masters.

Time rolled on, and we find a labour system of serfdom. This serf labour system was the main system of labour till the end of the fifteenth century, and throughout the world the serf had a right to the soil on which he lived. The lord of the land could not exclude him from its use. But with the discovery of America, and the developments which followed that discovery and its settlement a century or two afterwards, the gold found in Peru and Mexico by the invading hosts of Pizarro and Cortez, who carried back to Europe the precious metal, infused new vitality into the commercial stagnant blood of Europe, and set in motion those wheels which have rolled on and on, until to-day commerce covers the face of the earth—time is annihilated and distance is known no more.

Following the abolition of the serfdom system was the establishment of the wage-labour system. This system was finally perfected in the French Revolution of 1789-1793. It was then for the first time that the civil and political liberty of the property-holding classes was established in Europe. We see by a mere glance back into history, that the sixteenth century was engaged in a struggle for religious freedom and the right of conscience—mental liberty. Following that, in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, was the struggle throughout France, which resulted in the establishment of the Republic and the founding of the right of political liberty. The struggle to-day, which follows on in the line of progress and in the logic of events, the industrial problem, which is here in this country, "as it is in all others," pressing for solution, is no mere matter of sentiment; it is not a religious matter; it is no mere political problem. No, it is a stern economic fact, a stubborn and immovable fact. It has, it is true, its emotional phase; it has its sentimental, religious, political aspects; but the sum total of this question is the bread-and-butter question, the how and the why we are to live and earn our daily bread. This is the labour movement. It has a scientific basis. It is founded upon fact.

I will state to you briefly what capital is. Capital is the stored-up and accumulated surplus of past labour; capital is the product of labour. Its function is—that is, the function of capital is—to appropriate or confiscate for its own use and benefit the "surplus" labour product of the wage labourer. The capitalistic system originated in the forcible seizure of natural opportunities and rights by a few, and then converting those things into special privileges, which have since become vested rights, formally entrenched behind the bulwarks of statute law and government. Capital could not exist unless there also existed a majority class who were propertyless, that is, without capital, a class whose only mode of existence is by selling their labour to capitalists. Capitalism is maintained, fostered, and perpetuated by laws; in fact, capital is law—statute law—and law is capital.

Now, briefly stated, what is labour under capitalism? Labour is a commodity, and wages is the price paid for it. The owner of this commodity, of labour, sells it—that is, himself—to the owner of capital in order to live. Labour is the expression of energy, the power of the labourer's life. This energy or power he must sell to another person in order to live. It is his only means of existence. He works to live, but his work is not simply a part of his life, it is the sacrifice of it. His labour is a commodity which, under the guise of free labour, he is forced by necessity to hand over to another party. The whole of the wage-labourer's activity is not expended in earning his own livelihood—far from it. The silk he weaves, the palace he builds, the ores he digs from out the mines are not for him—oh, no. The only thing he produces for himself is his wage; and the silk, the ores, and the palace which he has built are simply transformed for him into a certain kind of means of existence—namely, a cotton shirt, a few pennies, and the mere tenancy of a lodging house. In other words, his wage represents the bare necessities of his existence, and the unpaid-for or "surplus" portion of his labour-product constitutes the vast superabundant wealth of the non-producing capitalist class.

That is the capitalist system defined in a few words. It is this system that creates the classes of privilege and disinheritance, and it is these classes that produce this conflict. This conflict intensifies as the power of the privileged classes over the non-possessing or propertyless classes increases and intensifies, and this power increases as the idle few become richer and the producing many become poorer; and this produces what is called the labour movement. This is the labour question. Wealth is power; poverty is weakness. In former times the master selected his slaves, but now it is the slaves who select their masters; and he has got to find one, good or bad, or the alternative is for him to starve.

C. W. MOWBRAY.

God help the rich, the poor can beg.

COMRADES, UNITE!

Air: "The Noble 24th."

Why stand ye like cowards? Why rise ye not and say?
"Too long we've borne the oppressors scorn: too long they've held the sway."

Up! up! ye men and women all and snap the fetters fell
That bend your backs, that warp your souls, that keep ye down in hell,
That bend your backs, that warp your souls, that keep ye down in hell.

*Chorus—Your wrongs are great, your arms are strong,
Shoulder to shoulder stand;
Strike for your lives, your liberty,
And crush the tyrant band.*

Why is it that ye labour, from early dawn till eve,
Creating wealth ye dare not touch without the rich man's leave?
Why is it that the idler's rich? Why is it that ye're poor?
It is because ye all are slaves, machines, and nothing more:
It is because ye all are slaves, machines, and nothing more.

Chorus—Your wrongs are great, etc.

But, lo! the day is coming when the workers of the world
Will be united as one man. The banner's now unfurled
That bears the words "COMRADES, UNITE!" Respond ye to the cry;
Fight for the Brotherhood of Man, or bravely fighting die:
Fight for the Brotherhood of Man, or bravely fighting die!

Chorus—Your wrongs are great, etc.

EDWARD J. WATSON.

CORRESPONDENCE.

CHRISTIANITY AND SOCIALISM.

SIR.—A copy of your issue of December 21 was put into my hands on Tuesday at the Lambeth Baths. Although there are several things in that number to which I take great exception, yet I find myself in substantial agreement with the grand ideal which the Socialist League sets before itself in its statement of principles—an ideal which has been commending itself more and more to me for years past. But, sir, if I have a pronounced idea of social regeneration I am also a pronounced Christian; and I want to know why you should, as it were, keep me and that increasing body of Christians who more or less think with me, at arm's length by sneers and unjust charges in regard to our religion? Christianity puts no bar whatever to the amplest scheme of Socialism; and although, as essentially a spiritual revelation, and a revelation addressed to all times, the New Testament is necessarily neutral in regard to the particular institutions of society which, of course, must always be adjusted according to the natural development of the age, yet the political scheme of the Mosaic code is certainly of a Socialistic nature. But many Socialists who do not profess to be Christians, yet claim that Christ's teaching is really in their favour. Perhaps writers in your own paper may have urged this. If so, it seems to me that as, in that case, it is admitted that real Christianity and actual Christianity are not necessarily the same, it would be wiser and juster not to write in such a way as to offend real Christians. We all of us, I fear, whether Christians or non-Christians, fall short of the standards up to which we ought to live, but shall those standards be abused on this account?

Like all other evolutions, that of Socialistic opinion must necessarily be gradual, and Christians, like other men, have to live and learn. Let Christians and non-Christians then put their heads together in a friendly manner, as brothers by virtue of a common human nature, and needing one another's help by reason of the common weakness of that nature. But mutual courtesy is necessary, if we are to get on as brothers; and I cannot feel that a man is a good brother to me if he is discourteous to my religion.

I think the article on the Ruskin Reading Guild shows a very desirable disposition of mind.

A. T. RICKARBY.

51, Richmond-terrace, Clapham-road, S.W.

In consequence of the mild winter, about 25,000 miners are out of work in Pennsylvania.

There is talk of starting in the United States a strike insurance company before the 1st of May, to provide strikers with funds in time of need. I don't know how much this talk contains.

Large numbers of settlers are awaiting at Chamberlain, South Dakota, the opening of the Sioux reservation in South Dakota on the 10th of February. The same scenes which occurred at the opening of the Oklahoma territory last year will doubtless be repeated.

The Executive Council of the American Federation of Labour held a meeting in New York on the 8th of February to consult about steps to be taken in regard to the eight hour movement. The decision as to which trade should take the initiative was referred to a later meeting. Vice-President Martin of the Federation is of opinion that a beginning should be made by the steel and iron workers, and that Pittsburg should form the centre of the agitation. President Gompers, on the other hand, is in favour of the building trades in New York.

That the American workers are mostly quite as coarse, brutal, and stupidly selfish as their masters is an indisputable fact, and the "race-issue" or "colour-question" is not confined to the Southern States and the rebel brigadiers. Here is an illustration. A young coloured woman has been appointed through some political influence to a position in the Government bureau of engraving and printing in Washington. This has brought the present administration into a disagreeable controversy with the Plate Printers' Union in Washington. The union having appealed to Secretary Windom to revoke the appointment, and having been told that the appointment could not be revoked, has informed the plate printers in the bureau that it will support them in their refusal to let the coloured girl assist them. The union has already provided for one man who was discharged for refusing to let the girl assist him, and will take care of the others, who expect to be discharged this week for the same reason. Workers who act thus do not deserve to be free, and what's more, they never will be free if they do not alter their character, in spite of the evolution that is going to do everything.—CH., Feb. 11.



OFFICES: 24 GREAT QUEEN STREET, LONDON, W.C.

HAVE YOU NOT HEARD HOW IT HAS GONE WITH MANY A CAUSE BEFORE NOW: FIRST, FEW MEN HEED IT; NEXT, MOST MEN CONTEMN IT; LASTLY, ALL MEN ACCEPT IT—AND THE CAUSE IS WON!

THE COMMONWEAL is the official organ of the Socialist League; but, unless definitely so announced by the Editors, no article is to be taken as expressing in more than a general way the views of the League as a body. In accordance with the Manifesto and Statement of Principles of the League, the COMMONWEAL is an exponent of International Revolutionary Socialism. On minor differences of opinion the widest freedom of discussion is maintained. As all articles are signed, no special significance attaches to their position in the paper.

Articles and letters dealing with any phase of the social problem are invited and will meet with earnest consideration. They must be written on one side of the paper only, and accompanied by the name and address of the writer, not necessarily for publication. MSS. can only be returned if a stamped directed envelope accompanies them.

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LOOK TO YOURSELVES.

FRIENDS,—A word with you. I ask your attention for a few minutes while I put before you, in plain words, the present state of affairs, which particularly concerns us agricultural workers, and tell you what we have to do to make sure the next step which we are on the point of taking.

As our first consideration is naturally directed towards the well-being and advancement of ourselves and our families, so all sorts of obstacles are put in our way by the very people who live on our labour. It is our duty to remove these obstacles.

Now, we all know that it will not be long before our fellow-workers in Surrey will be looking towards us, as neighbours, for our help in the part they are taking towards bringing about that complete unification of labour which is being developed with such grand success amongst the workers in and about London. We see what they have already done and are now doing, simply by their own exertions, to better their hitherto intolerable condition. They are not going to let what they have already gained be taken from them; they will hold it and make

it the stepping-stone to more extended operations. But while they are busy building up their own organisations, we in the country must look to ourselves and do likewise, so that when all is ready we may step up with the others into our proper places in the ranks. Thus will be formed a solid and irresistible body of working-men, entirely capable of holding its own and enforcing its demands.

Now, in order that this may come about, we must know that we have to depend entirely on our own exertions. Make no mistake about this. Take warning from the failures of our attempts at agricultural unions, caused entirely by our placing both funds and confidence in the hands of people styling themselves friends of the working-man. We will not forget in a hurry the doings of one scoundrel in particular who, not so long ago, bolted with our hard-earned halfpence, and left us in the lurch. This has, however, taught us what not to do.

Neither must we look for help from politicians, parsons, or landlords. Politicians are civil enough at election time, and will promise you anything you please, provided you give them your vote; after this you may go to the devil for what he cares. Now, the tithe-fed parson will promise to keep you from the clutches of this individual, and give you by way of compensation something better hereafter; that is, if you will only be meek and lowly and contented with the state in which, as he tells you, God has placed you. You may take comfort of this if you like, or you may do the other thing. Ask for more and you will find that you have come to the wrong shop.

And our masters, the landlords, what of them? I will tell you. Since they belong to the useless class of individuals who live entirely on the labour of others, it is their interest to keep us in repair, in working order, as they do their reaping machines and their horses; that is, with just sufficient means of livelihood to enable us to work for them and their kind, and to bring up our young ones to take our place when we shall have grown too old to labour and retired to the workhouse. But we must not overlook a certain difference, which exists in the eyes of our good employer, between ourselves and his other property. It is this—if his reaping-machine come to grief, or his horse grow past work, a certain amount of money must be expended before either can be replaced; whereas, our break-down is a matter of utter indifference to him, for cannot he at once find others to step into our shoes without any extra cost whatever?

We thus see in what light we are regarded by these people who are known as our superiors. By them we are looked upon as profit-producing machines, and inconvenient ones at that. By them we are kept in ignorance of our usefulness, for it is on our ignorance that this useless class depends for the security of its position. It is that they may live in ease that we labour from twelve to fifteen hours a-day. It is that they may live in a mansion that we have such mean dwellings, that to enter them we have to stoop or we would strike our head against the door-lintel; and in order that they may revel in superfluous luxury, we, our wives, and our young ones have to fare on such as they themselves would despise. Our lot now is not a bit better than what it was when I started work at Trossley twenty-nine years ago. Since then I have worked one time and another at most places round about here, and I know something of our condition.

Ask a Radical what the Tories have done for us, then ask a Tory what the Radicals have done for us. You will have the same answer from each, and you will have the truth also. There are some amongst us who prefer to be content with hard labour for life, and let things remain as they are; it may be that a few of these are brought to this pitiable condition by the life-long tyranny of their masters and their parsons (a combination well-calculated, as we all know, to crush the very hope out of their weak hearts); but the others are those contemptible beings who are kept quiet in harness by periodical doses of charity, and by the brass band and firework dodge such as we get at Eridge. These cowards would stand by while our struggle was going on for fear of something happening to their precious selves. However, we will not despair of winning these over to our side, for we must know that it is necessary that we be strong in our union, and that we all bear in our minds that if we would obtain some further share of the wealth and comfort which we produce in such plenty, we must look to ourselves to get it, keeping together steadfast and hopeful, casting aside all petty jealousies, and, above all, resisting every attempt at interference or sham offers of help from those idle classes whom I have mentioned, for they will use all the means they have, underhanded and otherwise, to prevent our combining, and revealing their true selves in so doing; while on our side we have only justice, courage, and strength in union—but that is enough. B.

REPORT OF PROPAGANDA COMMITTEE.

A MEETING was held on Sunday evening, February 23rd, in the room of the Socialist League, Great Queen Street; D. J. Nicoll was voted to chair, and W. B. Parker to take minutes of proceedings. The chairman stated that the Council had passed a resolution to call a Conference of anti-Parliamentary Socialists for the purpose of drawing up a plan of propaganda for ensuing year, and suggested that the meeting should fix a date for the Conference and elect a sub-committee to draft agenda. After some discussion March 16th was agreed upon, the place of meeting to be the hall of Socialist League. The committee was then appointed, seven in number, being Lane, Kitz, Mowbray, Davis, Mainwaring, Nicoll, and Parker. The first meeting of committee was fixed for Thursday, February 27th. It was suggested that comrades should whip up all interested in the question. It was agreed that branches of the League be written to by secretary of Propaganda Committee, asking suggestions as to the best means of propaganda and the conduct of *Commonweal*. Comrades are asked to send notices of motion to the committee.

HOW THE PLUNDER GOES ON.

It is often said, If the people *only* knew. Yes, *if* they only knew. It is sometimes stated that we cannot prove our statements as to the gains of the profit-mongering classes. It is difficult in some cases for an outsider to ascertain the amount of profit. It ranges from 5 or 10 up to 200 per cent. I have seen ribbons sent from Coventry at 4s. 6d. the dozen, or 4½d. the yard; the same ribbons a few days later marked 9s. the dozen at Shrewsbury, or 9d. per yard: profit, 100 per cent. Here one 4½d. represented the cost of the silk, the expenditure of labour, and the manufacturer's profits; the other 4¼d. the trouble of handing it over the counter. But it is more especially with the profits on our food supplies that I propose to deal out on the present occasion.

At the outset I may admit that it is impossible to state the full extent of the profits realised. I remember the case of a publican, not many years ago, selling bacon at the bar, and at half the price it could be bought at the provision-dealer's. On asking the publican why he was so selling it, I was told the price the provision-dealer had offered for it, and he, the publican, had determined the consumer should have the benefit in the shape of two pounds for the price of one at the provision dealer's.

In reference to what the farmers, etc., receive and what the consumers pay to the profit-mongering classes, Mr. W. Bear, a high authority on agriculture, has lately done a great service in his work entitled 'The British Farmer and his Competitors.' It is a very able work, and as important as able. In the latter part of the work he deals with the principal articles of home growth, and shows what the farmers receive for each and also what the consumers pay. At p. 151 these are put into tabular form, from which I select the following items as samples :

	Received by farmers.	Paid by consumer.	Profits.	Per cent.
Wheat ...	£12,805,645	£19,285,955	£7,181,055	35
Butter ...	10,744,496	14,325,994	3,581,548	33
Meat ...	75,712,775	113,400,000	37,687,224	48
Milk ...	17,343,750	37,000,000	19,650,250	114
Potatoes ...	15,774,790	32,358,700	15,583,916	96
Hops, Fruit, and Vegetables	6,711,000	20,133,000	13,422,000	197
	£139,074,457	£236,503,647	£97,106,463	66

And taking the whole of our home-grown produce, Mr. Bear gives the totals as follows :

Paid to farmers,	Paid by consumers.	Profits	Average.
£207,033,567	£320,660,955	£113,627,388	54

Add the same rate of profits on our imported food supplies, and the total profits cannot be less than £200,000,000, paid by the consumers on the common necessaries of life. Here we have an indirect tax to the amount of about £200,000,000 a-year. We hear a great deal at times about a free breakfast-table. What about this monster curse—the curse of the profit-mongers? The calculations of Mr. Bear are based on the prices of 1885, 1886, and 1887, and are an average of the three years.

But even the above does not exhaust the whole range of profits. The small dealers in our back slums and the country places, add their 5 or 10 or 15 per cent. on many of the articles sold.

Mark, the above £200,000,000 represents the profits on our food supplies alone. Add to that the profits on clothing, furniture, and the various articles of general use, and the total would be enormous. Taking the total as assessed to the income-tax for 1887, under Schedule D, profits are given as £285,397,963; but that £285,000,000 is not all. It only represents the profits of those whose incomes are large enough to be assessed to the income-tax. If the tax were a graduated one, and all profits assessed, it might be found the total is not much less than £400,000,000—a sum far in excess of the total paid in wages to the working-classes, who are, of course, the great mass of the population.

Turning again to returns for 1887, we find the profits on mines £7,486,512; on ironworks, £1,502,976; on gasworks, £4,695,144; and on railways, £36,249,431. It is not a question of Profits *v.* Wages—as between employers and the employed—but between the whole profit-mongering classes, on the one hand, and the wage-receiving classes on the other.

We must bear in mind, too, that the non-producing classes are increasing at a fearful rate, as compared to the working-classes. Taking the ten years ending 1881, the professional classes increased 34 per cent.; bankers, 35; commercial clerks, 90; and commercial travellers, 100 per cent. Agents, another class, depending on their 10, 20, or 30 per cent., increased no less than 180 per cent. Accountants increased 60 per cent., and tobacconists 34 per cent. The increase of population was 14.5 during the ten years, the increase of non-producing classes 44.5, and the working-classes only 7.5. These are matters requiring the most serious consideration.

Anyone reading and reflecting on the above must be satisfied that the very foundation of society is wrong. That the monster evils of which we complain are inherent in and inseparable from the present constitution of society, and that our only hope lies in the destruction of the present system in all its varied phases. J. SKETCHLEY.

There were 27 strikes in the United States during January, affecting 7,402 men; of these the greater number were against reductions.

Another labour organ is started in Cuba, where already *El Productor* is doing such good work; *El Socialista*, of Guanabacoa, Cuba. We are glad to see it, and hope the paper will be well supported.—M. M.

THE CHICAGO ANARCHIST TRIAL REOPENED.

THE "Associated Press" has sent out from Chicago the following telegram :

"Moses Salomon, the attorney of Fielden, Schwab, and Neebe, the Anarchists now in the Illinois prison at Joliet, has obtained from the Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of Illinois a writ of error, through which the trial against the Chicago Anarchists, of which five have rested more than two years in a grave on Waldheim Cemetery near Chicago, is again referred to the Supreme Court of the United States."

About the motives which have induced the Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of Illinois to grant this writ of error, the telegram adds :

"At the time when the condemned Anarchists appealed to the highest court of the country they maintained, apart from other objections, that they had been deprived of a constitutional right, because the *Supreme Court of Illinois rendered judgment against them in their absence*. In regard to this the Supreme Court of the United States said in its decision, 'The objection that the accused have not in reality been present in the Supreme Court of the State of Illinois cannot be made as long as the record of the trial states that the accused were present. If this statement is not in accord with the facts, then the record of the trial has to be rectified in the lower court but not here.' Notwithstanding that the accused, at the time when the State Supreme Court rendered final judgment against them, had not been present, yet the State Supreme Court of Illinois refused the application for scratching of the sentence in the record of the trial, according to which final judgment had been rendered against the accused *in their presence*. The only thing which the Supreme Court of Illinois would do was the granting of the permission to appeal to the highest court of the United States. Should it be decided that an accused has a constitutional right to be present in the court when judgment is rendered in his case, such a decision would mean the reopening of the trial of the Chicago Anarchists."

This after-act of the Chicago Anarchist trial demonstrates again in all its infamy the conduct of the American bourgeoisie towards our murdered comrades. A falsified and erroneous record of their trial was submitted to the Supreme Court of the United States; and although this forgery was pointed out to the justices (sic!) composing the Supreme Court of the United States, this body, composed of "true and honest men," decided that "if the record of the trial was not in accord with the facts, the record had to be rectified by the lower court." The lower court—the Supreme Court of the State of Illinois—refused to act in the matter, and during this game of legal football precious time was lost and no action could be taken by the attorneys of our comrades.

The 11th of November, 1887, came and passed; and five men were murdered, although the record of their trial, upon which they appealed to a higher court, contained a confessed forgery.

The trial of the Chicago Anarchists may be reopened; but it is impossible to bring to life again those who were murdered to satisfy the bloodthirstiness of a frightened bourgeoisie. And how frightened the American bourgeoisie had been is pretty plainly shown in the haste with which the Supreme Court of the United States rendered its decision.

The time is drawing nearer and nearer when even the most stupid reactionist must candidly and openly admit that the most cowardly legal murder of all times has been perpetrated in Cook County jail, in the city of Chicago, on November 11th, 1887.

Boston, Mass., Feb. 11, 1890.

HENRY F. CHARLES.

HINTS TO HELPERS.

Of course you buy the *Weal* yourself, and pay for it; but you can also occasionally buy two copies and give one to a friend, or leave it in some public place.

If you get it from a newsagent, you can ask him to show it in his window or to display a contents-bill outside his shop.

You can have six sample copies sent post free to six different people for 7d., or three consecutive numbers to the same address for 4d.

You can ask your friends if they have seen it, and talk of what it contains.

You can send a copy for review to your local paper and in many other ways try to increase its publicity.

Above all, read it and get others to do so.

He has retired, they say, from a snug business, with a snug property, suspected by some to be rather more than snug, and enabling him to be called a capitalist, except that this word seems to be equivalent to highway robbery in the new Gospel of St. Petroleum.—*Holmes, Poet at the Breakfast Table.*

Cuore e Critica is a fortnightly review, published in Bergamo and Milan, for the free discussion of various sociological and philosophical subjects. Its nature is best described by the legend on the front page of the mid-monthly February number I have before me, "Every collaborator has entire liberty of opinion, and entire responsibility of the same." There are several articles of interest in the present number, though the paper is essentially non-polemical and non-political. The name of F. Turati, as the publisher in Milan, is in our eyes a sufficient earnest of sincerity and good faith.

El Productor (of Havannah) sends a circular to the cooper trade of Catalonia, and other provinces of Spain, exhorting the workers not to play into the hands of the capitalists by going to Cuba, where imported labour is advertised for by the large employers with many promises and fair words, to the detriment of native labour. The Spanish working-men will, no doubt, hail this as a word in time, and think twice before leaving the hard life they are familiar with for another whose circumstances are unfamiliar and doubtless equally hard.—M. M.

El Productor (Barcelona, Spain) first saw the light in February, 1887; it has, therefore, entered into its fourth year, having, we believe, published without interruption during that time. Its activity and usefulness are not to be contested, and few papers are freer from those unfortunate party personalities with which Socialist journals, as well as others, are sometimes disfigured. We congratulate *El Productor* heartily (though rather tardily) on its anniversary, and offer our best wishes for a long and active life.—M. M.

THE LABOUR STRUGGLE.

The Eight Hour Question.

The result of the interview of the miners' deputation with the representatives of our various political parties has been what might be expected. All the people interviewed have been very courteous and gracious, the deputation has been soft-soaped to any extent, but save in the cases of Randolph Churchill and Lord Dunraven, nothing like a definite pledge has been obtained from anyone. Mr. Matthews "could hold out no hope that Government would support any legislation which had for its object to impose restrictions upon the freedom of adult males in the disposal of their labour." Mr. Gladstone reserved his freedom of action, which probably comes to much about the same thing. Thus the people who represent those who compose the bulk of two great capitalist parties are opposed to the measure, though Mr. Gladstone, with his customary carefulness, does not say so plainly. We fear that with their opposition, the miners will find that the aid of the two chiefs of Tory Democracy—a very small party with a big name—will avail them but little. Cunninghame Graham, though bidding the miners be of good cheer in a letter to the *Labour Tribune*, still tells them that if Parliament will not give them their demand they must obtain it by a general strike. He quotes a manifesto from a French miners' paper, *La Revanche de Mineurs*, which, after speaking of the futility of ordinary strikes, points out that a general strike of miners throughout Europe is a very different thing. "During the past few years the idea of a general strike has become popular; very well, on you miners depends its success or defeat. Because, whilst miners work and provide the necessary coal, it will be possible for employers to replace skilled men in their workshops by others less skilled, but who will still be able to keep the machinery going. But once let the miners declare a general strike and all the industries of the world must stop in a fortnight. Do you want to help your brother workers? This is no case of a long and protracted strike with its misery and starvation. In fifteen days you would be masters of Europe. The general strike of miners means the general emancipation of the working classes." After this quotation Graham continues: "It is in order to show the miners that the destiny of civilisation is in their hands that I write this letter. In asking Parliament for an Eight Hours Bill they are asking little. Let Parliament refuse; it refuses at its peril. All the dangers, the miseries, the social turmoils, will be charged to its folly. For the miners, they are safe. They can force Parliament by their united action, or they can paralyse the industries of the world. Miners, if Parliament throws out the Bill, the other course remains; you can do it." I hope the miners will take Graham's advice. Parliament is pretty certain to throw out the Bill; but a little resolute action will soon bring the middle classes to their senses.

The Strike at the Wharves.

The men at Butler's Wharf have shown that they possess the true fraternal spirit which is necessary among the workers to weld them together in their struggle against the giant power of capital. They have contributed £40 to the strike fund, and are also giving daily the 3d. allowed them for their dinner-hour to the same purpose. These men, once the most downtrodden and hopeless of humanity, show in this a noble heroism which might put many better-off people to shame. The men are all holding splendidly together, but affairs are not going so well for the proprietors of Hay's Wharf. It was stated by the Strike Committee, that the Midland Railway Co. had been applying for four days at the wharf for 110 packages of tea but could not get them. The Great Northern had also waited a whole day for forty packages, and had then been obliged to go away with only nineteen. The men on strike at Hay's, Brook's, Olivier's, Eagle, Sufferance, and Sharpe's Wharves, and Hirsch and Co.'s Oil Mills, have issued a notice asking for their fellow workers not to seek employment at these wharves during their struggle for justice to working-men. Each of the men at Hay's Wharf received 14s. strike pay on Saturday, an advance of 4s. since the beginning of the strike.

East-end Tailors.

March promises to witness a strong revival of the labour agitation. The East-end tailors have agreed to strike on March 1st against the breaking by their masters of the strike agreement, which provided that the men shouldn't work more than twelve hours a-day, while the masters are now forcing them to slave seventeen or eighteen hours. What with the miners, the boot-makers, and the tailors, the capitalists are likely to have their hands full.

Impending Strike of Bootmakers.

On Thursday evening, Feb. 20, there was a large meeting of last-riveters and shoe-finishers in the boot trade at Shoreditch Town Hall. Our readers will remember that the men sent in a demand to their masters last autumn, calling on them to provide them with workshops, so as to prevent the sweating that accompanies the present system of working at home. The men's committee was inclined to recommend arbitration, but this was vigorously rejected. It was decided at the meeting that March 21 should be fixed as the date on which the workshops must be ready. If they are not, the men will leave their work.

Mr. Livesey's "Victory."

Mr. Livesey has spent £80,000 in fighting the gas-stokers' union, and he began his preparations for "smashing the union" as early as last September. These are the two main facts in the half-yearly report of the South Metropolitan Gas Company. In consequence, the dividend to the shareholders has been "reduced" to 12 per cent. Poor shareholders! we quite feel for them. Mr. Livesey has not mentioned in the report that, as another consequence of his intrigues to upset the union, 1,500 men, their wives and families, are now suffering the agonies of starvation. This is doubtless a trifling circumstance which he does not deem worthy of notice. The sufferers will not forget, and some day even Mr. Livesey may have cause to remember it.

Broadhurst leads the way.

Who is going next? Broadhurst has resigned his post of secretary of the Trades Union Parliamentary Committee. Ill-health is given as his reason for this step. Has the decadence of reactionary trade-unionism got anything to do with it? Or has Mr. Broadhurst thought it well to retire while it could be done gracefully? It matters little; he is gone, that is the most important fact, and it is probable that the "old gang" of the trade unions will soon follow their leader.

Demonstration of Trade Unionists and Shop Assistants.

A large demonstration of trade unionists and shop assistants will be held at the Theatre of Varieties, Hammersmith, on Sunday next, March 2nd, at 3.15 p.m., to enforce the demands of the union against the selfish minority of employers opposed to the limitation of the hours of labour. R. B. Cuninghame Graham, M.P., will preside, and will be supported by Tom Mann, Stewart Headlam, Eleanor Marx-Aveling, Dr. Gordon Hogg, H. H. Sparling, F. L. Donaldson, Robert Macbeth, B. Burleigh, John Turner, Miss Laura Treherne, and Edward Charles Laws.

Strike Prosecution at Sheffield.

Our comrade Robert Bingham has been committed for trial at Sheffield because, according to the indictment, he "unlawfully did solicit, encourage, persuade, and endeavour to persuade, divers persons to murder one James McLoughlin." Our readers must not suppose our comrade mentioned McLoughlin. What he had done was this. According to the evidence of policemen and reporters, he had called the blacklegs who were working at Brown's during the recent strike "traitors," and had then gone on to say, "they are traitors to the cause. Men who did that kind of thing, if they were fighting in battle, would be shot, and serve them right. It would not be murder in that case; and to me it is not murder if one of these enemies was killed. It is killing a traitor, and traitors should have no quarter anywhere." It appears that James McLoughlin, who was working as a "new hand" at Brown's, got a severe thrashing after this speech, and the prosecution desire to make out that our comrade was responsible for it. An amusing feature of the prosecution was the fact that the police got hold of the wrong man, and prosecuted our comrade's brother, John Bingham, for Robert's "offence"; then to be sure of the right man they prosecuted both at once; but at last they have made up their minds that Robert Bingham is the proper person, and he has accordingly been sent for trial. The police-witnesses, of course, obediently swore to either, neither, or both, as they were required. Thanks to the action of the Public Prosecutor and the police, Socialism is looking up in Sheffield.

The Impending Great Strike of Miners.

There is very little change this week in the situation. The men are preparing, and the owners are also closing up their ranks for the approaching struggle. The leaders of the Derbyshire miners have met the representatives of seven of the largest colliery firms in the county. Both sides appear to think that the Miners' Federation and the Federation of Coalowners should meet to talk the matter over. In the meantime the Derbyshire men will give in their notices this week, demanding an advance of 10 per cent. The North Wales colliery proprietors are going to follow the example of the English employers, and form a federation to resist the men. In Durham, at all the large collieries, the men have given a fortnight's notice to cease work unless an increase of 15 per cent. is given. Should the strike occur, 50,000 men will be affected.

All Socialists living in districts likely to be affected by the strike, should it come off, are requested to communicate at once with the secretary of Sheffield Socialists, Lady's Bridge Buildings, Wicker, Sheffield, and say what steps they intend taking in connection with it, and how they could co-operate in either publishing a manifesto, arranging for meetings, or otherwise. Suggestions will be welcomed from any source.

Belfast Gas-workers.

On Feb. 18th, a meeting of gas-workers was held at Donegal Place School-room, Belfast, at which it was resolved to demand the eight-hour shift and to form an organisation to enforce the demand.

Strike of Cardiff Tramway-men.

The tramway-men at Cardiff came out on Saturday Feb. 15, on account of the dismissal of an inspector for belonging to their union. By Wednesday the company had engaged a number of blacklegs, who attempted to drive the cars. They had a warm reception. In one of the leading thoroughfares, despite the presence of a strong force of police, a car was completely smashed by a furious crowd. At the docks there was a pitched battle between the police and the people; and in Cowbridge Road not only were stones thrown and cars smashed, but the people also tried to drown a detective. All through the day the fight went on; cars were thrown off the rails; and so hot did the resistance become that at six o'clock in the evening they were forced to cease running. This was followed by the surrender of the company, who have taken back all their men, including the discharged inspector. When the London tramway-men show the same courage as the men of Cardiff they will also have their tyrants at their feet. N.

Leeds Clay-workers' Strike.

Since last issue, things have developed here. Besides the 450 men and boys who have been out from Ingham and Cliff's these three weeks, the men at Elland Road are now out in support of the Wortley men. The men at Burnantoff's are prepared also to come out if it is thought necessary. Comrades Cockayne and Maguire are busy amongst them, and the Huddersfield workers will be canvassed as well as the Hipperholme men as to the desirability of coming out also. The works at Wortley are strongly picketed, and as well watched by the police. The men seem very determined to hold out. A mass meeting was held in the Market (Leeds) on Sunday afternoon, Maguire, Paylor, Sweeney, and Cockayne spoke. There was £1 7s. 3d. collected for the strike fund. H. S.

My advice to my English countrymen has been to "Let well alone"—to cease prating about "our devoted, our ardent, our passionate loyalty." If you are so sure of it, why twaddle about it?—*Chief Justice Lilley.*

I thank God there are no free schools or printing, and I hope we shall not have them these hundred years. For learning has brought heresy and disobedience and sects into the world, and printing has divulged them, and libels against the best government. God keep us from both.—*Sir William Berkeley, Governor of Virginia, 1685.*—Good old aristocrat, brave old bigot, true prophet.

THE SOCIALIST LEAGUE.

OFFICES: 24, GREAT QUEEN ST., LINCOLN'S INN FIELDS, W.C.

The Offices of the Socialist League will be open for the sale of *Commonweal* and all other Socialist publications from 8.30 a.m. to 9 p.m. every day except Sunday. The Secretary will be in attendance from 10 a.m. to 9 p.m. daily.

Branch Subscriptions Paid.—1888:—Oxford, to end of September.

1889:—Bradford and Hammersmith, to end of April. Norwich, Glasgow, and Yarmouth, to end of May. East London, to end of October. North London and Mitcham, to end of November. St. Georges East, to end of December. 1890:—North Kensington and Manchester, to end of January. 'Commonweal' Branch, and Leicester, to end of February.

Propaganda Fund.—Bines, 1s. 6d.

Notice.—All letters on League business, except those intended for Editors of *Commonweal*, to be addressed to me. No other person is authorised to sign any official communication. FRANK KITZ, Secretary.

NEW PREMISES FUND.

Collected at Council meeting, Feb. 24th, 3s. 5d.

"COMMONWEAL" GUARANTEE FUND.

The following further sums have been received towards this fund:—H. R., 1s.; J. Presburg, 6d.; B. W., 6d.; D. Nicoll, 6d.; P. Webb, 1s.; T. Burgoyne, 1s.; J. B. G., 1s.; and R. W. Burnie, 2s.

REPORTS.

'COMMONWEAL.'—On Sunday evening, D. J. Nicoll lectured on "Law and Order"; good discussion and 1s. 4d. collected.—S. P.

EAST LONDON.—We re-started the outdoor propaganda last Sunday in Victoria Park, when comrades Mowbray and Parker addressed a large and attentive audience. Comrade Mowbray challenged political reformers to debate the question of the futility of political freedom, but they showed their wisdom by not accepting. About 30 *Commonweal* sold and 2s. 2d. collected.—H. McK.

NORTH KENSINGTON.—A good meeting held at Latimer Road; speakers were R. J. Lyne, Maughan, Crouch, and Tochatti; sale of 'Weals' fair. Comrades R. J. Lyne and Maiuwaring held a meeting in Hyde Park in conjunction with members of S.D.F., and collected 11s. from a large audience. In the evening, R. E. Dell (Fabian) lectured on "Anarchism and Social Democracy" at our rooms to a large audience, who seemed greatly interested by the number of questions asked and the warm debate; 3s. 3d. collected and several 'Weals' sold.

ABERDEEN.—At indoor meeting on Monday Hubert Bland's paper "The Outlook" (Fabian Essays) was read and discussed.—L.

GLASGOW.—On Sunday 16th, Glasier, Tim Burgoyne, and comrade Warrington of the Christian Socialists, spoke on Jail Square. In the evening, at Paisley Road, comrade Warrington was the principal speaker, and delivered an excellent address. On Monday evening Glasier lectured to the members of the Buchanan Memorial Church Literary Society; good discussion. On Sunday 23rd, Joe Burgoyne spoke on Jail Square. In the evening, at Paisley Road, the same speaker was interrupted by a drunken boor, who, from the nature of the questions put by him, evidently mistook our meeting for a "Spelling Bee." The youths of the ultra-Tory Orange faction, who were present in strong force, made use of him to further annoy our speakers, and we were forced to conclude somewhat before our usual time.—J. B.

LEEDS.—On Sunday evening, at the Socialist League Hall, comrade Braithwaite lectured on "Land Nationalization"; good discussion. *Commonweal* sold out, and many pamphlets disposed of.

SHEFFIELD.—Samuels visited us on Sunday last, when we held three meetings during the day, when Bullard, Charles, and Bingham spoke, and Samuels at each meeting. We had good audiences, and sold for the day three quires of *Commonweal*. We have been doing two and three meetings and two and three quires of *Commonweal* every Sunday during the last two months, and hope to do more.

YARMOUTH.—At our business meeting on Tuesday we decided to start a club in Yarmouth as soon as possible. Friends who can assist us in any way in the shape of funds, furniture, or books are requested to send them to the secretary, J. Headley, 48 Row George, until suitable premises can be secured. On Sunday we started our rural propaganda at Bradwell, Comrade Brightwell being the speaker. It is intended to continue these meetings every Sunday morning during fair weather.—J. H.

DUBLIN.—At Progressist Club, 87 Marlboro' Street, Feb. 22, J. O'Gorman lectured on "The Labour Question from a Socialist Standpoint." Brisk discussion, Hamilton, Ryan, Kavanagh, King and others took part.

SHEFFIELD.—Hallamshire Hall, West Bar.—On Sunday Feb. 16, J. Sketchley lectured—at 11, "The Queen's Speech"; at 6.30, "Insufficient Remedies for Existing Evils." Attendance good; *Commonweal* and other literature sold well. On Saturday evening last, Feb. 22, about 160 sat down to a public tea in connection with the Sheffield and District General Labourers' Union. After tea, the secretary gave a short address on the nature of the present labour movement, its essentially revolutionary character; after which the evening was spent in an agreeable manner, with songs, recitations, etc. The organisation now numbers over 1,400 members.—S.

IMPORTANT NOTICE.

To those who have obtained copies of the *Commonweal* through the propagandist work of our comrades, by free distribution in the streets and public conveyances, or by purchase at our outdoor stations, we ask if in agreement with our principles to help the sale of the *Commonweal* by ordering it of their newsagents, and sending on to us the names of newsagents willing to sell it; and still better, as our outdoor work must shortly be reduced, by joining the local branches and helping on the work.

SHEFFIELD.—At Hallamshire Hall, Westbar, on Sunday March 2, J. Sketchley, 11 a.m., "The Events of the Week"; at 6.30, "What the Workers Want."

NOTTINGHAM SOCIALIST CLUB.—Sunday March 2, Sneinton Market (open air), Edward Carpenter at 11. Socialist Hall, Woodland Place, Upper Parliament St., at 7. Comrades, roll up!

MANHOOD SUFFRAGE LEAGUE, "Three Doves," Berwick St., Oxford St., W.—Sunday March 2, at 8 p.m., "State Control, the German Imperial Plot against Labour"; adjourned debate will be opened by J. D. Bouran. A Reading will precede Debate.

MANCHESTER.—Suitable premises have now been secured for the new Socialist Club. It is our aim to make it a centre for Socialist propaganda in Lancashire. A library, reading, recreation, and refreshment rooms will be some of its attractions. Aid is invited from friends who can assist, either with fittings, furniture, books, or funds. The Club, 60 Grosvenor Street, All Saints, is now open for members every evening. *Commonweal* and other literature on sale.—RECEIVED, E. Carpenter, £2; R. Unwin, 5s.

LECTURE DIARY.

LONDON.

Battersea.—All communications to E. Buteux, 45, Inwith Street, Battersea Park Road.

Commonweal Branch.—24 Great Queen Street, Holborn, W.C. Business meeting of members every Thursday evening at 8; Discussion Class at 9. Hall open every evening from 7 till 10. Lecture on Sunday March 2, at 8.15 p.m., Mrs. Schack, "How Women can Help the Socialist Movement."

East London.—12 Basing Place, Kingsland Road. Members' meeting on Sunday March 2, at 8 p.m. Comrades in the East-end willing to help in the propaganda are invited to attend.

Hammersmith.—Kelmscott House, Upper Mall, W. Sunday March 2, at 8 p.m., a Lecture.

Mitcham.—"Lord Napier," Fair Green. Meets every Sunday at 12.30, to enroll members, etc.

North Kensington.—Clarendon Coffee Palace, Clarendon Road. Meets every Wednesday at 8 p.m. On Sunday March 2, at 8 p.m., William Morris, "How Shall we Live Then?"

North London.—6 Windmill Street, Tottenham Court Road. Meets every Wednesday evening at 8 o'clock. February 5, Mrs. Schack will lecture on "Ought Women to Join the Socialist Movement?"

Streatham.—Address secretary, R. Smith, 1 Natal Road, Streatham.

Whitechapel and St. Georges in the East.—Branch meetings at International Club, 40 Berner Street, Commercial Road. J. Turner, organising secretary.

PROVINCES.

Aberdeen.—Organiser, J. Leatham, 7 Jamaica Street. Branch meets in Odd-fellows' Small Hall, Crooked Lane, on Monday evenings at 8. Singing practice at 46 Marischal Street on Thursdays at 8 p.m.

Bradford.—Laycock's Temperance Hotel, Albion Court, Kirkgate. Meets every Tuesday at 7.30.

Dundee.—Address to W. Cameron, 17 Laurence Street, Dundee.

Glasgow.—Ram's Horn Hall, 122 Ingram Street. Branch meets on Thursday evenings at 8 o'clock and Sundays at 7 o'clock.

Halifax.—Socialists meet every Sunday at 6.30 p.m. at Helliwell's Temperance Hotel, Northgate.

Leeds.—Clarendon Buildings, Victoria Road, School Close. Open every evening. Business meeting Saturdays at 8 p.m.

Leicester.—Exchange Buildings, Rutland Street. Branch meets on Monday and Thursday, at 8 p.m. Tuesday March 4, at 8 p.m., in Co-operative Hall, High Street, Stepniak will lecture on "Russian Democracy."

Manchester.—Socialist League Club, 60 Grosvenor Street, All Saints. Open every evening. Branch weekly meeting on Tuesdays at 8 p.m.

Norwich.—Sunday, at 8, Gordon Hall. Tuesday, at 8.30, Members' meeting. Thursday, at 8, Discussion Class. Saturday, Social Meeting. Hall open every evening from 8 p.m.

Oxford.—Temperance Hall, 25½ Pembroke Street. First Friday in every month, at 8.30 p.m.

Walsall.—Socialist Club, 18 Goodall Street, Walsall. Meetings every night.

Yarmouth.—Branch meets at comrade Headley's, near Co-operative Stores, every Tuesday evening. Elocution Class Friday at 8 p.m. On Sunday afternoons during winter a Discussion Class will be held at 3 o'clock.

All persons who sympathise with the views of the Socialist League are earnestly invited to communicate with the above addresses, and if possible to help us in preparing for the birth of a true society, based on equality, brotherhood, and freedom for all.

OPEN-AIR PROPAGANDA.

SATURDAY 1.

8.30..... Mile-end WasteCores and Presburg

SUNDAY 2.

11 Latimer Road StationR. J. Lyne, Maughan, and Crouch
11.30..... Kilburn—"Old Plough," Kilburn LaneThe Branch
11.30..... Mitcham—Fair GreenThe Branch
11.30..... Regent's ParkNicoll and Parker
3.30..... Hyde Park—Marble ArchParker
3.30..... Victoria ParkDavis and Mowbray
7 Weltje Road, Ravenscourt ParkHammersmith Branch
7.30..... Walham Green—back of ChurchHammersmith Branch

TUESDAY 4.

8 Walham Green—back of ChurchHammersmith Branch

FRIDAY 7.

8.15..... Hoxton ChurchEast London Branch

PROVINCES.

Glasgow.—Sunday: Jail Square at 2 o'clock; Paisley Road at 5 o'clock. Tuesday: Cathedral Square, at 8 p.m.

Leeds.—Sunday: Hunslet Moor, at 11 a.m.; Vicar's Croft, at 7 p.m.

Manchester.—Sunday: Philips Park Gates, at 11; Stevenson Square, at 3.

Norwich.—Sunday: St. Faiths, at 11; Market Place, at 3.

Sheffield.—Sunday: Monolith, Fargate, at 11.30 a.m.; Burngreave Road, near Vestry Offices, at 3 p.m.; Pump, West Bar, at 8 p.m.

Yarmouth.—Sunday: Priory Plain, at 11; Colman's Granary Quay, at 7.

LIVERPOOL SOCIALIST SOCIETY, 1 Stanley Street, Dale Street.—Meets every Tuesday at 8 p.m.

DUBLIN.—At Progressist Club, 87 Marlboro' Street, Saturday March 1, at 8 p.m., A. Kavanagh, "Educational Anomalies."

CHLSEA S.D.F., Co-operative Lecture Hall, 312 Kings Road, Chelsea.—Sunday March 2, at 8 p.m., Dadabhai Naoroji, "India."

CLUB AUTONOMIE, 6 Windmill Street, Tottenham Court Road, W.—Sunday March 2, at 8.30, Albert Tarn, B.Sc., "Anarchism."

TREATMENT OF RUSSIAN POLITICAL PRISONERS.—At a committee meeting held at the Patriotic Club on the 21st Feb., it was resolved to hold a great Demonstration in Hyde Park, on Sunday the 9th of March, at 3 p.m., to protest against the inhuman treatment of political prisoners by the Russian Government, and to express sympathy with the Russian workers in their struggle for liberty. All particulars as to the line of route of the processions can be obtained from J. Hunter Watts, hon. sec. Workmen's Protest Committee, 18 Torrington Sq., W.C.

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STATEMENT OF PRINCIPLES.

THE Socialist League advocates International Revolutionary Socialism. That is to say the destruction of the present class society, which consists of one class who live by owning property and therefore *need not work*, and of another that has no property and therefore *must work* in order that they may live to keep the idlers by their labour. Revolutionary Socialism insists that this system of society, which is the modern form of slavery, should be changed to a system of Society which would give every man an opportunity of doing useful work, and not allow any man to live without so doing, which work could not be useful unless it were done for the whole body of workers instead of for do-nothing individuals. The result of this would be that livelihood would not be precarious nor labour burdensome. Labour would be employed in co-operation, and the struggle of man with man for bare subsistence would be supplanted by harmonious combination for the production of common wealth and the exchange of mutual services without the waste of labour or material.

Every man's needs would be satisfied from this common stock, but no man would be allowed to own anything which he could not use, and which consequently he must *abuse* by employing it as an instrument for forcing others to labour for him unpaid. Thus the land, the capital, machinery, and means of transit would cease to be private property, since they can only be *used* by the combination of labour to produce wealth.

Thus men would be *free* because they would no longer be dependent on idle property-owners for subsistence; thus they would be *brothers*, for the cause of strife, the struggle for subsistence at other people's expense, would have come to an end. Thus they would be *equal*, for if all men were doing useful work no man's labour could be dispensed with. Thus the motto of Liberty, Fraternity, and Equality, which is but an empty boast in a society that upholds the monopoly of the means of production, would at last be realised.

This Revolutionary Socialism must be International. The change which would put an end to the struggle between man and man, would destroy it also between nation and nation. One harmonious system of federation throughout the whole of civilisation would take the place of the old destructive rivalries. There would be no great centres breeding race hatred and commercial jealousy, but people would manage their own affairs in communities not too large to prevent all citizens from taking a part in the administration necessary for the conduct of life, so that party politics would come to an end.

Thus, while we abide by the old motto:

Liberty, Fraternity, Equality,

we say that the existence of private property destroys Equality, and therefore under it there can be neither Liberty nor Fraternity.

We add to the first motto then this other one—

**FROM EACH ACCORDING TO HIS
 CAPACITY, TO EACH ACCORDING
 TO HIS NEEDS.**

When this is realised there will be a genuine Society; until it is realised, Society is nothing but a band of robbers. We must add that this change can only be brought about by combination amongst the workers themselves, and must embrace the whole of Society. The new life cannot be *given* to the workers by a class higher than they, but must be *taken* by them by means of the abolition of classes and the reorganisation of Society.

COUNCIL OF THE SOCIALIST LEAGUE.

NOTICE.

Subscribers who find a *red wrapper* round paper are thereby reminded that their subscriptions have expired and must be renewed immediately if they wish to continue to receive *Commonweal*.

Printed in the Socialist League Printery, and published in the name and on behalf of the Socialist League by FRANK KIRZ, at 24 Great Queen St., Lincoln's Inn Fields, London, W.C.

THE COMMONWEAL

The Official Journal of the SOCIALIST LEAGUE.

VOL. 6.—No. 217.

SATURDAY, MARCH 8, 1890.

WEEKLY; ONE PENNY.

NOTES ON NEWS.

"FAIR words make fools fain," and the fools of the world have been cackling like mad over the rescript of the German Emperor. As was said last week in this column, all that this most philanthropic emperor did was to throw an anchor to windward against the coming gale. Well! its holding qualities have been overtried even by the passing gust of the present elections, and the ship of empire has been driven a good deal nearer the rocks. Even taking them at the lowest estimate, and allowing for the doubtful nature of a good part of the Socialism which was concerned in them, the German elections mark an immense advance in the Socialism which can be open and avowed in Germany; and though what they mean in the way of more advanced but unavowed Socialism can only be guessed, it must also be very large.

As will be seen from the agenda-paper given in another column, the Labour Conference Under Imperial and Royal Auspices is not going to progress alarmingly. The only points in which the programme touches the question of the regulation of the hours of labour of adult males are connected with work in mines. The Conference is to discuss the "limitation of the shifts in peculiarly unhealthy mines," and a restriction of the output of coal by an international agreement for a more general restriction on the hours of miners' work. It is curious to note that female mine-labour was the first kind of adult labour interfered with in England, and the precedent so formed was soon applied to factories. There can be little doubt that the same process will be repeated both here and on the Continent once that male adults have been dealt with.

The *Pall Mall* must, of course, come in with a patriotic note:

"The other points in the Berlin programme are all matters of ancient history in the factory legislation of this country. Our factory laws, in spite of one or two curious inconsistencies and deficiencies, regulate the labour of women and children far more effectively than any similar laws in other countries. No English child may go to work under ten years of age; children from ten to thirteen are half-timers; 'young persons' from thirteen to eighteen, and all women, are prohibited from working more than 56½ hours a-week in a textile, and more than 60 in a non-textile, factory. If the German Emperor can persuade the Reichstag to impose limits as close as these on the labour of the female and juvenile operatives of the Fatherland he will do more than the most sanguine Socialist yet dares to hope for."

If you emphasise the *yet* in that last sentence, it will bear a meaning to which we can agree: the Emperor is not yet reduced to sacrificing the capitalist in order to save himself. "Hunger must be great when wolves eat one another."

"CALCUTTA, Wednesday.—The Bombay Millowners' Association proposes to stop working eight days each month. Three or four mills are likely to stop altogether for the present. The proposal to work short time is due to over-production, the China market being found to be glutted.

"CALCUTTA, Friday.—At the annual meeting of the Bengal Chamber of Commerce to-day, it was stated that the Jute Mill and Press owners strongly opposed the new Factory Bill. The President said that both employers and employed would be united in opposition to any change in their existing relations. Nothing in India called for an alteration in the law."

"They that are bound must obey" is somewhere near the explanation of the "unity" with their masters which the employed are displaying in opposition to "any changes in their existing relations." Eight compulsory days of idleness in a month, not holidays, for all, and chronic idleness for many, with hunger and misery thrown in as a make-weight, are the boons which benevolent millowners have been conferring on their hands; who, if they are not as cravenly contented as their English fellows, must be anxious to "change existing relations" with the aid of a rope.

Here is another move:

"The London Trades Council have issued a manifesto to the trades and labour organisations of London, calling attention to the urgent necessity for every branch of industry to be 'not only well organised in itself, but also to be associated with all other bodies having for their object the general elevation of labour.' It is stated that the disputes which took place during the past year have increased the membership of many existing societies, and

infused a desire for union among workmen who had hitherto been without any organisation whatever, and it is added that 'everything done in this direction can only be effective when a given trade or industry involved in difficulty is acting in unison with all workers on a larger scale.' 'This,' the manifesto states, 'demonstrates the necessity of a Central Council, thoroughly representative of all the organised industries of the metropolis, for the purpose of mutually sustaining and advancing each other's interest.' The Council advises the metropolitan workmen to increase the London Trades Council's power and influence, and combine 'within its pale the united voice of metropolitan labour.'"

If it could only be hoped that any means at present possible would get London labour to act as a whole, their manifesto might be something for Socialists to hail with pleasure. If even one could believe in the honesty of the effort to get "all other bodies" associated in the attempt, it might still be hailed with hope. But when one reflects on what the London Trades Council has been hitherto, and is, and thinks of the place-hunters, self-seekers, bummers, and dead-beats who will be mixed up in this new development, there is nothing left but the feeling that it is good anyway to see this discredited and reactionary clique making an onward move of any kind. S.

It is refreshing to hear that an attempt is to be made to bring about a common understanding between all who are interested in land nationalisation as to future and immediate action. As the greater includes the less, so all Socialists are land nationalisers, I take it; therefore we must all feel interested in furthering this important propaganda.

Expediency will no doubt be urged in defense of the Single Tax and Compensation ideas, which some, and only some, land nationalisers hold. Nothing could be more damaging to the cause of Revolutionary Socialism than even to appear to sanction for one moment such a method of getting back our own as is implied in taxing out the land thieves; and it is impossible to conceive a Socialist listening without loud protest to any proposal of "compensating" them for having stolen our birthright.

No compromise is possible on this all important question; it would be a cowardly surrender of principles for "policy's" sake which the awakening workers are not likely to stand. If compensation is to be discussed, let it be compensation of the broken-down and worn-out workers, the "wastrels" produced by our accursed system. Compensation! who will or can compensate the toiling masses for all the mental and physical misery they have so long endured through being bereft of their birthright? No; land nationalisers, you that are men and not mere politicians, let your cry be: The land for the people, its rightful possessors; and no compensation to the thieves who have kept it away from them.

Replying to a question in the House, which, as we read in "News from Nowhere" will one day, appropriately enough, be made a Dung Market, Mr. St. John Broderick said that the factories where Army Clothing was made were inspected from time to time to ascertain whether the factory clauses were observed. No "squaring" goes on, of course? Nothing was said of places from which people took work home, eh, Mr. Broderick? Nor was any mention made of the places, oh deluded volunteers! where your ill-paid and infected shoddy clothing is made! No inspector goes there; he only goes to the cutting-rooms of the firm, has a drink, and comes away again. The horrors depicted by Kingsley in "Alton Locke" are as bad as when he wrote; but then anything is good enough to be shoved on to fools who believe in patriotism, or defending other people's country and property instead of defending themselves against the deception and treachery of their masters.

No true man, or workman at any rate, would "serve the Queen," even as a volunteer, if his mental eyes were opened as to the real meaning of what he was doing—helping to hold up with the point of his bayonet the system which dooms him and his to irremediable misery—adding one more to the armed slaves who keep their brother slaves quiet under the lash of their plunderers and parasites.

C. W. M.

NEWS FROM NOWHERE:

OR,

AN EPOCH OF REST.

BEING SOME CHAPTERS FROM A UTOPIAN ROMANCE.

CHAP. IX.—CONCERNING LOVE.

"Your kinsman doesn't much care for beautiful building, then," said I, as we entered the rather dreary classical house; which indeed was as bare as need be, except for some big pots of the June flowers which stood about here and there; though it was very clean and nicely whitewashed.

"O, I don't know," said Dick, rather absently. "He is getting old, certainly, for he is over a hundred and five, and no doubt he doesn't care about moving. But of course he could live in a prettier house if he liked: he is not obliged to live in one place any more than anyone else. This way, Guest."

And he led the way upstairs, and opening a door we went into a fair-sized room of the old type, as plain as the rest of the house, with a few necessary pieces of furniture, and those very simple and even rude, but solid and with a good deal of carving about them, well designed but rather crudely executed. At the furthest corner of the room, at a desk near the window, sat a little old man in a roomy oak chair, well cushioned. He was dressed in a sort of Norfolk jacket of blue serge worn threadbare, with breeches of the same, and grey worsted stockings. He jumped up from his chair, and cried out in a voice of considerable volume for such an old man, "Welcome, Dick, my lad; Clara is here, and will be more than glad to see you; so keep your heart up!"

"Clara here?" quoth Dick; "if I had known, I would not have brought— At least, I mean I would—"

He was stuttering and confused, clearly because he was anxious to say nothing to make me feel one too many. But the old man, who had not seen me at first, helped him out by coming forward and saying to me in a kind tone:

"Pray pardon me, for I did not notice that Dick, who is big enough to hide anybody, you know, had brought a friend with him. A most hearty welcome to you! All the more, as I almost hope that you are going to amuse an old man by giving him news from over sea, for I can see that you are come from over the water and far off countries."

He looked at me thoughtfully, almost anxiously, as he said in a changed voice, "Might I ask you where you come from, as you are so clearly a stranger?"

I said in an absent way: "I used to live in England, and now I am come back again; and I slept last night at the Hammersmith Guest House."

He bowed gravely, but seemed, I thought, a little disappointed with my answer. As for me, I was now looking at him harder than good manners allowed of, perhaps; for in truth his face, dried-apple-like as it was, seemed strangely familiar to me; as if I had seen it before—in a looking-glass it might be, said I to myself.

"Well," said the old man, "wherever you come from, you are come among friends. And I see my kinsman Richard Hammond has an air about him as if he had brought you here for me to do something for you. Is that so, Dick?"

Dick, who was getting still more absent-minded and kept looking uneasily at the door, managed to say, "Well, yes, kinsman: our guest finds things much altered, and cannot understand it; nor can I; so I thought I would bring him to you, since you know more of all that has happened within the last two hundred years than anybody else does.—What's that?"

And he turned toward the door again. We heard footsteps outside; the door opened, and in came a very beautiful young woman, who stopped short on seeing Dick, and flushed as red as a rose, but faced him nevertheless. Dick looked at her hard, and half reached out his hand toward her, and his whole face quivered with emotion.

The old man did not leave them long in this shy discomfort, but said, smiling with an old man's mirth: "Dick, my lad, and you, my dear Clara, I rather think that we two oldsters are in your way; for I think you will have plenty to say to each other. You had better go into Nelson's room up above; I know he has gone out; and he has just been covering the walls all over with mediæval books, so it will be pretty enough even for you two and your renewed pleasure."

The girl reached out her hand to Dick, and taking his led him out of the room, looking straight before her; but it was easy to see that her blushes came from happiness, not anger; as, indeed, love is far more self-conscious than wrath.

When the door had shut on them the old man turned to me, still smiling, and said:

"Frankly, my dear guest, you will do me a great service if you are come to set my old tongue wagging. My love of talk still abides with me, or rather grows on me; and though it is pleasant enough to see these youngsters moving about and playing together so seriously, as if the whole world depended on their kisses (as indeed it does somewhat), yet I don't think my tales of the past interest them much. The last harvest, the last baby, the last knot of carving in the marketplace, is history enough for them. It was different, I think, when I was a lad, when we were not so assured of peace and continuous plenty as we are now—Well, well! Without putting you to the question, let me ask you this: Am I to consider you as an enquirer who knows a little of our modern ways of life, or as one who comes from some place

where the very foundations of life are different from ours,—do you know anything or nothing about us?"

He looked at me keenly and with growing wonder in his eyes as he spoke; and I answered in a low voice—

"I know only so much of your modern life as I could gather from using my eyes on the way here from Hammersmith, and from asking some questions of Richard Hammond, most of which he could hardly understand."

The old man smiled at this. "Then," said he, "I am to speak to you as—"

"As if I were a being from another planet," said I.

The old man, whose name, by the bye, like his kinsman's, was Hammond, smiled and nodded, and wheeling his seat round to me, bade me sit in a heavy oak chair, and said, as he saw my eyes fix on its curious carving—

"Yes, I am much tied to the past, *my* past, you understand. These very pieces of furniture belong to a time before my early days; it was my father who got them made; if they had been done within the last fifty years they would have been much cleverer in execution; but I don't think I should have liked them the better. We were almost beginning again in those days: and they were brisk, hot-headed times. But you hear how garrulous I am: ask me questions, ask me questions about anything, dear guest; since I *must* talk, make my talk profitable to you."

I was silent for a minute, and then I said, somewhat nervously: "Excuse me if I am rude; but I am so much interested in Richard, since he has been so kind to me a perfect stranger, that I should like to ask a question about him."

"Well," said old Hammond, "if he were not 'kind,' as you call it, to a perfect stranger he would be thought a strange person, and people would be apt to shun him. But ask on, ask on! don't be shy of asking."

Said I: "That beautiful girl, is he going to be married to her?"

"Well," said he, "yes, he is. He has been married to her once already, and now I should say it is pretty clear that he will be married to her again."

"Indeed," quoth I, wondering what that meant.

WILLIAM MORRIS.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

IN AUSTRALIA.

OUT of an adult male population of about 75,000 there are 15,000 trades unionists in Queensland. The Central Carriers, the Labourers, and the Shearers Unions have unanimously agreed to the Labour Federation proposals. The Bushmen are also expected in. The Western drovers have formed a union, their headquarters being at Tambo. The telegraph operators have also formed a union. The railway employes received consideration when the Civil Service Bill was before Parliament, but the P.O. and telegraph employes did not get any concession, although they were bitterly opposed to the bill. They were not organised then.

The annual delegate meeting of the labourers' unions of the Central district terminated at Blackall on Saturday week. It was unanimously decided to affiliate with the Labour Federation, and assist in establishing a journal in the interests of labour, though the proposed name of *Swagsman* was objected to. The new monthly will consist of eight pages, *Boomerang* size. Several conferences also took place between the Employers Association and the Labourers Union to consider the proposed reduction of the labourers' wages to 25s., but no satisfactory conclusion was arrived at. The men want 30s. as the minimum wage, and the employers want 30s. to be the maximum.

The Queensland shearers have decided to amalgamate with the N.S.W. union, and will send delegates to the conference in February. As an instance of the good feeling prevailing between the shearers of the two colonies, the employes on Corona Downs Station, Queensland, have sent £10 to the fund for the Brookong shearers, who have now been in prison over fifteen months.

The master bakers of Sydney make out that by selling bread at 1½d. per pound they have only made 3d. on every 100 pounds of flour manufactured (or 4½ per cent. on their outlay), and that is why they have determined to raise the price to 3½d. per 2lb. loaf. It further appears that after all they have decided to sell their bread at 3d. Inference?

There is a case to come before the Albury Quarter Sessions in a week or two of a man who "mistook" 1,250 sheep—and mis-took them. He isn't a workman and therefore not a thief.

A Mr. John Farrell has been writing in the *Sydney Daily Telegraph* on "The Philosophy of the Single-Tax," and in so doing went out of his way to misrepresent Socialism. Whereupon comrade Yewen arose and smote him in a letter which has attracted a good deal of attention. You will be glad to hear that Yewen has very much improved in health since he has been here. He is doing valuable work for the Cause.

We have lectures and debates every Sunday evening at our rooms, 533, George Street, and they are very well attended. The Free Reading Room is a great success, and much used. We have a very fine collection of the Socialist, Labour, and Radical papers of the world, which are doing great good in letting the people here see how things are going on elsewhere. "Smallest contributions thankfully received."

The Melbourne Socialists are fighting valiantly the battle for free speech on the Wharf. Some of the prominent men have been fined and imprisoned by the Victorian Nupkinses for their persistence, but they keep right on. There are two things over which the battle rages there—Free Speech and the Sunday Opening of Museums and Libraries. They look like winning, but meanwhile the struggle is a fierce one.

CORNSTALK.

Sydney, N.S.W., Jan. 14, 1890.

Never did the proletariat more literally deserve its name than since the advent of the factory period, their rapid and degenerative increase, indeed, primarily representing "the progress of investments."—*The Evolution of Sex*, by Prof. Geddes and J. A. Thomson.

HUMANITY'S HERO.

WHEN the rights of man lead forward, then the hero turns not back,
Though beneath the scaffold's shadow looms the torture of the rack.
While Truth's angel flits before him, fearless following her track,
He still goes marching on!

The people rise and follow, though they march o'er many a grave,
For his high example thrills them, and the coward heart turns brave,
As each broken shackle falling, shows a man for every slave,
As they go marching on.

Crouching in the age-long shadow, blinded by her lingering night,
Woman rises to her feet at last, and hails the coming light,
Echoing back with feeble voice the hero's shout of woman's right,
As he comes marching on.

Labour deafened by the factory-hum or bent above the soil,
Losing manhood's hope and manhood's heart in weary drudge and toil,
Sees the better day ahead of honest wage for honest toil,
As man goes marching on.

The oppressed of every nation, looking out across the sea,
Catch the faint and far-off echo of the time that is to be,
When each man shall own his manhood, and each hand and brain be free,
As Truth goes marching on.

Then shout aloud the heroes' name with glad exultant voice—
All heroes who for life-work have made manhood's right their choice;
And as we shout we'll follow, and while following rejoice,
And all go marching on.

MINOT J. SAVAGE.

IN SOUTHERN AFRICA.

THAT the natives in Johannesburg have not altogether lost all thought of the way the "Chamber of Mines" and the police treated Mama Letsya and the 150 men he brought with him from Basutoland, in October last, is evidenced by the number of companies which are complaining of the great numbers of natives that have deserted from the works. The "Jumpers" Co. are only working 60 stamps, while other companies are also shorthanded, and find great difficulty in getting natives to stay. And the colonial press wonders at the scarcity of native labour! Such purblind ignorance—or is it, as I am almost forced to believe it is, wilful ignoring of the cause of the scarcity of native labour?—one can hardly imagine as existing amongst aught else than gibbering idiots.

Mr. Livesey will be no doubt flattered to hear—if he is still alive—that his "bonus scheme" has found its way to the gold-fields of South Africa. "During a discussion in the Chamber of Mines on the scarcity of native labour, the chairman stated that it had been suggested that a bonus be given to natives who had been in the employ of companies over twelve months, and he thought it a good idea. The shortfall in the number of natives in the mines was quite 5,000. In the first place it was decided to ask the Government to get supplies of Kaffirs from the northern part of the Transvaal, and to make arrangements to get the boys (natives) conveyed from their districts to the mines. It was also suggested that 20,000 coolies be imported. Mr. Hoskins proposed that there should be an agreement amongst the mines to jointly make arrangements to import the boys and regulate the rate of wages. This last suggestion the chairman considered unfeasible till the supply of labour exceeded the demand" (*Johannesburg Star*).

Owing to failure of crops, another famine is feared on the "Rand" during the winter months. If there be any tradesmen in Britain who would like to imitate Dr. Tanner or M. Succi of fasting fame, then come out to the gold-fields and pay £2 5s. per week (board and lodging) for doing so. Many of the Australian miners who came here some six months ago have already gone back to Australia, sick and thoroughly disgusted at the South African gold-fields. One old miner with whom I got acquainted told me that he would rather work in Australia for £5 per week than on the "Rand" for £10.

In a short time the unemployed will be a standing feature of Johannesburg; as it is, there are over 2,000 men out of work, and gangs can be seen going about in the most miserable plight. Many have no shoes on, whilst others have their feet wrapped up in rags. On the whole, there are sights to be seen in Johannesburg which are aught but pleasant for any thinking man or woman to look upon. Although the industrial development of South Africa is as yet only in its infancy, still the results of our cursed system of production for profit are more evident, more plainly seen here than in Britain, where the crowding together of thousands of workers in large centres of industry partly blinds them as to their real position.

It is Carlyle who writes that "if a red indian but quarrel with his squaw on the banks of the Mississippi, the price of beavers' skins will rise in the home markets." This is true all over the industrial world. If the De Beers Diamond Co. but restrict their output—as they have done for the sake of larger dividends—the price of diamonds straightway rises in the home markets, and as a result 7,000 diamond cutters and polishers are thrown out of employment in Amsterdam. When the Scotch miners were about to resort to the same thing—i.e., restricting the day's darg to increase their wage—how the press and coalowners in general, and some labour members in particular, cried out against "artificially increasing the price of coal." I rather think the diamond-cutters would have to cry long and loudly before the press took up their cry. But then the case is different, you know.

The eight-hour day is gradually being carried all over the colony. First Natal showed the way; then Johannesburg took it up; now the following notice, which appeared in the leading colonial papers, shows that the feeling is spreading:

"NOTICE TO ARTIZANS.—Notice is hereby given that all employers in this town have agreed to the eight hours system, with the exception of Mr. R. A. Falconer, of the New Exchange Buildings. We, the Workmen's Committee, therefore advise artizans not to enter into any engagements with the said Mr. Falconer until further notice.—E. C. Perkins, G. Barnes, A. T. Thomas, committee. Potchefstroom, S.A.E., Jan. 6, 1890."

Has the Queen turned trader in her old age, or has her son's son-in-law prevailed upon her to take up a few of the £1 shares in the South African

Chartered Company? Her name (if she has got one) does not figure in the list of directors or shareholders; yet one would infer that there is some sort of connection between them from the following advertisement, which I clip from the *Diamond-Field Advertiser* of January 16:

"O. H. M. S.—British South African Company's Police.—Enrolment of men for the above force is now taking place at Colonel Sir F. Carrington's house, Dutoetspan Road, next door to Dr. Smith's, where particulars as to Service Act may be obtained, or of Sergt. Major Bodle, Transvaal Hotel."

Some years ago I remember either *Punch* or *Fun* ridiculed the red-tapeism of the War Office at the time when reinforcements were urgently needed for the troops in Egypt, by reproducing what purported to be an order from the Horse Guards to the effect "that a detachment of 1 lance-corporal and 6 privates will hold themselves in readiness to proceed to the front to reinforce the troops under General So-and-so." Of this failing the War Office seems to have got cured, if one can judge by their action with regard to the Chartered Company, at whose disposal they have apparently placed the British army. Colonel Carrington has been all over the colony beating up recruits for the company's police, whilst officers of volunteers have been made do duty for the company of titled land-robbers. Reuter's cablegrams also tell us that Her Majesty has been pleased to dispatch the sergt.-major of the Life Guards with a letter to Lobengula, the chief of the Matabeles; also several officers, including Colonel Brackenbury, whose services are placed at the disposal of the Chartered Company. Turning the soldiers into gas-stokers is only one remove from turning them into servants of the Rudd-Rhodes Syndicate. The company have so far only been reckoning with Lobengula; they have yet to reckon with the Matabeles, and the reckoning may after all be much different than that expected. Four Friesland bulls have been imported by the syndicate and dispatched to the king, as a part of the concession price. Let us hope for the sake of the Matabeles that the bulls are well-behaved brutes, else should they happen to frighten his kingship, some of his followers might lose their lives in consequence. To explain: Some other concession-hunters gave to a tribal chief, amongst other things, a pair of boots—part of the concession price paid by them for the mineral rights over a large tract of territory. The boots, however, so hurt the monarch's toes that in his anger and irritation he ordered the execution of the poor native who had put them on the royal feet. The Matabeles are beginning to look with suspicion on the company's doings, and threats are being uttered against the king for handing their country over to the whites. Like the blacks in the colony of Liberia, on the east coast of Africa, they ought to have been wise in time. "The constitution of Liberia is a 'close' one. Any black is welcomed and gets twenty-five acres of land free, and any number of acres more for a merely nominal sum. Missionaries are allowed in the country, and are given a hundred acres of land if they wish it; but they are not allowed to trade, and when they leave, their land and all upon it goes back to the State. White traders are on no account allowed to settle, and it is contrary to the fundamental articles of the constitution to sell them or grant them land. The Liberians, judging by painful experience of their own, as well as knowledge of the countries around, are satisfied that if they once admit the white man as a settler, they will be driven out of their own country" (*Cape Argus*). The Matabeles ought to have done likewise. The plot as regards their country and the Chartered Company is thickening, and what the next stage of its development will be is hard to say just now.

Here is the first valuation of property for municipal purposes ever made in the Transvaal. It will no doubt be of interest a few years hence, if only by way of reference:

"The valuation of property in Johannesburg for rating purposes is completed, and gives a total of about six millions sterling. A rate of 1d. in the £ will bring in a yearly revenue of close upon £20,000. Gold mining claims and machinery are not assessable, but the buildings alone of one company have been assessed at £10,000. The valuation raises a very important point as to whether properties like the Boksburg Tramway, the outcome of Government concessions, are liable to be rated."

This Boksburg Tramway, like the Delagoa Bay Railway, has cost more in men's lives than will ever be well known, but the Manager of Works admitted some few months ago that "hundreds of natives had died on the works and been buried without any medical inquiry." The Delagoa Bay Railway is said to have cost a man's life for every sleeper laid. There may be a little exaggeration in this, but not so much as most people would be apt to imagine.

I cannot close this letter without referring to the mockery of such talk as the Prince of Wales gave utterance to at the banquet in aid of the Leprosy Fund, when he said that "the Cape Government deserved great credit for the measures they had taken in the matter." Not many weeks ago I looked on Robben Island and the lepers, and turned away sick and downhearted at the condition of these unfortunates. Let me tell your Royal Highness if you don't know—but I'm afraid, like the Cape Government, you know quite well—that these very men and women whom the Legislative Assembly "deserve great credit for attending to" are housed and fed infinitely worse than your Royal Highness's dogs. Even Dr. Wynn, one of the medical officers of the Island, on leaving a few weeks ago, was careful in bidding good-bye to the patients to tell them that he was in no way responsible for the manner in which they were housed or fed, but that he hoped to meet friends who had interested themselves in their condition and would try and help them. No one who has not looked on Robben Island and its inhabitants can have any idea of the hopeless miserable lives these poor sufferers are doomed to endure; not the shade of a single tree to sit under, not a stretch of grass to freshen the eye or rest their poor shrivelled diseased bodies or limbs. One poor fellow I noticed, with a lump on the side of his head as big as an ostrich egg, sitting in the dust of the roadway in the shade of the gable of an outhouse, his clothes and hair covered with sand and dust; another sitting not far off, right in the glare of a blistering sun was flicking away with a handkerchief the flies which kept buzzing round his face. I was glad to get away. But it is not possible to forget the brutal way these men and women are treated by a people and a country which calls itself Christian. Such *Christianity* is fit only for hell.

Cape Town, February 5th, 1890.

JAMES BAIN.

SMALL rogues in hempen ropes oft swing,
While great ones gain a red silk string:
The trade is learned in half an hour—
To spare the rich and flay the poor.

Homer Burlesqued, Yahoo, p. 72.

No man loveth his fetters, be they made of gold.



OFFICES: 24 GREAT QUEEN STREET, LONDON, W.C.

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Justice	S.F.—Coast Seamen's Journal	SPAIN
Labour Elector	San Francisco Arbeiter Zeitung	Madrid—El Socialista
Labour Tribune	St. Louis (Mo.)—Die Parole	Barcelona—El Productor
Norwich—Daylight	FRANCE	Seville—El Proletario
Railway Review	Paris—Bourse du Travail	GERMANY
Sozial Demokrat	Le Proletariat	Berlin—Volks Tribune
Seafaring	Charleville—L'Emancipation	AUSTRIA
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INDIA	HOLLAND	Arbeiter-Wochen-Chronik
Bankipore—Behar Herald	Hague—Recht voor Allen	DENMARK
UNITED STATES	Anarchist	Social-Demokraten
New York—Znamia	BELGIUM	Copenhagen—Arbejdere
Workmen's Advocate	Antwerp—De Werker	SWEDEN
Woman's Journal	Ghent—Vooruit	Malmö—Arbetet
Boston—Liberty	SWITZERLAND	ARGENTINE REPUBLIC
Buffalo—Arbeiter-Zeitung	Arbeiterstimme	Buenos Ayres—Vorwärts
Cincinnati (O.) Volks-Anwalt		

COMMUNE OF PARIS.

THE ANNIVERSARY of the PROCLAMATION of the COMMUNE OF PARIS will be celebrated on

WEDNESDAY MARCH 19th, at 8 p.m.,

At South Place Institute,

SOUTH PLACE, FINSBURY, E.C.

(Close to Moorgate Street and Liverpool Street Stations)

The following Comrades will address the Meeting:—

JOHN TURNER, H. H. SPARLING, D. J. NICOLL, C. W. MOWBRAY, WM. MORRIS, E. MALATESTA, PETER KROPOTKIN, R. B. CUNNINGHAME GRAHAM, M.P., B. FEIGENBAUM, and EDWARD and ELEANOR MARX AVELING.

The Hammersmith Choir will sing Revolutionary Songs.

REFORM OR REVOLUTION.

THE state of society in nearly every part of the world, whether Christian or otherwise, convinces me that man has not yet reached that happy condition of life for which nature has fitted him. Towards this, nevertheless, he incessantly tends. The obstacles which stand in his way he seeks to put aside; and the efforts he makes for this purpose, when they fall short of their aim, are seditions, insurrections, rebellions, but when successful, are denominated revolutions, and regarded as blessings the world over. The authors of the former are stigmatised as criminals and put to death, while history celebrates the latter as patriots and covers their names with glory.

Much is often said about the civilisation of the age in which we live, and it may be that we are not in many respects behind our forefathers, or neglectful of the advantages springing out of our position. But if we look over the whole continents of Europe and America, and perhaps Australasia, we shall perceive nothing but depressed peoples, populations reduced to degrading servitude, the many held in subjection by the few, absolute kings ruling by the bayonet, secret leagues of despotic governments formed for mutual support, insignificant communities calling themselves free, but instead of perfecting their own internal affairs, engaged perpetually in sanguinary struggles; monarchies without power, as in the case of England, Portugal, Spain, Italy, etc., etc.; republics without freedom, as in France, America, Switzerland, Argentine, etc., etc.; ignorance and superstition, occasionally glossed over and cemented by respectable names.

There is still, therefore, much, very much indeed, for revolution to accomplish, and the future history of the world for a long time will most likely be little but a record of contests between the possessors of wealth and power on the one hand, and the disinherited slaves of capitalism on the other. In England, because some old abuses have in many cases been swept away, there are those who maintain that nothing remains to be done. But in the words of Burke, it is not to be argued that we endure no grievances because our grievances are not of the same sort with those under which our fathers laboured formerly; not precisely those which we bore from the Tudors or vindicated upon the Stuarts. Hitherto the people have been restrained from the attempt to emancipate themselves by ignorance, which has concealed from them their own strength, as well as the way of developing it usefully, and has held them in the chains of terror by propagating false notions of duty, of birth, place and power, authority, etc., and of whatever else that can influence the happiness of the peoples of the world. But at last the clouds of oppression seem breaking, and the sun of freedom bursts forth in all its splendour; for a doctrine which has hitherto been despised and whose truth only reached a few, seems in a fair way to leaven the whole mass. The people all over the world are growing weary of oppression, and see at last that their rulers are everywhere upheld by bayonets, which seem to be in a fair way of being levelled against the oppressors instead of the oppressed. To conduct mankind to the turning point at which they may emerge from the domain of authority and enter upon that of freedom, it is now only necessary to impregnate their minds with true ideas of justice and injustice, and to destroy those opinions which, operating like idolatry, withhold them from asserting their rights.

To accomplish this is not the task of cold speculation, looking forth from perfumed and gilded chambers upon the great prospect of humanity. It must be the work of strong conviction, rooted in the belief that freedom should obtain for all, and that they best do their duty as men who break the chains of the mental and economic slaves and enable them to look up and stand fearlessly before the world as freemen. No doubt the apostle of liberty must reckon on fierce opposition; the more he is in earnest the more will he be persecuted. Grandeur will behold in him an enemy; society at large will regard him as a disturber of public tranquility; literature will repudiate his efforts as things scarcely reconcilable to her effeminate rules; and even the people themselves, deluded and misled by custom, will perhaps for awhile stand aloof from him and refuse the expression of that sympathy which constitutes his best reward. But liberty has always had its martyrs, and there is no good reason why the race should ever cease.

What can be effected by individual exertion may seem comparatively little. The word written, by whatever power it may be accompanied, moves at first in a limited circle, obstructed by the differences of language, or national prejudice, sometimes by the direct interference of governments, by variations of creed, and by the natural indolence which restrains men from embracing what seems a novelty; still, what is put forward here in England finds its way by degrees to the Spaniard, the Italian, to the German, Pole, or Russian—and *vice versa*. I mean, the ideas penetrate, divorced from the name of the author: but this should perhaps be regarded as an advantage. The true friend of the people does not labour for fame, but is content if perchance it falls to his lot to break or loosen the chains which to-day binds his race in slavery. Liberty is too sacred a thing to be served for gain; our offerings to her must be offerings of the heart, and we should covet no reward save the consciousness of having contributed to enlarge her empire.

One of the most effectual means of promoting the cause is to extirpate from the breasts of the people their traditional reverence for States and Parliaments, for usurpers and despots. What is just and good they will continue to respect, as it is right they should; but the basis of government throughout the world being neither goodness nor justice—for government is a negation of goodness and justice alike—it deserves not their respect, but their antagonism.

The great lesson which mankind has to learn is, how they may most speedily deliver themselves from the economical and political theories which enslave them to-day. To aid them in the performance of this duty is the object of all Socialist teaching. The greatest abilities have been from time immemorial engaged in rivetting or polishing their chains, though truth and freedom have not always wanted worthy advocates. I rely greatly on the sacredness of the Cause, and trust my earnestness and sincerity may be accepted in lieu of any other qualities which nature may have denied me. If the popular mind be disenthralled, the road to liberty will be short and easy. The people's mission at the outset is to destroy what is bad. It must be for their teachers while engaged in this process to consider what is to be substituted for the vast apparatus of evil which they are trying to remove. Revolutions are brought about in various ways in the course of time, by gradual changes, when they bear the name of reformation; or suddenly, by conspiracy, insurrection, and armed conflict—when they are given their natural designation. Philosophers, commonly inclining to the form of dominion established in their country, have too frequently counselled innovations imperceptible from their minuteness, in imitation, as they say, of time, which, though the greatest of all innovators, brings about its changes by slow degrees. But this, to my mind, is timidity, sheltering itself under the disguise of prudence. The life of nations have necessarily their paroxysms when the principle of *laissez faire*, after a protracted struggle, is overcome by the principle of change. The work of years is then crowded into a day, enthusiasm and passion are enlisted in the service of wisdom, sufferings are endured, life is sacrificed, but society emerges from the turmoil advanced whole centuries beyond the point at which it stood at the bursting forth of the tempest. If these periodical visitations are distasteful to the rulers and monopolists, the certain means of avoiding them is by ceasing to exist as rulers and monopolists and taking their fair share of the world's useful work. C. W. MOWBRAY.

(To be continued.)

COAL IN KENT.

THE news that coal had been discovered in Kent, and that it would probably be found to be workable, has no doubt sent a shock of hope and expectation to some hearts and of terror to others. Amongst those who have anything to lose, those who are able to live in tolerably pleasant places without being too stupified by poverty to prevent their enjoying them, among the cultivated middle-classes in short, I should think the latter feeling prevails. The threat of the creation of a new black country on the ruins of the rural beauty of some of the most beautiful country in England, and close to London also, must impress most well-to-do people, who do not claim direct relationship with Mr. Podsnap, as a real terror not to be compensated by the hope of that vague and somewhat doubtful advantage, additional commercial prosperity. This feeling shines pretty clearly through the conventional twaddle which is being written in the newspapers about the splendour of the discovery, and the splendid energy of that great and beneficent employer of labour, Sir Edward Watkin, whose virtues this grand discovery is advertising in a quite providential manner. We know pretty well that though a few capitalists may make fortunes over the job, and a few landlords fill their pockets with the royalties for working the coal-field, the discovery if it leads to anything serious will be to the well-to-do public a ghastly disaster, which will not be compensated by the possible reduction in the price of coal used for household purposes; a benefit which could be obtained at a much lower price by compelling the railways to carry the coals at reasonable rates. (I say nothing about the profits of the coal-masters and the royalties of the landlords of the existing coal-fields, as they should go to the miners and other workmen engaged in getting the coal and making it marketable).

But some of our working-men readers will perhaps cry out, "O damn the well-to-do classes!" (a sentiment in which a knowledge of facts compels me to concur,) "Won't this new discovery be a great benefit to the workers?"

Well, I don't think *Socialist* working-men are under any delusions on this point. I think they know pretty well that whatever loss they may suffer from the establishment of a new manufacturing hell in the south-east of England, will not be compensated to them by any amelioration in the lives of, for instance, the workers in London. They have learned by this time that Sir Edward Watkin and his pals will stick to whatever swag they may filch out of Kentish coal, which belongs to the people not to them, and will only yield to the workers what they are compelled to yield.

But to non-Socialist workers I must point out that whatever gains may be made will pass by them. The new coal-fields will give employment? Yes, but at no higher rate of wages than workmen receive now; that is, wages which just take the place of the slaves' housing and rations of ancient days; wages also subject to all the precariousness which curses the lives of all other workers at present. It will cheapen the price of coal to all London workmen? Well, if it does so permanently and generally, with such an article of necessity as coal, it will on the other hand reduce the wages of the workers throughout London. As a matter of fact, as far as the present condition of the London workers are concerned, it will leave them in the same condition as they are in now, and will but destroy the beauty of the country which will one day be theirs in reality, and not in name only as it is now. A few rich men will be richer; that is to say, they will waste more of the labour of the workers than they do now; but

no poor man will have advanced one step nearer towards the attainment of wealth, that is, to a decent enjoyable life.

For the rest, surely a new manufacturing district is the thing of all others which England least needs. Double, treble, fourfold if you will (and I think you can) the yield of victuals from the fields of Kent, and you will have done some good; for though the profit-monger will in the present eat up the extra produce, and keep it from reaching those who need it, yet with the first days of the break-up of monopolist capitalism (*i.e.*, class robbery) it would at once become real wealth to be used by our teeming population.

But fresh groups of manufactories for producing the inanities and abortions of civilisation, what shall we say about them? This—in the present they are instruments for carrying on the robbery of the poor by the rich, for producing counters to be used in the gambling market, which at once dominates and supports the capitalistic system of production. That is one function of their production; and the other is the making of goods for poor people, which none but poor people (*i.e.*, slaves) would buy. To make useless luxuries for the rich, and to force shoddy rubbish on the poor, will be the office of the manufacturing districts in the present if we are cursed with them. And in the future when we have become free, and no longer need the toys of the fool or the rags of the slave, what shall we do with them? They will be mere nuisances to be got rid of at the expense of labour and trouble.

Let us hope, then, that coal in Kent will turn out an empty scare; that is, *nothing but* a blatant advertisement for the worker's friend, Sir Edward Watkin.

WILLIAM MORRIS.

CORRESPONDENCE.

CHRISTIANITY AND SOCIALISM.

Mr. Rickarby's letter, though written in a friendly and conciliatory spirit, requires, I think, some answer. Let it be admitted that Christianity, like all religions which include a system of morality, has something in common with Socialism. Let it also be admitted that many of the "sneers and unjust charges" of which Mr. Rickarby writes, are aimed at the stupidities and hypocrisies of the Christianity of the day, which no doubt men of Mr. Rickarby's stamp sincerely condemn; granted this, yet if Christianity is "a revelation addressed to all times" it can not be neutral as to political and social institutions, which, if they are to be binding on men's consciences, and not merely pieces of arbitrary coercion, must be founded on a system of morality; and that morality must not be founded on explanations of natural facts or a theory of life in which people have ceased to believe. At the risk of offending "real Christians," however well-meaning or honest they may be, we must ask "Is this true?"

Mr. Rickarby's contrast between real and actual Christianity evades the point of difference; that real (I should call it ideal) Christianity has never existed at all. Christianity has developed in due historic sequence from the first, and has taken the various forms which social, political, economic circumstances have forced on it; its last form moulded by the sordid commercialism of modern capitalism being the bundle of hypocrisies which, as I have said, Mr. Rickarby with other Christian Socialists condemns. When this beggarly period has been supplanted by one in which Socialism is realised, will not the system of morality, the theory of life, be all-embracing, and can it be other than the Socialistic theory? Where then will be the Christian ethic?—*absorbed in Socialism*. No separate system of ethics will then be needed; there will be no protest needed against the theory of life which will then be commonly held, we shall only have to guard the freedom which we have won.

WILLIAM MORRIS.

THE IMPERIAL MOUNTAIN AND ITS MOUSE.

ACCORDING to the *Reichsanzeiger*, the following is the agenda-paper of the Labour Conference called by the German Emperor:

I. Regulation of Work in Mines: (a) Is work underground to be prohibited for children under a certain age, and for females? (b) Are the working hours to be limited in mines in which the work is particularly dangerous to health? (c) Is it possible in the general interest, in order to secure a regular output of coal, to subject the work in coalpits to international regulations?

II. Regulation of Sunday Labour: (a) Is Sunday work in general to be prohibited, except in cases of emergency? (b) What exceptions are to be permitted in case of such prohibition being issued? (c) Are these exceptions to be decided by international agreement, by law, or by administrative ordinances?

III. Regulation of Children's Work: (a) Are children up to a certain age to be excluded from industrial work? (b) How is the age up to which exclusion takes place to be decided? is it to be the same for all branches of industry, or different? (c) What restrictions on working hours, and the sort of work permitted, are to be enforced for children permitted to take part in industrial work?

IV. Regulation of the Work of Youths: (a) Is the work of young people who are past the age of childhood to be subjected to restrictions? (b) Up to what age are the restrictions to apply? (c) What restrictions are to be prescribed? (d) Are exceptions to be made from the general rules for single branches of industry?

V. Regulation of Women's Work: (a) Is the work of married women to be restricted in the day time or at night? (b) Is the industrial work of all females (married and unmarried) to be subjected to certain restrictions? (c) What restrictions are to be recommended in this case? (d) Are exceptions to be permitted from the general rules for single branches of industry, and for which?

VI. Putting into Practice of the Regulations adopted: (a) Are provisions to be made for carrying out the regulations adopted, and for their control? (b) Are repeated conferences to be held by the representatives of the respective Governments, and what questions are to be submitted to them?

THE LABOUR STRUGGLE.

Mr. Livesey Triumphant.

Mr. Livesey was in his glory at the meeting of South Metropolitan shareholders on Wednesday February 26. He was able to stand before them as the hero who had vanquished the strike fiend. Of course, the whole aim of his speech was to represent the union as a devouring monster which would have swallowed up all the dividends of the shareholders if it had not been for the great Livesey. Now, even supposing the union had done this, it would have been no crime, for the simple reason that it is the workers composing the union, and not the shareholders, who create the dividends, and therefore by their action the men would have only taken the result of their labour. But this is what they have not done, as is proved by Livesey's own statement, that if it had not been for the strike the shareholders would have received a dividend of 13½ per cent. Such is the reward of the shareholders for sitting still with their hands in their pockets while the men who created this wealth toiled like slaves, stripped to the skin, in the heat and glow of blazing furnaces. And it was because the union men thought of reducing this monstrous dividend to unproductive idlers that Livesey determined to smash the union for making such an "unreasonable" demand. Livesey's triumph over his victory reminds one of the chuckling delight of a little dwarf who has gained a temporary triumph over a giant. For though the gas-stokers' union has received a check, the labour movement is as strong as ever, as Mr. Livesey may find to his cost. His announcement that "they had got free of the union and meant to keep free" tells us plainly what this sham philanthropist, this teetotal advocate, this pious Pecksniff meant by his desire to improve the condition of the men by his profit-sharing scheme, and that was to break up the union and to bring back the old slavery of long hours at killing toil. Probably in a month or two the eight hours system will be entirely swept away, as it has already been at several stations where the blacklegs have "unanimously" decided to go back to the old system. When these blacklegs are slaving twelve hours a-day in Livesey's hell, and the old tyranny is completely restored, even they may rebel, and Livesey may not find that he has gained so much after all by dooming hundreds of honest workmen and their families to misery and starvation.

The Strike at the Wharves.

There is little to report this week. The men at Hay's Wharf are still out, and are not likely to give way; this is the seventh week of the strike. At Oliver's Wharf the men have returned to work under an agreement drawn up at the London Chamber of Commerce, at an interview between the Labour Conciliation Committee, the proprietors of Oliver's Wharf, and Tom Mann and Ben Tillet, of the Docker's Union. Negotiations are also proceeding for settlement at Sharp's Wharf.

The men on strike at Hirsch's Oil Mills still hold out. Blacklegs who have left the works give a doleful account of the state of affairs inside. They state that the food is bad, the beds are haunted with vermin, and that over 100 tons of oil-cake have been returned to the mill as damaged by blundering blacklegs. Mr. Hirsch has tried to tempt some of the old hands back to work, but the men refuse to return till every blackleg is sent about his business and all the old hands taken back. The men in other oil mills are loyally supporting the strikers, and the Docker's Union has raised their strike pay from 10s. to 13s. a-week.

Bradlaugh and Labour.

Mr. Bradlaugh has once more distinguished himself as a defender of the divine right of capital in his attack upon Cuninghame Grahame in the House of Commons. It must be a great pleasure to him to be so vehemently applauded by the Tories, who now look upon the honourable member for Northampton as a more valuable defender of the existing social order than even the Archbishop of Canterbury. How they must chuckle over their own stupidity when they reflect that they actually fought for years to keep this good gentleman out of the House of Commons as the enemy of property and god, to find they have now got in him an eloquent believer in rent, dividends, and profit. It is true he has made no public profession yet of his belief in a deity, but still we are confident that even that may come in time, and surely his want of religious belief is made up by the fervency of his faith in the Almighty dollar. Who knows but if a profession of personal piety is necessary to a seat on the Treasury bench, that he may not even then be equal to the occasion? At any rate, however popular Mr. Bradlaugh's attitude towards labour questions may be with the Tory party, he is not improving his standing with the workers. Workmen who have hitherto been among his most earnest defenders, have been heard to use ugly words like "Traitor" and "Renegade" in referring to a once popular politician during the past week. Mr. Bradlaugh is of course only following eminent examples in kicking down the ladder by which he climbed into power; but still, if he is in too much of a hurry about it, he may chance to come a very nasty cropper.

The Threatened Miners' Strike.

It is certain that if a fight comes off, the struggle will be a desperate one. So desperate is it likely to be, that the leaders of the miners rather shrink from a labour war which may extend in a very short space of time through the length and breadth of the country. On the other hand, the employers also feel a hesitation in provoking the conflict; so it is possible that the conference between owners and men on Tuesday may end in a compromise.

Meanwhile, the miners are sending in their notices in every district throughout the country. On Thursday Feb. 27, 13,000 miners in Nottingham handed in their notices. At some collieries negotiations for a satisfactory arrangement are in progress, but the full 10 per cent. has not in any case yet been granted. In Warwickshire the men have also sent in their notices, and here many of the masters have announced that they are willing to give the 10 per cent. if the owners in other countries will also do so. At the Stavely Coal and Iron Collieries, 4,000 men and boys have handed in their notices, which expire on the 22nd of March. The Yorkshire men, as usual, are the most determined, and lead the van. The officials of their association report that all the notices sent out, with few exceptions, have been served. They call attention to the fact that while notices of Lancashire miners terminate on March 15th, some in Yorkshire take effect from 11th, 12th, and 13th days of March. The Denaby Main and Oaks miners have given notice to cease work on the 15th. A very different attitude has been taken by the North Wales men, who, alarmed at the

determined attitude of the coalowners, have withdrawn their notices. The Durham miners, who demanded an advance of 15 per cent., on having the question submitted to them by ballot, have agreed to take the owners' offer of a 5 per cent. advance.

Later.—The owners are playing a game of bluff. On Tuesday, at the conference between them and the leaders of the men, they refused to make any concession except to allow the inspection of their books. There is, therefore, at present, a complete deadlock, but there can be no question that the owners will give way if the men show their determination to strike sooner than yield. They have only the weakness of their leaders to thank for their present position.

The Expected Strike of Bootmakers.

There is to be a conference between masters and men on March 24th. The masters have offered to do away with work at home if the men will submit the wages question to arbitration. It is expected that a general strike will be averted.

Dock Strike at Liverpool.

2,000 men struck work at the North Dock at Liverpool last week. The men working in the hold of a wheat vessel demanded 7s. a day, but were offered 5s. by the stevedores. The men then came out, and were joined by the labourers, carters, and coal-heavers. Affairs are very unsettled in the docks at Liverpool.

Threatened Strike of Irish Railway-men.

Some time ago I noted the probability of a strike on the Great Northern Railway. The attitude of the men is now so threatening that the directors have offered to grant an increase of 6d. a week to the wages of all country porters, 1s. 6d. being the increase they offered previously. Mr. H. Scammel, the local secretary, at Belfast, has received a telegram from the Executive Committee of the Amalgamated Society of Railway Servants, informing him that all members in the employment of the Great Northern Railway will be supported whether connected with the benefit fund or not in the event of a strike taking place. The men are not satisfied with this paltry increase, from which some of them will gain no advantage, and they are prepared to strike within a few days if their demands are not conceded.

Broadhurst's Successor.

Who is to take Broadhurst's place? The *Labour Elector* suggested, among other candidates, Mr. George Shipton as a fit and proper person for the vacant post. What next! Shipton in the place of Broadhurst! It is difficult to see what trade unionists would gain by the exchange. I wonder what virtue Mr. Shipton possesses to recommend him to Mr. Champion, save perhaps his connection with the Sugar Bounty agitation. "A fellow feeling makes us wondrous kind," and it is possible that the gentleman who wishes to take the place of "Dear Peters" as an advocate of "Fair Trade" and "Tory Democracy," may find in Mr. Shipton a worthy fellow-worker in the same great cause. Some of the other candidates recommended by Mr. Champion are not much better. For instance, Mr. Henry Slatter, Broadhurst's double, who is as like him in general appearance as in his politics; or C. J. Drummond, a hanger-on of the privileged classes, whose fitness for the post probably arises from the fact that he participated with Mr. Shipton in the famous Sandringham expedition. Mr. Champion says in his defence of his protégés, "that few are perfect." True, very true. But there is little hope for the workers if they cannot find men nearer perfection than these.

Impending Strike of Fibre-dressers.

As some of our readers will remember, a strike in the above trade took place in Sheffield in the latter part of 1889, which ended after eight weeks' hard fighting in a great victory for the workers, and was the means of a general organisation of the trade both in Manchester and London. Encouraged by the success of the strike in Sheffield, the men in Manchester are seeking to get an advance on their present rate of wages, which are considerably lower than the Sheffield rate; and as the masters seem inclined to resist the men's demands, there is every chance of a strike taking place. It is to be hoped the men in London, who are still worse off than the Manchester men, will apply at once for an advance, and also sweep away the sweating system which so largely prevails. As many of the men are only getting from 14s. to 18s. per week on account of the sweating and the low prices paid for the work, there is plenty of room for improvement. It is to be hoped they will do as the bass-dressers in London did; instead of working for the miserable pittance that they work for, they will co-operate and try to reap the full benefit of their labour by doing away with the robbing class. N.

Strike of Clay-workers' at Leeds.

On Sunday afternoon a meeting was held at Vicar's Croft in support of the clayworkers on strike. The speakers were Maguire, Paylor, and Sweeney, who denounced Mr. Bruce, the magistrate who decided a test case against the men (on the technicality that the notices were not sent in at the proper time), thereby depriving them of £600, which is the aggregate amount of their wages due. H. S.

NOTTINGHAM SOCIALIST CLUB.—We had a field day on Sunday, when Edward Carpenter lectured in Sneinton Market in the morning on "The Breakdown of our Industrial System;" collection for lecture fund realised 3s. 8d. In the hall, Woodland Place, Parliament Street, at night, Carpenter spoke on "Present and Future Society" to a crowded audience; collection 7s. 9d.—P.

MANCHESTER.—Suitable premises have now been secured for the new Socialist Club. It is our aim to make it a centre for Socialist propaganda in Lancashire. A library, reading, recreation, and refreshment rooms will be some of its attractions. Aid is invited from friends who can assist, either with fittings, furniture, books, or funds. The Club, 60 Grosvenor Street, All Saints, is now open for members every evening. *Commonweal* and other literature on sale.

TREATMENT OF RUSSIAN POLITICAL PRISONERS.—At a committee meeting held at the Patriotic Club on the 21st Feb., it was resolved to hold a great Demonstration in Hyde Park, on Sunday the 9th of March, at 3 p.m., to protest against the inhuman treatment of political prisoners by the Russian Government, and to express sympathy with the Russian workers in their struggle for liberty. All particulars as to the line of route of the processions can be obtained from J. Hunter Watts, hon. sec. Workmen's Protest Committee, 18 Torrington Sq., W.C.

THE SOCIALIST LEAGUE.

OFFICES: 24, GREAT QUEEN ST., LINCOLN'S INN FIELDS, W.C.

The Offices of the Socialist League will be open for the sale of *Commonweal* and all other Socialist publications from 8.30 a.m. to 9 p.m. every day except Sunday. The Secretary will be in attendance from 10 a.m. to 9 p.m. daily.

Branch Subscriptions Paid.—1888:—Oxford, to end of September.

1889:—Bradford and Hammersmith, to end of April. Norwich, Glasgow, and Yarmouth, to end of May. East London, to end of October. North London and Mitcham, to end of November. St. Georges East, to end of December. 1890:—North Kensington and Manchester, to end of January. 'Commonweal' Branch, and Leicester, to end of February.

Notice.—All letters on League business, except those intended for Editors of *Commonweal*, to be addressed to me. No other person is authorised to sign any official communication.

FRANK KITZ, Secretary.

REPORTS.

NORTH KENSINGTON.—We held a good meeting last Sunday at Latimer Road; speakers were Crouch, Tochatti, W. H. Rogers, and Mrs. Schack. At the Clarendon Coffee Tavern, W. Morris lectured on "How shall we live then" to a good audience; questions and discussion afterwards; 43 'Weals' sold during the day and 3s. 6d. collected.

ABERDEEN.—At meeting on 24th an article by Kropotkin on "The Exile in Siberia" was read and discussed, the attendance being unusually large. Propaganda goes on gaily in newspapers; a debate is being arranged between Leatham and a prominent local Georgite; and we shall soon be thinking of re-commencing open-air propaganda.—L.

GLASGOW.—Meeting on Jail Square not held on Sunday. In the evening we held a meeting at Paisley Road Toll, where Glasier spoke amid a deal of interruptions from a gang of ill-mannered youths who had apparently been sent to annoy us. Our meeting, however, despite their efforts, was held longer than usual, and a number of questions answered at the close.

LEEDS.—At the Socialist League on Sunday night, Samuels read a paper on "The Woman Question"; a good discussion followed; 'Weals' sold out and good sale of pamphlets.

LEICESTER.—This last month we have had Sparling on "The Evolved Cannibal"; fair audience, lecturer's replies witty and telling. Annie Besant next paid us a visit; hall crammed by enthusiastic audience. William Morris drew a good number to the Radical Club, February 2, to listen to "How we shall Live Then." Same evening Morris lectured at Secular Hall on "What Socialists Want"; good attendance again. The week following, G. B. Shaw lectured in the same hall on "Socialist Individualism"; capital discussion. Sparling's and Mrs. Besant's discourses have produced discussion in two of our local papers. We have also a correspondence in the papers on the right to place Socialist papers on the tables at the free library. In this dispute the Secularists and Individualists are taking part with us. One paper gives us extensive reports. We are not doing any out-door propaganda at present, but we have been invited to Newby Street Young Men's Debating Society, where a paper on Socialism has been read. The remarks that followed show that prejudice against Socialism is rapidly giving place to a disposition to study it.—T. B.

DUBLIN.—At Progressist Club, 87 Marlboro' Street, March 1st, A. Kavanagh lectured on "Education," advocating free, secular, and compulsory education in all grades. A lively discussion arose, in which O'Gorman, King, Pearson, Hamilton and others took part.

EDINBURGH (S. S. F.).—Comrade Blackwell lectured in the Moulders' Hall on Sunday, taking for his subject "Socialism without Government." A good many questions were put and replied to. In the discussion Blackwell was well backed up by Bell. The opposition was rather weak.

SHEFFIELD.—Hallamshire Hall, West Bar.—On Sunday February 23, comrade Sketchley delivered two lectures, on the following subjects: at 11 a.m., "The Events of the Week"; and at 6.30, "The Nationalisation of the Land; How and Why." The attendance in the evening was large, and the sale of literature very good. On Sunday March 2nd, comrade Sketchley lectured as follows: at 11 a.m., "The Events of the Week—Charles Bradlaugh and the Eight Hours Question"; at 6.30, subject, "What the Workers Want, and the Reason Why." Some little discussion followed, but which was hardly worth notice. All the lectures at the above hall are public. Admission is free, and discussion is always invited.

SHEFFIELD SOCIALISTS.—On Sunday evening, March 2, at the Central Radical Club, Mrs. Usher lectured on Stepniak's biography of Prince Kropotkin, and referred in conclusion to the principles, aims, and objects of Socialism, as understood and advanced by Kropotkin and other great thinkers and workers in the Socialist cause. Mr. Shaw took the chair. Good audience, and interesting discussion. *Commonweal* and Socialist pamphlets sold well.

A

MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC ENTERTAINMENT

WILL BE HELD ON

SUNDAY, MARCH 9th, at 8 p.m.,

By the 'Commonweal' Branch of the Socialist League,

24 GREAT QUEEN STREET, LINCOLN'S INN FIELDS.

Pianoforte Selection	Mr. H. ATKINSON
Song	Miss LEAH WADE
Reading	Mr. W. DARWOOD
Song	Mr. H. ATKINSON

DRAMATIC SKETCH—"THE HUNCHBACK."

Mr. W. DARWOOD	Miss LEAH WADE
Song	...
Reading	"The Dying Communist"
Irish Song	...
Reading	"The Polish Boy"
Reading	"Greenwich Fair"

To CONCLUDE WITH A COMIC SKETCH, ENTITLED

"THE HAPPY PAIR."

Mr. HONEYTON Mrs. HONEYTON

The Proceeds are to be devoted to the benefit of the 'Commonweal'.
Admission by Programme, 6d.

LECTURE DIARY.

LONDON.

Battersea.—All communications to E. Buteux, 45, Inwith Street, Battersea Park Road.

Commonweal Branch.—24 Great Queen Street, Holborn, W.C. Business meetings of members every Thursday evening at 8; Discussion Class at 9. Hall open every evening from 7 till 10. Concert on Sunday March 9, at 8 p.m.—see other column.

East London.—12 Basing Place, Kingsland Road. Members are requested to turn up on Sunday March 9, at 8 p.m., to arrange for course of lectures.

Hammersmith.—Kelmescott House, Upper Mall, W. Sunday March 9, at 8 p.m., a Lecture.

Mitcham.—"Lord Napier," Fair Green. Meets every Sunday at 12.30, to enroll members, etc.

North Kensington.—Clarendon Coffee Palace, Clarendon Road. Meets every Wednesday at 8 p.m. On Sunday March 9, at 8 p.m., G. Bernard Shaw, "The Evolution of Practical Socialism."

North London.—6 Windmill Street, Tottenham Court Road. Meets every Wednesday evening at 8 o'clock.

Streatham.—Address secretary, R. Smith, 1 Natal Road, Streatham.

Whitechapel and St. Georges in the East.—Branch meetings at International Club, 40 Berner Street, Commercial Road. J. Turner, organising secretary.

PROVINCES.

Aberdeen.—Organiser, J. Leatham, 7 Jamaica Street. Branch meets in Odd-fellows' Small Hall, Crooked Lane, on Monday evenings at 8. Singing practice at 46 Marischal Street on Thursdays at 8 p.m.

Bradford.—Laycock's Temperance Hotel, Albion Court, Kirkgate. Meets every Tuesday at 7.30.

Glasgow.—Ram's Horn Hall, 122 Ingram Street. Branch meets on Thursday evenings at 8 o'clock and Sundays at 7 o'clock.

Halifax.—Socialists meet every Sunday at 6.30 p.m. at Helliwell's Temperance Hotel, Northgate.

Leeds.—Clarendon Buildings, Victoria Road, School Close. Open every evening. Business meeting Saturdays at 8 p.m.

Leicester.—Exchange Buildings, Rutland Street. Branch meets on Monday and Thursday, at 8 p.m. Tuesday March 11, at 8 p.m., in Co-operative Hall, High Street, William Morris will lecture on "The Class Struggle."

Manchester.—Socialist League Club, 60 Grovesnor Street, All Saints. Open every evening. Branch weekly meeting on Tuesdays at 8 p.m.

Norwich.—Sunday, at 8, Gordon Hall. Tuesday, at 8.30, Members' meeting. Thursday, at 8, Discussion Class. Saturday, Social Meeting. Hall open every evening from 8 p.m.

Oxford.—Temperance Hall, 25½ Pembroke Street. First Friday in every month, at 8.30 p.m.

Walsall.—Socialist Club, 18 Goodall Street, Walsall. Meetings every night.

Yarmouth.—Branch meets at comrade Headley's, near Co-operative Stores, every Tuesday evening. Elocution Class Friday at 8 p.m. On Sunday afternoons during winter a Discussion Class will be held at 3 o'clock.

All persons who sympathise with the views of the Socialist League are earnestly invited to communicate with the above addresses, and if possible to help us in preparing for the birth of a true society, based on equality, brotherhood, and freedom for all.

OPEN-AIR PROPAGANDA.

SATURDAY 8.

8.30..... Mile-end Waste.....The Branch

SUNDAY 9.

11 Latimer Road Station.....R. J. Lyne, W. H. Rogers, and Crouch
11.30..... Kilburn—"Old Plough," Kilburn LaneThe Branch
11.30..... Mitcham—Fair GreenThe Branch
11.30..... Regent's Park.....Nicoll and Parker
3.30..... Hyde Park—Marble ArchParker
3.30..... Victoria ParkDavis and Mowbray
7 Weltje Road, Ravenscourt ParkHammersmith Branch
7.30..... Walham Green—back of ChurchHammersmith Branch

TUESDAY 11.

8 Walham Green—back of ChurchHammersmith Branch

FRIDAY 14.

8.15..... Hoxton Church.....East London Branch

PROVINCES.

Glasgow.—Sunday: Jail Square at 2 o'clock; Paisley Road at 5 o'clock. Tuesday: Cathedral Square, at 8 p.m.

Leeds.—Sunday: Hunslet Moor, at 11 a.m.; Vicar's Croft, at 7 p.m.

Manchester.—Sunday: Philips Park Gates, at 11; Stevenson Square, at 3.

Norwich.—Sunday: St. Faiths, at 11; Market Place, at 3.

Sheffield.—Sunday: Monolith, Fargate, at 11.30 a.m.; Burngreave Road, near Vestry Offices, at 3 p.m.; Pump, West Bar, at 8 p.m.

Yarmouth.—Sunday: Priory Plain, at 11; Colman's Granary Quay, at 7.

DUNDEE.—James Davie, 6 Overgate, is agent for the *Commonweal* in this town.
LIVERPOOL SOCIALIST SOCIETY, 1 Stanley Street, Dale Street.—Meets every Tuesday at 8 p.m.

DUBLIN.—At Progressist Club, 87 Marlboro' Street, Saturday March 8, at 8 p.m., R. Pearson, "The Currency Question."

EDINBURGH—SCOTTISH SOCIALIST FEDERATION.—In Moulders' Hall, High St., Sunday March 9, at 6.30, Comrade Davidson.

NOTTINGHAM SOCIALIST CLUB, Woodland Place, Upper Parliament St.—Sunday March 9, at 7 p.m., T. Proctor, "The German Elections."

CLUB AUTONOME, 6 Windmill Street, Tottenham Court Road, W.—Sunday March 9, at 8.30, James Harragan, "Anarchism—How to bring it about."

CHLSEA S.D.F., Co-operative Lecture Hall, 312 Kings Road, Chelsea.—Sunday March 9, at 8 p.m., Ferdinand Gilles, "German and French Socialism."

SHEFFIELD.—At Hallamshire Hall, Westbar, on Sunday March 9, J. Sketchley, 11 a.m., "The Events of the Week"; at 6.30, "The Present Crisis in the Labour Movement."

THE NEW FELLOWSHIP, 267 Strand (rooms of the National Vigilance Association).—Tuesday March 11, Herbert Rix, "Count Leo Tolstoi: His Ideal and Doctrine of Happiness."

MANHOOD SUFFRAGE LEAGUE, "Three Doves," Berwick St., Oxford St., W.—Sunday March 9, at 8 p.m., George R. Cox—Reading, with comments, of Dr. Norman McLeod's sketch, "A Life Story." Committee meeting at 7.30.

THE COMMONWEAL

The Official Journal of the SOCIALIST LEAGUE.

VOL. 6.—No. 218.

SATURDAY, MARCH 15, 1890.

WEEKLY; ONE PENNY.

COMMUNE OF PARIS.

THE NINETEENTH ANNIVERSARY of the PROCLAMATION of the COMMUNE OF PARIS will be celebrated on

WEDNESDAY MARCH 19th, at 8 p.m.,

At South Place Institute,

SOUTH PLACE, FINSBURY, E.C.

(Close to Moorgate Street and Liverpool Street Stations)

The following Comrades will address the Meeting:—

JOHN TURNER, H. H. SPARLING, D. J. NICOLL, C. W. MOWBRAY, WM. MORRIS, E. MALATESTA, PETER KROPOTKIN, R. B. CUNNINGHAME GRAHAM, M.P., B. FEIGENBAUM, and EDWARD and ELEANOR MARX AVELING.

Revolutionary Songs will be sung during the evening.

NOTES ON NEWS.

At last we are to have a real all-alive boycotting prosecution in London. The Shop Assistants' Union has been trying to obtain "early closing" at Hammersmith among other places. "Early closing" means shutting up shop at 5 o'clock one day in the week, Thursday being the day usually agreed on. All but a few traders in Hammersmith met the demand in a friendly way; these few held out, and after all other means had been exhausted a poster was issued calling on all workmen to boycott them. One or two weakened under the rod, but the others have "appealed to the law for protection." Comrade Turner, who signed the poster on behalf of the shop assistants, will have to stand his trial for infringing the sacred rights of Property to exploit Labour as it pleases.

Now here is a case which the League, and I hope all Socialists, can take up and fight through to the bitter end without any "sacrifice of principle" or anything else. The demand is so "moderate" that the help of almost everybody may be enlisted, while the principle involved is just as important and clearly defined as in the docker's strike, or any other struggle made by Labour against unjust restrictions. In the East-end the Docker's Union has asked its members to boycott all blackleg shopkeepers who refuse their assistants the small concession asked for. Every trade union and organisation of workmen should follow that example in the West; especially should Socialists take the matter up, and employ every weapon which can be brought to bear. The heavier the weapons the more effective, "Better one stroke of the beetle than two of the hammer."

Awhile ago, when the "early closing" movement was run by the masters, and the assistants held aloof from organised labour, regarding themselves as bourgeois and not belonging to the working-class, there would have been little interest in a mere passing skirmish of the kind. But now that the shop assistants are beginning to regard themselves as workers, and to recognise that the labour movement affects them as much as the mechanic or labourer, the case is different. Unaccustomed as they are to self-reliance, without even the small schooling in organised self-help that productive labour has gained in the past, these poor distributors need all the help that can be given them. If the signs of the times be trustworthy they will not be ungrateful, nor let the help be unrequited, but will take their due places in the Army of Labour, producer and distributor joining hands and marching on to victory.

"The vampire of the nineteenth century does nothing so ungentle as to soil his fingers and lips with human blood, but recruits his exhausted

strength by absorbing the vital forces of others, and is no less dangerous than in the olden days when bell, book, and candle, and the terrestrial influence of a good stout stake driven through his heart, were necessary to curb his evil propensities."

No! this was not written about a capitalist, as you might very well think, it is cut from a review of a "shilling shocker." However, it so closely describes the employer who sucks all his employes' life-blood, that I suggest "vampire" as a pet-name for the vermin whom the "boy-cat" is now after.

It is rather difficult nowadays to present or re-state Socialism with anything like freshness and brevity. But this difficulty has been right well mastered by comrade Morrison Davidson, who in his "Old Order and the New"¹ has put our case against the present system with great fullness and force in a condensed and handy form that will make the book a very speakers' *vade mecum*. However we may differ from him as to the future organisation of society, there can be nothing but agreement with and gratitude for his attack upon private property and all that goes with it. Workmanlike thoroughness in dealing with his theme, together with skill and eloquence in its presentation, make this one of the best and most useful books that have yet appeared in English.

Especially may it be recommended for careful study by the *Pall Mall* writer who perpetrates the following:

"As we are all Socialists now, according to Historicus Harcourt, so we are all naturally anxious to prove that we are not the detested contrary. There is touching anxiety among all sorts and conditions of men to escape the ugly imputation of being 'Bourgeois.' What is a Bourgeois? In England the landed aristocrat would feel as deeply insulted as any Social Democratic wage-slave at being characterised by that unpopular epithet. We mostly think of the comfortable well-to-do Philistine, the small or great capitalist in shop or factory, as the Bourgeois—a man corresponding in our time to the 'Cit' of the satirists and playwrights of the last century. The German Socialists, however, in their electioneering programme, have insisted upon the definition that '*jeder Besitzende ein Bourgeois ist.*' Everybody who possesses anything—William Morris, for example—is a Bourgeois. Until the State, or the local commune, has become universal proprietor, it is hard to see how there can be anybody (outside the older monastic orders) who is not a Bourgeois. Even 'the beggar's rags fluttering in air,' unless he has made them over to the commonwealth, make it impossible for him to be anything but a theoretical Socialist. It is a pity that we cannot find some genuine Teutonic word, English or German, for this ugly epithet—'stolen,' as the Laureate would remind us, 'from France.'"

A course of ethnological and philological study, including elementary modern German, might also be taken with advantage by this wisacre. What he would call a "genuine Teutonic" word is easily found if the want of it were really felt, though for that matter I can't for the life of me see why an "ugly epithet" is unfitted for an admittedly ugly thing. The "aristocrat" may very well object to it, if there be an "aristocrat" left, which needs proof nowadays in England anyway. For the rest, all who *own any property*, not *possess anything* (Can you see the difference, Mr. *Pall Mall*?), are bourgeois. Those who necessarily live by work, owning nothing but their bodies, and not always "possessing" those, are proletarians; those who live by the owning of property, land or capital, who may work or may not, but who can at any rate, and mostly do, exist without producing, in virtue of their power to compel others to labour for them.

How the "beggar's rags fluttering in air" give him any share of this power, may be left to vain conjecture; but it may be said that we Socialists are always insisting that neither he nor anybody else, whoever he is or whatever his desire, can be "anything but a theoretical Socialist" while the means of production, exchange, and distribution are "private property," and not possessed in common.

If the *Pall Mall* notices our comment on its note, which is, to say the least of it, unlikely, it might at the same time explain why Socialists alone may not steal from the French, and also say what

¹ May be had from *Commonweal* Office, for 1s. 2d. post free.

percentage of "genuine Teutonic" words appear in the column from which our cutting is taken?

El Proletario, our most recently born, but very promising Spanish contemporary, in acknowledging receipt of *Commonweal*, adds a kind wish for our prosperity and freedom from confiscation. Well! we are grateful for the wish, but would rather die crushed under the iron heel of despotism than be killed, as so many of our fore-runners and fellows have been, by the neglect and apathy of those for whom we fight.

The New York *Times* makes the following defence of England's aggressive African policy, which is, of course, both accurate and conclusive:

"Great Britain is under a vital and continuous necessity to expand. It is almost if not quite a requirement of national self-preservation that she finds new markets for British products, and the finding of such markets in Africa means the growth of new industries, the products of which can be exchanged for the products of British industry."

Which is to say, that the commercial system can only be kept alive by continually expanding the area of exploitation.

Says the Sydney *Bulletin*:

"Exploiter Stanley, who has been very properly denounced by John Burns as a 'buccaneer,' will probably receive a great reception when he reaches England. Why, no unbiased reasoner knows. He is a mere adventurer, plucky, probably; cruel and unscrupulous, unquestionably. That the blacks of Central Africa should resent his commercial and ostentatious invasion of their native wilds is only natural. The Englishman who resisted the burgling of his country would be considered a patriot and a hero, but Stanley shoots down hundreds of niggers, and while he is hailed as the hero, they are called 'rebels,' 'barbarians,' and 'malicious savages.' The cruelty and rapacity of the self-advertising English explorer is only equalled by the credulity, stupidity, and hypocrisy of his countrymen."

S.

NEWS FROM NOWHERE:

OR,

AN EPOCH OF REST.

BEING SOME CHAPTERS FROM A UTOPIAN ROMANCE.

CHAP. IX. (continued).—CONCERNING LOVE.

"HERE is the whole tale," said old Hammond—"a short one enough; and now I hope a happy one: they lived together two years the first time; and then she got it into her head that she was in love with somebody else. So she left poor Dick. But it did not last long, only about a year. Then she came to me, as she was in the habit of bringing her troubles to the old carle, and asked me how Dick was, and whether he was happy, and all the rest of it. So I saw where the land lay, and said that he was very unhappy and not at all well; which last at any rate was a lie—There, you can guess the rest. Clara came to have a long talk with me to-day, but Dick will serve her turn much better. Indeed, if he hadn't chanced in upon me to-day I should have had to have sent for him to-morrow."

"Dear me!" said I. "Have they any children?"

"Yes," said he, "two; they are staying with one of my daughters' at present, where, indeed, Clara has mostly been. I wouldn't lose sight of her, as I felt sure they would come together again: and Dick, who is the best of good fellows, really took the matter to heart. You see, he had no other love to run to, as she had. So I managed it all; as I have done with such-like matters before."

"Ah," said I, "no doubt you wanted to keep them out of the Divorce Court: but I suppose it often has to settle such matters?"

"Then you suppose nonsense," said he. "I know that there used to be such lunatic affairs as divorce-courts: but just consider, all the cases that came into them were matters of property quarrels: and I think, dear guest," said he, smiling, "that though you do come from another planet, you can see from the mere outside look of our world that quarrels about private property could not go on amongst us in our days."

Indeed, my drive from Hammersmith to Bloomsbury, and all the quiet happy life I had seen so many hints of, even apart from my shopping, would have been enough to tell me that "the sacred rights of property," as we used to think of them, were now no more. So I sat silent while the old man took up the thread of the discourse again, and said:

"Well, then, property quarrels being no longer possible, what remains in these matters that a court of law could deal with? Fancy a court for enforcing a contract of passion or sentiment! If such a thing were needed as a *reductio ad absurdum* of the enforcement of contract, such a folly would do that for us."

He was silent again a little, and then said: "You must understand once for all that we have changed these matters; or rather, that our way of looking at them has changed as we have changed within the last two hundred years. We do not deceive ourselves, indeed, or believe that we can get rid of all the trouble that besets the dealings between the sexes. We know that we must face the unhappiness that comes of man and woman confusing the relations between natural passion, and sentiment, and the friendship which, when things go well, softens the awakening from passing illusions: but we are not so mad as to pile up degradation on that unhappiness by engaging in sordid squabbles about livelihood and position, and the power of tyrannising over the children who have been the results of love or lust."

Again he paused awhile, and again went on: "Calf love, mistaken for a heroism that shall be life-long, yet early waning into disappointment; the inexplicable desire that comes on a man of riper years to be the all-in-all to some one woman, whose ordinary human kindness and human beauty he has idealised into superhuman perfection, and made the one object of his desire; or lastly the reasonable longing of a strong and thoughtful man to become the most intimate friend of some beautiful and wise woman, the very type of the beauty and glory of the world which we love so well,—as we exult in all the pleasure and exaltation of spirit which goes with all this, so we set ourselves to bear the sorrow which not unseldom goes with it also; remembering those lines of the ancient poet (I quote roughly from memory of one of the many translations of the nineteenth century):

'For this the Gods have fashioned man's grief and evil day
That still for man hereafter might be the tale and the lay.'

Well, well, 'tis little likely anyhow that all tales shall be lacking or all sorrow cured."

He was silent for some time, and I would not interrupt him. At last he began again: "But you must know that we of these generations are strong and healthy of body, and live easily; we pass our lives in reasonable strife with nature, exercising not one side of ourselves only, but all sides, taking the keenest pleasure in all the life of the world. So it is a point of honour with us not to be self-centred; not to suppose that the world must cease because one man is sorry; therefore we should think it foolish, or if you will, criminal, to exaggerate these matters of sentiment and sensibility: we are no more inclined to eke out our sentimental sorrows than to cherish our bodily pains; and we recognise that there are other pleasures besides love-making. You must remember, also, that we are long-lived, and that therefore beauty both in man and woman is not so fleeting as it was in the days when we were burdened so heavily by self-inflicted diseases. So we shake off these griefs in a way which perhaps the sentimentalists of other times would think contemptible and unheroic, but which we think necessary and manlike. As on the one hand, therefore, we have ceased to be commercial in our love-matters, so also we have ceased to be *artificially* foolish. The folly which comes by nature, the unwisdom of the immature man, or the older man caught in a trap, we must put up with that, nor are we much ashamed of it; but to be conventionally sensitive or sentimental—my friend, I am old and perhaps disappointed, but at least I think we have cast off *some* of the follies of the older world."

He paused, as if for some words of mine; but I held my peace: then he went on: "At least, if we suffer from the tyranny and fickleness of nature or our own want of experience, we neither grimace about it, nor lie. If there must be sundering betwixt those who meant never to sunder, so it must be: but there need be no pretence of unity when the reality of it is gone: nor do we drive those who well know that they are incapable of it to profess an undying sentiment which they cannot really feel: thus, that as that monstrosity of venal lust is no longer possible, so also it is no longer needed. Don't misunderstand me. You did not seem shocked when I told you that there were no law-courts to enforce contracts of sentiment or passion; but so curiously are men made that perhaps you *will* be shocked when I tell you that there is no code of public opinion which takes the place of such courts, and which might be as tyrannical and unreasonable as they were. I do not say that people don't judge their neighbours' conduct—sometimes, doubtless, unfairly. But I *do* say that there is no unvarying conventional set of rules by which people are judged; no bed of Procrustes to stretch or cramp their minds and lives; no hypocritical excommunication which people are *forced* to pronounce, either by unconsidered habit, or by the unexpressed threat of the lesser interdict if they are lax in their hypocrisy. Are you shocked now?"

"N-o—n-o," said I, with some hesitation. "It is all so different."

"At any rate," said he, "one thing I think I can answer for: whatever sentiment there is, it is real—and general; it is not confined to people very specially refined. I am also pretty sure, as I hinted to you just now, that there is not by a great way as much suffering involved in these matters either to men and to women as there used to be. But excuse me for being so prolix on this question! You know you asked to be treated like a being from another planet."

"Indeed I thank you very much," said I. "Now may I ask you about the position of women in your society?"

He laughed very heartily for a man of his years, and said: "It is not without reason that I have got a reputation as a careful student of history. I believe I really do understand 'the Emancipation of Women movement' of the nineteenth century. I doubt if any other man now alive does."

"Well?" said I, a little bit nettled by his merriment.

"Well," said he, "of course you will see that all that is a dead controversy now. The men have no longer any opportunity of tyrannising over the women, or the women over the men; both of which things took place in those old times. The women do what they can do best, and what they like best, and the men are neither jealous of it or injured by it. This is such a commonplace that I am almost ashamed to state it."

I said, "O; and legislation? do they take any part in that?"

Hammond smiled and said: "I think you may wait for an answer to that question till we get on to the subject of legislation. There may be novelties to you in that subject also."

"Very well," I said; "but about this woman question? I saw at the Guest House that the women were waiting on the men: that seems a little like reaction, doesn't it?"

"Does it?" said the old man; "perhaps you think housekeeping an unimportant occupation, not deserving of respect. I believe that was the opinion of the 'advanced' women of the nineteenth century, and their male backers. If it is yours, I recommend to your notice an old Norwegian folk-lore tale called *How the Man minded the House*, or some such title; the result of which minding was that, after various tribulations, the man and the family cow balanced each other at the end of a rope, the man hanging halfway up the chimney, the cow dangling from the roof, which, after the fashion of the country, was of turf and sloping down low to the ground. Hard on the cow, I think. Of course, no such mishap could happen to such a superior person as yourself," he added, chuckling.

I sat a little uneasy under this dry gibe. Indeed, his manner of treating this latter part of the question seemed to me a little disrespectful.

"Come, now, my friend," quoth he, "don't you know that it is a great pleasure to a clever woman to manage a house skilfully, and to do it so that all the house-mates about her looked pleased, and are grateful to her? And then you know everybody likes to be ordered about by a pretty woman: why, it is one of the pleasantest forms of flirtation. You are not so old that you cannot remember that. Why, I remember it well."

And the old fellow chuckled again, and at last fairly burst out laughing.

"Excuse me," said he, after a while; "I am not laughing at anything you could be thinking of, but at that silly nineteenth century fashion, current amongst rich so-called cultivated people, of ignoring all the steps by which their daily dinner was reached, as matters too low for their lofty intelligence. Useless idiots! Come, now, I am a 'literary man,' as we queer animals used to be called, yet I am a pretty good cook myself."

"So am I," said I.

"Well, then," said he, "I really think you can understand me better than you would seem to do, judging by your words and your silence."

Said I: "Perhaps that is so; but people putting in practice commonly this sense of interest in the ordinary occupations of life rather startles me. I will ask you a question or two presently about that. But I want to return to the position of women amongst you. You have studied the 'emancipation of women' business of the nineteenth century: don't you remember that some of the 'superior' women wanted to emancipate their sex from the bearing of children?"

WILLIAM MORRIS.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

IN AUSTRALIA.

JOHN BURNS is said here to have refused £1,000 and expenses offered him for an Australian lecturing tour. Of course, Jack knows his own business best, but he would have done great good here, and he needn't have been tender at taking money from the trades-unions, they can afford it; for instance, the assets of the Melbourne Trades' Hall Council are £40,456 over liabilities.

The work of organisation goes merrily on. The federation between the Queensland shearers and the Brisbane wharf labourers is complete. The New South Wales shearers are now negotiating with the Queensland shearers with a view to federation, and a similar desire is expressed by the wharf labourers of both colonies. A conference of wharf-labour delegates will meet in Sydney and one of shearers in Bourke to make arrangements. A delegate has been sent from the Queensland shearers to agree to federate with the New South Wales shearers, provided the latter will join the N.S.W. Maritime Union. Should the proposition be accepted, and the wharf labourers adopt the same conditions, inter-colonial federation will have made a very fair start. The Brisbane lightermen are going to join the federation; they only formed their union three months ago, and it is now over a hundred strong.

The boy-labour question is agitating the Charters Towers miners, and in future lads over eighteen will have to receive men's wages.

The newly-formed Drovers' Union at Tambo has drawn up the following rates of wages:—Cattle: 500, not less than 80s.; 800, not less than 90s.; over 800, not less than 100s.; fats, 200, not less than 80s. Cattle men, 35s. per week, or 30s. if they leave on the road; sheep men, 25s., or 30s. if they go through. Contract (Cattle): 1s. per head per 100 miles for 500 head; 1s. 4d. per head per 100 miles up to 800 head; over 800, 1s. 3d.; small lots as per agreement, but not under 1s. 6d. per head per 100 miles. Sheep: Wages—5,000, up to, 80s.; over 5,000, 100s. Contract—5,000, per 1,000 per week, 65s.; over 5,000, per 1,000 per week, 60s.; small lots separate agreement. It is, however, agreed that the scale shall not come into force till next December. In the meantime the squatters are to be approached on the matter.

The Queensland Railway Employés Conference, which was held so successfully last week, has caused many old-time unionists to open their eyes. A few months ago, when an organiser travelled up and down the lines, there were many who, although they gave in their names, prophesied a dismal failure. The most sanguine hardly dared hope for a 3,000 membership consisting of all grades in the service; and federation with New South Wales and other railway associations seemed a misty dream, but now it is all but brought about. In addition to this, eight hours will undoubtedly constitute a day's work in the near future, for a federation of 30,000 men bound together to protect their common interests is sure to constitute a respectable argument. Besides this, the Commissioners seem anxious to work with instead of against the association, and this means a lot.

I'm not quite sure if the story is true, it probably is, and anyhow I have it on good authority, that Mr. Dow, the Victorian Minister of Agriculture, in the spring glut of butter, purchased 100 tons at from 2d. to 4d. per lb. and sold it for 1s. per lb. The farmers got £2,800 for the product, and their official protector cleared the nice little amount of £8,400. Beats your effete old country, eh?

The Cooks and Stewards Union has submitted a scale for an increase of wages by 10s. to £1 per month for the various classes. The owners have arrived at no decision as yet.

This par. is cut from the *Boomerang*, and shows the "white" kind of a paper it is:

"*Winton Herald*, in noting the proposed labour paper, says: 'The *Boomerang* is a thorough Radical working-man's newspaper, and it is out of the question to attempt any opposition in that quarter. Let the working men unite and obtain their just rights, but by all means leave journalistic work in the proper hands.' The *Herald* is a little out there. The *Boomerang* thinks the labour paper a necessity, and so far from looking upon it as a rival, welcomes it as a friend and helpmate."

The Sydney correspondent of the Melbourne *Standard* having stated that about 2,000 outcasts slept nightly in the public parks and open spaces of Sydney, the statement was much ridiculed by our local press and flatly contradicted by the *Sydney Morning Herald*, which declared that on a dry bright moonlight night its reporter, aided by "an intelligent policeman," had been able to discover only fourteen sleepers in the Domain, the favourite haunt of the homeless. Believing that the latter was even more ridiculous as an under-statement than was the former as an exaggeration, a *Bulletin* man looked up the shelterless last Sunday night. He started operations at 10.30 p.m. at the woolshed on Circular Quay. There he counted one hundred and three persons outstretched on the bales, none of whom owned blankets or any substitute for them, and he was told that before midnight at least fifty more would be added. Seeing some men stretched out in the sheds on hard pieces of timber, and enquiring their reasons for such voluntary martyrdom when a softer couch was available, he found that these were bushmen who believed the exhalations from the wool-yolk to be noxious. He next explored the neighbourhood of Fort Macquarie, and here espied nine more unfortunates stretched out in two and threes on the bare ground. He now made for the Domain, and here, on a dark, damp night, counted one by one with the utmost exactitude 224 poor devils and saw more men under one tree than the *Herald* had done in all its wide expanse. Against the Hospital wall, around the iron shell of the Dispensary and Museum, and under the trees adjoining, were 79 men, those under the trees lying like the spokes of a wheel with their heads towards the butts. Many snored loudly, a few were smoking, and chatting in whispers, about a fourth were rolled up in blankets; perhaps twice as many more were sparsely covered by old sacks, pieces of canvas, and newspapers; the remainder, as a rule, lay on the wet ground with their boots beneath their heads, and their feet enveloped in rags or handkerchiefs. The ground sloping down from the main walk towards Woolloomooloo Bay was then explored, and here were discovered on benches, beneath trees and ledges of rock, 65 slumberers, including three women. He then made for "the Chair." On a narrow point of land, which is surrounded by water on both sides, he was able to unearth, in many cases literally, 53 miserables, but the search was superficial, and more than probably an equal number was passed over, for the footing was so insecure and the night so dark that a broken limb was likely to be the lot of the unwary stranger. Here, too, the wind had more power, and it was difficult to strike a match and even more difficult to obtain a steady light from it when kindled. Turning citywards, he counted twenty-seven more in the vicinity of the main walk and the avenue leading to Macquarie Street. He wound up with Hyde Park, where, it being fairly well lit, he easily detected forty-seven persons, of whom five were women, in every case without covering, sitting or lying on the seats that line the various avenues. It was now nearly three o'clock, and, nothing loth, he turned homeward, having counted without exaggeration 383 open-air sleepers-out, without evoking an oath, indecent expression, or ill-tempered word from the many whom he disturbed, and believing that, on a more favourable night, extended inspection of the wharves with their timber-stacks and other shelter, the vessels alongside, including cargo-boats, ferry and pleasure-steamers, tramway waiting rooms, tram-cars, the Figtree Baths, the University Paddock, Flagstaff Hill, Church Hill Reserve, Pymont Quarries, Prince Alfred, Belmore, Cook, Centennial, and other parks would certainly double the number. Taking the relative populations into account, I think we in "beautiful Sydney" beat your "effete civilisation" once more! Yet I suppose emigration touters are still telling workmen at home to come out here. CORNSTALK.

Sydney, N.S.W., Jan. 26, 1890.

"REAL LADY" SERVANTS.

"It is so often said that the plan of engaging ladies as domestic servants does not succeed, that it is satisfactory to hear at least of one case where the plan has been tried most satisfactorily by a lady who has a domestic establishment both in London and in the country. The eternal servant question cropping up in a recent conversation with this lady (writes a lady representative to the *Pall Mall*) I asked her how the plan of employing educated women of the upper classes as servants had answered. 'It has been entirely successful,' was the reply, 'and my servants are now always ladies. I have one a housemaid, a charming girl, who is the daughter of a medical man, and all of whose male relations are professional men, and who does her work as thoroughly and as well as any ordinary servant could be expected to do it.'"

If we are not "all Socialists now" at least we are all Democrats (*plus* a good deal of humbug, I'm afraid). It seems that there is some sort of movement going on for housewives to get "real ladies" for their servants. How charming and touching this is! Think of the romance of feeling that your soups were made by a sweet girl who murmured snatches of verse from Browning or Lewis Morris as she bent over her pots and pans, or that your boots had been made shining or brilliant for the day by a young person who brought all the powers of a higher intellect to bear on the lowly task! It is so delightful to feel that one's house is full of refinement above and below stairs. For mind you, in the case I have before me, the worthy housewife does not have her lady servants at meals with her, though "otherwise I treat them as equals, and I have not found that they abuse this treatment." The noble matron who says this seems to be of that terrible class of ladies admired among their friends as "excellent housekeepers," and though obviously the most well-meaning of her sex, and relaxing in the evening towards her servants to the extent of a game of whist with them "in my drawing-room after dinner," displays a denseness and want of sympathy which I always fancy the peculiar property of the British matron (though being a Briton myself I may be prejudiced). I am usually inclined to mistrust the well-meaning of housewives who get up and proclaim loudly that they are so good to their domestics (but usually say nothing as to wages!); the women who are really on friendly and sympathetic terms with those who serve them, and honestly feel the unpleasantness (to say the least) of the position of "mistress and maid," do not advertise the fact on the house-tops that these friendly relations exist; they are a matter-of-course and a part of their lives. M. M.



OFFICES: 24 GREAT QUEEN STREET, LONDON, W.C.

HAVE YOU NOT HEARD HOW IT HAS GONE WITH MANY A CAUSE BEFORE NOW: FIRST, FEW MEN HEED IT; NEXT, MOST MEN CONTEMN IT; LASTLY, ALL MEN ACCEPT IT—AND THE CAUSE IS WON

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Brotherhood	Chicago—Rights of Labour	Rome—L'Emancipazione
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Christian Socialist	Cincinnati (O.) Volks-Anwalt	Madrid—El Socialista
Labour Tribune	Detroit—Der Arme Teufel	PORTUGAL
Railway Review	Los Angeles—Cal. Nationalist	Lisbon—O Protesto Operario
Worker's Friend	N. J. Freie Presse	GERMANY
INDIA	Philadelphia—United Labour	Berlin—Volks Tribune
Bankipore—Behar Herald	FRANCE	AUSTRIA
UNITED STATES	Paris—La Revolte	Brunn—Volksfreund
New York—Truthseeker	Paris—Bourse du Travail	DENMARK
Der Sozialist	La Revue Europeenne	Social-Demokraten
Freiheit	Charleville—L'Emancipation	NORWAY
Twentieth Century	Lille—Le Cri du Travailleur	Tonset—Fedraheimen
United Irishman	Rouen—Le Salariat	WEST INDIES
Volkszeitung	HOLLAND	Cuba—El Productor
Workmen's Advocate	Middelburg, Lichten Wahrheit	
Boston—Woman's Journal	BELGIUM	
Investigator	Antwerp—De Werker	
Nationalist	Ghent—Vooruit	

PROF. HUXLEY AND HIS NATURAL RIGHTS.

PROFESSOR HUXLEY tells us he feels as if he had a mission. He sees the world going wrong, and people being "led astray by plausible doctrines" of Right, Freedom, and Equality, and he comes forth, accordingly, to set the matter finally at rest. As an authority in the field of natural science, Professor Huxley must needs have something to say which carries weight. But although an expert with regard to the working of natural forces, it follows not that he is equally at home in the field of sociology. Indeed, it must be admitted that his attempt at smashing Democracy is by no means a success. He says some truths with great force, muddles up others hopelessly in his inability to comprehend the drift of contemporary thought and sentiment (perhaps that is why he writes for the *Nineteenth Century*), and finally compromises the cause he intends to serve by his excessive candour.

On the whole, I cannot see why Socialists should be indignant at the Professor's contentions. Although he sometimes hits inconsistent men like Henry George rather hard, there is nothing in his mixture of

truths and fallacies which could injure Socialism, and much that will be found to support it.

The Professor attacks the "natural right" theory of the Third Estate men, and advocates a restriction of such rights in the interest of society, whilst he defends in the same breath the abuse of *acquired* rights so far as to contend (by implication and in answer to Henry George) that because a landlord has an acquired right (inherited or gained by force of conquest) in say £1 worth of land, he may also retain the £99 worth of "improvements" which his lawful slave—otherwise called "tenant"—has added to the soil by years of unremitting labour.

So far as the declamations of the "Natural Right" and "Eternal Justice" men are concerned, no Socialist can feel hurt by the sight of their discomfiture at the hands of the militant professor. We modern Socialists never based our demands on such shadowy and sentimental notions. We say nothing of *natural* rights, because we know that society is not in a natural state, and that in consequence of the unequal distribution of wealth and public power the rights of the favoured classes are anything but natural. We know further, without the aid of any professor (thanks all the same!) that at present no two newborn babies are "equal." On the contrary, and just because we know they are *unequal*, not only as to their inherited physical and mental endowments, but also as to their surroundings and facilities of existence in a society in which all are at war with each other; just because we know that the use by a few of their cunningly and lawfully *acquired* rights and privileges is in effect far more injurious to the public welfare than the abuse of any natural right could possibly be,—it is just because we are so painfully aware of all this, that we demand the abolition of all such rights and privileges.

When Professor Huxley says "all moral and social law is a restraint of natural rights, and the standard by which it must be judged is not whether or not it is incompatible with these rights, but whether at that time, and under the given circumstances, looking at the question all round, it is for the welfare of society that its members should be subjected to such a restraint of their natural rights," he is only right in so far as he undermines Henry George's standpoint. But what we Socialists contend against, is not so much the abuse of natural as the exercise of acquired rights (*i.e.*, powers) regardless of the common weal.

But whilst thus on the one hand Professor Huxley pleads on behalf of "Society" for the restraint of the natural rights (of the workers), he gives us on the other hand a very striking definition of "contract." He makes no fine words about the "freedom" of such contract, but says with a frankness which is truly refreshing, that "conquest itself may be regarded as a form of contract." As the price of peace, certain lands are paid over to the conqueror. Again, "Every declaration of war is an appeal to the arbitration of force, and contracting parties are bound to abide by the decision of the arbiter." Let us see: A man is knocked on the head, say, by a policeman's truncheon. He protests, and even defends himself. In doing so he "appeals to the arbitration of force, and contracting parties," etc., etc. (to make "contracting" out of counter-acting parties is good!). What is the remedy? Force, *if you have it*, says the Professor. If you have it not, you must—contract yourself out of it as best you can.

There! It is, unfortunately, as yet too little understood by Socialists, that "right" is indeed mainly a question of might and capacity, and that those who have no rights of any sort are those who are too weak to do what they might do—if they could.

Our man of science furnishes the moral of Bloody Sunday plainly enough: The Democrats (social or otherwise) had no right to use Trafalgar Square because they had no force to do so. Since they appealed nevertheless to force as an arbiter, they were bludgeoned, and had to abide by it as a contracting party. Had the people given evidence of their *power* to assemble in the Square in spite of any odds the Government might have put against them, nobody would have dreamt to dispute their *right* to do so. I, for one, say the Professor is right here.

The "right to fly" is of no use to those who boast no wings, and the "right to labour" which the French Revolution so triumphantly proclaimed was practically no right to those who could not avail themselves of it; it was no right to the great mass of industrial workers, who lacked the means by which alone production could be carried on profitably in the advent of division of labour and competitive machine-work for the world's market.

The right to employ their fellow-men as servants was not a natural one to the rising capitalists of that period. They had it not from their birth; it was merely a right acquired through the circumstance of their possessing what others needed for industrial production. It was, in fact, a power, the unscrupulous exercise of which forced their poorer brethren to bend under their yoke. Had the masses been strong and clear-sighted enough to resist concertedly the insinuation of the capitalists to attend to their machinery, it would never have grown into the "right" which to-day it undoubtedly is.

Harping away at his natural rights, Professor Huxley says, "Even tigresses, when they have their cubs, waive somewhat of their natural rights in the interest of the cubs; otherwise that rudimentary polity, the family of the tigers, could not exist. . . ."

Just so. Tigresses waive their natural rights in such cases, because of their instinct, which prompts them to be forbearing to the weak of their own blood. Modern capitalists would sooner waive their natural instincts, than the exercise of their *acquired* right to the labour of the poor.

Was it for the "welfare of society," that before the passing of the

Factory Acts in England, men, women, and children of tender age (not cubs) were ruthlessly worked into cripples and to death by the owners of industrial plant? Those capitalists used their acquired rights (their economic powers) more savagely than beasts, because upon reflection, and they could be restrained in their devilish doings only by a force superior to their own, to wit, the State. But the evil is still rampant, and another and final superior-force arbitration is urgently needed!

"Even in nomadic society," exclaims the professor, "in which property did not exist, the clever man would have ideas, the commodity which in the long run buys all others, while the witless man will have none." Here is a blossom of professional logic! I should like to see "ideas" buying all other commodities (!) in a society where property does not exist!

"Thus proclaim human equality as loud as you may," he says, "witless will serve his brother!" This is not always true even in civilised society, where Cain may slay his brother by right of his "wit," if not by violence. In a Socialist community each will serve his brother not for the want of wit, but because his wit is full of love and understanding, and hence capable of valuing the immense benefit of social co-operation and mutual assistance.

The survival of the "fittest" in the struggle for existence has lost its gruesome charm in commercial society, where we find most inferior beings pampered up and artificially equipped with powers they are not naturally worthy of. The modern Trinity—Private Property, Acquired Rights, and Vested Interest—has in the long run placed Messrs. Witless and Mean in the position to boss their brethren (by deputy!) to the detriment of the human race. Thus, civilised competition differs from the merely animal struggle for existence, inasmuch as it results in the exaltation of the worthless and the perpetuation of qualities which are the least humane, and in the crushing out of all that is noblest in the human character.

This is why we endeavour to quicken the process of evolution by which the Society of Privilege will be destroyed, and the production and distribution of wealth will be organised on the fruitful principle of brotherly co-operation.

Professor Huxley knows, of course, that natural evolution does not always choose peaceful ways, and, like a man, he says so, much to the dismay of our respectable peace-at-any-price people. The arbitration of force plays as great a part in the evolution of human institutions as it plays in the world the Professor knows most about. His admiration of superior force reaches its climax in the proposition "that force used so as to render further opposition hopeless is an ownership which should be recognised as soon as possible."

That force is a remedy we have long recognised in spite of John Bright, whose children have probably all been born without the use of forceps; but it has been left to Professor Huxley to say that the crushing use of force is an ownership worthy of speedy recognition. That he is right, must be felt by all those who through the barbaric use of their economic powers have become the owners of wealth and the commanders of men.

If the working millions have no natural right to the fruits of their labour, there is only one title left them by which they can claim what is their own—the combined, irresistible force of their countless numbers. The prayer of Professor Huxley that the ownership of superior force may soon be recognised, is being realised. The consciousness of their associated power is dawning upon the brains of the toiling and slaving masses throughout the civilised world. The men-devouring monster of Capitalism is shaking in its frame, since even the hands of his imperial police-constables are being forced by the right of the approaching host of labour.

Be not afraid, and tremble not, ye lovers of peace and compromise, for it need not necessarily come to violence and bloodshed; but force it will be most assuredly. There will be "arbitration," yes! and the result will be a "contract" in which the ownership of the united workers will be established by the exercise of their force of will in such a way as to "render further opposition hopeless." Then, in the midst of a society whose organisation will allow free play to all the manifold capacities of human beings, we shall be able to talk again of "Natural Rights" and of "Equality"!

ANDREAS SCHEU.

A Conference of anti-Parliamentary Socialists will be held in the Hall of the Socialist League, 24, Great Queen Street, next Sunday, March 16th, at 7.30 p.m., to draw up a plan of propaganda and to consider the position of the 'Weal'. All comrades are invited to attend.

A French comrade, a plumber, gasfitter, and general handy man, an active propagandist, who has been recently expelled, is looking out for work here. If any can help him and will write to this office, we shall be glad to put them in communication with one another.

"The Social Monster," by comrade John Most, is a translation of a pamphlet already published in German. It is well got up and printed, and has a portrait of our comrade on the cover. In it he trenchantly reviews the existing system, explaining his attitude towards it, and the steps he would take for its abolition. "A dagger in one hand, a torch in the other, and all his pockets brimful with dynamite-bombs—that is the picture of the Anarchist, such as it has been drawn by his enemies." Those who think that an Anarchist is necessarily like this; or that the individualist survival of Manchesterism, which sometimes goes by the name of Anarchism, is the real article, should read this pamphlet. They will find that an Anarchist can be a reasonable being; that in his belief "Communism is the main point, and Anarchism merely the finishing touch"; and that to comrade Most "Anarchist" means "Free Communist," neither more nor less. He concludes with a powerful appeal to all Communists, Anarchists or no, to see that "Doctrine is not life," and to work with more harmony to their common end.

INTERNATIONAL NOTES.

FRANCE.

A new Anarchist paper has been started at Bordeaux, under the title of *Bordeaux-Misère*. At Roubaix, a Communist-Anarchist paper, entitled *Le bandit du Nord* (the Brigand of the North) has just been issued. Address: comrade Edmond Vercruysse, 21, rue Fourcroy, Reims (France). Good luck to these combatants in the cause of the proletariat!

At Commeny, *Le Socialiste* has been compelled to stop its publication, owing to several prosecutions it had to face of late. But very soon a new organ, *Le Réveil Social*, has taken its place, and is now the official paper of the Montluçon agglomeration.

The three first numbers of the new Socialist review, *L'Idée nouvelle* (the New Idea), are now at hand, and we heartily wish our Parisian friends good luck and success. This social and literary review is published at Paris, on the 5th of each month, under the management of comrade L. Alexandre, 8, rue du Croissant. The chief contributors are: Jules Guesde, Ed. Vaillant, Thivrier, Franconie, Paul Lafargue, Aug. Chirac, Albert Goullé, Rodelet, Picourt, Bopartz, Dormoy, Eug. Fournière, Léon Cladel, Ed. Drumont, etc.

One of the veterans of the revolutionary Socialist party has just died at Montmartre (Paris). Joseph Piconel was born at Nancy, in the year 1816, and has been a hard worker all his life through. He was a designer on cloth by trade, and is said to have been a real artist in his line. He left Nancy for Paris at the beginning of 1840, and entered in the secret societies which at that time were flourishing all over France. Later on, he was amongst the founders of the French branch of the International Workingmen's Association, and did good service in the arduous work of organising several trades. At the same time, he also published many papers, all of which were doomed to an early death, he invariably being sentenced to heavy fines and various terms of imprisonment. Piconel's last paper was *La Misère*, which was suppressed at its first issue, and he got nine months' jail over it. He was liberated by the people on the 4th of September 1870, and on the 18th of March 1871, became a member of the Central Committee. After the last struggle was over, Piconel was arrested, and lingered for eighteen months on the pontoons. He was released at last, but utterly broken down through the sufferings he had undergone, his last years were of a melancholy painful description. No one in the French revolutionary press has had a word of remembrance for the disinterested, sincere, and valiant Piconel, who for sixty years was a faithful soldier of the cause of the proletariat; J. B. Clément, the editor of *L'Emancipation*, who, by the by, escaped the Poteau of Satory through Piconel's cool-headed heroism, is the only Socialist who remembered keenly the fallen combatant of the revolution.

GERMANY.

The German Social Democrats have achieved a brilliant victory: thirty-seven of their number have secured a seat in the Reichstag. Very well, but what are they now going to do with their victory? I fancy their conquest of parliamentary seats is already most embarrassing to them. As long as they were vanishing away amid all the other parties, they were excusable not to do much—I mean, anything at all; but now, when they are entitled, by virtue of their numbers, to bring in bills of their own, what sort of thing are they going to perform? I hope that ere long they will have proved conclusively the utter vanity of parliamentarism, and by so doing they will serve well, very well indeed, the cause of international revolutionary Socialism.

The circulation of *Der Volks-Anwalt* (the People's Advocate), a Socialist paper published at Cincinnati, has been prohibited throughout Germany.

During the last ten years, the German magistrates have distributed among the Socialists somewhat like one thousand years of imprisonment. Leipzig comes in for 184 years; Berlin, 90 years; Hamburg-Altona, 53 years; Spremberg, 50 years; Munich, 40 years; Landshut, 10 years; Ludwigs-haven, 3 years; and so on.

The trial of the three witnesses from Dusseldorf, arrested for perjury when giving evidence at the monster trial at Elberfeld (which ended so piteously for the Government), was concluded last Saturday, after two days' hearing. Krause and Rieckman were found guilty on two counts of the indictment, and Gemmer on one count only. The two former were sentenced to eighteen months' and the third prisoner to one year's hard labour. All three also were deprived of their civil rights for five years.

BELGIUM.

At Jumet, in the coal basin of Charleroi, a general miners' congress has been held, where fifty-four delegates of the coal basins of Charleroi, Borinage, Centre, and Liège were present. The proceedings have resulted in the formation of a General Belgian Miners' Union, and this will prove to be a considerable step forward in the general organisation of the workers throughout Belgium. An executive of eight members has been elected, with comrade Defnet, a member of the General Council of the *Parti ouvrier*, as general secretary, to transact the national and international business of the union. This executive will at once proceed to make the necessary preparations for the convening of an international congress of miners.

The next annual congress of the Belgian *Parti ouvrier* is to be held at Louvain on the 6th and 7th of April. The Belgian Social Democrats are at present very busily at work in order to get up demonstrations in favour of—universal suffrage!

Comrade Paul Coureur, the young Belgian revolutionary Socialist, who was one of the victims of the *agent provocateur* Leonard Pourbaix, and sentenced therefore to one year's imprisonment, has just been released from jail. A procession of over 2,000 workers, with bands and torchlights, from all parts of the coal basin of Mons, went to the prison gates and gave him a most enthusiastic reception. At the "People's House" at La Louvière Paul Coureur made an impressive speech, promising to continue his propaganda work as he had done hitherto, and urging the Socialists not to rest until they had achieved complete success and victory over their enemies, allied with a reactionary government and their despicable and scoundrelous agents.

V. D.

We hear that Napoleone Colajanni is standing for Parliament, being the democratic candidate for the district of Caltanissetta, Sicily, in the place of Guidici who is dead. Colajanni is well known as a distinguished writer on social science, and if he is returned for the Italian Chamber of Deputies, will be welcomed as an acquisition by those of the advanced party who have faith in the efficacy of Parliamentary reform; though we cannot but think he will be wasting his time.

THE LABOUR STRUGGLE.

Great Dock Strike at Liverpool.

The dock strike at Liverpool has grown tremendously during the past week. The ranks of the strikers have been swollen every day by fresh accessions to their forces, till on Friday 50,000 men were out, and formed a huge procession, headed by banners on which were placed loaves of bread. A Liverpool paper states that this procession had the appearance of "a vast army." Neither tramcar, cart, nor cab could find an inch of ground as the great torrent rolled up the street." The number is now still larger, for the men employed at the docks of Birkenhead have also joined the strikers, and it seems likely that every vessel in the docks will soon be abandoned by its crew, the sailors objecting to blacklegs. The Dock Company has endeavoured to get blacklegs from every part of England, and thousands of men have been brought into the town to take the place of strikers. Many of these men have been deceived by printed placards stating that there was no strike, but have refused to act against the strikers when they found out the true state of the case. On Thursday, four or five hundred men who had been fraudulently enlisted as blacklegs, and had refused to stab their fellows in the back, called upon the mayor to see if he would pay their fares back, but his worship was "not at home." A gentleman who was trying to enlist blacklegs in London in the neighbourhood of Queen Victoria Street lost his watch, one of the loungers he endeavoured to pick up taking a fancy to that article; we suppose he was so fond of the agent that he wanted his watch as a memento. The docks are closed, and garrisoned by 500 extra police, and no one is allowed in without a ticket from the Employers' Labour Association, which has been started as an agency for the supply of blacklegs. The blacklegs are quite unable to manage their work. While clearing a ship at Alexander Docks, a number of the "new hands" did not let go the bales and packages in time, as experienced men would do, the consequence being they were dragged down the slide or went head over heels over the ship-side among the goods they were discharging. So strong was the force of police in one dock that they almost outnumbered the blacklegs. The authorities are in such a state of alarm that they have a regiment of lancers in readiness to slaughter the people in case of any attempt at insurrection. Inside one of the docks there are also some armed soldiers on duty. Meanwhile, work at the docks is practically at a standstill. Steamers are prevented from leaving the Mersey, and four Mediterranean shipping firms request consignees not to block the Liverpool railway termini with goods, and state that packages weighing over half a ton will not be received. The dock wharves are blocked with goods, and the company is in an awful mess. The only question now in dispute is that the masters want to employ non-union men. The masters are willing to pay 5s. per day for lumpers and porters, and 7s. for unloading grain, iron, manganese, etc.; 8s. per night for lumpers and porters, and 10s. for grain and manganese; a night to count from 6 o'clock at night to 4 in the morning, with one hour for supper; regular weekly hands, nine hours per day at 30s. per week,—and have generally adopted the union rules; but owing to the Employers' Association wanting to employ blacklegs, the strike is likely to last some time longer.

The Threatened Miners' Strike.

There is little change in the general situation. The Coalowners Federation have now suggested arbitration as a method of deciding whether present prices justify an advance in wages. They recommended that the result of the arbitration should if possible be made known by 1st of May, and should the arbitrators decide that an advance should date from March 16th. The representatives of the men, however, who have assumed a much stronger attitude during the past week, don't take to arbitration, and Mr. Pickard, M.P., has informed a representative of the press that he regards a strike as inevitable after this decision. How much truth there is in the statement of the coalowners that they cannot afford the 10 per cent. advance as they are selling their coal at much the same price as they were twelve months ago, is shown the letter of a coal-factor in the *Daily News* of Thursday March 6th. He states that, in case the public should believe the plea of the coalowners, he begs "to mention the simple downright unanswerable fact that many of us have been and are now paying from 40 to 80 per cent. more for nearly all the coal we buy than we paid twelve months ago. If you, sir, can reconcile this fact with the coalowners' statements, it's more than I can do." As the men have only got a 30 per cent. advance out of the owners, who have, on the statement of this gentleman, advanced their prices from 40 to 80, it certainly seems that the men's demand for another 10 per cent. is of a most moderate character. I do not think there is much question but that the owners will in the end give way. There is already, in consequence of the revival of trade, a great scarcity of coal. In some districts in Staffordshire and in Sheffield certain departments in the ironworks are idle through want of coal. There can be no doubt that a fortnight's strike would stop work in most of the factories in England. The miners' delegates have decided to hold another conference at Manchester on March 15th, to see if the owners will make any offer to avoid the strike. They have also agreed that the men in any colliery or district may accept the 10 per cent. if it is unconditionally offered. As the day of the strike approaches, there can be no question that many of the masters will turn blacklegs; they are not likely to lose their chance of increased profits during a period of brisk trade, especially as the price of coal will rise still more as the day of the strike approaches, and their Federation, which now looks so imposing, will quickly go to pieces. The capitalist is naturally a blackleg when there is anything to be got by it, and what has happened before will happen again.

Later.—Two associations of Lancashire mine-owners have resolved to fight the men, and it is expected that all the colliery owners will also decide upon a general resistance to the advance throughout the country. But despite this bold attitude the masters may yet give way if the men are resolute.

Lock-out of Brickmakers in Kent.

On Saturday March 1st trouble began by the bargemen on the Medway going out for an advance of 20 per cent. on their usual scale of charges for freights. The brickmasters around Sittingbourne, the centre of the English brickmaking trade, have refused to concede the demands of the bargemen, and have tied up their barges and also locked out their brickfield hands. Five thousand men were turned out to starve last Saturday in the neighbourhood of Sittingbourne, and they are naturally enraged at the cold-blooded cruelty of the masters, who are thus dooming thousands of men to starvation for a quarrel in which they are not concerned. They declare that this has

been done to raise the price of bricks and break up the union, to which they nearly all belong. The barge and brick industries of Kent are now at a complete standstill, while work has also stopped at a large cement factory at Sittingbourne. The clergy and the rest of the respectable classes are very much alarmed at the number of men out of work who may soon become starving and desperate, and are doing their utmost to get the masters to re-open their works.

The Strike at the Wharves.

There is little change at Hay's Wharf, the men still holding out with the same determination. Tom Mann addressed a meeting on Saturday, and the men declared with enthusiasm that they were prepared to keep out till the next new tea season if necessary. At Brookes' Wharf the men are in the same position, none of the regular hands having gone in; and at Sharp's Wharf, although negotiations have been carried on, yet no satisfactory result has been arrived at.

The Tyneside Engineers.

It is expected next Saturday, March 15th, that 20,000 engineers will be on strike on the Tyne. The men want to cease work on Saturday at 12 instead of 1 o'clock, and demand 1s. a-week more wages. The masters will allow the men to leave off on Saturday if they will make up the hour during the week, and will grant the 1s. advance. The offer, on being submitted to the men, was declined, and unless the masters yield, a strike is certain.

The Irish Railwaymen.

The determination and courage of the railwaymen on the Great Northern has met with its reward, the directors granting all their demands last week. When will the English railwaymen show as much pluck and backbone?

D. N.

CORRESPONDENCE.

SOCIALIST PROSECUTION.

COMRADES.—One of our comrades, Robert Bingham, has been committed for trial at the ensuing assizes, which begin this day, Saturday, March 15th, the alleged offence being that of using violent language at an open-air meeting in Sheffield on the 22nd day of December last. We are hoping to raise such a defence as shall secure his acquittal, but the expenses will be very heavy as all our witnesses will have to be taken to Leeds, a distance of 40 miles, and kept there from day to day for probably the greater part of a week. To meet this expense a committee has been formed, and they will be glad to receive any sums, large or small, which may be sent to them.

JONATHAN TAYLOR, *Secretary.*

EDWARD CARPENTER, *Treasurer.*

16, St. James Street, Sheffield.

AGAINST RUSSIAN CRUELTY.

LAST Sunday, in spite of the blizzards that every now and then swept across the park, and in spite of the hasty and unorganised manner of convening the meeting, a large and enthusiastic crowd of London workmen came together in Hyde Park to record their indignation at the treatment meted out to political exiles in Siberia by the brutal agents of the Holy Tzar. The Socialists were of course well represented; among the League speakers were Kitz, Mowbray, Sparling, Tochatti, and Lynes; from the League platform John Burns, G. B. Shaw, Adolphe Smith, and Mr. Brighty (Patriotic Club) also spoke. Two resolutions were carried, and it was also decided to hold further meetings for the same object.

"Scotch Notes," "In the United States," and the continuation of "Revolution or Reform" are unavoidably held over.

NEW ZEALAND LABOUR.—There was a dispute in the tailoring trade at Christchurch when the last mail left. A firm which refused to work their factory under the "log" proposed by the Tailor's Union, was waited on by a deputation from the Trades and Labour Council, and on still refusing had their hands, about 50, called out, and a boycott placed on their goods. It was expected they would soon "cave." A branch of the Amalgamated Miner's Association of Australasia was formed on January 17 at the Thames. The meeting was most successful and enthusiastic; about 300 gave in their names and put down their entrance fees. The lumpers of Auckland have come out victorious in a dispute over the discharge of a barge there on which rats had been employed, the rats being sacked and the contract being given to members of the Wharf Labourer's Union.

WHY NOT DRIVE OUT THE DRONES?—The masses of England are struggling desperately for relief. The cruel competitive system ceaselessly ruins the health and exhausts the patience of the struggling worker, and the highest wisdom of the Tory Premier is that the wrecked and despairing victims should be got out of the way. Australians would welcome with open arms an agricultural population, with means to go on the land; but it is worse than madness to encourage the emigration of the helpless surplus labour of big towns. America is over-run with the off-scourings of Europe, and talks of prohibiting further labour of this kind. Where, then, would Lord Salisbury dump his pauper labour? If it were not pauper labour, but the bone and sinew of England he wanted to get rid of, such emigration would be England's loss and the gain of the country where the emigrant made his home; but any petty attempt of that kind to palliate social evils is out of place and out of date. If the Tories really want to sweeten British society, why don't they expatriate the men who live in idleness, the drones who neither toil nor spin, the worn-out *roués* whose only object in life is their own selfish and degrading pleasures! Of these, indeed, England would be well rid; but, unfortunately for Lord Salisbury, they are the class of the population that seem to be so happy and "at home" in England that nothing but a police warrant will induce them to leave.—Brisbane *Boomerang.*

NOTTINGHAM SOCIALIST CLUB, Woodland Place, Upper Parliament St.—Sunday March 16, at 7 p.m., R. S. Pengelly, "Drifting to Socialism." March 23, at 3, Quarterly meeting.

"THE HUNDRED MEN OF HASWELL."

In 1844 a hundred men lost their lives in the coal-pits at Haswell. The verdict was, "Visitation of God!"

THE hundred men of Haswell,
They all died on the same day;
They all died in the same hour;
They all went the self-same way.

And when they all were buried,
Came a hundred women, lo,
A hundred women of Haswell,
It was a sight of woe!

With all their children came they,
With daughter and with son:
"Now, thou rich man of Haswell,
Give her wage to every one!"

By that rich man of Haswell
Not long were they denied:
A full week's wage he paid them
For every man who died.

And when that wage was given,
His chest fast locked up he:
The iron lock clicked sharply,
The women wept bitterly.

GEORG WEERTH, translated by LAURA LAFARGUE.

THE SOCIALIST LEAGUE.

OFFICES: 24, GREAT QUEEN ST., LINCOLN'S INN FIELDS, W.C.
The Offices of the Socialist League will be open for the sale of *Commonweal* and all other Socialist publications from 8.30 a.m. to 9 p.m. every day except Sunday. The Secretary will be in attendance from 10 a.m. to 9 p.m. daily.

Branch Subscriptions Paid.—1888:—Oxford, to end of September.
1889:—Bradford and Hammersmith, to end of April. Norwich, Glasgow, and Yarmouth, to end of May. East London, to end of October. Mitcham, to end of November. St. Georges East, to end of December.
1890:—North Kensington and Manchester, to end of January. 'Commonweal' Branch, Leicester, and North London, to end of February. Streatham, to end of December.

Notice.—All letters on League business, except those intended for Editors of *Commonweal*, to be addressed to me. No other person is authorised to sign any official communication.
FRANK KITZ, Secretary.

NEW PREMISES FUND.

Collected at Council meeting, March 10th, 4s. 8d.

"COMMONWEAL" GUARANTEE FUND.

The following further sums have been received towards this fund:—C. Saunders, 2s.; J. Presburg (2 weeks), 1s.; H. R. (2 weeks), 2s.; D. Nicoll (2 weeks), 1s.; P. Webb (2 weeks), 2s.; Z., 6d.; B. W. (2 weeks), 1s.; J. B. G., 6d.; and James Thomson, 6d.

REPORTS.

'COMMONWEAL.'—The members of this branch attended the Russian Prisoner's demonstration on Sunday last at Hyde Park with their large banner, where an immense audience was addressed by Sparling, Kitz, Mowbray, and John Burns. The members of this branch sold 4 quires of *Commonweal* at this meeting. On Sunday night a splendid muster of comrades at hall for 'Weal' benefit concert. At business meeting on Thursday a large number of comrades turned up.—W.

NORTH KENSINGTON.—Good meeting at Latimer Road; speakers were R. J. Lynes, Crouch, and Maughan; fair sale of 'Weal'. On Sunday night, G. Bernard Shaw lectured on "The Evolution of Practical Socialism" to a very good audience, who seemed interested; a good discussion and many questions; fair sale of 'Weals' and 4s. 9d. collected.

ABERDEEN.—At meeting on 3rd, the Fabian tract, "Land and Capital," was read and discussed. We have again secured a hall for Sunday night meetings, which will commence on 23rd March with the first of a series of special lectures.

GLASGOW.—Midday meeting on Jail Square not held on Sunday, owing to place being occupied by other agitators, religious and political. In the evening, at Paisley Road Toll, Glasier spoke to an exceedingly good meeting—questions being asked at the close. There was no interruption.

LEEDS.—On Sunday morning a most enthusiastic meeting was held in Vicar's Croft, addressed by Scott, of Bradford, and Samuels; good sale of literature; 3s. 9d. collected. In the afternoon, another good meeting was held, same place and speakers; *Commonweal* and *Freedom* sold out. At the Socialist League at night, Scott lectured on "Socialism and Religion to a crowded room; good discussion; literature sold well. We are making new members rapidly.—H. S.

YARMOUTH.—On Sunday morning, Brightwell and Headley went to Bradwell, and addressed a very good meeting of farm labourers. Comrade Brightwell opened by reading a short account of the Paris Commune; good discussion, the meeting lasting over two hours; *Commonweal* sold well, and a number of old copies given away.—J. H.

DUBLIN.—At Progressist Club, 87 Marlboro' Street, March 8th, R. Pearson lectured on the "Currency Question," dealing with it from the orthodox political economy standpoint. Good discussion; Hamilton, Wilson, King, Martin, and others, spoke.

NOTTINGHAM SOCIALIST CLUB.—On Sunday night, in the Hall, Woodland Place, T. Proctor lectured on "The Rise and Progress of Social Democracy in Germany." Capital lecture; brief discussion; W. Doleman presided.

LIVERPOOL SOCIALIST SOCIETY.—We held excellent meetings near the Landing-stage on Sunday morning and afternoon, addressed by comrades W. H. Chapman, sen., of Liverpool, and Horrocks and Evans of Salford. Numbers of dock strikers were present, and applauded frequently. 1½ quires of *Commonweal* and 1 quire of *Justice* sold, besides other literature.

MANCHESTER.—Further donation for club premises: D. F. R., £2.
MANHOOD SUFFRAGE LEAGUE. "Three Doves," Berwick St., Oxford St., W.—Sunday March 16, at 8.30 p.m., Reading by George R. Cox: Norman McLeod's sketch, "A Life Story." Business meeting at 7.30.

LECTURE DIARY.

LONDON.

Battersea.—All communications to E. Buteux, 45, Inwith Street, Battersea Park Road.
Commonweal Branch.—24 Great Queen Street, Holborn, W.C. Business meeting of members every Thursday evening at 8; Discussion Class at 9. Hall open every evening from 7 till 10. No lecture on Sunday 16th, owing to the conference of non-parliamentary Socialists, which begins at 7 p.m.
East London.—12 Basing Place, Kingsland Road.
Hammersmith.—Kelmescott House, Upper Mall, W. Sunday Mar. 16, at 8 p.m., a Lecture.
Mitcham.—"Lord Napier," Fair Green. Meets every Sunday at 12.30, to enroll members, etc.
North Kensington.—Clarendon Coffee Palace, Clarendon Road. Meets every Wednesday at 8 p.m. On Sunday March 16, at 8 p.m., A. Tarn, "The Abolition of the State."
North London.—6 Windmill Street, Tottenham Court Road. Meets every Wednesday evening at 8 o'clock.
Streatham.—Address secretary, R. Smith, 1 Natal Road, Streatham.
Whitechapel and St. Georges in the East.—Branch meetings at International Club, 40 Berner Street, Commercial Road. J. Turner, organising secretary.

PROVINCES.

Aberdeen.—Organiser, J. Leatham, 7 Jamaica Street. Branch meets in Odd-fellows' Small Hall, Crooked Lane, on Monday evenings at 8. Singing practice at 46 Marischal Street on Thursdays at 8 p.m.
Bradford.—Laycock's Temperance Hotel, Albion Court, Kirkgate. Meets every Tuesday at 7.30.
Glasgow.—Ram's Horn Hall, 122 Ingram Street. Branch meets on Thursday evenings at 8 o'clock and Sundays at 7 o'clock.
Halifax.—Socialists meet every Sunday at 6.30 p.m. at Helliwell's Temperance Hotel, Northgate.
Leeds.—Clarendon Buildings, Victoria Road, School Close. Open every evening. Business meeting Saturdays at 8 p.m. William Morris will lecture at the Grand Assembly Rooms on Tuesday March 25, on "The Class Struggle." Chair will be taken at 7.30 by the Rev. G. G. Bynner.
Leicester.—Exchange Buildings, Rutland Street. Branch meets on Monday and Thursday, at 8 p.m.
Manchester.—Socialist League Club, 60 Grovesnor Street, All Saints. Open every evening. Branch weekly meeting on Tuesdays at 8 p.m.
Norwich.—Sunday, at 8, Gordon Hall. Tuesday, at 8.30, Members' meeting. Thursday, at 8, Discussion Class. Saturday, Social Meeting. Hall open every evening from 8 p.m.
Oxford.—Temperance Hall, 25½ Pembroke Street. First Friday in every month, at 8.30 p.m.
Walsall.—Socialist Club, 18 Goodall Street, Walsall. Meetings every night.
Yarmouth.—Branch meets at comrade Headley's, near Co-operative Stores, every Tuesday evening. Elocution Class Friday at 8 p.m. On Sunday afternoons during winter a Discussion Class will be held at 3 o'clock.

OPEN-AIR PROPAGANDA.

SATURDAY 15.
8.30..... Mile-end Waste.....The Branch
SUNDAY 16.
11 Latimer Road Station.....R. J. Lyne, Dean, and Crouch
11.30..... Kilburn—"Old Plough," Kilburn LaneThe Branch
11.30..... Mitcham—Fair GreenThe Branch
11.30..... Regent's Park.....Nicoll and Parker
3.30..... Hyde Park—Marble ArchParker
3.30..... Victoria ParkDavis and Mowbray
7 Weltje Road, Ravenscourt ParkHammersmith Branch
7.30..... Walham Green—back of ChurchHammersmith Branch
TUESDAY 18.
8 Walham Green—back of ChurchHammersmith Branch
FRIDAY 21.
8.15..... Hoxton Church.....East London Branch

PROVINCES.

Glasgow.—Sunday: Jail Square at 2 o'clock; Paisley Road at 5 o'clock. Tuesday: Cathedral Square, at 8 p.m.
Leeds.—Sunday: Hunslet Moor, at 11 a.m.; Vicar's Croft, at 7 p.m.
Liverpool.—Landing-stage, Sundays at 11.30.
Manchester.—Sunday: Philips Park Gates, at 11; Stevenson Square, at 3.
Norwich.—Sunday: St. Faiths, at 11; Market Place, at 3.
Sheffield.—Sunday: Monolith, Fargate, at 11.30 a.m.; Burngreave Road, near Vestry Offices, at 3 p.m.; Pump, West Bar, at 8 p.m.
Yarmouth.—Sunday: Priory Plain, at 11; Colman's Granary Quay, at 7.

PARIS COMMUNE MEETINGS.

CLUB AUTONOMIE, 6 Windmill Street, Tottenham Court Road, W.—Sunday March 16, at 8.30, celebration of the Paris Revolution of '71. Speakers: Lothrop Withington, James Harragan, George Bonham, and others.
DUBLIN.—At Progressist Club, 87 Marlboro' Street, Saturday Mar. 15, at 8 p.m., J. O'Gorman, "The Commune of Paris—What it Meant, and Why it Failed."
DUBLIN.—On Wednesday March 19th the Irish Socialist Union will hold an anniversary meeting in honour of the Commune of Paris, at 87 Marlboro' Street, at 8 p.m.
EDINBURGH—SCOTTISH SOCIALIST FEDERATION.—A celebration of the Commune will take place on Tuesday 18th. Particulars to be ascertained locally. Tickets should be taken up by Sunday night if possible (Moulders' Hall, High Street), in order that adequate arrangements may be made.
GLASGOW.—Meeting of members and friends to celebrate the Commune of Paris in Ram's Horn Hall on Monday 17th, at 8 o'clock.
YARMOUTH.—We shall celebrate the 19th anniversary of the Paris Commune next Sunday, March 16th. Mrs. Schack and Mrs. Tochatti from London, comrade Darley of Norwich, and several others will be with us.

DUNDEE.—James Davie, 6 Overgate, is agent for the *Commonweal* in this town.
LIVERPOOL SOCIALIST SOCIETY, 1 Stanley Street, Dale Street.—Meets every Tuesday at 8 p.m.
SHEFFIELD.—At Hallamshire Hall, Westbar, on Sunday Mar. 16, J. Sketchley, 11 a.m., "The Labour Movement"; at 6.30, "The Irish Question."
CHELSEA S.D.F., Co-operative Lecture Hall, 312 Kings Road, Chelsea.—Sunday March 16, at 8 p.m., C. W. Mowbray, "The Fallacies of Political Action."

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And at all Branch Meeting-Places and Outdoor-Stations of the Socialist League.

STATEMENT OF PRINCIPLES.

THE Socialist League advocates International Revolutionary Socialism. That is to say the destruction of the present class society, which consists of one class who live by owning property and therefore need not work, and of another that has no property and therefore must work in order that they may live to keep the idlers by their labour. Revolutionary Socialism insists that this system of society, which is the modern form of slavery, should be changed to a system of Society which would give every man an opportunity of doing useful work, and not allow any man to live without so doing, which work could not be useful unless it were done for the whole body of workers instead of for do-nothing individuals. The result of this would be that livelihood would not be precarious nor labour burdensome. Labour would be employed in co-operation, and the struggle of man with man for bare subsistence would be supplanted by harmonious combination for the production of common wealth and the exchange of mutual services without the waste of labour or material.

Every man's needs would be satisfied from this common stock, but no man would be allowed to own anything which he could not use, and which consequently he must abuse by employing it as an instrument for forcing others to labour for him unpaid. Thus the land, the capital, machinery, and means of transit would cease to be private property, since they can only be used by the combination of labour to produce wealth.

Thus men would be free because they would no longer be dependent on idle property-owners for subsistence; thus they would be brothers, for the cause of strife, the struggle for subsistence at other people's expense, would have come to an end. Thus they would be equal, for if all men were doing useful work no man's labour could be dispensed with. Thus the motto of Liberty, Fraternity, and Equality, which is but an empty boast in a society that upholds the monopoly of the means of production, would at last be realised.

This Revolutionary Socialism must be International. The change which would put an end to the struggle between man and man, would destroy it also between nation and nation. One harmonious system of federation throughout the whole of civilisation would take the place of the old destructive rivalries. There would be no great centres breeding race hatred and commercial jealousy, but people would manage their own affairs in communities not too large to prevent all citizens from taking a part in the administration necessary for the conduct of life, so that party politics would come to an end.

Thus, while we abide by the old motto

Liberty, Fraternity, Equality,
 we say that the existence of private property destroys Equality, and therefore under it there can be neither Liberty nor Fraternity.

We add to the first motto then this other one—

FROM EACH ACCORDING TO HIS CAPACITY, TO EACH ACCORDING TO HIS NEEDS.

When this is realised there will be a genuine Society; until it is realised, Society is nothing but a band of robbers. We must add that this change can only be brought about by combination amongst the workers themselves, and must embrace the whole of Society. The new life cannot be given to the workers by a class higher than they, but must be taken by them by means of the abolition of classes and the reorganisation of Society.

COUNCIL OF THE SOCIALIST LEAGUE.

NOTICE.

Subscribers who find a red wrapper round paper are thereby reminded that their subscriptions have expired and must be renewed immediately if they wish to continue to receive *Commonweal*.

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THE COMMONWEAL

The Official Journal of the SOCIALIST LEAGUE.

VOL. 6.—No. 219.

SATURDAY, MARCH 22, 1890.

WEEKLY; ONE PENNY.

NOTES ON NEWS.

So the great battle has begun! Even the dock strike will pale into insignificance compared to that of the coal-miners, if only these latter will hold together, and show anything like the courage, self-sacrifice, and solidarity of the dockers. Their demand is a moderate one—5 per cent. advance now and 5 per cent. more in July. This a few mine-owners have granted, but the very large majority have absolutely refused; a good many have asked for arbitration, but for the most part there is a determination to fight the matter through and come to death-grips with organised labour. The fight began Wednesday last week in Nottingham, and it has been spreading over the country since as the notices expired, until there are over a quarter of a million workers out.

Coal experts, who are not colliery-owners, admit that the men are not only entitled, even as things go, to the rise, but that the owners can well afford to give it. However, the latter know that sooner or later they will be compelled to try a fall with the men if they would retain their power of exploitation, and as the present time is a good time they may as well force it on and have it over. A good time for them that is; and so, whatever be the misery or mischief they may inflict on the community, the mandate has been given and the fight begun.

As the *Pall Mall's* correspondent says:

"The coalowners feel that they must try their strength with the men, and that there cannot possibly be a better time than the present. The spring is coming on apace, and the demand for gas coals and house coals lessens every day. The Baltic does not open fully for six weeks. The demand for iron is not so brisk. Under these circumstances, the colliery-owners see that if they give way now, prices will immediately relapse. It must also be borne in mind that years have now elapsed since any serious strike took place, and that a new generation of young miners has arisen who do not know the privations and miseries which a strike entails, and these young miners are the energetic and bellicose and determined element. And the owners feel that if the fight does not come off now 20 per cent. may be demanded in September, and could not well be resisted then; whereas, if the fight is forced on now, and the men's funds are exhausted and their union weakened or broken up, they won't have the stomach for a further battle in the autumn."

However, the men say that in spite of the time of the year they can hold out, and it is quite certain that if they can do so and hang well together they must win. They have announced that they can go three weeks or more without strike pay, and if this be true, and their reserve funds be what they are said to be, there is no reason to fear the collapse of the strike for a couple of months to come. If it does break down before, or even then, it will be because they are not united. There are large districts which are standing aloof altogether, and there are other doubtful ones which may rat if the thing looks at all like going against them; so that the result is far from certain. Meanwhile, so long as the struggle does last, the miners should have the enthusiastic support of every workman in every trade, and should be helped and encouraged in every possible way.

One thing which they will have to face is, that in spite of Mr. Gladstone's expressed approval of the strike as a weapon, the governing classes as a whole are exasperated by the frequency and effect with which it has been used of late. As may be plainly seen in Liverpool just now, where an ostentatious display of military force is being made, they would only be too pleased to have a fairly good excuse for "quieting" discontent. A little blood-letting would cow the mob, they think; and they will go in for it, too, if they can only manage to work up a case for it, a case which would secure public opinion on their side, the "public opinion" they care about.

But if they do this, they could do nothing better for the progress of revolutionary ideas. To repeat Peterloo would be to bring out in a condensed and dramatic fashion the facts of the commercial system, to sear them into the popular soul as twenty years of our talking would

not do. Even with "Bloody Sunday" and a hundred other examples of class-hatred before their eyes, English workmen do not realise what sorry slaves they are. They are so used, in towns, anyhow, to being bullied and beaten by the police, that a little extra tyranny has no effect if only it is manifested in the familiar form. Let the bullet and the sabre supplant the baton, the red coat replace the blue, and the rattle of the musketry will roll from one end of the land to the other and the swish of the sword be heard in every wind that blows.

It would mean despair—and the politics of despair! One can but marvel at the insensate folly which would provoke of set purpose the spirit which spoke in the Chartist motto, "If you Peterloo us, we will Moscow you!" or that of the men who made the "Man with a Match-box" a byword of terror. You are not likely to pay much heed to what *Commonweal* says, Messieurs our masters! If you were, enemies though you be, one might ask you to reflect on the one-sided battle you would be waging, if once the masses of the people were really driven to despair. You might recall, with advantage, the fact that the have-not has nothing but his miserable life to lose; that there is a good many of him, so many, you can't kill all, and the more you kill the more embittered will be those that remain; that if he can do nothing else, every insignificant unit in the mass can manage to *destroy*—there is none too feeble for *that*. And everything is yours, and thus he can destroy nothing without injuring you; and then you are not, like him, lost in the immensity of the mob, you are set on high for a mark, and can be readily hit at.

Just call a halt, O sapient rulers! and keep your soldiers from firing on us; go on fooling us and don't try forcing us; or, you will find that even we English workmen, degraded as we are, down-trodden as we are, willing and cowardly slaves as we are, have still the capability of the proverbial worm for turning, and when we do so can make things so warm for you that you will be "sorry you spoke." S.

It seems that Bismark really has resigned, and yet the world hangs together and has not been dispersed into space. Exultation at the disappearance from active life of this most prosaic of all tyrants, this tyrant of a commercial age, is checked by the doubt as to whether it is not merely a theatrical stroke; as to whether he may not, after all, govern safely and irresponsibly under the veil of resignation. On the other hand, if circumstances have driven him to resign, it is once more a clear enough token of the advance which Socialism is making. Let us hope that it is so. W. M.

NEWS FROM NOWHERE:

OR,

AN EPOCH OF REST.

BEING SOME CHAPTERS FROM A UTOPIAN ROMANCE.

CHAP. IX. (continued).—CONCERNING LOVE.

THE old man grew quite serious again. Said he: "I do remember about that strange piece of baseless folly, the result, like all other follies of the period, of the hideous class tyranny which then obtained. What do we think of it now? you would say. My friend, that is a question easy to answer. How could it possibly be but that maternity should be highly honoured amongst us? Surely it is a matter of course that the natural and necessary pains which the mother must go through, form a bond of union between man and woman, an extra stimulus to love and affection between them, and that this is universally recognised. For the rest, remember that all the *artificial* burdens of motherhood are now done away with. A mother has no longer any mere sordid anxieties for the future of her children. They may indeed turn out better or worse; they may disappoint her highest hopes; such anxieties as these are a part of the mingled pleasure and pain which goes to make up the life of mankind. But at least she is spared the fear (it was most commonly the certainty) that artificial disabilities would make her children something less than men and women: she knows

that they will live and act according to the measure of their own faculties. In times past, it is clear that the 'Society' of the day helped its Judaic god, and the 'Man of Science' of the time, in visiting the sins of the fathers upon the children. How to reverse this process, how to take the sting out of heredity, has been one of the most constant cares of the thoughtful men amongst us. So that, you see, the ordinarily healthy woman (and almost all our women are both healthy and at least comely), respected as a child-bearer and rearer of children, desired as a woman, loved as a companion, unanxious for the future of her children, has far more instinct for maternity than the poor drudge and mother of drudges of past days could ever have had; or than her sister of the upper classes, brought up in affected ignorance of natural facts, reared in an atmosphere of mingled prudery and prurience."

"You speak warmly," I said, "but I can see you are right."

"Yes," he said, "and I will point out to you a token of all the benefits which we have gained by our freedom. What did you think of the looks of the people whom you have come across to-day?"

"Said I: "I could hardly have believed that there could be so many good-looking people in any civilised country."

He crowed a little, like the old bird he was. "What! are we still civilised?" said he. Well, as to our looks, the English and Jewish blood, which on the whole is predominant here, used not to produce much beauty. But I think we have improved it. I know a man who has a large collection of portraits printed from photographs of the nineteenth century, and going over those and comparing them with the everyday faces in these times, puts the improvement in our good looks beyond a doubt. Now, there are some people who think it not too fantastic to connect this increase of beauty directly with our freedom and good sense in the matters we have been speaking of: they believe that a child born from the natural and healthy love between a man and a woman, even if that be transient, is likely to turn out better in all ways, and especially in bodily beauty, than the birth of the respectable commercial marriage bed, or of the dull despair of the drudge of that system. They say, Pleasure begets pleasure. What do you think?"

"I am much of that mind," said I.

CHAP. X.—QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS.

"WELL," said the old man, shifting in his chair, "you must get on with your questions, Guest; I have been some time answering this first one."

Said I: "I want an extra word or two about your ideas of education; although I gathered from Dick that you let your children run wild and didn't teach them anything; and in short, that your education is like the 'snakes in Iceland'—non-existent."

"Then you gathered left-handed," quoth he. "But of course I understand your point of view about education, which is that of times past, when 'the struggle for life,' as men used to phrase it (*i.e.*, the struggle for a slave's rations on one side, and for a bouncing share of the slaveholders' privilege on the other), pinched 'education' for most people into a niggardly dole of not very accurate information; something to be swallowed by the beginner in the art of living whether he liked it or not, and was hungry for it or not: and which had been chewed and digested over and over again by people who didn't care about it in order to serve it out to other people who didn't care about it."

I stopped the old man's rising wrath by a laugh, and said: "Well, you were not taught that way, at any rate, so you may let your anger run off you a little."

"True, true," said he, smiling. "I thank you for correcting my ill-temper: I always fancy myself as living in any period of which we may be speaking. But however, to put it in a cooler way: you expected to see children thrust into schools when they have reached an age conventionally supposed to be the due age, whatever their varying faculties and dispositions may be, and when there, with like disregard to be subjected to a certain conventional course of 'learning.' My friend, can't you see that such a proceeding means ignoring the fact of *growth*, bodily and mental? No one could come out of such a mill uninjured; and those only would avoid being crushed by it who would have the spirit of rebellion strong in them. Fortunately most children have had that at all times. Now you see what it all comes to. In the old times all this was the result of *poverty*. In the nineteenth century, society was so miserably poor, owing to the systematised robbery on which it was founded, that real education was impossible for anybody. The whole theory of their so-called education was that it was necessary to shove a little information into a child, even if it were by means of torture, and accompanied by twaddle which it was well known was of no use, or else he would lack information lifelong: the hurry of poverty forbade anything else. All that is past; we are no longer hurried, and the information lies ready to each one's hand when his own inclinations impel him to seek it. In this as in other matters we have become wealthy: we can afford to give ourselves time to grow."

"Yes," said I, "but suppose the child, youth, man, never wants the information, never grows in the direction you might hope him to do: suppose, for instance, he objects to learning arithmetic or mathematics; you can't force him when he is grown; can't you force him while he is growing, and oughtn't you to do so?"

"Well," said he, "were you forced to learn arithmetic and mathematics?"

"A little," said I.

"And how old are you now?"

"Say fifty-six," said I.

"And how much arithmetic and mathematics do you know now?" quoth the old man, smiling rather mockingly.

Said I: "None whatever, I am sorry to say."

Hammond laughed quietly, but made no other comment on my admission, and I dropped the subject of education, perceiving him to be hopeless on that side.

I thought a little, and said: "You were speaking just now of households: that sounded to me a little like the customs of past times; I should have thought you would have lived more in public."

"Phalangsteries, eh?" said he. "Well, we live as we like, and we like to live as a rule with certain house-mates that we have got used to. Remember, again, that poverty is extinct, and that the Fourierist phalangsteries and all their kind, as was but natural at the time, implied nothing but a refuge from mere destitution. Such a way of life as that, could only have been conceived of by people surrounded by the worst form of poverty. But you must understand therewith, that though separate households are the rule amongst us, and though they differ in their habits more or less, yet no door is shut to any good-tempered person who is content to live as the other house-mates do: only of course it would be unreasonable for one man to drop into a household and bid the folk of it to alter their habits to please him, since he can go elsewhere and live as he pleases. However, I need not say much about all this, as you are going up the river with Dick, and will find out for yourself by experience how these matters are managed."

After a pause, I said: "Your big towns, now; how about them? London, which—which I have read about as the modern Babylon of civilisation, seems to have disappeared."

"Well, well," said old Hammond, "perhaps after all it is more like ancient Babylon now than the 'modern Babylon' of the nineteenth century was. But let that pass. After all, there is a good deal of population in places between here and Hammersmith; nor have you seen the most populous part of the town yet."

"Tell me, then," said I, "how is it towards the east?"

Said he: "Time was when if you mounted a good horse and rode straight away from my door here at a round trot for an hour and a half, you would still be in the thick of London, and the greater part of that would be 'slums,' as they were called; that is to say, places of torture for innocent men and women; or worse, stews for rearing and breeding men and women in such degradation that that torture should seem to them mere ordinary and natural life."

"I know, I know," I said, rather impatiently. "That was what was; tell me something of what is. Is any of that left?"

"Not an inch," said he; "but some memory of it abides with us, and I am glad of it. Once a year, on May-day, we hold a solemn feast in those easterly communes of London to commemorate The Clearing of Misery, as it is called. On that day we have music and dancing, and merry games and happy feasting on the site of some of the worst of the old slums, the traditional memory of which we have kept. On that occasion the custom is for the prettiest girls to sing some of the old revolutionary songs, and those which were the groans of the discontent, once so hopeless, on the very spots where those terrible crimes of class-murder were committed day by day for so many years. To a man like me, who have studied the past so diligently, it is a curious and touching sight to see some beautiful girl, daintily clad, and crowned with flowers from the neighbouring meadows, standing amongst the happy people, on some mound where of old time stood the wretched apology for a house, a den in which men and women lived packed amongst the filth like pilchards in a cask; lived in such a way that they could only have endured it, as I said just now, by being degraded out of humanity—to hear the terrible words of threatening and lamentation coming from her sweet and beautiful lips, and she unconscious of their real meaning: to hear her, say, singing Hood's Song of the Shirt, and to think that all the time she does not understand what it is all about—a tragedy grown inconceivable to her and her listeners. Think of that, if you can, and of how glorious life is grown!"

"Indeed," said I, "it is difficult for me to think of it."

And I sat watching how his eyes glittered, and how the fresh life seemed to glow in his face, and I wondered how at his age he should think of the happiness of the world, or indeed anything but his coming dinner.

WILLIAM MORRIS.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

AN INTERNATIONAL APPEAL.

FOR eight months past the blanket-weavers and workers associated with them have been on strike at Cours (Rhône). Counting their families, more than 4,000 have been affected—practically the entire population of the place. Their wages had been lowered again and again, until they were face to face with starvation. Banding themselves together in a union, they resolved to resist further encroachment. But the millowners had enjoyed unquestioned supremacy so long that they refused to recognise the union, and gave notice of their intention to crush it. Seven have since acceded to the men's demand, but the others are determined to destroy the trade of the district rather than give in. For eight months the men have held out, in spite of privation, but they are now compelled to ask for help from their fellow-countrymen and from all sympathisers throughout the world. They feel that although everywhere the workers have their own troubles to attend to, there must be some able and willing to help them. As they suffer in the cause of labour, so they appeal to all friends of labour to aid them in the fight. In better times they will gratefully reciprocate the proofs of international solidarity. Address, *au Secrétaire du Syndicat de Cours, Rhône, France.*

An adjourned meeting and conference of anti-Parliamentary Socialists will take place on Sunday, March 23rd, at 7.30 p.m., to consider propaganda for ensuing year and other important business. All comrades are asked to attend.

SCOTTISH NOTES.

THE labour vote did not make much of a show at the recent (and first) County Council election in Scotland. Every one of the labour candidates was defeated—some of them very badly indeed. It is satisfactory, however, to note that those who were most advanced or Socialistic in their utterances fared rather better than the mere trades-union apostles. Small, of the Lanarkshire Miners, who is an avowed Socialist, ran his landlord opponent very close; and Keir Hardie, who has also the bad fame of being a Socialist (of the Parliamentary school), was well up in the list.

The crofter candidates in the Highlands were very successful, however. In Sutherlandshire the Duke's factors and agents were all defeated, and crofters returned.

The Free Church is being shaken to its base by the heretical utterances of two professors—Dr. Marcus Dods of Edinburgh and Dr. Bruce of Glasgow. As at least one-half of the ministers and laymen of the Church have little or no belief in the Bible or the "standards of the Church" (i.e., the Confession of Faith and the Shorter Catechism), the orthodox party will have some difficulty in bringing the culprit professors to a sense of the error of their ways.

I used to consider myself a pagan, but since I have read Dr. Dods' definition of Christian belief I consider myself a tolerably good Christian; indeed, quite up to the mark at least of standing at the church door on Sundays and watching that none of the members of the congregation takes shillings out of the offertory plate instead of putting halfpennies into it.

One has not, however, much sympathy with professors or any other folk who accept salaries to preach or teach doctrines which they do not believe. Of course the world's all wrong; and while workers have to slave and employers oppress, and while all sorts of men have in some degree or other to lie, cheat and injure their neighbours for a livelihood, we must not be uncharitable in our judgments upon professors or preachers, especially if in other matters they are "straight," and are endeavouring to the best of their powers to do away with the conditions that make hypocrisy and all other social crimes necessary. But Dr. Dods is not of this stamp. He wallows about in his hypocrisy as a swine wallows in its filth, and he is mightily indignant when some people venture to suggest that he is not perfectly pure and undefiled. Worse than that, he is a traducer of the poor, and a bearer of false witness against the unemployed. As a patron of the Charity Organisation Society, he has on several occasions publicly assailed the hapless victims of our industrial despotism as loafers and knaves, and warned the well-to-do plunderers of our cities and towns against yielding to the temptation of sheltering them from the winter's cold or allaying the pangs of their hunger.

Had the Professor confined his misdeeds to mildly extracting money from the churches under false pretences, he might have continued his time-honoured occupation without protest from me—the more the churches are swindled the merrier am I; but since he has set himself up as an apologist of the priggishness of the rich who rob the poor and kick them afterwards, I fervently trust he may lose his comfortable crib and have to do a month or two's penal servitude tramping the country in search of manual employment at fifteen bob a-week—the experience would modify his conceit a bit.

Professors as a rule are just about as much loafers as need be, and divinity professors are the most lazy and least amiable loafers of the lot; and a divinity professor who goes out of his way to denounce tramps and beggars is much in need of a sound lesson in good manners and Christian sociology lumped into one.

Sir William Arrol, the Forth Bridge contractor, whatever ability he may possess as a practical engineer and as an architect of his own fortune, does not appear to hold views one whit above the selfish mediocrity of his class upon the labour question. In a speech which he gave at Ayr, on being presented with the freedom of the burgh, he warned working-men against demanding high wages lest they make it impossible for employers to compete successfully for contracts. He affirmed that he himself had refused contracts amounting to over a million and a quarter pounds because of his uncertainty as to the probable rise in the wages of labour.

I do not say that this statement is untrue; but I do say that Sir William Arrol, despite his hypothetical loss of contracts to the value of a million and a quarter, has on hand about as much work as he can possibly undertake, and that during the last year he has increased his works at Bridgeton to the utmost extent of the available space.

Sir William complained that certain working-men could actually commence work on Thursday mornings and lift £5 and £6 on Saturdays. Presumably he referred to certain classes of riveters and steel-workers. It may be true that in some instances that may be done; but is it not grossly unfair to refer to such exceptional cases as typical of the privileged position of workmen generally? I venture to assert that Sir William has more men in his employment working for 15s. or less per week than for £5 or £6 per week, not to speak of

£5 or £6 for two and a-half days. The great mass of his labourers receive 17s. per week, and his skilled workmen from 22s. to 30s. per week. His firm is notorious for its system of supplanting skilled with unskilled labour.

Sir William told his hearers that thirty years ago he had sought employment as a working blacksmith in the town of Ayr without success. We are informed, however, that he has now an estate at Ayr worth some £20,000 or more. Sir William's wages must have been a deal more than £5 or £6 per week in the interval to have enabled him to accumulate even that portion of his present fortune! How much of that sum he honestly wrought for, and how much of it was gained by filching the labour of others, might be approximately guessed by learning what he considers a fair wage for a working blacksmith to-day.

J. BRUCE GLASIER.

THE GREAT COAL STRIKE.

THE great coal strike is ominous of coming changes, and cannot be looked on as even a great strike might have been a few years ago. The demands of the miners are so moderate, and so uncomplicated with any difficulties as to method of employment and the like, and moreover, the business facts on which the strike is based are so clear and so much in favour of the men, that it was expected in many quarters that the masters would give in at once, and in ordinary times they would have done so. The fact that they are preparing for an obstinate resistance shows that they are not so much thinking of the present strike as of their general position in face of the awakening of Labour. The red spectre of Revolution looms threateningly in the distance before them, and instinctively they are prepared to fight.

Let us look at it from the same point of view, and understand that it is a battle, not a mere business dispute. If the miners got well together, and if they are supported by the sympathy of their brother workers, even those who will suffer by the strike, they will now for the first time understand their power, and a weapon for the hand of revolution will be fashioned, which will be irresistible; which can only be resisted by the brute-force in the hands of the upper classes—i.e., the army and police. This instrument, the striking-power of the coal miners backed by the assent of their fellow workers, being once ready, there will be nothing between us and revolution but a knowledge on the part of the workers of what to claim, which can be nothing short of an abolition of the monopoly of the resources of nature—i.e., the land and all that is on it, which is used for the reproduction of wealth.

This, and not a pitiful rise in wages, is what in the long run lies before the strike of the coal miners: let us hope that the events of this strike will show them how necessary it is for them to make this claim, how feasible to get what they demand.

WILLIAM MORRIS.

INTERNATIONAL NOTES.

GERMANY.

When on the 24th of February the Boulangists met in the Salle Cognet at Paris, they decided to send a congratulatory address to Bebel on the result of the German elections. Before even the address was gone, Léo Frankel, formerly Minister of Public Works under the Commune, published Bebel's reply, which ran as follows:

"Dresden, Plauen, March 2nd, 1890.

"My dear Frankel,—I have not yet received the announced address of the Boulangists. Probably they have thought the matter over again. If, however, they took a fancy to their idea and would carry it out, I am quite prepared to ignore their factum, as I will have nothing at all to do with them.—Yours ever faithfully,

"A. BEBEL."

At Lückenwalde, near Berlin, the general association of female workers has been closed by the police, and besides, the whole committee, consisting of Marie Tinius, Johne, Weiss, Fallner, Anna Schultz, and Jölke, will be prosecuted for having made an energetic propaganda on behalf of the Socialist candidates to the Reichstag. The trial will begin on April 10th.

DENMARK.

The revolutionary Socialists of Denmark have just issued a manifesto to all kindred associations of Europe and America, setting forth the reasons why they have come to the constitution of a new revolutionary Socialist party in their country. They also tell us that it has been resolved to transform as soon as possible their weekly organ *Arbejderen* (The Worker) into a daily paper, and therefore ask the moral and material support of all their friends abroad, especially of all the Scandinavians.

ITALY.

Comrade Amilcare Cipriani has left Paris *en route* for Forlì, where he is going to face the new prosecution got up against him by the Italian government. He is to be tried for exciting to revolt, whatever that may be.

HOLLAND.

Comrade L. Schotting, who has been prosecuted by the Dutch government for having written a pamphlet on "Military Conscription," denouncing the various atrocities of that system, has now at last been acquitted by the superior tribunal of the Hague.

AUSTRIA-HUNGARY.

A new monthly review is to be published at Reichenberg on April 1st, under the title of "Zeitschwingen" (Time Wings). Comrade Joseph Versneck is the editor of the new Socialist organ, whose offices are situated at Reichenberg, Ladegasse, No. 23.

NOTICE.—Next week there will be an article and an allegorical sketch dealing with Mr. Stanley's "heroic efforts in the cause of civilisation."



OFFICES: 24 GREAT QUEEN STREET, LONDON, W.C.

HAVE YOU NOT HEARD HOW IT HAS GONE WITH MANY A CAUSE BEFORE NOW: FIRST, FEW MEN HEED IT; NEXT, MOST MEN CONTEMN IT; LASTLY, ALL MEN ACCEPT IT—AND THE CAUSE IS WON

THE COMMONWEAL is the official organ of the Socialist League; but, unless definitely so announced by the Editors, no article is to be taken as expressing in more than a general way the views of the League as a body. In accordance with the Manifesto and Statement of Principles of the League, the COMMONWEAL is an exponent of International Revolutionary Socialism. On minor differences of opinion the widest freedom of discussion is maintained. As all articles are signed, no special significance attaches to their position in the paper.

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REFORM OR REVOLUTION.

(Continued from p. 77.)

ONE of the chief reasons for discord is the growth of poverty, discontent, misery, and crime, the existence of a numerous class unpossessed of property. These are, according to our rulers, supposed to have no interest in the State (which they really have not when the truth is told), for which reason, though allowed to exist in its territory, they are treated rather as slaves, and watched and guarded against with the most jealous apprehension; and there is no reason to wonder at this when we consider the distress and degradation on the one hand, with the affluence born of robbery on the other. Statesmen may as long as possible postpone what they are pleased to call the *evil day*, but come it will, however pertinaciously they may withstand its advent. At present they maintain the doctrine that property is superior to humanity, because it is property that rules empires,

property that has rights, property that possesses a monopoly of knowledge and (*sic*) honour, with whatever else is valued by man. But a time is coming when the teaching of Proudhon, that "Property is robbery!" will be believed by all men, and then will cease this hideous nightmare of property which obtains to-day.

The ruling classes, who in the season of calm make no account of the coming tempest, would think the honours of office and power not worth possessing if compelled to govern solely for the benefit of the people. The patricians of Rome, inflated by rank and distinction, and elevated by education above all around them, treated with scorn the claims of the plebeians to exercise some influence over the management of their own affairs; and the rulers of modern Europe, their equals in pride, however inferior in merit, aim in every State at the same exclusive domination. In tranquil times they oppose reforms because, according to them, they are needless; in troubled times, because they are dangerous. Perhaps 'tis better so, for the great change will come, to my mind, all the quicker for their obstinacy and greed. "The gods," says the Pagan proverb, "help those who help themselves." It is high time the workers began to practice the philosophy contained in this maxim. At present they are aliens and strangers in the land, compelled to obey laws which others make for them. But their obedience is sullen and reluctant, because accompanied by the consciousness that it implies the sacrifice of their best interests. It is a fundamental fact that when some have too much others there must be who have too little, and though there may be a system of political economy which denies this truth, mankind will not always adopt that system or suffer themselves to be deluded by it. Our rulers cannot disprove the existence of a portentous amount of misery, ignorance, and crime simultaneously with the established order of things. Whence comes that misery, which cannot be removed by Annual Parliaments, the Ballot, or Universal Suffrage? Whence comes this misery which is eating itself into the very vitals of society? We Socialists say it is brought about by various causes, chief of which is the monopoly of the means of life by a few, whose opposition to our teachings is born of the plunderer's fear lest he lose what he has been at so much trouble to gain, his property, the words "Property is robbery" always striking terror into his heart, just as the policeman's lantern and whistle strikes terror into the heart of the burglar.

One good sign of the times is the desire for reform, which to my thinking will not have the effect the reformers desire, *i.e.*, to stay the revolution; any reform given now will only aid us, and accelerate the change which is bound to come. The worker has been excluded from the communion of intelligence; labour has been ranked in the same category as vice and crime, hunted about and trampled upon, and in many instances denied the protection of the laws. This has made him feel like a slave in spite of the noble yearnings of his nature. To nations placed in such a category, revolution speaks as with a voice from heaven proffering them deliverance from thralldom, intellectual and economical, and they become imbued with the belief that for the regeneration of the human race all things become lawful. The existence of large masses of the people inimical to the State, whose numbers are perpetually augmenting, whose misery is incessantly on the increase, whose morals are for the most part deteriorating, whose minds are cankered, whose hearts are gradually estranged from virtue, contentment, or hope of happiness—the existence of such a mass, I say, is a fact which we must recognise whether it terrifies us or not. For several ages this supposed surplus of humanity was consumed by foreign wars. Kings got rid of their domestic foes on the field of battle, and history bestows on the sacrifice the name of "Glory." All kinds of dazzling fictions have been invented to reconcile mankind to this horrid game which is at variance with the principles of humanity.

Chroniclers, poets (with few exceptions), and servile flatterers of power, have sought and still seek to disguise the brutality of the process by which instinctively, or through the system, the governors of the earth endeavour to confine the population within their artificial limits of subsistence. But civilisation in its progress gives birth to arts, which by their development completely counteract the designs of ambition. Addicting themselves to the operations of peace and industry, the people increase and multiply faster than war can destroy them; hence the cardinal difficulties of governments. There are found in every modern state multitudes of people who have no assured future. The labour of the day provides for the day only, and any interruption in their toil brings them within measurable distance of starvation. This is the case in every great city and town, where there always exists a wandering population, living, as we say, from hand to mouth, performing the rudest operations of society—a race as it were between beggars and thieves, who labour when they can get work and who steal when they cannot. This class of persons is on the increase, and though denominated the dangerous classes they are probably the least dangerous (at present), but when insurrections are actually in progress they have in the past, and will again, throw themselves into the struggle against the oppressors. It is a fearful sight to behold millions of people possessing no provision for the morrow, people born to be mere hewers of wood and drawers of water, of whom it is expected they will never look up or presume to hope for a better life. People who possess minds which society condemns to stagnation; people who possess labour force which is not required by the present system, and is thus condemned and denominated dangerous. Thousands, rather than submit to this, make open war upon society which cast them forth to perish in the struggle. Others envelope themselves in sullen pride and retreat to the noisome dens still open to them, where they expire in silence or by their own hands. Others again there are who, rising to the occasion, and seeing the misery, of which they perhaps are

co-heirs, go forth to raise hope in their downtrodden and degraded fellows by voice and pen, and these are dragged by the rulers to perish in dungeon, mine, or scaffold.

Let us take a review in our own minds of the dungeons, stripes, chains, etc., with which every society is abundantly stored, by which hundreds of victims are annually offered up to support a few in pride and madness, and millions in abject servitude and dependence. Whoever, therefore, whether in the name of a deity or not, labours to perpetuate ignorance, labours to perpetuate crime and misery.

The worst effect, perhaps, of our present system, is the divorce it produces between man and virtue. First, even while employed in what is called honest toil, it cuts him off from the source of knowledge and condemns the mind to inactivity. Hence the paralysis of the faculties, intellectual and moral, narrow and sordid views of nature and society, false theories of virtue and vice, proneness to coarse pleasures, and almost total perversion of ideas. Man in this state is as far removed as he can be from his proper state in nature. His nobler aspirations have been crushed out of him one after the other, and the intercourse of misery with misery, and vice with vice, is not calculated to generate virtue. Yet, despite all this, the light of the future breaks forth from alley and slum, which can only be quenched by a force which will have to be superior to any which has yet been tried. This class of which I have been speaking, begin at last to feel that they are exiles living in a state of social banishment, and are at length, like the servile classes of Rome, discovering each other by their rags—the badge of their order—the result of which will be the counting of their numbers and organisation for resistance or revenge.

C. W. MOWBRAY.

(To be concluded).

THE COMMUNE OF PARIS.

WHY do we celebrate the Commune? Is it because it was a success or a defeat? To us it is both. It was successful, because it has inspired thousands with those principles for which its martyrs bled and suffered. It was successful, because it was the birth of a new world, the first faint gleam of a dawn that will soon bring the brightness of day to the toiling millions for whom the men of Paris fought and died; because the memory of those dead heroes should encourage us in the work which has still to be done. It was a defeat, for the triumph of the people was short and brief; the memory of the joyous days of March is eclipsed by that of the Bloody Week of May; and our hearts still mourn for the dead that have perished, trampled beneath the feet of a base, cowardly, and bloody class, who cowered into cellars at the victory of the people, but who could rise in an ignoble triumph and insult the dead whom they feared when living.

Even now, the middle class continue their insults through the pens of their hired scribes in the venal and lying press. Through these means they still slander the memory of those they murdered; but the hatred of these people is the best homage to the dead. Had they been swindlers and murderers on a large scale, the rich would have worshipped them, as they do the great stockjobber who has plundered thousands, or the adventurer who has massacred hapless savages with breechloaders and explosive bullets in the interests of commercial civilisation. No; it is because the martyrs were men of whom this world was not worthy that the middle class shower abuse upon them. Students of history will remember that the ruling classes have done the same to all preachers of new ideas that threatened their privileges. The early Christians were monsters and cannibals, according to the priests of gods in ancient Rome. No accusation was too vile for the Protestant reformers in the mouths of pope and prelate; and to slay your foes and slander them after death is always the policy of reaction; a policy that up till now has ended in deserved failure. And even at the present time the truth is beginning to gleam through the mists and clouds of lies and prejudices with which our rulers have surrounded it. The people are learning to admire the men and women who died upon the barricades and before the firing platoons for the cause of humanity. What creed, what cause, can boast such glorious martyrs as can the Commune? Think upon the leaders who died with a calm courage that has never been excelled. Old Delescluze, whose life had been one long martyrdom for the cause of the people in the prisons of France and the swamps of New Caledonia, dragging his steps wearily to a deserted barricade, to stand upright for an instant, and then fall a willing victim to the shot of the enemy. He had vowed not to survive the failure of the revolution, and he kept his word. See, again, Milliere standing on the steps of the Pantheon before the levelled muskets of his murderers. In this his death hour he thinks little of himself. "Live the Commune!" "Live Humanity!" are the cries that greet the volley from the rifles of his foes. Think of Varlin, the young and enthusiastic lover of humanity, dragged along the streets in a long agonising march, his face slashed with sabres, a mass of blood, his eye hanging from its socket, but he does not moan or complain, but bears heroically his agony till welcome death at the hands of the brutal soldiers comes at last. But do not forget the people, men and women, shot down in crowds, 20,000 massacred, but dying, as their enemies admit, calmly and proudly, their hands clasped together, shouting, in defiance of the butchers of Versailles, "Live the Commune!" Triumph! we have cause for triumph. Though the defenders of law and order made the most beautiful city in Europe one vast slaughter-house, yet they could not crush Socialism; for to-day it is more powerful than ever in every civilised country. And the workers of all nations shall yet march hand in hand to victory to the cry of "Live the Commune!"

D. J. NICOLL.

IN THE UNITED STATES.

LAURENCE GRONLUND'S latest work is now about to go to press, under the title 'Our Destiny; or, the Influence of Nationalism on Morals and Religion.' In this book the author claims that "our economic individualism, with its passion for money-getting and trampling struggle for redundant affluence, must necessarily be accompanied by such low morals and weak religious beliefs as we now witness; while a nation trained under a social régime will be distinguished by the opposite qualities; for Socialism is eminently religious—i.e., will incline men more than any other system to postulate a purpose behind evolution, in order to answer the question, what are we in this world for?" He goes on to urge that Socialism will offer the true ideal of human progress—"an ennobling religion, not limited to caring for the individual soul, but identified with efforts to realise heaven on earth, with a great sweep of social action, in which individual lives will be caught up, as it were, to meet ideal passions from on high. Such an ideal we may hope will bring to the front men filled and fired with the enthusiasm of humanity, imbued with the true conception of progress, prophets of a grand and realisable aim, and inaugurating a generation of sustained and rightly guided effort which will revolutionise for good and for all time our entire social and moral surroundings." The author of 'Our Destiny' points to various signs in support of his contention that the time is ripe for such an effort. "First of all," he says, "it is notorious that a constructive form of Socialism has for some years been evolving among American organised working-men; next, and this may prove the most important phenomenon of all, the conscience of the country has during the present year clearly been aroused as it has not been since the anti-slavery agitation. I refer to the Christian Socialist and the Nationalist movements—so much so that we may in the near future—within the coming months—indeed, expect a peculiarly profound agitation of the public mind on these subjects. A blessed change has occurred; our religious people are at length becoming conscious of really being part of a living organism which suffers. A more blessed change is evidently coming, and it is not so much the change itself as the method of bringing it about that is in issue."

After this, I think, it will hardly be possible that even the most enthusiastic admirer of Mr. Gronlund will claim that he is a scientific exponent of Socialism. It is, however, a matter of extreme satisfaction for the adherents of Socialism—using the word in its broadest sense—that one of their number is on such excellent terms with the "power behind evolution." Yet on the other hand it cannot be denied that this mysterious and well-meaning "power behind evolution" might be a more "brainless" creature. In that case, things would unquestionably move smoother in this world. As the case stands now, this "power behind evolution" can give to itself a neat *testimonium paupertatis*, for it has accomplished as yet nothing, and in fact can never accomplish anything. If any "good" will be done, it must and can only be done through reason. Reason, of course, cannot compromise with silly—silly in our days—metaphysical speculation. I am afraid dear Gronlund will never solve the social problem, nor will he ever contribute much toward its solution. For to be able to do so he would have to fling overboard first all religious twaddle, which he never will do, because "neither can the leopard change its skin." As for the "peculiarly profound agitation of the public mind," true, Nationalism has gone up like a rocket, but it is not less true that the signs are not missing that it will come down like a stick.

P. M. Arthur, chief of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers, has spoken some wise words. He was asked his opinion concerning the eight-hour movement, and replied: "If the working-men propose to make eight hours a day's labour, and ask for eight hours' pay in proportion to the standard wages, I think nothing could be better than to adopt the plan, because it would furnish work for 20 per cent. more men, as ten hours now constitutes a day's work; but if they demand ten hours' pay for eight hours' work, then the step would not be such a beneficial one." Of course, Arthur, who has long ceased to be a worker, does not like that the capitalists should pay ten hours' for eight hours' work. And yet the workers pay this thief a large sum of money to look after their interests. By the way, I wonder if Arthur is not meant for the "purpose of evolution."

Another dam is burst somewhere up in Arizona territory. Some seventy lives were lost in the flood. And yet ample evidence already shows that this disaster, like that at Johnstown, Pa., was due to the carelessness and meanness of the New York Corporation that built it. Wonder if the finger of that "power behind evolution" could not be traced in this "accident"—beg pardon, purpose of evolution.

A conference of the Union Labour party occurred in Kansas City some days ago. The following resolutions were adopted:

"We congratulate the Union Labour party upon the brave and gallant fight which it made in the presidential campaign of 1888—a campaign characterised by the most extravagant, corrupt, and shameless use of money by the managers of the Democratic and Republican parties ever witnessed in the history of the United States. Although there has been a change of administration, there has been no change of policy calculated to relieve the agricultural and industrial classes."

"Resolved, that we reaffirm and declare our allegiance to the Union Labour party and its organisation, and that we advise our candidates, canvassers, and press in the political contest of this year to concentrate their efforts upon the reforms advocated in our platform of 1888, relating to finance, transportation, land, and the suppression of trusts. All evils which now afflict and oppress the agricultural and industrial classes have their origin and remedy in one or other of these questions. As long as these conditions exist there is a necessity for the existence of the Union Labour party. The principles of the Union Labour party being substantially in harmony with the demands and purposes advocated by the alliance, the Wheel, the Knights of Labour, the Farmers' Mutual Benefit Association, the Patrons of Husbandry, we cordially invite members of such organisations to co-operate with us politically in the campaign of 1890."

As the Union Labour party had little money it is cheap glory to boast that it used none during the presidential election. But let this party really become a real power in politics, then money will come in its hands pretty freely, and then it will burst, like so many others belonging to the same category in the past. Politics—boodle; boodle—politics; politics and boodle—the purpose of evolution!

The eight-hour bubble has practically ceased to bubble, anyhow, as regards the United States. Gompers in his last speech claimed this movement to be scientific, but if we look at his arguments we find very little science but a good deal of bunkum. He promised the worker that the realisation of the eight hours would reduce the hours and increase the wages; the capitalists were told, in order to gain their support, that as the increase of the workers' wages would undoubtedly benefit trade and industry, profits, rent, and interest would in consequence also increase. But who would have

to pay for this "treat all round"? Unquestionably the "power behind evolution."

Two meetings were held in the United States on February 22nd, Washington's birthday, for the purpose of agitating for the eight-hour day. The most successful of these meetings gathered in Tremont Temple in Boston; about 3,000 persons attended. Samuel Gompers as well as P. J. Maguire, Secretary of the Brotherhood of Carpenters and Joiners, made speeches. As it is as yet doubtful which trade will open the firing on May the 1st, Maguire's words have some significance. He said:

"This meeting is not to present an argument in support of the eight-hour demand. It is to prepare the building trades for the effort they will make on May 1 to establish the eight-hour day. The question has got beyond the necessity of argument, for all men grant the necessity of shorter hours. . . . The eight-hour agitation of the past year has made a decided impression upon the entire civilised world, and Gladstone and Randolph Churchill have stated their determination to fight for the reduction of the hours of labour. The short-hour movement in Australia resulted in the Australian ballot, and gave to the people of that country a tax law which taxed unimproved lands for their full value, and did not tax the home of the worker."

The meeting in New York was a miserable failure. Only about 1,000 people, mostly Socialists, met in the large hall of Cooper Union, the same hall which was filled to overflowing on November 11th at the commemoration meeting in honour of the despised Chicago Anarchists.

Boston, Mass., Feb. 28, 1890.

HENRY F. CHARLES.

CORRESPONDENCE.

CHRISTIANITY AND SOCIALISM.

SIR,—May I be permitted to refer in your columns to the important notice from the pen of Mr. Morris which appears under the head of "Correspondence" in your last number?

Even for argument's sake, granting that Socialistic principles, universally accepted—as they are not yet—would supersede, by including, all the social benefits alluded to hypothetically or otherwise as conferrable by Christianity,—how about the devilry that is in men, rooted and developed in selfishness, which is answerable hitherto for all the greatest evils of our social condition or system, and may just as much be expected to continue to defy the teachings of enlightened Socialism as it is found to resist and pervert those of religion? Nay, a deal more so, *we* who own the reign of the Nazarene believe. Here, indeed, is a supreme difficulty in the case, which, I respectfully venture to submit, the remarks of Mr. Morris do not seem to touch.

In other words, we are presented, it seems to me, with what as conceived by so excellent an authority, whether as designer or coadjutor of other mechanicians of genius, may be a piece of machinery most admirably adapted to social needs, yept Socialism, but without provision made for the motive power. That motive power has in spite of many drawbacks proved itself over and over again, *we* say, to exist in Christianity as it exists nowhere else. We have seen moral transformations effected by it in individuals and in communities, which I believe, even writing in your pages, it would be folly to pretend have any parallel in the results of any other philosophy or system, if not in extent, at least in depth and social value; and if the propaganda of Socialism are *true*, there is no reason in the genius of Christianity why that power should not be exerted to give them tenfold more effect than they are likely to attain by any other means. But why does not Christianity originate instead of merely assimilating? Did it *not* originate? Where are we to find in history more genuine or earlier, or, indeed, other examples of Socialism or Communism practically carried out than in primitive Christianity or its prototype Judaism? So that we may in fact say, if Socialism is salvation, that like the "salvation" of which Jesus of Nazarus spoke to the woman of Samaria, it also "is of the Jews." Acts, chap. iv.; Josephus, Wars, Book II., chap. viii., etc. A quotation from Josephus I may give: "Among all [the Essens] there is no appearance of poverty or excess of riches, but every one's possessions are intermingled with every other's possessions; and so there is as it were one patrimony among them."

An interesting modern instance, probably unique, except in a certain reflection of monasticism, for successive ages, one also strictly in point of our contention for the benevolent genius of Christianity even in the direction of Socialistic methods, is that of the promotion of Communistic living amongst men of working trades by M. de Renty, a French nobleman of the seventeenth century, to which I can only briefly refer in closing. Over a hundred years after, as I suppose from the account to which I am indebted, there were, as the fruit of his endeavours, "two companies in Paris, one of tailors, the other of shoemakers, and of these in several quarters of the city" (and the same there were at Toulouse), who lived in community; bringing the history to within a measurable distance of the French Revolution, which may not have been entirely unaffected by the fact. M. de Renty, be it remarked, was no political type of a social reformer, but a man drawing the inspiration of all he did from Christianity, as its disciple first and everything else a very long way afterwards, so for my present purpose making the case particularly apposite.—Yours respectfully,

N. W.

Manchester, March 10th, 1890.

SIBERIAN HORRORS.—An account from Tomsk describes (says the Berlin correspondent of the *Daily News*) the state of the Siberian prisons as something fearful, and gives the following figures, which speak for themselves. Tomsk, the seat of the only university in Siberia, is at the same time the central depot of exiles. It possesses a prison which can accommodate 765 men, reckoning for each one 4.8 cubic feet of air. There is space for 490 healthy persons and 275 sick ones, but the number of exiles who arrived in Tomsk in 1886 was 16,184, of whom only 14,866 were transported further. In 1887 there arrived 14,277; and in 1888, 15,014; and in 1889, up to September, over 12,000—of whom 13,522, 14,239, and 11,000 respectively were taken to the interior. In 1886 the average daily number of prisoners was at least 1,313; in 1887, 1,120; and in 1888, 1,380. In some weeks these numbers increased in 1886 to 2,955, in 1887 to 2,755, and in 1888 even to 3,020 men. Among these the daily average on the sick list was, in 1886, 394; in 1887, 512 (not less than 45.7 per cent.); and in 1888, 396, the majority suffering from typhoid fever. The official report says in a few words that for want of room hundreds of beds with patients suffering from serious maladies were placed in the open air, whilst the temperature was only six degrees Réaumur (45 Fahrenheit). The mortality was, of course, enormous. Between 360 and 400 exiles are buried yearly from the Tomsk prison.

THE LABOUR STRUGGLE.

Great Strike of Miners.

On Thursday March 13th the delegates of the men gave another proof of their extraordinary moderation. They made a last offer to the coalowners that if they would agree to grant a 5 per cent. advance now and another 5 per cent. on 1st July, the present wages question would be settled. This moderate proposal of the delegates was sent to the Coalowners' Federation and they received a reply from the secretary of that body, that the owners had adjourned till Monday, and no reply to the proposal of the men could be given till then. At this shuffling reply the delegates resolved to begin the strike, and on Saturday the men came out. The strike, however, really began on Wednesday and Thursday, when the Nottingham men led the way, and they were joined by the West Yorkshire men on Thursday. In Lancashire 40,000 men are out; in Yorkshire, 60,000; in Derbyshire, 12,000. In Staffordshire, East Worcestershire, and Warwickshire the men have also struck. On the whole, it is estimated that nearly two hundred thousand men are out. The consequences are already serious. Coal has gone up to famine prices; the merest rubbish, composed of shale, stone, and slack, which a few months ago no one would have taken away, is being sold at 10s. to 20s. in East Lancashire. Ordinary coal has in some cases more than doubled in price at the pit mouths. At Sheffield, several large ironworks have already closed for lack of fuel, and at Burnley in Lancashire not only are the cotton factories closing, but the supply of coal is running short at the gas-works. The streets are crowded with men on strike, and an extra force of police has been drafted into the town. If the strike lasts a week, the iron and cotton factories will be closed. Thousands of people are thrown out of work already. The Coalowners' Federation met on Monday, and decided to refuse the compromise offered by the men; they offer to meet the delegates in conference on Thursday to see if they could come to some arrangement. As many owners are already giving in all over the country, I do not think the strike will be of long duration, whatever the Coalowners' Federation may do; the famine prices will be too much of a temptation to many coalowners.

The Dock Strike at Liverpool.

An amusing incident occurred last week. A blackleg collector went down to the neighbourhood of the wharves to see if he could pick up some blacklegs. He did not find any, but he was followed by a very unfriendly crowd to Cannon Street station. Here he took refuge, but the people still following he was turned out as a nuisance by the railway officials. In his despair he hailed a cab, but the cabman being informed by the crowd who he was, exclaimed, "What, a blackleg! Here, get out, I don't want any blacklegs in my cab!" And he had to get out, and was only rescued from his unpleasant position by the police. We don't know whether this is the gentleman who lost his watch. If so, he was doubly unfortunate, and might be recommended to give up recruiting blacklegs as a bad business.

The men fight on with firm determination. They have refused all arbitration, and have resolved to fight to the bitter end. One of their leaders, Mr. McHugh, warned the masters last week that the consequence of their continuing the struggle might be most serious, and that if the line of docks became a slaughterhouse the responsibility must rest upon them. The authorities became so alarmed at this speech, and the threatening attitude of the men—several of whom had penetrated into the docks and given some of the blacklegs a good thrashing with belying pins—that they sent for a regiment of soldiers, quartering them in Bootle, and giving orders at the same time that all the public-houses should be closed from 5 o'clock on Saturday afternoon to 12 o'clock on Sunday. In order to further embarrass the masters, the union has called out 2,000 men who were working for those who had accepted the terms of the men.

On Monday, the carmen turned out and joined the strikers. The attitude of the men is becoming very threatening. The avenues to the docks are being watched by large crowds of unionists, who go for the blacklegs. The blacklegs are getting frightened and are leaving the docks, though the police do their utmost to stop them. The magistrates are in a fearful funk, and are demanding more troops; precautions are also being taken to prevent incendiary fires in the docks. In the docker's procession on Monday the red flag was carried. The shipowners have resolved "to starve the men out," so there will be probably rough work before the strike is over.

Demonstration of Shop Assistants.

A big demonstration of shop assistants and trade unionists was held on Turnham Green on Sunday to help the shop assistants to reduce their shameful hours of labour, and also to denounce the persecution of comrade Turner, who is one of the union secretaries, for issuing a notice recommending the boycotting of those shopkeepers who made slaves of their employés. Cunningham Graham was the principal speaker at the demonstration, and he advised the shop assistants not to petition Parliament, which was useless, but to boycott the masters who refused to give them their moderate demands. Very good advice, which we hope not only the shop assistants but every workman will act upon.

Women's Work in Staffordshire Brickfields.

A correspondent has sent me a cutting from a Staffordshire paper, which gives some interesting details of the white slavery in Staffordshire brickfields. It appears that the brickmakers, male and female, have been on strike since the 2nd December for an increase of a penny to twopence a-day, so the writer in the paper got most of his information from watching the blacklegs at work. The best skilled women workers, the moulders, labour "from six in the morning to six at night for a *top price* of 2s. 6d. for a thousand bricks. It is piece work, and the thousand is really one thousand and fifty, the fifty being thrown in for 'spoils.' The bricks she is making weigh about seven pounds each, and as every one has to be handled three times, the amount of labour necessary to earn the half-crown can easily be calculated. Out of this lucrative payment, moreover, she has to pay a page—a courtly title given to another girl whose age may vary between sixteen and forty years. The function of this latter is to carry the moulded bricks to the kiln, and otherwise make herself generally useful. She gets 1s. 2d. for every 1,050 bricks made, which leaves our communicative lady friend with 1s. 4d. for herself! The weekly wage of these workers is 6s. 8d. for the moulder and 5s. 10d. for the page. The writer describes at another yard "the cruellest form of women labour even in Christian England." This is the carrying by women of large fire-bricks. He says: "The bricks are really slabs made in wooden

moulding frames. They measure a foot or so across, and weigh sometimes as much as a hundred weight and a quarter. The women carry these on their backs to and from the kilns; and we are assured by local experts that the men are not strong enough to do the same work. It not unfrequently happens that a woman is forced on to her knees by the weight of the mass of clay; and the wages for trotting round the miry brickyard for 10 1/2 hours a-day in all weathers like beasts of burden as they are made, is from 6s. to 8s. a-week. If the strike succeeds, they will get an advance of another shilling a-week." I wonder if there is any savage country, to which missionaries and other pioneers of the gospel-like H. M. Stanley are so anxious to extend the benefits of civilisation, where the women are in a worse condition of slavery? It is quite certain that they cannot be in a worse condition morally, for brutalised and debased by this heavy toil, the women use language which the reporter declares to be "quite unprintable." In fact, their moral condition is only what might be expected. Emile Zola is the only man who could do it justice. We are glad to hear that there is some chance of these poor wretches winning the strike. Many of the employers have given in, and it is expected that the others will soon follow them.

THE SOCIALIST LEAGUE.

OFFICES: 24, GREAT QUEEN ST., LINCOLN'S INN FIELDS, W.C.
The Offices of the Socialist League will be open for the sale of *Commonweal* and all other Socialist publications from 8.30 a.m. to 9 p.m. every day except Sunday. The Secretary will be in attendance from 10 a.m. to 9 p.m. daily.

Branch Subscriptions Paid.—1888:—Oxford, to end of September. 1889:—Bradford and Hammersmith, to end of April. Norwich, Glasgow, and Yarmouth, to end of May. East London, to end of October. Mitcham, to end of November. St. Georges East, to end of December. 1890:—North Kensington and Manchester, to end of January. 'Commonweal' Branch, Leicester, and North London, to end of February. Streatham, to end of December.

Notice.—All letters on League business, except those intended for Editors of *Commonweal*, to be addressed to me. No other person is authorised to sign any official communication. FRANK KITZ, Secretary.

REPORTS.

'COMMONWEAL.'—The members of this branch went to Mitcham on Sunday to help Kitz to start the meetings there. Kitz and Mowbray addressed a good audience on the Green; fair sale of *Weals* and *Is* collected.

NORTH LONDON.—On Sunday morning at Regent's Park, Barker (of Brighton), Nicoll, and Cantwell addressed a good audience; 55 *Weals* sold and 3s. 7d. collected. At Hyde Park in the afternoon Barker gave another address; *Weals* sold out; 20 pamphlets sold, and 1s. 9d. collected.—T. C.

NORTH KENSINGTON.—Good meeting held at Latimer Road; speakers were Grierson, Crouch, R. J. Lyne, and a comrade from the S.D.F.; fair sale of *Commonweal*; 3s. collected. In the afternoon our branch took part in the demonstration at Hammersmith for the Shop Assistants' Union, and marched from Kensal Green with band and banners. In the evening, A. Tarn lectured to a good audience on "The Abolition of the State;" many questions and warm debate; several *Weals* sold and 1s. 6d. collected.

ABERDEEN.—At weekly meeting on 10th the series of articles on the Hat Controversy which appeared in *To-Day* long ago were read and warmly discussed.—L.

GLASGOW.—On Sunday at 1 o'clock good meeting on Jail Square, when Joe and Tim Burgoyne and Glasier spoke. At 5 o'clock, Glasier and Tim Burgoyne addressed Paisley Road Toll meeting. At 7.30, Glasier lectured on "Professor Huxley and Natural Rights" in the Secular Hall; good discussion.

LEEDS.—On Saturday afternoon, in the Gower Street Schoolroom, a splendid meeting held of Jewish workmen; speakers—Paylor, Maguire, and Figenbaum of London. Room was packed to overflowing. There was great enthusiasm when any revolutionary sentiments were expressed. At the conclusion, three hearty cheers were given for the Jewish Workers' Society, the *Workers' Friend*, and the Social Revolution. On Sunday morning, at Vicar's Croft, a good meeting held; speakers were Paylor, Corkwell, Maguire, and Samuels, who dwelt on the prosecution of comrade Bingham of Sheffield. Very sympathetic and enthusiastic audience, who subscribed 13s. 3d. towards the Defence Fund. In the afternoon, same place, a splendid meeting was held for the clay-workers on strike; speakers were Braithwaite, Paylor, Sweeney, Cockayne, Maguire, and Samuels. At the Socialist League, in the evening, discussion opened by Corkwell on "Socialism"; brisk discussion, and literature sold well.

NORWICH.—Sunday last we began the open-air propaganda here, when three meetings were held to celebrate the anniversary of the Paris Commune, good audiences being present. Comrade J. Turner (London) delivered some stirring addresses on the Commune, and met with a very favourable reception. He was assisted during the day by comrades W. Moore, Swash, and Lenneying. *Commonweal* sold out; good collection. Turner gave a short address to the members in the Hall in the evening after the close of open-air meeting. A comrade from Berner Street was also present.

YARMOUTH.—On Sunday the Branch celebrated the nineteenth anniversary of the proclamation of the Commune of Paris. In the morning, on Priory Plain, Darley, Mrs. Schack, and Poyntz addressed a large and interested audience for over two hours. In the afternoon, the same speakers held another good meeting at Colman's Granary. In the evening, at Colman's Granary, a good impression was made by Mrs. Schack, Darley, and Poyntz. Mrs. Tochatti sang revolutionary songs at all these meetings, which were all concluded by the "Marseillaise." All the *Commonweal* sold out; 4s. collected; fair sale of literature.—J. H.

DUBLIN.—At Progressist Club, 87 Marlboro' Street, March 15th, J. O'Gorman lectured on "The Commune of Paris—What it Meant, and Why it Failed." Kavanagh, Fitzpatrick, and Russel also spoke.

SCOTTISH SOCIALIST FEDERATION.—Gilray lectured in Moulders' Hall on "The Commune of Paris." A few questions were asked; good discussion; the Commune was ably defended by comrade Melliet.

LIVERPOOL.—Good meeting held on Landing-stage, addressed by Balfour, Reeves, J. C. Kenworthy, and W. Chapman. *Commonweal* sold out, and one quire of *Justice* sold. Next Sunday we unfurl our new flag at the Landing-stage.

SHEFFIELD.—Hallamshire Hall, West Bar.—On Sunday last, March 16th, J. Sketchley lectured in the morning to a fair audience on "The Crisis in the Labour Movement." Also in the evening, on "The Irish Question from a Rational Standpoint." Good discussion; literature sold well.

DUNDEE.—James Davie, 6 Overgate, is agent for the *Commonweal* in this town. **LIVERPOOL SOCIALIST SOCIETY**, 1 Stanley Street, Dale Street.—Meets every Tuesday at 8 p.m.

MANHOOD SUFFRAGE LEAGUE, "Three Doves," Berwick St., Oxford St., W.—Sunday March 23, at 8.30 p.m., W. Townshend, "Gold-Grabbing Sharks," or a *Star* man on the London fish supply. Business meeting at 7.30.

LECTURE DIARY.

LONDON.

Battersea.—All communications to E. Buteux, 45, Inwith Street, Battersea Park Road.

Commonweal Branch.—24 Great Queen Street, Holborn, W.C. Business meeting of members every Thursday evening at 8; Discussion Class at 9. Hall open every evening from 7 till 10.

East London.—Members are requested to attend a meeting of the Branch at comrade Schack's after the open-air meeting in the Park (see notice) on Wednesday.

Hammersmith.—Kelmescott House, Upper Mall, W. Sunday Mar. 23, at 8 p.m., G. Bernard Shaw (Fabian), "The Evolution of Socialism." March 28th, Meeting to consider the best means of organising out-door propaganda in the West-end of London during summer months. All Socialists interested invited to attend—8.30 p.m. Sunday March 30, E. A. Pease (Fabian), "The Newcastle Labour Movement." French Class conducted by Mlle. Desroches on Friday evenings at 7.30.

Mitcham.—"Lord Napier," Fair Green. Meets every Sunday at 12.30, to enroll members, etc.

North Kensington.—Clarendon Coffee Palace, Clarendon Road. Meets every Wednesday at 8 p.m. On Sunday March 23, at 8 p.m., W. L. Phillips (Fabian), "Labour and Socialism."

North London.—6 Windmill Street, Tottenham Court Road. Meets every Wednesday evening at 8 o'clock.

Streatham.—Address secretary, R. Smith, 1 Natal Road, Streatham.

Whitechapel and St. Georges in the East.—Branch meetings at International Club, 40 Berner Street, Commercial Road. J. Turner, organising secretary.

PROVINCES.

Aberdeen.—Organiser, J. Leatham, 7 Jamaica Street. Branch meets in Odd-fellows' Small Hall, Crooked Lane, on Monday evenings at 8. Singing practice at 46 Marischal Street on Thursdays at 8 p.m.

Bradford.—Laycock's Temperance Hotel, Albion Court, Kirkgate. Meets every Tuesday at 7.30.

Glasgow.—Ram's Horn Hall, 122 Ingram Street. Branch meets on Thursday evenings at 8 o'clock and Sundays at 7 o'clock.

Halifax.—Socialists meet every Sunday at 6.30 p.m. at Helliwell's Temperance Hotel, Northgate.

Leeds.—Clarendon Buildings, Victoria Road, School Close. Open every evening. Business meeting Saturdays at 8 p.m. William Morris will lecture at the Grand Assembly Rooms on Tuesday March 25, on "The Class Struggle." Chair will be taken at 7.30 by the Rev. G. G. Bymer.

Leicester.—Exchange Buildings, Rutland Street. Branch meets on Monday and Thursday, at 8 p.m.

Manchester.—Socialist League Club, 60 Grovesnor Street, All Saints. Open every evening. Branch weekly meeting on Tuesdays at 8 p.m.

Norwich.—Sunday, at 8, Gordon Hall. Tuesday, at 8.30, Members' meeting. Thursday, at 8, Discussion Class. Saturday, Social Meeting. Hall open every evening from 8 p.m.

Oxford.—Temperance Hall, 25 1/2 Pembroke Street. First Friday in every month, at 8.30 p.m.

Walsall.—Socialist Club, 18 Goodall Street, Walsall. Meetings every night.

Yarmouth.—Branch meets at comrade Headley's, near Co-operative Stores, every Tuesday evening. Elocution Class Friday at 8 p.m.

All persons who sympathise with the views of the Socialist League are earnestly invited to communicate with the above addresses, and if possible to help us in preparing for the birth of a true society, based on equality, brotherhood, and freedom for all.

OPEN-AIR PROPAGANDA.

SATURDAY 22.

8.30..... Mile-end Waste.....The Branch

SUNDAY 23.

11 Latimer Road Station.....R. J. Lyne, Maughan, and Crouch

11.30..... Kilburn—"Old Plough," Kilburn LaneThe Branch

11.30..... Mitcham—Fair Green.....Mowbray and Kitz

11.30..... Regent's Park.....Nicoll and Parker

3.30..... Hyde Park—Marble ArchParker

3.30..... Victoria ParkDavis and Turner

7 Weltje Road, Ravenscourt ParkHammersmith Branch

7.30..... Walham Green—back of ChurchHammersmith Branch

8 Streatham FountainKitz

TUESDAY 25.

8 Walham Green—back of ChurchHammersmith Branch

FRIDAY 28.

8.15..... Hoxton Church.....East London Branch

PROVINCES.

Glasgow.—Sunday: Jail Square at 2 o'clock; Paisley Road at 5 o'clock. Tuesday: Cathedral Square, at 8 p.m.

Leeds.—Sunday: Hunslet Moor, at 11 a.m.; Vicar's Croft, at 7 p.m.

Liverpool.—Landing-stage, Sundays at 11.30.

Manchester.—Sunday: Philips Park Gates, at 11; Stevenson Square, at 3.

Norwich.—Sunday: St. Faiths, at 11; Market Place, at 3.

Sheffield.—Sunday: Monolith, Fargate, at 11.30 a.m.; Burngreave Road, near Vestry Offices, at 3 p.m.; Pump, West Bar, at 8 p.m.

Yarmouth.—Sunday: Priory Plain, at 11; Colman's Granary Quay, at 7.

DUBLIN.—At Progressist Club, 87 Marlboro' Street, Saturday Mar. 22, at 8 p.m., T. Hamilton, "Looking Backward."

CLUB AUTONOME, 6 Windmill Street, Tottenham Court Road, W.—Sunday March 23, at 8.30, James Harragan, "Federalism."

THE NEW FELLOWSHIP, 267 Strand (rooms of the National Vigilance Association).—Tuesday March 25, Miss E. Lees, "Looking Backward." Woman.

SHEFFIELD.—At Hallamshire Hall, Westbar, on Sunday Mar. 23, J. Sketchley, 11 a.m., "Labour Struggles"; at 6.30, "The Paris Commune of 1871."

EDINBURGH.—SCOTTISH SOCIALIST FEDERATION.—In Moulders' Hall, High Street, on Sunday March 23, at 6.30, Comrade Bell on "Socialism and Medicine."

CHELSEA S.D.F., Co-operative Lecture Hall, 312 Kings Road, Chelsea.—Sunday March 23, at 8 p.m., T. Walker, "Trade Unionism and Social Democracy."

THE COMMONWEAL

The Official Journal of the
SOCIALIST LEAGUE.

VOL. 6.—No. 220.

SATURDAY, MARCH 29, 1890.

WEEKLY; ONE PENNY.



THE CHRISTIAN PIONEER.

In a few days there will land in England a man whom all the Christians of the counter in this Christian nation of shopkeepers will rush to welcome. Why? Because Stanley is a man after their own heart; he is the personification of that commercial Christianity which gives a lip-service to its crucified Christ, and daily crucifies humanity between the twin thieves of profit and interest. He represents the armed counterman, who, whilst ruthlessly pursuing his prospecting of fresh fields for Capitalism, covers his designs with the snuffing cant of the mission-hall. No wonder that Exeter Hall is on the tip-toe of joyful expectation, and will welcome its hero when he returns.

The "Great Industry" for manufacturing opinion is also greatly agitated. Fleet Street is in ecstasy; the pen and the sword of commerce will meet when Stanley comes home. Mrs. Gamp, on one side of the famous thoroughfare, has nearly choked herself with the handle of her umbrella at the unheard-of audacity of Burns, the Socialist, in squashing the project of the "Christian" Fleming when he proposed to get the London County Council to welcome Stanley. Her indignation renders her speechless; she "refrains from commenting upon the atrocious aspersions cast upon the motives of one of the bravest of our pioneers of civilisation."

And listen also to what her great contemporary on the same side of the way, with positively, yes positively, the "largest circulation" in the world, has to say. The Red Indian has given instructions to its "young man" to let his perfervid thoughts vent themselves in three-decker articles *re* the glorious mission of intrepid Stanley, his deeds outshining (if that be possible, he queries in awe) the achievements

of another worker in the same sacred field of duty, "Christian Gordon." The same good authority assures us, further, that every heart in this great and glorious empire, upon which the sun even declines to set, will thrill with enthusiastic joy at the prospect of welcoming home to these shores the Modern Crusader. And then, after laying upon England, who is bound by her glorious traditions as a civilising power to accept it, the duty of carrying the blessings of her civilising influences into yearning Africa, until we shake hands across her equatorial forests with the colonists of the Cape, he hurls at us Hannibal, Charlemagne, Napoleon, Rome and Greece, in their palmiest days, mind, and lastly Christ, but modestly withholding his own name, retires into obscurity.

Across the road, where another branch of the "Great Industry" is carried on, the limner lends his aid to supplement the efforts of the scribe. And we see the presentment of a lion, real British you know, often used for similar purposes, and Britannia, clad in what appears to be a damp sheet, is standing in an inclement wind awaiting *her* Stanley; in her hand she holds a terrific wreath suggestive of Kensal Green cemetery, and this is also for Stanley.

The patriots of the stalls at music-halls and theatres are also on the war-path. We are treated to tin swords, red fire, and second-hand uniforms in honour of those who are ready, dead boys, to dare and die, or get it done by proxy. Scribe, limner, and bawler, all pressed into the service of doing honour to the homicide.

The scribe is most probably the same who anonymously satirises and vilifies the working-class and their aspirations for a fuller share of the pleasures of life.

The sketcher will, if a strike disturbs the classes, represent the workman with an ape-like countenance, with mouth of letter-box proportions, sottishly handling pot and pipe. The same will do, with slight alterations, for our Irish comrades when their turn comes to be abused. Such are the applauders of Stanley.

If the working class allow the loafers of society to misrepresent them in this matter of swashbuckling and butchering expeditions in the name of England and civilisation, and do not by emphatic protest make their position clear, they are equally guilty with the perpetrators of the ghastly outrages committed in order to extend the area of capitalistic exploitation.

That portion of the people which has accepted the theory that we are over-populated and must needs expand at the expense of somebody else, black or white, in order to feed our alleged-to-be-redundant population, are the class who will look upon the achievements of piratical expeditions with satisfaction. To them Stanley and his ilk are foragers for us, and hence we should be grateful to them.

Calvary and its Cross are merely side-wings to this picture of robbery of distant races in order that monopoly may be maintained at home.

With a soil capable of sustaining double and treble her present population, her fields deserted and her cities overcrowded, with thousands living from hand to mouth and hundreds dying yearly of partial and absolute starvation in her great cities and towns, England has the hideous hypocrisy to talk of civilising the African races. She had better engage in reforming herself before she presumes to inflict the rotten civilisation she is the champion of upon aboriginal races.

Workhouses, jails, penitentiaries, slums, and factories, and hospitals; homeless wanderers in the streets, dwellers in wretched hovels,—this is our civilisation to-day. And Socialists owe it to themselves and their cause to attack it here at home and prevent its propagation abroad.

F. KIRZ.

NEWS FROM NOWHERE:

OR,

AN EPOCH OF REST.

BEING SOME CHAPTERS FROM A UTOPIAN ROMANCE.

CHAP. X. (continued).—QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS.

"TELL me in detail," said I, "what lies east of Bloomsbury now?"

Said he: "There are but few houses between this and the outer part of the old city; but in the city we have a thickly-dwelling population. Our forefathers, in the first clearing of the slums, were not in a hurry to pull down the houses in what was called at the end of the nineteenth century the business quarter of the town, and what later got to be known as the Swindling Kens. You see, these houses, though they stood hideously thick on the ground, were roomy and fairly solid in building, and clean, because they were not used for living in, but as mere gambling booths; so the poor people from the cleared slums took them for lodgings and dwelt there, till the folk of those days had time to think of something better for them; so the buildings were pulled down so gradually that people got used to living thicker on the ground than in most places; therefore it remains the most populous part of London, or perhaps of all these islands. But it is very pleasant there, partly because of the splendour of the architecture, which goes further than what you will see elsewhere. However, this crowding, if it may be called so, does not go further than a street called Aldgate, a name which perhaps you may have heard of. Beyond that the houses are scattered wide about the meadows there, which are very beautiful, especially when you get on to the lovely river Lea (where old Isaak Walton used to fish, you know) about the places called Stratford and Old Ford, names which of course you will not have heard of, though the Romans were busy there once upon a time."

Not heard of them! thought I to myself. How strange! that I who had seen the very last remnant of the pleasantness of the meadows by the Lea destroyed, should have heard them spoken of with pleasantness come back to them in full measure.

Hammond went on: "When you get down to the Thames-side you come on the Docks, which are works of the nineteenth century, and are still in use, although not so thronged as they once were, since we discourage centralisation all we can, and we have long ago dropped the pretention to be the market of the world. About these Docks are a good few houses, which, however, are not inhabited by many people permanently; I mean, those who use them come and go a good deal, the place being too low and marshy for pleasant dwelling. Past the Docks eastward and landward it is all flat pasture, once marsh, except for a few gardens, and there are very few permanent dwellings there: scarcely anything but a few sheds, and cots for the men who come to look after the great herds of cattle pasturing there. But however, what with the beasts and the men, and the scattered red-tiled roofs and the big hayricks, it does not make a bad holiday to get a quiet pony and ride about there on a sunny afternoon of autumn, and look over the river and the craft passing up and down, and on to Shooters' Hill and the Kentish uplands, and then turn round to the wide green sea of the Essex marsh-land, with the great domed line of the sky, and the sun shining down in one flood of peaceful light over the long distance. There is a place called Canning's Town, and further out, Silvertown, where the pleasant meadows are at their pleasantest: doubtless they were once slums, and wretched enough."

The names grated on my ear, but I could not explain why to him. So I said: "And south of the river, what is it like?"

He said: "You would find it much the same as the land about Hammersmith. North, again, the land runs up high, and there is an agreeable and well-built town called Hampstead, which fitly ends London on that side. It looks down on the north-western end of the forest you passed through."

I smiled. "So much for what was once London," said I. "Now tell me about the other towns of the country."

He said: "As to the big murky places which were once, as we know, the centres of manufacture, they have, like the brick and mortar desert of London, disappeared; only, since they were centres of nothing but 'manufacture,' and served no purpose but that of the gambling market, they have left less signs of their existence than London. Of course, the great change in the use of mechanical force made this an easy matter, and some approach to their break-up as centres would probably have taken place, even if we had not changed our habits so much: but they being such as they are, no sacrifice would have seemed too great a price to pay for getting rid of the 'manufacturing districts,' as they used to be called. For the rest, whatever coal or mineral we need is brought to grass and sent whither it is needed with as little as possible of dirt, confusion, and the distressing of quiet people's lives. One is tempted to believe from what one has read of the condition of those districts in the nineteenth century, that those who had them under their power worried, befouled, and degraded men out of malice prepense: but it was not so; like the mis-education of which we were talking just now, it came of their dreadful poverty. They were obliged to put up with everything, and even pretend that they liked it; whereas we can deal with things reasonably, and refuse to be saddled with what we do not want."

I confess I was not sorry to cut short with a question his glorifications of the age he lived in. Said I: "How about the smaller towns? I suppose you have swept those away entirely?"

"No, no," said he, "it hasn't gone that way. On the contrary, there has been but little clearance, though much rebuilding, in the

smaller towns. Their suburbs, indeed, when they had any, have melted away into the general country, and space and elbow-room has been got in their centres: but there are the towns still with their streets and squares and market-places; so that it is by means of these smaller towns that we of to-day can get some kind of idea of what the towns of the older world were like;—I mean to say, at their best."

"Take Oxford, for instance," said I.
"Yes," said he, "I suppose Oxford was beautiful even in the nineteenth century. At present it has the great interest of still preserving a great mass of pre-commercial building, and is a very beautiful place, yet there are many towns which have become scarcely less beautiful."

Said I: "In passing, may I ask if it is still a place of learning?"
"Still?" said he, smiling. "Well, it has reverted to some of its best traditions; so you may imagine how far it is from its nineteenth century position. It is real learning, knowledge cultivated for its own sake—the Art of Knowledge, in short—which is followed there, not the Commercial learning of the past. Though perhaps you do not know that in the nineteenth century Oxford and its less interesting sister Cambridge became definitely commercial. They (and especially Oxford) were the breeding places of a peculiar class of parasites, who called themselves cultivated people; they were indeed cynical enough, as the so-called educated classes of the day generally were; but they affected an exaggeration of cynicism in order that they might be thought knowing and worldly-wise. The rich middle classes (they had no relation with the working classes) treated them with the kind of contemptuous toleration with which a mediæval baron treated his jester; though it must be said that they were by no means so pleasant as the old jesters were, being, in fact, the bores of society. They were laughed at, despised—and paid. Which last was what they aimed at."

Dear me! thought I, how apt history is to reverse contemporary judgments. Surely only the worst of them were as bad as that. But I must admit that they were mostly prigs, and that they were commercial. I said aloud, though more to myself than to Hammond, "Well, how could they be better than the age that made them?"

"True," he said, "but their pretensions were higher."
"Were they?" said I, smiling.
"You drive me from corner to corner," said he, smiling in turn. "Let me say at least that they were a poor sequence to the aspirations of Oxford of 'the barbarous Middle Ages.'"

"Yes, that will do," said I.
"Also," said Hammond, "what I have been saying of them is true in the main. But ask on!"

WILLIAM MORRIS.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

CORRESPONDENCE.

INVENTORS UNDER SOCIALISM.

SIR,—In course of my studies of social matters, I have carefully considered the subject of the Manifesto of the Socialist League, published in pamphlet form, and am also a subscriber to your paper.

I can readily apprehend that certain employers of labour who appropriate large profits from the industry of their workpeople, may from a Socialist point of view be considered merely as monied gangers or foremen, and who, if interest on capital be not considered due to them, are entitled to no more than such salary as their skill as organisers of labour entitle them to. But superior to this class, there constantly arises men of original talent, who invent new things, or new ways, and whose claim on profit appear to me to be of a higher character than the preceding. For example: An individual of inventive faculty may do what has constantly been done before—namely, devise an improved cheaper process of producing an article which is useful to the people, and already in demand. He employs labour for the manufacture, and pays liberally the fullest wages of the trade, but the new process being economical, a large margin of profit is left over that selling price which has hitherto been readily paid, and not considered as oppressive.

This hypothetical case may be taken as representative of the position of men who possess mental, not money capital, such as the Arkwrights, the Wedgwoods and the Salts; and my difficulty is, How would Socialism deal with the matter?

Would the inventor be permitted to appropriate the increased profit, and so become a money capitalist, accumulate property, and become rich on the labour of his workpeople? Would he be only allowed to charge a rate of profit agreeable with his needs? Then on the one hand he might argue that since he was the creator of the idea, and his workpeople only mere manipulators, all the full profit was his due and therefore his need, for all need their due. On the other hand, did he reduce his profit, he would undersell his fellow manufacturers and become a monopolist. Or would he be expected to make his invention common property?—voluntarily, which is contrary to our experience of human nature, and I apprehend we must reckon with man's faculties and dispositions as we find them, not as we would have them to be. Or to make his invention known by compulsion? which would cause to be left to a sense of philanthropy alone the incentive to commercial improvement.

I am sorry this note is so long, but should be gratified if you would assist me by your opinion of the matter.—Yours truly,
JOHN W. LOVE,
52 Wellesley Road, Wanstead, March 18.

HARD TO PLEASE.—"Look here," said a subscriber as he walked into the office, "I want you to stop my paper." "What's the reason?" "There ain't enough news in it. Too much opinions, and that sort of thing." In about half an hour another subscriber made his appearance. "I've concluded to stop my paper," said he. "You have?" "Yes, sir. I'm tired of reading about strikes and meetings and such things. What I want is good, solid opinions." And the editor sat down and thought great ponderous opinions about people in general.

REFORM OR REVOLUTION.

(Concluded from p. 93.)

AMONG the worst effects of the present system is the corruption and degradation of women, witnessing too often from the cradle nothing but misery, and being compelled, when old enough, to take their places in workshops to be fleeced, as their parents' before them have been. They are thrown, by various causes, upon a world ready to pervert to the vilest purposes their beauty and their innocence. Girls, who might be the ornament of society and shed gladness around, are prematurely condemned to be polluted by degrading intercourse. Everything with which they are familiarised tends to obliterate from their minds the distinction between right and wrong. Love, the noblest, purest, and most beautiful feeling of our nature, is converted by ignorance, coarseness, and vulgarity into a brutal appetite. Their association with the opposite sex becomes gross and fortuitous. They do not look forward with hope and joy to the period when they shall themselves become mothers, and dwell with inexpressible fondness on their own images in miniature, but, on the contrary, are haunted by feelings of dread and horror, by apprehensions of the hospital, the workhouse, or the dreary and desolate streets, where every wretch who is a disgrace to his species may insult and maltreat them. Even when the fate of women falls short of this fearful consummation, their lives among the labouring classes are full of sadness and humiliation. Clothed in wretched garments, often in rags, they dwell with their male companions in garrets, cellars, or in small stifling unwholesome rooms, filled with deleterious odours, and surrounded by similar dens where the physical and moral atmosphere appears to be equally impregnated with disease and death. Civilisation should blush while it beholds these results of its influence upon society, in which it multiplies ignorance, immorality, squalor, rags, filth, and a thousand indescribable abominations in order to enable a few favoured people to live in voluptuous indolence, surrounded by all kinds of animal indulgence, effeminate, selfish, and brutal, and taking credit to themselves for abstaining from vices and crimes which they have no temptation to commit, or, if they had, could not perhaps command the energy or the courage necessary to their perpetration.

The civilisation which produces and tolerates such consequences is base and spurious, and is therefore doomed to perish from its inherent rottenness, aided by the preaching of a new idea which is fast permeating the minds of the wealth-producers of all lands. Better retrace our footsteps, and return to the barbarism from which by so many efforts we originally emerged, than to pamper a system of so-called refinement, which destroys more than it preserves.

Half a million or more of people are annually being added in our own country to our already large population. Will a majority of these new-comers be persons of property, or will they not go to recruit the ranks of the disaffected workers? How is this superfluous population to be taken off? They are rendered superfluous owing to capitalistic production, which does not require their labour, except as a means of reducing the already low wage of the workers themselves. Again I ask, How is this mass of surplus labour to be got rid of? By emigration, by famine, by plague, by pestilence, or by war? clearly they must be maintained or blotted out. There is no middle course. They cannot be prevented from being born, though much pains has been taken to effect that purpose. But the passions and affections of the heart have not been eradicated from the breasts of the workers, and in due time their offspring will make their appearance in the world to the terror of rulers and classes.

Revolutions exhibit in their progress no phenomena more remarkable than the ebb and flow of public opinion, in conformity with the character of passing events. Noble deeds, self-sacrifice, moderation, forbearance, the heroism, in one word, displayed by either party, without reference to principles, is sure to enlist for awhile in its favour the sympathies of mankind. Often, however, these sympathies are blind, and do credit to our generosity at the expense of our judgment. When nations rise against their oppressors and seek to establish liberty, it is a pure and noble thing they aim at. But considering the state of mind and morals into which men are thrown by servitude, it is scarcely rational to expect that the agencies and influences brought to bear upon the citadel of oppression will be mere moral force. Emerging from a moral chaos, degraded by ignorance, stung to madness by their own poverty and the brutality of their masters, the people are yet always expected to display disinterestedness and moderation. This, doubtless, is a compliment to our nature; we have been trampled upon, and are expected not to remember it; we have been injured, and are expected to forgive; we have been oppressed, insulted, and enslaved, and are expected to refrain from all retaliation; we have been familiarised with vice, hunger, and ignorance, and are expected to display the enlightened magnanimity of philosophers.

But in economics as in religion. "As we sow, so also shall we reap." Every man who is robbed of the results of his labour has an interest in agitation, and if he be wise will do his best to promote it. This infinite moving mass which we call humanity, filled with passions and impregnated more or less with intelligence, is not condemned by nature to remain for ever in this debased condition. Its course towards liberty and equality lies over a track, the incidents of which vary every moment. It never retrogrades, it never halts, but marches forward unceasingly like the waves of the ocean. It rises now, and now it falls into the depth of valleys. It is beaten by storms, it is drenched by showers, it is warmed, invigorated, and enlightened by sunshine, but as the phenomena of physical nature are never exactly repeated—as the tempest of yesterday differs from the tempest of to-

day—so the aspect of circumstances which envelope humanity in its progress is ever varying. Nothing, therefore, but scorn and contempt is inspired by those who twaddle about forms and precedents, and would bind the limbs of the future in the swaddling clothes of the past. There is no halting, we must on, on for ever, whether for good or for evil. Intelligence and freedom make progress in spite of all appearance to the contrary. A truth uttered will find its use some day; the operation is not always speedy. We agitators are needed to scatter the seeds of truth over the soil of humanity, and they will sink into the heart to remain there invisible for a time, till time has changed them into principles of action, and afterwards they will burst forth into virtues, true patriotism, magnanimity, courage, which, swelling in the breasts of millions, produce revolutions. There are apostles in all ages, and prophets and martyrs too. But when the apostles and martyrs die, the doctrines they delivered do not perish with them, any more than the rain-drops perish with the storms which scatter them over the globe.

We must not be frightened by the talk of the horrible butchery which takes place during revolutions; for, if we interrogate experience, we will find that the people are habitually more merciful than their masters. From the events of the past, sad, yet not so sad as they seem, shall we derive no instruction for our guidance hereafter? Shall we be like the petted child, which shrinks from the bitter potion, and thus condemns itself to double agony? Shall we, I say, reject the advantages already gained for mankind, and through pusillanimous terror return to that Circean sty of false opinions from which the world is just awakening? No one doubts that disturbances and civil broils are unpleasant. The question is whether they be greater evils than the oppressions and persecutions of humanity from which they sometimes deliver nations? Those are foolish, however, who look upon them as accidents. They owe their birth to the tempestuous passions of the hour, which, like them, trace their origin to causes far remote. The civil wars of 1640, and the transfer of the monarchy in 1688, were precluded by portentous debauchery among the nobles. From the Court of James I. women were almost entirely banished and their places supplied by striplings, who rose like the mistresses of other princes to the highest rank and distinction in the State. The recent scandals may perhaps not unfairly be mentioned, as there seems to be a strange Nemesis dogging the footsteps of idleness and pomp. In Rome, the transition from the republic to the empire was characterised by startling and fearful social phenomena; the aristocracy fell so low that they suffered themselves to be betrayed into the perpetration of every vice and every crime. Having exhausted the whole empire of natural pleasures, the Cæsars transgressed its eternal boundaries, and rioted in nefarious and beastly inhuman gratifications. Nero, Commodus, and Caligula set mankind the example of unlimited profligacy. Some strange fate seems at hand when Barnum visits the aristocratic quarter of this vast metropolis with the play of Nero, whilst our magistracy and judges are engaged in investigating the inhuman scandals of Cleveland Street. All the forces and causes of revolutions in the past are with us to-day. It behoves the teachers of the new life to work with lightning speed in the dissemination of the truth, and not to waste their time in parrot cries of reform. The day has gone by when reform might have been useful; the system is too rotten to stand by patching; the hideous structure of capitalism must be got rid of entirely.

Revolution is now inevitable. The great question we must all ask ourselves is, Shall the revolution be a success? The answer must remain for time to solve. But one thing is certain, that if we keep before the people's eyes the true principle upon which society of the future ought to be conducted, the word failure will find no room in our vocabulary of the future. That all comrades, active and inactive, may prepare as best they can for the coming storm, and that none shall be like the foolish virgins of scripture, is the earnest wish of, and the reason for penning these lines by C. W. MOWBRAY.

The prospects of the new Australian Labour paper appear to be very satisfactory. The Wharf Labourers' Union, the Operative Tailors, and the Associated Blacksmiths' Society have adopted the scheme with slight alterations. The Queensland Shearers' Union, have forwarded a cheque for £30, being the initiation fee for 3,000 members. The Charters Towers Miners' Association have forwarded a cheque for £8 as a donation, and promised to send along a list of subscribers and their year's subscription as early as possible. The Queensland Railway Employés' Association have passed a resolution heartily sympathising with the proposal, and promising to do all in their power to extend the circulation of the paper. Up to the time of writing (Feb. 10) a circulation of 12,000 has been ensured, and it is expected that this will be increased by the 1st March, when it is proposed to issue the first number.

LEGAL BLACKLEGS.—The blackleg has found a judicial champion in the person of that good old Tory, Mr. Justice Grantham. The member for Croydon had a case of intimidation in his assize list at Leeds, and said in his charge to the grand jury that he did not know the merits of the strike, but it seemed that there were a number of men—and he hoped it would always be so—who were not members of the trade union implicated, and who went in and did the work when the union ordered a strike. But is Judge Grantham quite sincere in his liking for the blackleg species? Suppose that the principle be applied to his own profession. He is a lawyer, a member of the strictest trade union in the world. What would he say to any individual who attempted to carry on the profession of law without acting in conformity with the regulations laid down by the combined legal world for his guidance? We fancy that even Mr. Justice Grantham would object to blacklegism there. And while he admits the right of combined lawyerdom to place restrictions upon any individual who comes into the profession, and to lay down rules which all must obey, why does he deny to working-men the same right of regulating the conditions of their industry?—P. M. G.



OFFICES: 24 GREAT QUEEN STREET, LONDON, W.C.

HAVE YOU NOT HEARD HOW IT HAS GONE WITH MANY A CAUSE BEFORE NOW: FIRST, FEW MEN HEED IT; NEXT, MOST MEN CONTEMN IT; LASTLY, ALL MEN ACCEPT IT—AND THE CAUSE IS WON

THE COMMONWEAL is the official organ of the Socialist League; but, unless definitely so announced by the Editors, no article is to be taken as expressing in more than a general way the views of the League as a body. In accordance with the Manifesto and Statement of Principles of the League, the COMMONWEAL is an exponent of International Revolutionary Socialism. On minor differences of opinion the widest freedom of discussion is maintained. As all articles are signed, no special significance attaches to their position in the paper.

Articles and letters dealing with any phase of the social problem are invited and will meet with earnest consideration. They must be written on one side of the paper only, and accompanied by the name and address of the writer, not necessarily for publication. MSS. can only be returned if a stamped directed envelope accompanies them.

Advertisements can only be inserted if unobjectionable in all particulars. Scale of charges and special quotations may be obtained from the Manager.

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TO CORRESPONDENTS.

M. L.—No! The H. H. S. who about 1882 was writing religious tracts and books was another person altogether.

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Caslon's Circular	Detroit—Der Arme Teufel	Milan—Il Fascio Operaio
London—Freie Presse	N. J. Freie Presse	Rome—L'Emancipazione
Labour Tribune	Philadelphia—United Labour	SPAIN
Personal Rights Journal	St Louis—Altruist	Madrid—El Socialista
People's Press	S. F.—Coast Seamen's Journal	Cadiz—El Socialismo
Sozial Demokrat	FRANCE	PORTUGAL
Seafaring	Paris—Bourse du Travail	Porto—A Revolucao Social
Worker's Friend	Le Proletariat	GERMANY
INDIA	Charleville—L'Emancipation	Berlin—Volks Tribune
Bankipore—Behar Herald	Lille—Le Cri du Travailleur	AUSTRIA
UNITED STATES	Rouen—Le Salariat	Brunn—Arbeiterstimme
New York—Truthseeker	HOLLAND	DENMARK
Freiheit	Hague—Recht voor Allen	Copenhagen—Arbejderen
United Irishman	Middelburg, Lichten Wahrheit	SWEDEN
Volkszeitung	BELGIUM	Malmö—Arbetet
Workmen's Advocate	Antwerp—De Werker	Stockholm, Social-Demokraten
Boston—Woman's Journal	Ghent—Vooruit	WEST INDIES
Investigator	SWITZERLAND	Cuba—El Productor
Buffalo—Arbeiter-Zeitung	Bulletin Continental	ARGENTINE REPUBLIC
Chicago—Knights of Labour		Buenos Ayres—Vorwarts
Vorbote		

NOTES.

IN commenting on the terrible tragedy at Crewe, which is indeed quite a typical example of the results of the conventional authority mis-named Society, the *Star* says, "Whatever these boys are, they were made by the man whom they murdered," and goes on to say that on these grounds apart from others the capital sentence should not be carried out. With both the conclusion and the reason for it we must most heartily agree. We would go further and say that if these lads are hanged, this second and judicial murder will quite throw the first homicide into the shade; further still we will go, and say that the fact that such a sentence should be given at all, amidst a sobbing court by a judge "deeply affected," is a good example of the horror of the

tyranny of that false Society that enthalls us; especially when we know that the life or death of these two poor creatures now hangs on the mood of one not very wise man—the Home Secretary, to wit.

"Whatever these boys are, they were made by the man whom they murdered." Just so; and is not that sentence, little altered, true also of by far the greater part of all the "criminals" whom "Society" slays and tortures so coolly, passing by on the other side like the priest and the Levite in the gospel? It has been said over and over again in these columns, but let us say it again as the moral of the Crewe murders: "Society" first makes its enemies and then, dastard as it is, revenges itself upon them. W. M.

Verily, the advancing tide is with us! Even the *Rock* is beginning to feel the lapping of its waves. In a recent number that buttress of high and dry commercial religion was constrained to deal with Socialism. It goes without saying that the writer knows nothing of the subject. Nothing? Well, very little!—so little as to make his article amusing, where, if he had known a little more, it might have been offensive. He has "small faith in the so-called Christian Socialism, such as that advocated by the Rev. Stewart Headlam," which "protests too much and will never be believed in as being sincere." He is also clear about Socialism being "mostly atheistic." But even he can see that "riches cannot be thus [as they are] enormously accumulated where honest wages are paid for labour, nor can men so numerously starve where toil is adequately remunerated."

"Except amongst extreme Socialists, there is, as yet, no defined Socialist programme before us." Well, we of the *Commonweal* are "extreme Socialists," so our withers are unwrung; but we may point out to our clerical critic that this saying is a hard one upon the moderate Socialists of the S.D.F. or the philosophic ones of the Fabian, who have devoted much time and labour to "programmes." "It is not necessary," says he, "nor exactly possible at the present stage, to define what Socialism is, wherefore we need not detain ourselves by an attempt to do so." How competent he would be for the task if he had "detained" himself by it may be seen when he adds, "It is enough to say that with the majority of its advocates it is not Communism." To which one may retort that when he admits that men are Christians who reject the Creed, we will talk of Socialists who are not believers in Communism.

"We also judge that for the moment it [Socialism] aims more at equality in land-ownership than in personality [!], but it is much too logical to accept ultimately such limitation." And now the whites of his eyes roll heavenward: "There is, however, one very deplorable trait in its present attitude which we cannot overlook, and that is its violent character. In some quarters this is almost Nihilist [almost, only?—dear, dear!], in most it leads to strong language and to rough manners. The treatment which the courageous Bishop Barry has met with at the Lambeth Baths, if it has been accurately described in the papers, reflects no credit upon his opponents." It certainly was not an inspiring spectacle, the way in which the soup-and-blanket brigade tried to howl down the daring Socialists who ventured to criticise the Bishop, while the sympathisers with the latter retorted in kind. But it was not the Socialists who began.

And may one venture to suggest that a good deal of the impatience and "irritability" of a Socialist audience is mostly due to the blank and callous ignorance of the subject which the ordinary parson betrays? "The courageous Bishop Barry" deserved the adjective, for he set out to teach upon a subject of which he had learnt even less than this *Rock* writer. Socialists are "worse than Secularists," which goes to prove the point, for freethinker and parson have battled so long as to come to some sort of an understanding. Christian apologetics are part of a parson's trade: when he has put the study of social economics on anything like a similar footing he won't find Socialists such unreasonable people.

Let him remember also that Christians were very inconsiderate "irritable" people when they really believed in Christianity; they did not calmly sit by and see a man going to hell without trying to turn him back, even if they had to burn him alive in order to do so. We do not only see people going to a future hell, but in a present one, and we with them. An old proverb has it, "They that be in hell ween there is no other heaven," and it is difficult to make them see the way out. Christian or no, the man who would induce them to lie still, and, without looking for the Land of Behest, would deny its existence—this man is an enemy, and must be fought.

This Socialist movement which men "fear in high places and are afraid of in the streets," will have to be met in bolder fashion and with better weapons than our friend of the *Rock* or Bishop Barry has brought to bear. They are hopelessly behind the time. Four years ago (*Commonweal* No. 30, Aug. 7, 1886) we dealt with an article by a Roman Catholic divine who was far and away ahead of our Anglican critics. They should read his article (*Dublin Review* of then current month) and our reply. If at the same time they indulged in a general reading-up of the subject, it would be better. They could then return to the charge.

In the discussion by the County Council the other day of a propose

new hospital for the study and cure of insanity, Dr. G. J. Cooper, the member for Bermondsey, said that beside hereditary predisposition there were three great and almost the only causes of insanity, and these were poverty, misery, and drink. May it not rather be said that the cause is one alone, and that one the system responsible for poverty, which produces misery, which drives men to drink? Dr. Cooper also said that more good would be done by dealing with the causes than with the effects. True, O Doctor! but the three you name are after all only secondary causes; and though it would be better to strike at them than merely to study their effects, it would be still better to strike at the "great first cause" of crime, wretchedness, and wrong from which they take their origin—monopoly of the means of life.

S.

THE PARIS COMMUNE.

WEDNESDAY 19th, South Place Hall was crammed with an enthusiastic crowd. In spite of its being the second meeting for the same object in one week, and in spite also of the unfavourable weather with which it had to contend, the audience was fully as large as and much more enthusiastic than ever before. It could certainly be no larger than it was, in that place anyhow, for the holding capacity of the institute was tested to the utmost. More enthusiastic it could hardly be. Last year, when the S.D.F. and S.L. combined their meetings, we were all jubilant over our great success, and this year the two separate meetings have each of them equalled the combined one of last year, if even they did not each of them surpass it.

The South Place meeting was opened with "A Call to Arms," sung by the Hammersmith choir, after which comrade Mowbray briefly explained, for the benefit of any strangers present, what and who it was that we had met to commemorate. The speakers were, in the order named, comrades D. J. Nicoll, Wm. Morris, B. Feigenbaum, Eleanor Marx Aveling, H. H. Sparling, Peter Kropotkin, John Turner, E. Malatesta, and Edward Aveling. Cunningham Graham was to have spoken, but was detained at Liverpool; and comrade Tom Pearson (Freedom Group) though present, was too unwell to take part in the proceedings. Comrade Brocher sang *La Carmagnole*, the chorus of which was taken up by the audience. The choir also sang "Boldly Break the Chain," and the meeting concluded with the *Marseillaise*, which was sung all standing, and was followed by three vociferous cheers for the Social Revolution.

The resolution following was unanimously voted:

"That this meeting once more recalls the glorious memory of the soldiers of liberty who suffered and died in attempting to establish the claim of the people to be the masters of their own lives, and emphatically declares that we will never cease from the struggle which they so nobly sustained until Labour has been freed from the class domination, whose purpose it is to keep the workers in slavery and misery in order that their masters may live in idleness and luxury on the fruits of their Labour."

Throughout the evening the whole of the speaking was on a very high level; in a Socialist paper it would be out of place to apportion degrees of praise for oratorical excellence, but it may be said that not one speech could have been considered poor or dull by the most exacting critic. From the opening to the close there was not a dull moment, the speakers followed one another in orderly sequence, as though they had (as they had not) arranged beforehand the subjects and succession of their speeches. Whether dealing with the history of the Commune, the events which led up to or those that followed it, with the progress we have made or that to which we look forward, every word was animated by one spirit, that of hope and resolution.

The following greetings were received during the meeting:

Glasgow Socialist League send greetings; we commemorate the memory of the Commune with you. *Elle aura sa revanche!*

The Socialists of Leeds are with you in spirit for the Commune. Hope soon to be with you all in the midst of the International Social Revolution.

The Freedom Group of Norwich wish successful meeting and speedy emancipation of toilers.

Dublin comrades join with you in honouring the men who bravely fought and fell in the Cause of human freedom. *Vive la Commune!*

Sheffield Socialists send revolutionary greetings, and hope the memory of the Paris Commune will inspire all to greater efforts for the speedy success of the Social Revolution.

The Yarmouth comrades send you fraternal greetings. Hurrah for the International Revolution! Death to all tyranny! We hope you are having a most successful meeting, and that the time is not far distant when the workers of all countries united will strike the death-blow to class-society and capitalistic tyranny, and the proletariat be free for ever. *Vive la Commune! Vive la Revolution Sociale!*

A collection was taken and realised £6 3s. 0d., and literature was sold amounting to £1 7s. 7d. Altogether a most successful and inspiring meeting.

BLANKET-WEAVERS OF COURS.

COMRADES,—Will you kindly make known through the *Commonweal* that a subscription is on foot in aid of the French blanket-weavers at Cours (Rhône), about whose long strike a paragraph appeared in your last issue, and that I shall be glad to receive any sums towards the same, which will be acknowledged in the *Commonweal*.—Yours fraternally,

Kelmscott House, Upper Mall, Hammersmith. MAY MORRIS.

		STRIKE FUND.	
W. Morris	£2 0 0
M. Morris	0 10 0
H. H. Sparling	0 5 0
Collection at Sunday lecture, Hammersmith Branch	1 6 4

THE GREAT COAL STRIKE.

THE strike has soon come to an end, as most people in this district thought it would. There are one or two points in a colliers' strike worth noticing. First, that the masters' interest is somewhat divided. Those who have collieries only, or make them the chief part of their business, would be prepared to resist to the uttermost the men's demands. But some of the largest and most influential colliery owners look upon their pits as subservient to the great iron works, which they carry on in addition; these would be willing to resist so long as their stocks of coal enable them to keep the ironworks going. But they become much weaker as the heaps piled up in their yards begin to dwindle, and when it finally comes to a choice of damping down furnaces at great cost, and stopping a large and paying business, or of giving the miners an extra 10 per cent., they very soon decide upon the lesser evil of giving the men another 2d. per ton for winning the coal. There is still a third class of masters who own a pit or two on purpose to be able to get coal at all times for their own consumption—in paper mills and other factories; these last are usually not prepared to resist at all.

This division in the masters' camp, as will be easily seen, is of great service to the men. For when the masters see some of their number granting the rise, and making huge profits out of the famine prices which always obtain during a strike, while they themselves are losing heavily, they soon turn "green with envy," and become as anxious to stop their neighbours' ill-gotten profits as they were anxious to prevent their workmen from getting an extra 2d.!

Another important point is that blacklegs cannot be obtained from other trades. For the law ordains that a man must have worked two years in a pit before he can be allowed to work alone at the face getting coal. These points put the miner in a much better position in case of strikes than most other workers occupy.

On the other hand, it is more difficult for a coal-getter to maintain any advance he may secure by striking, because each man is paid on a separate basis. They get so much a ton for the coal they win in their own stall, but each stall has a separate price according to the conditions. In some places nearly twice as much coal may be won as in others, owing to thicker seam, better roof, and many other similar advantages. Now there is a constant system of reduction going on in the prices of these stalls; the price will be dropped 1d. per ton in this stall and ½d. in that, and then the advance reckoned on the reduced price. Thus, suppose in stall 28 the price is 2s. 1d. and a general rise of 25 per cent. has been obtained. In the office the wages will be reckoned thus, so many tons at 2s. 1d., 25 per cent. so much, total so much. If they notice that a large wage is earned in this stall each week, the price will be dropped to 2s. say, and the percentage of rise calculated on that basis, so that the drop would really be 1½d. Another means of reducing wages arises in the extras, of which there are many in miners' work, such as fixing and recovering props and lions to keep the roof up, clearing away falls of hind, etc. All these little points form endless causes of friction and discontent. Nor can it be truly said that the friction is all caused on one side.

As one might expect under the circumstances, many of the men lose no opportunity of saving themselves time and trouble at the employer's expense, wasting his props of timber, and in a hundred ways causing annoyance and friction.

Altogether, a pit is one of the most convincing proofs of the failure of the modern conditions of work. The men are scattered in twos and threes over an area of miles, divided by dark low passages, of which there may be as much as twenty miles in one pit. Oversight by foremen is evidently out of the question; hence piecework is adopted. But that leaves the master's property entirely at the mercy of each man, as well as the lives of all in the pit; so there have to be "deputies" and "underviewers" always tramping about to watch these points, keep the pony-drivers to their work, and so on. A deputy so disposed can do a deal of bullying of pony-drivers. He meets them one by one in the dark passages; often there is no one within earshot; and if he administers a sound beating—well, the lad must submit. There is no witness to be called to corroborate his statement; and if it is a case of a pit-boy's oath against a deputy's, it can be easily surmised which will be accepted by "the bench."

Altogether, it is rough work in a pit. The numbers are large, the men have been accustomed to rough usage for generations; they expect no other, and understand no other, some of them! The managers get hardened by the friction with their men, and the friction with the directors and shareholders demanding dividends. Verily they are between the upper and the nether millstone—the men are under both—while the shareholders sit atop to make weight!

R. U.

The German Emperor's dalliance with Socialism is significant. It is an attempt of despotism to strengthen itself by an alliance with discontent. It is a mistaken attempt, we think, and one founded in a total misapprehension of the nature of popular demands. The people are not beggars asking alms, they are men demanding rights.—*New York World*.

BENEFITS OF LAW-N-ORDER.—In 1795, while the English working classes were being told how much better off they were than the *sansculottes* of France, they, the law-abiding Englishmen, were paid by the week—Carpenters, 12s.; shoemakers, 10s.; bakers, 9s.; gardeners, 8s.; smiths, 8s.; husbandmen, 7s. Provision prices were: Mutton, the pound, 10½d.; lamb, 11d.; veal, 11½d.; beef, 12d.; bread, 12d. the quarter loaf; and small beer, 2d. the quart. Work out the reward of loyalty!

NORWAY.—I have for the first time had opportunity of looking over a series of numbers of *Fedraheimen*, an Anarchistic paper, written in the Norwegian peasant-dialect and printed in Bergen. It seems to be very lively and straightforward, and by no means so politically one-sided as most big Socialist papers are. The editor of *Fedraheimen* (Arne Dybfest) writes to *Freedom*, "The Socialist leaders of Kristiania are not State Socialists, but they believe that we have to pass through a Social Democratic society before we can get into the Anarchist community." Socialism is certainly spreading in Norway, though may be slowly. Would some of our Norwegian comrades please to answer this question: Have they, with the present social and economic statistics of Norway as a foundation, tried to work out and realise approximately what sort of social economic organisation, or compound of organisations, Norway would represent if made Socialistic, say, within the lapse of the next few decades? My reason for putting this question is that it must be a comparatively easy one to answer, seeing that Norway has only two millions of inhabitants, has lots of primitive stable institutions, and is not a place where economic change is difficult to forecast through its rapidity and originality.—Stn.

THE LABOUR STRUGGLE.

The Miners' Victory.

The victory of the miners shows how much they can do in the war which will end in the emancipation of labour. Although the strike only lasted a few days, yet many factories were forced to close; and had it continued for a week, there can be no question that work would have nearly ceased in the great manufacturing counties of Yorkshire and Lancashire, and in a fortnight nearly the whole country would have been in the same position. The victory of the miners has proved that the body of trade-unionists, on whom depends the entire trade of the country, are so well organised that they can enforce what terms they please from their masters. We hope the miners understand this. They have in their hands the key to the whole labour problem, and when they desire it, they can carry not only an eight-hour day, but a social revolution, by simply ceasing to work. This would prevent all blacklegism effectually, for without coal all factories must close, and traitors to the cause of labour would find no employment. The politicians who have been so eager in urging upon the workers to improve their condition by their own action, would be very much surprised when they were taken at their word. We don't think, however, the surprise would be an agreeable one.

There has been another curious feature about the present strike. Middle-class public opinion has been on the side of the strikers. It always is when the workers hold a strong position, as did the dock-strikers and the miners. But when the strikers are weak, as in the gas-strike and at Silvertown, the middle-class press is either indifferent or else actively hostile. It is only when men are strong enough to paralyse the trade of London or the country that the middle-class press extends to them its sympathy. They are then too powerful to be offended. Small strikes can no longer be successful; as in war, victory is now on the side of the big battalions, and if the workers wish to succeed, they must appeal, not to the sympathy, but to the cowardice of their masters.

It is true the leaders of the strikers have shown themselves excessively moderate by compromising upon a compromise. The men are to take 5 per cent. now, and 5 per cent. on the first of August instead of 1st July. But then the leaders of the men are less advanced than the miners, and if Mr. Pickard and his friends could have had their way there would have been no strike at all. But the men have forced their hands; and according to the labour correspondent of the *Echo*, who seems on terms of intimate friendship with the old school of trade-unionists, fear of the wicked Socialists has also had something to do with it, for they dreaded what we should say of them if they showed too much "moderation." It is a good sign that the men are already more advanced than their leaders, and we hope they will become even more revolutionary as time rolls on.

The Dock Strike at Liverpool.

Although the docks are garrisoned by troops, and there is bitter starvation among the strikers and their families, yet they still hold out with stern determination. The capitalist press has naturally taken the side of the masters, and has continually favoured us with reports during the past week that the strike is collapsing; yet it has been forced to admit that the men are as defiant, and that the strike processions are as large, as ever. Cunninghame Graham has been down at Liverpool nearly all the week, and has done good work there.

The Liverpool Chamber of Commerce has endeavoured to negotiate between masters and men, but the masters have refused these well-meant offers. They are determined "to starve the men out," and want no negotiations. The Liverpool shipowners are much disgusted at the "violent language" of Cuninghame Graham and McHugh; but one of their number stated that he considered the language used by some employers of labour in Liverpool quite as "reprehensible." The distress is terrible, but strong sympathy is felt for the men by all workers in Liverpool; and though the shipowners think they are certain of victory, their inhuman attitude may yet even prove too much for the stomachs of the middle class, and general indignation may force them to surrender.

Our Walsall comrades have done good work in intercepting blacklegs, which other branches might copy. A correspondent writes: In the earlier part of the strike, Walsall was one of the places selected to send blacklegs from to take the places of the Liverpool dockers. But unfortunately for the dealers in human flesh and blood, two of our comrades—Guillemand and Carless—were despatched to stop the men leaving the town. They were successful in stopping a number from leaving the railway-station, and then proceeded to Liverpool, where by their untiring energy and stratagem they succeeded in getting a great number of men to leave the docks, and at the end of the week not half a dozen Walsall men were filling the places of the strikers. Let other branches follow this excellent example.

The Sheffield Strike Prosecution.

We are glad to say that comrade Bingham has been found "Not Guilty," despite the desperate efforts of Mr. Justice Grantham to get a conviction. The worthy judge in his charge to the jury pronounced an eloquent eulogium upon blacklegs, as will be seen in the paragraph quoted from the *Pall Mall* in this issue. Our friends will remember that this was the judge who sentenced Mowbray and Henderson at Norwich. There he also distinguished himself as counsel for the prosecution. Comrade Bingham must be congratulated upon his escape out of his clutches. Bingham was charged with inciting the strikers to kill "blacklegs." Grantham said, speaking of Bingham's speech, that this sort of thing must be put down, and told the jury that "he could not see that it was possible to place any other meaning on the language of the prisoner than that suggested by the prosecution," and yet the Leeds jury immediately found the prisoner "Not Guilty" and the public applauded the verdict. How wild Justice Grantham must have been!

The Engineers' Strike.

After 40,000 men have been out for over a week, the strike has come to an end. On Monday the masters conceded the demand of the men that the week's work should consist of fifty hours, and finish at noon on Saturday. Perhaps some of our State Socialist friends will admit now that it is possible for workmen to reduce their hours by their own action. N.

Hotel and Restaurant Employes.

On Sunday last a meeting was held of all those employed in hotels,

restaurants, and clubs, at the Old Friends' Hall, St. Martin's Lane, to consider the best means of ameliorating their condition. The meeting was addressed by J. Williams, J. Wood, and comrade Hornagold. Some sensation was caused by a waiter who stated that he went to Buckhurst Hill from London to wait at a masonic dinner, and his master docked 6d. out of his pay for introducing him to a new neighbourhood. His pay was 5s. a-day, out of which he had to pay his fare to Buckhurst Hill and back; so that after he had paid his fare, he had the magnificent sum of 1s. 6d., out of which he had to provide himself with a dress coat, white shirt, and collar and cuffs. At the end of the meeting a large number of waiters handed in their names as members of the international section of waiters of the National Federation of all Trades and Industries. Meetings of waiters are held every Monday evening at 9, at the Globe Tavern, Bow Street. W. W.

IN THE UNITED STATES.

I MAY again state my position to the eight-hour movement. I am not an opponent of this movement, never have been. I shall never oppose a workers' movement, if it is honestly conducted and seriously meant, even if I should promise myself little from its realisation. But I try my very best to show demagogues and pretenders who, knowing full well all the circumstances, waste the time and what little brain power the workers possess in hunting after some unrealisable object. And considering the state of the labour-market in the States, the realisation of the eight-hour work-day is a matter of absolute impossibility.

The Russian treaty, with the objectionable clause (declaring an attempt on the life of a czar not a political offence) eliminated, will probably be accepted by our Senate.

There is a strip of land near the Oklahoma territory called the No-man's Land. No laws, no authority rules there, and yet the people over there—some 20,000 in number—live happy and contented and peaceable together. This state of affairs, of course, was eminently objectionable to our law-and order citizens. And pretty quick the Senate resolved that No Man's Land should come under the jurisdiction of the Oklahoma territory. Ground: That there are now a large number of persons living in No Man's Land without laws, without government protection, and without security for life, liberty, and property, and that these people should have a territorial jurisdiction extended over them. I am now daily expecting to read in the papers of some awful murder or of a nice tidy burglar job committed in No Man's Land.

The miners in Pennsylvania are in great distress. The winter has been so mild and people needed no coal.

The Siberian Petition Association of Philadelphia has sent to the Czar the following petition:

"To his Imperial Majesty the Czar of all the Russias.—We who petition your majesty are citizens of the United States of America. We belong to a people who have long been bound by the natural ties of sympathy and gratitude to the great Russian nation, and to the Czars, clothed with her majesty, who wield her power and shape her destiny. It is your majesty's province to do for Russia what we in a certain sense do for ourselves; and though the methods of governmental action are different, the ends and aims of the government are the same—the strength and true grandeur of the State and the welfare and happiness of the people. For these things nations are organised and laws are decreed and executed; for these things great princes, in the fear of God, exercise imperial sway, and presidents are appointed. Differ though they may in outward form, your government and our government are brothers in their noblest duties. Nor are our fraternal professions an empty feeling. We remember, and we can never forget, how the Czar, by his faith in the stability of the American Union, and the presence of Russian ships in the harbour of New York, strengthened our hearts and hands when our republic was supposed by less far-sighted sovereigns and statesmen to be on the verge of ruin. Our danger then arose from an evil which your illustrious father, Alexander II., by his example, helped our illustrious President, Abraham Lincoln, to remove; and the great prince who liberated the Russian serfs, and the great citizen who freed the American slaves, by kindred deeds of humanity and through a common martyrdom, have linked their countries together by ties as enduring, we may hope, as their immortal fame.

"Sharing, therefore, as the past has taught us to do, in the thoughts that concern the glory and happiness of your people, we have been moved to bring to you, with good greetings, this petition: That your majesty will personally take note of a widespread interest among us in the workings and effects of the Siberian exile system. We do not forget the penal reforms already accomplished in the Russian empire; we are not blind to the mental and physical sufferings that of necessity are a part of any system of punishment for crime against individuals, society, or the State; nor are we unmindful of the need of reforms which are actively engaging the attention of philanthropists in our own methods of dealing with convicts. In this we are but giving expression to the feeling of a friendly people, that in the punishment of some of her subjects Russia, whether from causes peculiar to her people, or on account of ancient custom, is not in all points in harmony with the humanising sentiments of the age. Whether we err in this, or whether we are right, our wish is that by the wisdom and power of the Czar and the favour of God, Russia may continue to grow in the admiration and sympathy of the American people and of the whole civilised world."

To add the final touch to this unique document there is but one sentence necessary—to address Alexander III. as the "power behind evolution."

George O. Jones, the chairman of the National Greenback Committee, has issued a call to national greenbackers, in the course of which he says:

"On March 3, 1884, the Supreme Court of the United States decided that Congress has the sovereign and constitutional power to emit bills of credit, provide currency for the whole people, and to make the notes of the Government (greenbacks) a legal tender. March 3, 1890, will be the sixth anniversary of that decision, at which time all national greenbackers are requested to meet in their respective localities and organise themselves into national greenback clubs, preparatory to Congressional, State, and national organisations next fall. Such gatherings will entail but little, if any, expense. It is hoped that all who indorse national greenback principles will unite in forming such clubs. The future welfare and happiness, or poverty and distress, of all American wealth-producers lies with themselves. Therefore, all are alike interested in the movement."

Boston, Mass., Feb. 28, 1890.

HENRY F. CHARLES.

Think of ease, but work on.

The brain that sows not corn, plants thistles.

Coolies in Fiji earn 11d. for men and 7d. for women for a day of ten to twelve hours. "Yet it is said that some of them actually save money," says our friend the *Boomerang*, with an air of surprise. Well! the white slaves of London don't save money, but a lot of them have to live on much about the same wages.

THE SOCIALIST LEAGUE.

OFFICES: 24, GREAT QUEEN ST., LINCOLN'S INN FIELDS, W.C.

The Offices of the Socialist League will be open for the sale of *Commonweal* and all other Socialist publications from 8.30 a.m. to 9 p.m. every day except Sunday. The Secretary will be in attendance from 10 a.m. to 9 p.m. daily.

Branch Subscriptions Paid.—1888:—Oxford, to end of September.

1889:—Bradford and Hammersmith, to end of April. Norwich, Glasgow, and Yarmouth, to end of May. East London, to end of October. Mitcham, to end of November. St. Georges East, to end of December.

1890:—Manchester, to end of January. 'Commonweal' Branch, Leicester, and North London, to end of February. North Kensington, to end of April. Streatham, to end of December.

Notice.—All letters on League business, except those intended for Editors of *Commonweal*, to be addressed to me. No other person is authorised to sign any official communication. FRANK KITZ, Secretary.

NEW PREMISES FUND.

Collected at Council meeting, March 24th, 6s. 6d.

"COMMONWEAL" GUARANTEE FUND.

The following further sums have been received towards this fund:—C. Saunders, 2s.; H. R. (2 weeks), 2s.; D. Nicoll (2 weeks), 1s.; James Thomson (2 weeks), 1s.; J. B. G. (2 weeks), 1s.; R. Turner, jun., 5s.; P. Webb, 1s.; St. Georges East Branch, 9s. 1d.; C. Hills, 2s. 6d.; B. W. (2 weeks), 1s.; Mrs. Schack, 5s.; North Kensington Branch, 10s.; and X. Y. Z., 6s.

REPORTS.

NORTH KENSINGTON.—We held a fair meeting at Latimer Road; speakers were Crouch and Maughan; fair sale of *Weals*. At our lecture in the evening, W. L. Phillips lectured to a good audience on "Labour and Socialism;" great many questions and good discussion; 1s. 8d. collected and several *Weals* sold.

STREATHAM.—At the Fountain, Kitz lectured to a good audience on "Revolutionary Tactics," and said that all the moderate men who once were revolutionists now denounced the tactics of the anti-Parliamentary party, but they would have no public foothold at all but for the educational efforts of the advanced party; 33 *Commonweal* sold; good sale of other literature.—R. S.

ABERDEEN.—At meeting on 17th, Cunninghame Graham's article "Has the Liberal Party a Future?" (*Contemporary Review*) was read and discussed. On 18th, under the auspices of the Stonecutter's Mutual Improvement Association, comrade Rennie led the affirmative side in a debate, "Ought the Land to be Nationalised?" the meeting deciding by an overwhelming majority in favour of the affirmation. The commencement of our Sunday meetings had to be postponed for a week owing to delay in completion of lecture list, which we are publishing along with a manifesto and call to the unconverted.—L.

GLASGOW.—On Monday evening 17th, we held a meeting to commemorate the Commune. The attendance was not so large as it ought to have been; nevertheless, we pledged the memory of the dead, and enthusiastically vowed our devotion to the cause of Revolutionary Socialism. On Sunday at midday, Joe and Tim Burgoyne spoke on Jail Square to an attentive meeting. At 5.30, Glasier spoke to an unusually large and appreciative meeting at Paisley Road Toll. In the afternoon, Glasier lectured on "Socialism, what it means" to the Govan branch of the Irish National League; the lecture was cordially received.

YARMOUTH.—On Sunday morning, on Priory Plain, comrade Darley addressed a good audience on the necessity for organisation. In the evening, on Colman's Granary Quay, Darley spoke again, on "Where the present Co-operative System Falls." Several questions asked, and answered to the satisfaction of the audience. 9 *Commonweal* sold, 9d. collected, and a bundle of old numbers of *Freedom* given away.—J. H.

WALSALL.—On Sunday last there was a good attendance of members and friends at the Socialist Club, to celebrate the nineteenth anniversary of the Commune. Comrades Guillemard, Deakin, Rowson, and Russell were the speakers, and the meeting was most enthusiastic throughout.—J. T. D.

DUBLIN.—At Progressist Club, 87 Marlboro' Street, March 22nd, T. Hamilton delivered an address on "Looking Backward," being an exhaustive review from the Collectivist standpoint of Bellamy's book. The views of the lecturer were supported by King, Martin, and Reilly, and opposed by O'Gorman and Fitzpatrick.

NOTTINGHAM SOCIALIST CLUB.—On Sunday evening R. S. Pengelly lectured in our hall on "Drifting to Socialism," Peacock in the chair. In the discussion which followed, Charles (Sheffield) and Barclay (Leicester) took part. Next Sunday, at 3 p.m., meeting of members.

DUBLIN.—The Irish Socialist Union held a commemoration meeting in honour of the Commune of Paris on Wednesday March 19, at 87 Marlboro' Street. Addresses were delivered by King, Fitzpatrick, Kelly, Hamilton, O'Gorman, Broe, and others.

EDINBURGH—SCOTTISH SOCIALIST FEDERATION.—On Tuesday 18th we celebrated the nineteenth anniversary of the Paris Commune by a social evening. There was a large gathering, including some French comrades who had taken an active part in that memorable event. Comrade Glasse proposed "The memory of the Commune," and comrade Melliet replied, both delivering eloquent addresses. Other toasts followed, and good speeches were made by comrades Bell, Gilray, Davidson, and Howie. The proceedings were otherwise enlivened by music and Socialist songs. Much enthusiasm prevailed.—On Sunday, comrade Tait lectured on "Capital and Labour." Questions and a good discussion followed.

The funeral of comrade Neuman, of the First Section Communistic Working Men's Society, will take place on Sunday March 30, at Manor Park Cemetery, the procession leaving the Communist Club at 12 o'clock.

CLUB AUTONOMIE, 6 Windmill Street, Tottenham Court Road, W.—Sunday March 30, at 8.30, Albert Tarn, "Abolition of the State."

P. Kropotkin will lecture in the Autonomie Hall, Windmill Street, on Thursday, 8 p.m.—subject, "Why we are Communists."

CHelsea S.D.F., Co-operative Lecture Hall, 312 Kings Road, Chelsea.—Sunday March 30, at 8 p.m., H. M. Hyndman, "Ancient Society and Modern Development."

NEW MANHOOD SUFFRAGE LEAGUE, "Three Doves," Berwick St., Soho, W.—Sunday March 30, at 8.30 p.m., Prof. Lenne, "The Economic Basis of Co-operation." Committee meeting at 7.30.

EDINBURGH—SCOTTISH SOCIALIST FEDERATION.—In Moulders' Hall, High Street, on Sunday March 30, at 6.30, C. I. Burton, B.Sc., F.C.S., F.R.S.E., will lecture on "The Evolution of Socialism."

LIVERPOOL SOCIALIST SOCIETY, 1 Stanley Street, Dale Street.—Meets every Tuesday at 8 p.m. On Sunday March 30, Edward Carpenter, of Chesterfield, will lecture at 3 p.m. by the Landing Stage, and at 7.30 p.m. in Lord Nelson Concert Hall. Subjects—"The Breakdown of our Industrial System," and "The Present and Future Society."

LECTURE DIARY.

LONDON.

Battersea.—All communications to E. Buteux, 45, Inwith Street, Battersea Park Road.

Commonweal Branch.—24 Great Queen Street, Holborn, W.C. Business meeting of members every Thursday evening at 8; Discussion Class at 9. Hall open every evening from 7 till 10. On Sunday evening, March 30, H. Davis will lecture on "Anarchist Communism."

East London.—Comrades meet at 26 Cawley Terrace after the open-air meeting.

Hammersmith.—Kelmescott House, Upper Mall, W. March 28th, Meeting to consider the best means of organising out-door propaganda in the West-end of London during summer months. All Socialists interested invited to attend—8.30 p.m. Sunday March 30, at 8 p.m., E. A. Pease (Fabian), "The Newcastle Labour Movement." French Class conducted by Mdlle. Desroches on Friday evenings at 7.30.

Mitcham.—"Lord Napier," Fair Green. Meets every Sunday at 12.30, to enroll members, etc.

North Kensington.—Clarendon Coffee Palace, Clarendon Road. Meets every Wednesday at 8 p.m. On Sunday March 30, at 8 p.m., a Lecture.

North London.—6 Windmill Street, Tottenham Court Road. Meets every Wednesday evening at 8 o'clock.

Streatham.—Address secretary, R. Smith, 1 Natal Road, Streatham.

Whitechapel and St. Georges in the East.—Branch meetings at International Club, 40 Berner Street, Commercial Road. J. Turner, organising secretary.

PROVINCES.

Aberdeen.—Organiser, J. Leatham, 7 Jamaica Street. Branch meets in Odd-fellows' Small Hall, Crooked Lane, on Monday evenings at 8. Singing practice at 46 Marischal Street on Thursdays at 8 p.m.

Bradford.—Laycock's Temperance Hotel, Albion Court, Kirkgate. Meets every Tuesday at 7.30.

Glasgow.—Ram's Horn Hall, 122 Ingram Street. Branch meets on Thursday evenings at 8 o'clock and Sundays at 7 o'clock. Members in arrears are earnestly requested to pay the contributions at once.

Halifax.—Socialists meet every Sunday at 6.30 p.m. at Helliwell's Temperance Hotel, Northgate.

Leeds.—Clarendon Buildings, Victoria Road, School Close. Open every evening. Business meeting Saturdays at 8 p.m.

Leicester.—Exchange Buildings, Rutland Street. Branch meets on Monday and Thursday, at 8 p.m.

Manchester.—Socialist League Club, 60 Grovesnor Street, All Saints. Open every evening. Branch weekly meeting on Tuesdays at 8 p.m. Edward Carpenter lectures on Monday 31st March, at 8 p.m.—subject, "The Present and Future Society."

Norwich.—Sunday, at 8, Gordon Hall. Tuesday, at 8.30, Members' meeting. Thursday, at 8, Discussion Class. Saturday, Social Meeting. Hall open every evening from 8 p.m.

Oxford.—Temperance Hall, 25½ Pembroke Street. First Friday in every month, at 8.30 p.m.

Walsall.—Socialist Club, 18 Goodall Street, Walsall. Meetings every night.

Yarmouth.—Branch meets at comrade Headley's, near Co-operative Stores, every Tuesday evening. Eloquence Class Friday at 8 p.m. C. W. Mowbray (of London) will address three meetings here on Easter Sunday.

All persons who sympathise with the views of the Socialist League are earnestly invited to communicate with the above addresses, and if possible to help us in preparing for the birth of a true society, based on equality, brotherhood, and freedom for all.

OPEN-AIR PROPAGANDA.

SATURDAY 29.

8.30..... Mile-end Waste.....The Branch

SUNDAY 30.

11 Latimer Road StationR. J. Lyne, Crouch, and Dean
 11.30..... Hammersmith BridgeHammersmith Branch
 11.30..... Kilburn—"Old Plough," Kilburn LaneThe Branch
 11.30..... Mitcham—Fair GreenKitz
 11.30..... Regent's ParkNicoll
 3.30..... Hyde Park—Marble Arch.....North Kensington Branch
 3.30..... Victoria ParkDavis and Mowbray
 7 Weltje Road, Ravenscourt ParkHammersmith Branch
 7.30..... Walham Green—back of ChurchHammersmith Branch
 8 Streatham FountainKitz

TUESDAY 1.

8 Walham Green—back of ChurchHammersmith Branch

FRIDAY 4.

8.15..... Hoxton Church.....East London Branch

PROVINCES.

Glasgow.—Sunday: Jail Square at 2 o'clock; Paisley Road at 5 o'clock. Tuesday: Cathedral Square, at 8 p.m.

Leeds.—Sunday: Hunslet Moor, at 11 a.m.; Vicar's Croft, at 7 p.m.

Liverpool.—Landing-stage, Sundays at 11.30.

Manchester.—Sunday: Philips Park Gates, at 11; Stevenson Square, at 3.

Norwich.—Sunday: St. Faiths, at 11; Market Place, at 3.

Sheffield.—Sunday: Monolith, Fargate, at 11.30 a.m.; Burngreave Road, near Vestry Offices, at 3 p.m.; Pump, West Bar, at 8 p.m.

Yarmouth.—Sunday: Priory Plain, at 11; Colman's Granary Quay, at 7.

Postal Propaganda.—Some who would like to do propaganda but dare not openly, or who cannot spare the time to do it personally, can find many ways in which it can be done quietly. Not the least useful among possible plans would be to order and pay for a number of copies to be sent to persons in whose hands they might do good. We will send six copies to six different addresses for 7d. Write the names and addresses legibly.

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- Shall Ireland be Free?
- Ireland a Nation.
- Songs for the Workers (2 leaflets).
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These Leaflets, at prices given above, can be had from the *Commonweal* manager in any quantities by Branches, members, or sympathisers, for distribution, 24, Great Queen Street, Lincoln's Inn Fields, London.

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EDITED BY JOHN MOST.

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STATEMENT OF PRINCIPLES.

THE Socialist League advocates International Revolutionary Socialism. That is to say the destruction of the present class society, which consists of one class who live by owning property and therefore *need not work*, and of another that has no property and therefore *must work* in order that they may live to keep the idlers by their labour. Revolutionary Socialism insists that this system of society, which is the modern form of slavery, should be changed to a system of Society which would give every man an opportunity of doing useful work, and not allow any man to live without so doing, which work could not be useful unless it were done for the whole body of workers instead of for do-nothing individuals. The result of this would be that livelihood would not be precarious nor labour burdensome. Labour would be employed in co-operation, and the struggle of man with man for bare subsistence would be supplanted by harmonious combination for the production of common wealth and the exchange of mutual services without the waste of labour or material.

Every man's needs would be satisfied from this common stock, but no man would be allowed to own anything which he could not use, and which consequently he must *abuse* by employing it as an instrument for forcing others to labour for him unpaid. Thus the land, the capital, machinery, and means of transit would cease to be private property, since they can only be *used* by the combination of labour to produce wealth.

Thus men would be *free* because they would no longer be dependent on idle property-owners for subsistence; thus they would be *brothers*, for the cause of strife, the struggle for subsistence at other people's expense, would have come to an end. Thus they would be *equal*, for if all men were doing useful work no man's labour could be dispensed with. Thus the motto of Liberty, Fraternity, and Equality, which is but an empty boast in a society that upholds the monopoly of the means of production, would at last be realised.

This Revolutionary Socialism must be International. The change which would put an end to the struggle between man and man, would destroy it also between nation and nation. One harmonious system of federation throughout the whole of civilisation would take the place of the old destructive rivalries. There would be no great centres breeding race hatred and commercial jealousy, but people would manage their own affairs in communities not too large to prevent all citizens from taking a part in the administration necessary for the conduct of life, so that party politics would come to an end.

Thus, while we abide by the old motto

Liberty, Fraternity, Equality,

we say that the existence of private property destroys Equality, and therefore under it there can be neither Liberty nor Fraternity.

We add to the first motto then this other one—

FROM EACH ACCORDING TO HIS CAPACITY, TO EACH ACCORDING TO HIS NEEDS.

When this is realised there will be a genuine Society; until it is realised, Society is nothing but a band of robbers. We must add that this change can only be brought about by combination amongst the workers themselves, and must embrace the whole of Society. The new life cannot be *given* to the workers by a class higher than they, but must be *taken* by them by means of the abolition of classes and the reorganisation of Society.

COUNCIL OF THE SOCIALIST LEAGUE.

NOTICE.

Subscribers who find a red wrapper round paper are thereby reminded that their subscriptions have expired and must be renewed immediately if they wish to continue to receive *Commonweal*.

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WEEKLY; ONE PENNY.

NOTES ON NEWS.

THE great excitement of these last days, to wit, Mr. Balfour's Land Bill, will not excite Socialists, nor need they trouble their heads about the matter. On the face of it, it is a bill for raising the value of landlord's rents; but its real aim is to try to make the long-talked-out Irish question last a little longer as a piece of occupation for our "representatives" in the House of Commons, which may delude the people into thinking that the said representatives are doing something. It is hoped, in fact, that the nearly used-up football will still hold wind enough to bear a little more kicking.

All honest men, whether they call themselves Socialists or not, will applaud the jury at the Leeds Assizes who had the courage of their opinions, and refused to hand over our comrade Bingham to the tender mercies of Justice Grantham, who was quite prepared to show the world that it is a dangerous thing for even a well-to-do man to have any aspirations towards better conditions of life than the present; dangerous, that is to say, if he expresses those aspirations openly; and if he keeps them to himself—well, it is an old saying of the philosophers, that there is no difference between that which is not, and that which is not visible.

It may be too much to hope that this verdict is the token of the beginning of a new epoch in jury-work, in which juries will give verdicts according to their consciences (and according to their oaths, too, if that matters) in spite of the judge's summing-up. But it is a significant fact that the verdict in this case was loudly applauded in Court by the general public.

It seems unlikely that the Crewe lads will be executed. But if they are not to be hanged, which, as Wilkes said, is the worst use to which you can put a man, why should they be treated to the second worst way of using a man, to wit, putting him in prison? To give a long term of imprisonment to these unfortunate young men would be a mere cruel piece of subservience to the letter of the law. Our friend, Mr. Grant Allen, acting on this view, has been circulating a petition to the Home Secretary asking for a free pardon or at least a short term of imprisonment. Surely all those people, from the judge upwards, who were so "touched" in Court the other day, will agree to this.

The Labour Conference at Berlin is over, and when all is said there is little wonder that the English press should be most patriotically proud of the fact that what has been done is little more than to generally recommend an imitation of England in the way of industrial legislation. Though they might very well remember that "he knew well that coals would burn that first invented fire-tongs," or, in other words, factory legislation came first in England because the factory-hell grew hot here sooner than elsewhere. And now, when the boasting is done about being ahead, they might begin to think of keeping so.

This from the Sydney *Bulletin* of February 22, looks as if religious philanthropists were the same everywhere:

"An ex-parson, some ex-black labour sympathisers, and the paid secretary of an employers' union, run what is left of the Brisbane 'London Dock Strike Fund.' Between them they have managed to keep £400 from going where it belongs, and, after every tuppenny-ha'penny local accident they try to bluff the crowd into giving the dockers' coin to some hospital ward or flooded-out village. These Bananaland pull-backs have been kicking themselves since the big strike at having let the milk of human kindness ooze out of a pore or two that wasn't quite choked with filthy lucre. Probably it is to prevent any more oozing that they are now wallowing in a class-meanness. The money belongs to the London dockers and should go to them."

George Harrison was released on Friday, after serving two years, three months, and a fortnight of the four years' imprisonment to which he was sentenced after Bloody Sunday. He has come out with an arm crippled by a policeman's kick, and a constitution nearly destroyed

through the ill-treatment to which he has been subjected. Here is the story in his own words:

"It seemed a long and weary time since that day in November, '87, when the police fell on us we came over Westminster Bridge—I walking along in procession with the Progressives and the Blackfriars Club men. Somebody dropped a gas-pipe, and one of the police swore it was I hit him with it; and another fellow, when they got on to him with the staves, took his pocket-knife out on 'em, and stabbed somebody—he came and confessed it to me, and fully exonerated me to the committee of my club, when I was out on bail before my conviction, but it was no use getting two into trouble, and I knew the police meant having me anyway, innocent or not; they had been watching for a chance all day. So I said nothing about him—they would only have put us both in. Why, a policeman brought up an oyster-knife, and swore he saw me drop it. You see, the police knew me as a speaker and lecturer, and they'd warned me about holding meetings, so they were down on me, and besides, I was a witness against them in Blackwell's case."

He was first taken to Pentonville for a fortnight, then to Wormwood Scrubbs for nine months, after which he went to Chatham, where he remained until Friday. He says:

"I was very well treated at the first two places, but at Chatham it was different. I was treated very roughly there. Four times I was punished by solitary confinement in a horrible cell, and on every one of those occasions the punishment was unjustly given. They charged me with refusing to work when I was not able to work through my ill-health, and they charged me with talking when I was not. I cannot describe the terrors of those cells. The smell in them is horrible, and they are so cold, while the light is altogether insufficient. Whenever I came out of them after confinement I felt like a drunken man on regaining a better atmosphere; but if the change made me reel, as it did once or twice, I only got a clump aside the head."

One of those who interviewed him comments upon the "moderation" and the "absence of bitterness" with which he spoke of his wrongs. Well! he has shown already by his conduct that his heart is stouter than his tongue is long; he is no caterwauling weakling. But whether he himself does any of it or no, there will be a good deal of bitter thinking and strong speaking for many a long day to come about his case, which is but that of thousands of those who are not content with tyranny, and which will not be forgotten until it is not only atoned for but made impossible of re-perpetration. S.

NEWS FROM NOWHERE:

OR,

AN EPOCH OF REST.

BEING SOME CHAPTERS FROM A UTOPIAN ROMANCE.

CHAP. X. (continued).—QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS.

I SAID: "We have heard about London and the manufacturing districts and the ordinary towns: how about the villages?"

Said Hammond: "You must know that toward the end of the nineteenth century the villages were almost destroyed, unless where they became mere adjuncts to the manufacturing districts, or formed a sort of minor manufacturing districts themselves. Houses were allowed to fall into decay and actual ruin; trees were cut down for the sake of the few shillings which the poor sticks would fetch; the building became inexpressibly mean and hideous. Labour was scarce; but wages fell nevertheless. All the small country arts of life which once added to the little pleasures of country people were lost. The country produce which passed through the hands of the husbandmen never got so far as their mouths. Incredible shabbiness and niggardly pinching reigned over the fields and acres which, in spite of the rude and careless husbandry of the times, were so kind and bountiful. Had you any inkling of all this?"

"I have heard that it was so," said I; "but what followed?"

"The change," said Hammond, "which in these matters took place very early in our epoch, was most strangely rapid. People flocked into the country villages, and, so to say, flung themselves upon the freed land like a wild beast upon his prey; and in a very little time

the villages of England were more populous than they had been since the fourteenth century, and were still growing fast. Of course, this invasion of the country was awkward to deal with, and would have created much misery, if the folk had still been under the bondage of class monopoly. But as it was, things soon righted themselves. People found out what they were fit for, and gave up attempting to push themselves into occupations in which they must needs fail. The town invaded the country; but the invaders, like the warlike invaders of early days, yielded to the influence of their surroundings, and became country people; and in their turn, as they became more numerous than the townsmen, influenced them also; so that the difference between town and country grew less and less; and it was indeed this world of the country vivified by the thought and briskness of town-bred folk which has produced that happy and leisurely but eager life of which you have had a first taste. Again I say, many blunders were made, but we have had time to set them right. Much was left for the men of my earlier life to deal with. The crude ideas of the first half of the twentieth century, when men were still oppressed by the fear of poverty, and did not look enough to the present pleasure of ordinary daily life, spoilt a great deal of what the commercial age had left us of external beauty: and I admit that it was but slowly that men recovered from the injuries that they inflicted on themselves even after they became free. But slowly as the recovery came, it *did* come; and the more you see of us, the clearer it will be to you that we are happy. That we live amidst beauty without any fear of becoming effeminate; that we have plenty to do, and on the whole enjoy doing it. What more can we ask of life?"

He paused, as if he were seeking for words with which to express his thought. Then he said:

"This is how we stand. England was once a country of clearings amongst the woods and wastes, with a few towns interspersed, which were fortresses for the feudal army, markets for the folk, gathering-places for the craftsmen. It then became a country of huge and foul workshops and fouler gambling-dens, surrounded by an ill-kept, poverty-stricken farm pillaged by the masters of the workshops. It is now a garden, where nothing is wasted and nothing is spoilt, with the necessary dwellings, sheds, and workshops scattered up and down the country, all trim and neat and pretty. For, indeed, we should be too much ashamed of ourselves if we allowed the making of goods, even on a large scale, to carry with it the appearance even of desolation and misery. Why, my friend, those housewives we were talking of just now would teach us better than that."

Said I: "This side of your change is certainly for the better. But though I shall soon see some of these villages, tell me in a word or two what they are like, just to prepare me."

"Perhaps," said he, "you have seen a tolerable picture of these villages as they were before the end of the nineteenth century. Such things exist."

"I have seen several of such pictures," said I.

"Well," said Hammond, "our villages are something like the best of such places, with the church or mote-house of the neighbours for their chief building. Only note that there are no tokens of poverty about them: no tumble-down picturesque; which, to tell you the truth, the artist usually availed himself of to veil his incapacity for drawing architecture. Such things do not please us, even when they indicate no misery. Like the mediævals, we like everything trim and clean, and orderly and bright; as people always do when they have any sense of architectural power; because then they know that they can have what they want, and they won't stand any nonsense from Nature in their dealings with her."

"Besides the villages, are there any scattered country houses?" said I.

"Yes, plenty," said Hammond; "in fact, except in the wastes and forests and amongst the sand-hills (like Hindhead in Surrey), it is not easy to be out of sight of a house; and where the houses are thinly scattered they run large, and are more like the old colleges than ordinary houses as they used to be. That is done for the sake of society, for a good many people can dwell in such houses, as the country dwellers are not necessarily husbandmen; though they almost all help in such work at times. The life that goes on in these big dwellings in the country is very pleasant, especially as some of the most studious men of our time live in them, and altogether there is a great variety of mind and mood to be found in them which brightens and quickens the society there."

"I am rather surprised," said I, "by all this, for it seems to me that after all the country must be tolerably populous."

"Certainly," said he; "the population is pretty much the same as it was at the end of the nineteenth century; we have spread it, that is all. Of course, also, we have helped to populate other countries—where we were wanted and were called for."

Said I: "One thing, it seems to me, does not go with your word of 'garden' for the country. You have spoken of wastes and forests, and I myself have seen the beginning of your Middlesex and Essex forest. Why do you keep such things in a garden? and isn't it very wasteful to do so?"

"My friend," he said, "we like these pieces of wild nature, and can afford them, so we have them; let alone that as to the forests, we need a great deal of timber and suppose that our sons and sons' sons will do the like. As to the land being a garden, I have heard that they used to have shrubberies and rockeries in gardens once; and though I might not like the artificial ones, I assure you that some of the natural rockeries of our garden are worth seeing. Go north this summer and look at the Cumberland and Westmoreland ones,—where,

by the way, you will see some sheep feeding, so they are not so wasteful as you think; not so wasteful as forcing grounds for fruit out of season, I think. Go and have a look at the sheep-walks high up the slopes between Ingleborough and Pen-y-gwent, and tell me if you think we *waste* the land there by not covering it with factories for making things that nobody wants, which was the chief business of the nineteenth century."

"I will try to go there," said I.

"It won't take much trying," said he.

WILLIAM MORRIS.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

NOTES FROM NOTTINGHAM.

THE pleasure-house of the rich, the prison of the poor—such is this manufacturing centre of ours. All the sensual delights that are to the bourgeoisie the only relief from the *ennui* which follows the cares of money-getting, are here in abundance; and down in the slums—Narrowmarsh, with its dingy lodging-houses and narrow courts; the Meadow Platts, with their gloomy streets of back-to-back houses—the poor are penned in grime, squalor, and density. Perhaps no manufacturing town has fairer skies and less of the inky blackness with which capitalism elsewhere defiles the heavens, but the struggle of the worker against the plunderer is as hopeless here as amid the smoke of London or Sheffield. In what are called "good times," a proportion of the twist hands earn what are regarded as high wages, but to them there soon comes the cycle of depression when they are either unemployed or only gain a few shillings a week, and all the while the less skilled workers, and, above all, the hundreds of young women, who are employed in the finishing, patterning, bleaching, and dyeing of the lace, work long hours for low wages.

The workers, one hears, are wasteful and extravagant, and if so, they follow only too well the example of their masters in pursuing the will-o'-the-wisp of gambling, which has stricken this fair city as the Black Death smote mediæval Europe. An ex-bricklayer, who left that honest calling to turn bookmaker, and with his gains in that nefarious pursuit amassed more by running a brewery, is not a high example to hold up for a town's guidance; and yet the parsons and the fuglemen of capitalism generally have given this venerated bricklayer high municipal honour, and his great wealth has enabled him by his "charity" to buy much momentary popularity with the unthinking. The "abstinence" in virtue of which the capitalist holds the worker in chains, is aptly illustrated by the little villas in which the *cocotte* enjoys a luxury that the honest working-woman is a stranger to. The Corporation, packed with friends of Ireland and of Home Rule, sends its police clothing to be made in sweater's shops, and has erected a University College which for jerry-building can beat any suburban villa; the School Board, which underpays its assistant teachers and builds its educational system on their bodies as it were; the Board of Guardians, full of publicans and small tradesmen, notoriously selected by judicious manipulation of the voting papers, who put skilled artisans when unemployed to stone-breaking, and build palatial offices and a snugly-cushioned board-room for their own accommodation—these are our rulers. The Liberal party, as a rule, hold the control of local administration, and any sort of sweater is swallowed by the wire-pullers provided he bears the regulation trade-mark.

Amid a population sweated, overworked, and depressed in bad times, and corrupted and demoralised in good, the progress of the Socialist propaganda is necessarily slow. At the hearing of an election petition a month ago it was proved that dozens of voters were bought for a shilling a-piece; and while our Socialist comrades have to struggle with apathy on the part of the workers, the basest slanders and the most unscrupulous wire-pulling have been exerted on behalf of the "classes." For eight years, however, the sacred flame of Socialism has been kept alight, and though discouraged at times some few workers have laboured at the cleansing of the Augean stables of profit-mongering rule. Local elections have been fought as a means of propaganda, and comrades Peacock, Proctor, and Whalley have again and again led the assault, which has again and again proved a forlorn hope. Every Sunday in the summer open-air meetings have been held, and of late the party have secured a convenient hall near the centre of the town for lectures, etc. Comrades Sparling, Carpenter, and others, have already visited us, and the unskilled labour movement found in this room an asylum and in comrade Proctor a mentor, when official trades unionism of the Broadhurst kidney (the prevailing species) looked askance at it.

Much has been done, but much remains, and we are looking forward to the coming visit of the Socialists of the Midlands on the last Sunday in June to give the movement here an impetus that it sadly needs. After a day's pleasure the comrades from surrounding towns propose to help us in holding a great demonstration in the Market Place, when "the blood-red banner that our masters fear to see" will be a sign to the observant that the chariot-wheels of Socialism are rolling on. Next time I write I propose to deal with some of our masters and their peculiarities.

P.

At a public meeting of women, held at Adelaide the last week in January, it was decided to form a Women's Trade Union.

Soft coal in the neighbourhood of Pittsfield is worth 2 cents a bushel, and in Kansas City 22 cents a bushel, while corn in Kansas City is worth 10 cents a bushel and 70 cents in Pennsylvania. Can the "middle-man" between the two consumers be much less than a highwayman?—*Boston Globe*.

MURDER BY LAW.

A FEW days ago, two brothers, aged respectively 29 and 39, were legally strangled in Worcester Gaol for the murder of a game-keeper in the employ of the royalist *émigré*, the Duc d'Aumale. Three human lives sacrificed in order that a royalist duke may preserve game; three more added to the holocaust of those who have suffered in the hulks, the prison, and on the scaffold, in order that an infamous gang of land thieves, who richly deserve to have the hempen ring around their own necks, may enjoy the pleasures of the battue.

"O my poor wife and children!" groaned these wretched men together as they prepared to die. When will the fierce Chartist motto, "For children and wife we will war to the knife!" be taken up again by the working masses of the country? How long will they allow a horde of aristocratic thieves to monopolise the common birthright, land, and all its products, against the rest of the community?

"Do you justify the murder of the gamekeeper?" queries the average Briton in horror, "what about *his* wife and children?" I maintain that all were murdered by the horrible system of land monopoly; the victims of the game laws in the country, the overcrowded who die of disease and want in our great towns, the evicted Irish peasants and Scotch crofters, those who have perished of famine on the waysides, and even those whose lives have been taken in reprisal as in Ireland, all those who have gone down in emigrant ships. All are victims of a system which is ripe for destruction.

Its basis and strength does not lie in the legal parchments, whether title-deeds or landlord-made enactments, which give legal sanction to the monstrous wrong of private property in land; nor in the soldier's bayonet or policeman's bâton, ready to defend the wrong; but it lies in the moral purblindness of the mass of the English workers. The spectacle of men, women, and children pitilessly thrust out from their homes in Ireland or Scotland does not affect the average English worker. The earth-hunger of the Celt, his aversion to pay blackmail in the shape of rent to a land thief, is to the "respectable" British "artisan" a ridiculous weakness which he unhesitatingly condemns; he has been so long divorced from the soil and its health-giving life that he has lost all vigour of view and action; he is artificialised. The huge town with its smoke and grime, its ever-extending arms swallowing up every green spot around, the blackened and blasted tracts of country where blast-furnaces flourish and Nature wilts and dies, are to him signs of greatness; and as a wage-slave, often foredoomed to the workhouse himself, he squirms of the "earth earthy" amidst the narrow courts of the town. If the tragedy of his own life will not awaken him, such a cruel tragedy as that just consummated in Worcester is scarcely likely to do so.

I have said that the present system and its most glaring iniquity, land monopoly, is not maintained so much by the physical force at its back as it is by the moral sanction it receives from even the victims it crushes. "Wouldn't you do it yourself if you had the chance?" is the reply given to the Socialist agitator when he points out the injustice of the present system. A percentage of the possessing classes are well aware of this narrowness of view, and are actively seeking at the present time, in conjunction with renegade Socialists, to utilise it for the conservation of their privileges. They will give barrack dwellings in the towns, they will even consent to concessions being given to the aristocracy of labour, but they *will* not give up the land. This unnatural alliance bore fruit recently, when we found a professedly labour organ, edited by a somewhat champion of Socialism, defending those implicated in the Cleveland Street abominations.

Some of the hotter and younger amongst us, disheartened at what appears to be a hopeless task, sickened by the lumpish apathy and selfishness of those they are trying to awaken, either give up in despair or dream of more forceful methods of agitation. As Kropotkin says in his "Appeal to the Young," they dream of barricades and heroic deeds: a short, sharp conflict, and then victory. To such, the slow undermining of the system seems too slow and unprofitable a task; and so we have the kaleidoscopic sections which are still a feature of Socialism in England. As well prepared and willing as any to make reprisals should there be a determined effort on the part of the "haves" to suppress the murmurings of the "have nots," or of those who voice their claims. I still contend that in agitation and education, that shall awaken the masses to a higher conception of life as opposed to mere existence, and that in preaching the gospel of discontent where filth and poverty prevail instead of beauty and plenty, lays our chief chance of success. If this were not so why do the monopolists fear free speech or subsidise the press? They create one class of opinion; we create another by agitation, by preaching unselfishness against selfishness. We have seen virgin lands bear the same crop of evils which beset us here, not because of force, but because the hearts of the pioneers contained the germs of injustice of man to man. Let us preach community of interests as the watchword of all, so that when our heritage falls to us there shall be none to undo our work and re-shackle our limbs. The beating of drums and the waving of flags are not necessary to this work, but heartfelt enthusiasm, steady work, persistent attack both on the enemy's position, and its props that I have indicated amongst our own ranks, and the result will be Victory.

F. KITZ.

The Queensland shearers have added 940 members to their roll last year, making a grand total of 2,907. The balance at their bankers has also increased by nearly £300, making a cash balance of £2,104.

INTERNATIONAL NOTES.

GERMANY.

LUBECK, March 31.—The movement among the timber workmen here for an increase of wages resulted to-day in the discharge of 600 men. The masters had agreed to grant the increase demanded, but requested "toleration" for non-members of the Woodcutters' Union, which, however, the union men refused. Work at the great timber yards and saw mills is almost at a standstill, and the rats are being guarded by police.

BELGIUM.

CHARLEROI, March 31.—A strike agitation is going on in some parts of this district. In several collieries the miners claim an increase of 15 per cent. in wages, and the demand has been put before the owners of the pits in the form of an ultimatum from the Labour Leagues.

SPAIN.

The strikes in Catalonia are assuming a serious aspect. On Friday, 6,000 men paraded the streets and suburbs of Barcelona, and tried to persuade the workmen of many factories to leave work. Large bands of women also paraded the streets, headed by a delegate of the Federation of Workmen. In Barcelona and other towns of Catalonia the number of men actually out is 40,000, and it is thought that the figure will soon be increased to 50,000, and that all the factories in Catalonia will be obliged to close. The movement has spread to Badalona, Martin, and Provençals, and in the last-mentioned district there is an Anarchist element among the strikers. Numerous deputations from the men have waited on the masters to try and arrive at a settlement, but hitherto without result. The strikers have posted men at some factories in order to prevent rats from continuing work. A large number of meetings were held by the strikers on Sunday, with a view to agreeing upon a common plan of action. The Civil Governor of Barcelona convened a meeting of the manufacturers of Mauresa at ten o'clock on Sunday night in order to try and put an end to the conflict. Several interviews have also taken place between the Mauresa manufacturers and their hands, and it is reported that the masters in both cases refused to re-open their workshops.

RUSSIA.

The latest news from St. Petersburg shows that the original cause of the student disturbances in Moscow is the indignation felt at the treatment of the political prisoners in Siberia. The Moscow students protested in an unmistakable manner against the cruel proceedings of the authorities, and the fear that the public might approve and participate in the demonstrations was the cause of the University being closed immediately. The letter of Marie Tschebrikova, which was secretly printed and distributed among the students in spite of police spies, had a good deal to do with the movement. The students of St. Petersburg, Charkoff, and Kasan followed the example of their Moscow friends. The revolutionary movement is showing itself more clearly every day. The only universities which are exempted from it are those of Dorpat and Tomsk. All the others have been the scenes of "disturbances." The students of all the faculties in Charkoff, Kieff, Odessa, Moscow, and St. Petersburg have made demonstrations in favour of a constitutional form of government. More than eight hundred have been arrested. The universities are watched day and night by detachments of police. For the present the garrisons of the university towns are confined to barracks, and it is probable that all the universities will be closed. Pamphlets have been distributed in which the autocracy of the Czar is denounced, and freedom of speech, religion, and the press is demanded. "Great anxiety" is felt by the guardians of order with regard to the future, the revolutionary movement having assumed incredible proportions during recent weeks. A period of convulsions and agitation is anticipated. The Czar has been releasing military prisoners, and "pardoning" Madame Tschebrikova as a precaution, but his other acts are more than neutralising these. The Imperial prohibition against solemnising the anniversary of the abolition of servitude produced a very bad impression, as it showed clearly in what light the Czar views the one good deed of his predecessor. S.

ITALY.

MILAN.—In the cultivated and wealthy town of Milan, as in the rest of Italy, the labour crisis continues, the mechanics and masons being those who feel it the most. Meanwhile, the contractors still give their work to hands from Novara, who consent to take a lower wage than the natives. The Milanese are protesting against this, but in vain, owing to the thorough disorganisation of the workers, who are thus at the mercy of speculators.

On the 30th ult., the delegates of labour associations will meet to endorse the final project of the Labour Exchange, which will then be at once presented to the municipality.

GERMIGNAGNA (near Como).—Last week, 300 women employed in a factory here, after uselessly demanding a working-day of 12 hours, have declared themselves on strike. The director immediately gave way and work was resumed. The women had previously worked 14 hours a-day.

SAVONA.—The *Fascio dei Lavoratori*, a branch of the Italian Labour Party, has recently been reconstituted here, and the members expect to work it up into an active and influential body. M. M.

DENMARK.

The manifesto of the revolutionary Socialists in Denmark lays particular stress on the point that "concentration of industries into large concerns is in harmony with our evolution, when on the contrary small industries (home industries, etc.) are the *raison d'être* of the middle-class, and therefore reactionary." This statement may be objected to on general theoretical grounds (though it is a plausible generalisation itself), but it is certainly appropriate as a protest against the people of *Social Demokratien*, who simply bribe the small peasants and artisan with promises of petty reforms in their favour in order to get their votes for Social Democratic candidates for Parliament. The manifesto goes on to say: "We must, therefore, try to exterminate all false ideas as to the possibility of achieving fundamental improvements for the working-classes through legislation, and we must out that legislation as well as electioneering principally, must be looked upon as a means of agitation, and that any alliance with middle-class parties ought to be broken off, just because all middle-class parties have an interest in defending the foundation of the present society—private ownership in land and other means of production." This statement is important, and the Socialistic cause will certainly have advanced a great step when all Socialists of all countries are unanimous in letting this principle, or another principle bearing on the same point, guide their agitation and action. STN.



OFFICES: 24 GREAT QUEEN STREET, LONDON, W.C.

HAVE YOU NOT HEARD HOW IT HAS GONE WITH MANY A CAUSE BEFORE NOW: FIRST, FEW MEN HEED IT; NEXT, MOST MEN CONTEMN IT; LASTLY, ALL MEN ACCEPT IT—AND THE CAUSE IS WON

THE COMMONWEAL is the official organ of the Socialist League; but, unless definitely so announced by the Editors, no article is to be taken as expressing in more than a general way the views of the League as a body. In accordance with the Manifesto and Statement of Principles of the League, the COMMONWEAL is an exponent of International Revolutionary Socialism. On minor differences of opinion the widest freedom of discussion is maintained. As all articles are signed, no special significance attaches to their position in the paper.

Articles and letters dealing with any phase of the social problem are invited and will meet with earnest consideration. They must be written on one side of the paper only, and accompanied by the name and address of the writer, not necessarily for publication. MSS. can only be returned if a stamped directed envelope accompanies them.

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Periodicals received during the week ending Wednesday April 2.

ENGLAND Brotherhood Church Reformer London—Freie Presse Norwich—Daylight Sozial Demokrat Seafaring Worker's Friend	FRANCE Paris—La Revolte Paris—Bourse du Travail Le Proletariat Charleville—L'Emancipation Lille—Le Cri du Travailleur Rouen—Le Salarial	HOLLAND Hague—Recht voor Allen Middelburg, Lichten Wahrheid	GERMANY Arbeiterzeitung St. Louis (Mo.)—Die Parole Anarchist San Diego—Calif. Nationalist	ITALY Milan—Il Fascio Operaio Rome—L'Emancipazione	SPAIN Madrid—El Socialista	GERMANY Berlin—Volks Tribune	AUSTRIA Brunn—Volksfreund Trieste—Confeder. Operaio	HUNGARY Arbeiter-Wochen-Chronik	DENMARK Copenhagen—Arbejderen	ARGENTINE REPUBLIC Buenos Ayres—Vorwarts
INDIA Bankipore—Behar Herald	UNITED STATES New York—Der Sozialist Volkszeitung Workmen's Advocate Investigator	BEELGIUM Antwerp—De Werker Ghent—Vooruit	SWITZERLAND Arbeiterstimme							
INDIA Buffalo—Arbeiter-Zeitung Chicago—Knights of Labour Vorbote Detroit—Der Arme Teufel Philadelphia—United Labour										

THE LABOUR MOVEMENT.

WHEN the present Labour agitation arose, apparently so spontaneously, and such determination was shown by tens of thousands of the unskilled workers, what hopes were raised throughout the country! Everywhere the hope was expressed that this movement would not be like the labour agitations of the past, that its essential character would be Socialistic, and that as many of its leaders were professed Socialists, their chief aim would be to so organise and educate the workers as to terminate for ever the war between capital and labour; to terminate for ever the war of classes by the triumph of labour and the supremacy of the wealth-producing millions. If the present movement is to aim at nothing higher than a paltry amelioration of the condition of the working-class while the good trade continues, at nothing more than a mere modification of the tyranny and oppression under which the workers groan, then the movement will become only a farce, a failure, and will leave the workers just where they are to-day.

When we bear in mind that in England this war between capital and labour has gone on for centuries, and that the first Act against trade organisations dates from the year 1548, we may well ask, Is this war to last for ever? In the preamble to that Act we read that "Whereas artificers, handicraftsmen, and labourers have made confederacies and promises, and have sworn mutual oaths, not only that they should not meddle with one another's work, and perform and finish what another hath begun, but also to constitute and appoint how much work they shall do in a day, and what hours and times they shall work, contrary to the laws and statutes of this realm, and to the great hurt and impoverishment of his Majesty's subjects." And this nearly three centuries and a-half ago! How far have trade organisations advanced since that period in their aims and objects? We boast that we learn wisdom by experience. Where is the wisdom we display to-day after the sad experience of centuries? True, in organising the workers so as to control the new labour movement, you are bound to combat existing evils, and to seek to ameliorate their condition; but let us not forget that those evils are incidental to the present system, and that you cannot abolish the evils while you retain the system. Organise the workers by all means, and improve their position as far as possible under existing conditions, but let their organisations be the means by which to educate them for a grander future, the destruction of those conditions which render liberty, dignity, and independence are impossible.

Nor have trade societies, either in the past or at the present, been able to move the great mass of the workers. Taking the Board of Trade report for 1889, we find 104 societies sent in their returns during 1888, the number of their members being 373,904. Suppose we take their total number at 800,000, how small a proportion of the workers they contain! The societies of 10,000 and upwards who reported in 1888 may almost be counted on your fingers. Take the following list:

	No.
Amalgamated Society of Engineers	53,740
Durham Miners' Association	38,000
United Society of Boiler Makers and Iron Shipbuilders ..	26,545
Amalgamated Society of Carpenters and Joiners	25,050
Amalgamated Association of Operative Cotton Spinners ..	16,910
Amalgamated Society of Tailors	14,214
Operative Stonemason's Friendly Society	10,261
National Union of Boot and Shoe Rivetters and Finishers	11,410
Friendly Society of Iron Founders	12,202
Northumberland Miners' Association	12,456
Amalgamated Society of Railway Servants	12,080
Blackburn and District Power Loom Weavers' Association	10,500

In pointing to these facts I am only pointing to the small number of the workers embraced by present organisations, and as showing the vast field there is for a greater and a grander organisation of workers than has ever yet been attempted.

Again, the diffusion of knowledge and the progress of our powers of production tend rapidly to break down the main differences between the skilled and the unskilled workers. And who can tell how long or how short will be the duration of the present good trade. Another and a more terrible depression will come; and when it comes what will again be the condition of even the great societies? Go back to 1879, when the Amalgamated Society of Engineers, with an income of £135,267, paid to their unemployed alone £149,931. Come down to 1886, when that society paid to its unemployed £86,460, and the other large societies paid in proportion. Trade unionists, too, ought to remember that England is not now the ruler of the waves, nor the mistress of the markets of the world. All the nations of the earth are becoming more and more independent of England. The telegraph has destroyed for ever the supremacy of England as the centre of commercial intelligence; and the international character of our modern commercial system has made equally international all our great financial operations.

Look at the trade of the world to-day. Is England still supreme? Does she control the trade of the world? Let the following items for 1887 answer:

	Total Imports.	From England.	From other Countries.
Russia ..	£39,321,000	£5,858,849	£33,462,151
Germany ..	230,100,000	27,316,544	202,783,456
Belgium ..	116,266,000	13,140,582	103,125,418
France ..	197,708,000	20,495,730	177,212,270
Holland ..	94,457,000	15,037,525	79,419,475
U.S.A. ..	144,233,000	40,240,150	103,992,850

Now take the exports of these States:

	Exports.	To England.	To other Countries.
Russia ..	£62,295,000	£9,683,388	£52,611,612
Germany ..	231,235,000	24,563,536	206,671,464
Belgium ..	108,612,000	14,732,663	93,879,337
France ..	169,528,000	38,855,296	130,672,704
Holland ..	94,457,000	25,327,277	57,299,723
U.S.A. ..	149,204,000	83,049,074	66,154,926

Here we see the trade of the world fast leaving England. It is already beyond her control. These are matters of the highest importance to the workers. They are facts we must not forget. And if we turn to our colonies and possessions, it is the same. For instance, in 1888 the total imports of Australia were 65 millions and odd. From England 30 millions and odd, and other countries, 35 millions and odd. Take North America; out of a total of over 24 millions, she took from us 8 millions and odd. Look at the matter how we will, or take our facts from what part of the world we may, the one inevitable conclusion

is, that England's supremacy as a commercial nation is a thing of the past.

But there is another matter we must not lose sight of—viz., the foreign investments of British capital. These are matters which the workers cannot afford to ignore. In 1882 the total British investments were £3,494,000,000, and in 1888 £5,786,215,000; an increase of £2,295,215,000. Out of that £2,295,000,000, only £320,373,000 were invested at home. £1,974,842,000 were invested in foreign regions. While the investments at home average only £53,387,000 per annum, our foreign investments average over £328,000,000 per annum. Let the workers and their leaders think of these things. What do they indicate? They are the writing on the wall. Let the workers read and reflect.

Can the trades unions continue to fight on the old lines? Are the circumstances to-day the same as they were forty or fifty years ago? Take your joint-stock companies, your great limited liability companies, your gigantic rings and syndicates, and the federations of employers. I am glad that a federation of all the trades connected with the engineering and shipbuilding industries is about to take place. It is absolutely necessary in face of the great federation of the employers. But it is the millions that want organising, and educating, with a national federation. That is the great want to-day.

Keep in mind, too, the immense increase in the powers of production in every commercial nation, with the general spread of education, and then ask yourselves the question—Can you still fight on the old lines? But suppose it were possible, are we never to learn wisdom? are we never to advance? Is this struggle of ages still to go on? Is this war of classes never to terminate? Are the slavery, and the misery, and the degradation of the workers to be eternal? Are the men of so-called moderate views—the political tricksters, the social tinkers, the miserable creatures who can never rise to the height of a great principle,—are these to be still the leaders of the wealth-producing millions? If yes, whose fault will it be? If yes, who will be responsible? But no! The days of ever rampant tyranny are numbered. The tyrannies and the oppressions inseparable from our present system will end, and this war of classes will terminate. Yes; and the governments of the world, whether imperial or aristocratic, will not long preserve the present system. All the tyranny of the capitalist classes will not for long keep the people in bondage; and all the empty nonsense of incapables will not for long mislead the masses. Organise and educate the millions for the social revolution. There only is the emancipation of labour, the regeneration of society, possible. That alone will bring to the toiling millions liberty, dignity, and independence.

J. SKETCHLEY.

CORRESPONDENCE.

THE SHOP ASSISTANTS' UNION.—AN APPEAL TO WORKING WOMEN.

I daresay most of the readers of the *Weal* are aware that this new union is making itself heard in Hammersmith and elsewhere. The object of this union is to shorten the hours of labour on one day, Thursday being the usual day, the time for shutting up shop being 5 o'clock; but now comes the tug of war, and that is the women will block the way and retard this very small amount of leisure and pleasure that this union is trying to obtain for the assistants. If the women are not appealed to at every meeting all over the country by our various speakers not to shop after 5 o'clock on Thursday and Saturday nights, I think two or three hours might very easily be curtailed. If the speakers at the meetings would emphatically appeal to the women not to shop at any and every hour of the night almost, as this is the fundamental point of the whole movement. I would also ask every workman on Saturdays after he has been paid, at 12 or 2 o'clock as the case may be, to return home a little earlier so that the missus can do her marketing sooner, and enable the shop assistants to arrive home before the first hour of Sunday morning. Trusting that all my unionist friends will co-operate with the above, I am, yours fraternally,

F. HERVE.

THE CHRISTIAN PIONEER.

Dear Sir,—I read with much interest the article on "The Christian Pioneer" in last week's *Commonweal*. Would it not be possible for members of the League, in conjunction with other Socialist societies, to organise a demonstration, say in Hyde Park, to protest in the name of the workers of London against granting of honours to such "Christian" freebooters as Stanley? No doubt there are many who would be willing to assist.—I am, yours very truly,

W. H. BROWN.

26, The Avenue, Brixton, S.W., March 31st, 1890.

The Napier (N.Z.) Branch of the Federated Wharf Labourers Union numbered 257 members on Feb. 1.

The Queensland Central Labourers' Union was formed at Saltern Creek 18 months ago. Last year 2,400 new members joined.

In Northern Mexico labourers get 37½ cents a-day. In Southern Mexico it is too hot to work more than from three to five hours, and 1 dollar is paid.

Fifty honorary members, and about 500 working members, had been enrolled up to the end of January in the newly-formed Thames (N.Z.) Branch of the Amalgamated Miners' Association of Australasia.

There is a row in the camp of the Adelaide Land Nationalists. They are broken up into two parties, the "Single-tax League" and the "Taxation Reform League," and from appearances they will run against each other at the coming elections.

Last half-year the Broken Hill Proprietary silver mine (N.S.W.) disbursed in dividends £368,000, besides spending nearly £43,000 in machinery, etc. The dividend has now been increased to £80,000 per month, and will shortly be raised still further. Wages remain about the same—starvation.

TOO LATE!

MOTHER, ah mother, hungry am I,
Give me bread or I must die!
Tarry a while, my little son,
To-morrow shall see the sowing done!

And after they had sown the corn,
Still the child cried out night and morn:
Mother, ah mother, hungry am I,
Give me bread or I must die!
Tarry a while, my little son,
To-morrow shall see the harvesting done!

And when they had harvested the corn,
Still the child cried out night and morn:
Mother, ah mother, hungry am I,
Give me bread, or I must die!
Tarry a while, my little son,
To-morrow shall see the thrashing done!

And after they had thrashed the corn,
Still the child cried out night and morn:
Mother, ah mother, hungry am I,
Give me bread or I must die!
Tarry a while, my little son,
To-morrow shall see the grinding done!

And after they had ground the corn,
Still the child cried out night and morn:
Mother, ah mother, hungry am I,
Give me bread or I must die!
Tarry a while, my little son,
To-morrow shall see the baking done!

And when they had done baking the bread,
There on the bier the child lay dead.

LAURA LAFARGUE.

AUSTRALIAN LABOUR FEDERATION.

THE first report of the council of the Australian Labour Federation, addressed to the members of the affiliated unions, shows a record of seven months of practical work. Recognising that it is only by means of organisation that Labour can win that standard of political and social recognition to which it is entitled, the council have used their energies mainly in that direction. The London dock-strike is referred to as having given an impetus to the work of union by showing how one body of workers can help another, and how hopeless it is for labour to expect to secure a fair share of the products of industry so long as the labourers remain so many units—every man fighting for his own hand. "We know," continues the report, "that hitherto labour has been only partially organised when organised at all, and that its operations towards amelioration have been sporadic; but there is some reason for believing that a new industrial era has dawned, and that the light thereof is growing." The General Labourers, the Brisbane Cordwainers, the Brisbane and Suburban Shop Assistants, the Early Closing Association, the Federated Wharf Labourers, and the Tramway and Butchers' Employes' Unions are reported as likely to shortly be represented on the council. On the other hand, the Coachmakers, and Saddle, Harness, and Collar-Makers' Unions have been dissolved, and the Ironmoulders and Tanners and Curriers' Unions have withdrawn. After referring briefly to the action taken by the council with regard to Immigration, State-aided Village Settlement, and the legislation of the Eight Hours' Day, the report goes on to state that up to the time of writing from 6,000 to 8,000 actual subscribers to the new labour paper had been secured, and an effort would be made to issue the first number on Brisbane's Labour Day (1st March). The success of delegates who visited the Central and Western districts for the purpose of attending the annual meetings of the Central Queensland Carriers', Central Queensland Labourers', and Queensland Shearers' Unions, with a view of inducing these organisations to adopt the principles of federation, is referred to; and the report speaks warmly of the kind feeling shown and brotherly sentiments expressed by the members of the Western unions. The prospect of "The Federation of Labour throughout Australasia" being accomplished is hopefully regarded. The balance-sheet up to 31st December, 1889, shows receipts amounting to £193 2s., and expenditure of £111 13s. 9d., leaving a credit balance of £81 8s. 3d. "The council feel convinced that the money entrusted to them has been laid out to the best possible advantage, and that they have placed it within the power of their successors, with the assistance of the affiliated unions, to get a fourfold return"; and they conclude with a hope—"that no effort will be spared on the part of the various societies to interest their members in Federation, and to lend all possible assistance in pursuing the grand work of organisation."

Someone having trumpeted as a discovery that the way to the millennium is through fewer hours and the consequent employment of more workers, the Sydney *Echo* oracularly states that "the employé would not consent to have his wages reduced by a sumptuary law while he is willing and able to earn more; the employer, on his part, will not pay eight hours' wages for four hours' work." Now, in a community where natural opportunities are free to all and old age is not looked forward to with dread, no man will desire to labour after his daily wants are satisfied, and no employer will have the power to compel him either directly or indirectly to do so.—Sydney *Bulletin*.

The carriers on the Adelaide side will have to take a lesson out of the Queensland book if they do not want to be crushed in detail. A movement having been started for the formation of a union, three of the firms engaged in carrying goods between Adelaide and Port Adelaide threatened their men with immediate discharge if the movement were persisted in. Some of the men were inclined to drop the movement on receiving higher wages and shorter hours, but promises of assistance having been received from the Trades and Labour Council and the Maritime Labour Council, they are likely to remain true. At present the pay is two guineas per week, the day's work ranging from ten to sixteen hours, and the men want £2 5s., or an increase of 3s. per week, and uniform hours, extra payment being given for overtime. One master, Mr. J. W. Bushnell, has agreed to pay union wages and to throw no obstacles in the way of men wishing to join the Union.

THE LABOUR STRUGGLE.

The Mauricewood Disaster.

Our friends will remember this disaster, which occurred last September, through a fire breaking out at the Mauricewood Colliery, Midlothian, when sixty-three miners were stifled to death by the smoke. The Commissioners have now given their decision, and Keir Hardie reviews it in an excellent article in the *Labour Tribune*. He points out that the Commissioners' report briefly summarised resolves itself into this: "1st, The fire originated in the return air way, but how it originated cannot be ascertained; 2nd, the smoke found its way into the intake air-way owing to a badly-constructed trap-door being partly open, owing also to the stoppings between the intake and return air-ways being badly constructed, and through a rhone or pipe used for conveying fresh air from the intake air-way to the engine-house; 3rd, there was no proper second outlet from the part of the mine in which the accident occurred; 4th, that had the level which was at one time actually begun and afterwards stopped, been driven between the Mauricewood and the 160-fathom working at the Greenlaw Pit been gone on with and completed, the accident would not have happened. Add to these the extraordinary fact that of 14,000 cubic feet of air per minute entering the mine, only 3,500 found its way to the face, and we have a set of circumstances which point to an amount of carelessness and contempt for the provisions of the Mines Act not easily paralleled. There is no getting over the fact, try as we may, that sixty-three men lost their lives because the provisions of the Mines Act and the very commonplaces of mine management had been recklessly disregarded. What are, then, the findings of the Commissioners? They can be summed up in four words—'No one is to blame.' Every attempt is made to whitewash black spots, palliate wrongdoing, and even misconstrue the Mines Act in favour of the delinquents. Instead of an attempt to fix responsibility in an impartial manner, their special pleadings are all those of a council for defence." Quite natural, for in this case, be it remembered, it is not possible to put the blame on the shoulders of the miners. They cannot be made responsible for a "badly-constructed trap-door," or for there being "no proper second outlet from the part of the mine in which the accident occurred." No; in this case it is the greed and the meanness of the owners that turned the mine into a death-trap; and the Commissioners naturally hesitate before condemning such respectable men. Instead of judging them, they defend them. The law which can punish a miner for striking matches to light his pipe is powerless against the mine-owner, who is equally reckless of the lives of the men. What, then, is the remedy? Not in more Acts of Parliament, through which capitalists can drive their coaches and six, but in the miners taking to heart the last few sentences of Keir Hardie's article: "In the last analysis we get to this conclusion, that were the miners of the kingdom organised and watchful over their own interests, they could do much to make such things as these impossible. Where men have not interest enough in themselves to combine for the protection of their own interests, they must not expect that either governments or commissioners can be intensely interested either in them or their welfare.

"Hereditary bondsmen learn to know
Who would be free, themselves must strike the blow."

End of the Liverpool Dock Strike.

The men and the masters met several times in conference during the past week, but no agreement was arrived at. The leaders therefore determined that the men should go to work for those masters who were willing to pay the union terms. Last Saturday a large number of the men entered the dock gates to work for the masters who were paying the union wages. Soon after work had commenced some 200 labourers went for some blacklegs who were working on a steamer, and completely scattered them, one blackleg being so anxious to get away that he jumped into the dock. The police came rushing up, to find the unionists had got the blacklegs down on the deck and were pummeling them without mercy. A smart skirmish followed between the police and the dockers, one of whom sent a big stone at the head of a police inspector. He was immediately arrested, and though his comrades did their utmost to rescue him, was dragged off to the police-court and sentenced to two months' imprisonment.

On Monday a terrible rumour was afloat at Bootle. It was said that the union men had commenced a general onslaught upon the blacklegs. Seventy policemen rushed down to the docks in a great hurry to rescue the poor dear blacklegs, to find when they arrived there that all was quiet.

On the same day Michael Davitt, who has been very active in negotiating, had an interview with the employers who had not yet yielded, and persuaded them to agree to a settlement, the chief points of which are as follows: That the dinner-hour be conceded, but if the men should have to work during it they are to have two hours pay, and that they are not to do more than nine hours night work unless they choose. On their side the men agree to give a week's notice in case of another strike.

Dock Strike at Plymouth.

Four hundred dockers came out last Saturday at Plymouth. They demand 7d. an hour for day labour, 9d. an hour for overtime, and 1s. an hour Sunday labour. The masters have agreed to these terms, but have refused to sign an agreement making the terms binding for twelve months. A steamer that arrived on Sunday evening had to be unloaded by clerks and dock officials; the labourers refused to work, and the sailors, who were trade-unionists, declined to be blacklegs. The employers have telegraphed to the ports from which their ships sail to prevent them coming to Plymouth, but the strikers have also telegraphed to all ports where there are branches of the Dockers' Union and asked them to boycott Plymouth vessels.

The strike ended on Monday by the labourers accepting the employers' offer, withdrawing their demand for a twelve months' agreement.

Great Strike in the Boot Trade.

After a long series of unavailing negotiations, the strike began on Saturday, when 10,000 men came out. The men demand that the masters should provide them with workshops. This step has been taken by the men because home-work leads to sweating. The masters have offered the workshops on condition that the men will submit all questions of wages to arbitration. This the men refused to do, as they think the masters might attempt to cut down wages upon the basis of evidence collected from the country districts. The men were joined by 1,700 Jewish workmen on Monday. Ninety-seven masters have given in out of 400. The rest of the masters held a meeting on

Monday night, at which they agreed to stick together. It is very doubtful, though, if they will do so, as according to most reports they are very disorganised, and the fact that so many have given in is proof that the surrender of the others is not far distant.

Livesey Breaks his Word.

Although Livesey agreed to give union men the preference for employment should any further vacancies occur at the time the strike was concluded, he has now deliberately gone back on his pledged word, and has had a notice posted outside the factory gates stating that no union men need apply. Of course this was what might be expected from the mean hypocrite who did his best to smash the union under a pretence of philanthropy; but I wonder if the capitalist press which attacked the dockers so bitterly for a pretended breach of faith will find equally strong terms of reprobation for Livesey's shameful treachery?

Shop Assistants' Union.

It was mentioned in the last report that the shop-assistants were agitated right through the country. As a proof of this, the assistants at Liverpool had a torchlight procession through the streets last week against the shopkeepers who would not close, with the result that when the police interfered a riot ensued, in the course of which one or two shop fronts of the sweating shopkeepers suffered severely in the way of broken glass. The whole work of the union in London has been concentrated on Hammersmith during the last few weeks, with the result that all the shopkeepers have given way in face of the boycott. One shopkeeper, a Mr. Retzbach, who keeps a pork and saveloy shop, kept open after 5 p.m. on Thursday Mar. 20, although he had promised to close, but on a threatening crowd gathering outside, he became alarmed for the safety of his windows and shut up hurriedly. The threatened prosecution has been abandoned, as the shopkeeper who threatened it, having shops in other parts of London, thought those might share the same fate if it was persisted in. Peckham will probably be the next point of attack, as a good branch has been established there, and the neighbourhood is a very late one.

Dublin Bricklayers' Labourers.

The bricklayers' labourers, who had been on strike for some time, resumed work on Monday March 24th, on the recommendation of Archbishop, pending the decision of the arbitrators. On March 23rd, the arbitrators, Michael Davitt, Alderman Moyer, and Archbishop Walsh, made the following award: That the rate of wages from the resumption of work till July 1st should be 16s. 6d. per week, and from July 1st the wages should be—Summer wages, March 1st to October 31st, 18s. per week; Winter wages, November to end of February, 16s. per week. As is usual in cases of arbitration, the men have gained very little; in fact, many of them will lose 1s. 6d. per week.

N.

At a general meeting of the Canterbury Trades and Labour Council, at Christchurch (N.Z.) on Saturday, Jan. 25, it was reported that 13 societies, with 1,456 members, were already affiliated to the Council, and other societies, with an aggregate membership of 1,650, were expected to join shortly, as they were in sympathy with it, and others are in process of formation and expected to join ultimately.

A meeting of the Auckland (N.Z.) Bakers' Union was held on Saturday, January 25, at which the working day was made ten hours, whereas the average hitherto has been from twelve to thirteen, and in some cases sixteen. For the first three hours after the working day, overtime is to be time and a-quarter, after that time and a-half. Delegates were appointed to the Trades and Labour Council.

We are prone to laugh at the superstitious devotions of pagans to their idols of wood and stone and the ignorance of African fetish worshippers, but the worst exhibition of pagan superstition does not fall much below the actions of some of the unthinking rank and file of our political parties. For blind profession of belief in something they have never attempted to analyse or understand, the average party machine-voter quite equals the devotees of Mumbo Jumbo. And except that the party processions are more orderly and less fatal than those of Juggernaut, they are but little to be preferred.—*Journal of the K. of L.*

Mrs. Astor of New York, at a recent wedding party, wore diamonds of the value of 800,000 dollars. Her earrings were valued at 50,000 dollars each. She wore a diamond chain of 500 stones valued at 1,000 dollars each. It may be well to add that 800,000 families suffered for the want of a dollar each to buy bread; that 300,000 families in Ireland are starving; that 800,000 men worked all that day for one dollar each; that 800,000 mothers were in deep distress for the need of a dollar each to help a poor sick child; that 1,600,000 little children were working all that day with weary brains and heavy hearts. And is this justice or equity? and did it represent her sacrifice, her earnings, her benefit to the world?—*Paterson Labour Standard.*

BERLIN LABOUR CONFERENCE.—The Conference has finished, and here, so far as they are known, are the results:—*Weekly rest*: 1. A Sunday holiday to be the general rule in all trades. 2. In trades where continuous work is inevitable, workers to have at least every second Sunday free. 3. Governments to arrive at an international understanding on the subject. *Work in mines*: 1. Underground work by women and by children under fourteen (twelve in southern countries) to be absolutely prohibited. 2. Working hours generally in dangerous mines to be shortened by such means as each country may think best. 3. Measures to be taken by the State to promote safety in mines, and to ensure compensation and relief from consequences of accidents. 4. Wages and output of coal to be regulated by voluntary agreement or arbitration between owners and workers on the British model. *Labour of women and young persons*: 1. Children under twelve to be excluded from "industrial work." 2. Between twelve and fourteen the period of "effective work" not to exceed six hours, with a minimum of one half-hour's rest; Sunday and night work prohibited. 3. Between fourteen and sixteen "effective work" not to exceed ten hours, with one and a half hours' rest; Sunday and night work prohibited. 4. Between sixteen and eighteen, a maximum working day to be fixed, with regulations as to work at night in dangerous industries. 5. For women above sixteen "effective work" not to exceed eleven hours per day, with one and a half hours' rest; Sunday and night work prohibited. These proposals, of course, do not go beyond recommendations, on which the various countries may or may not act. But most have been accepted by the delegates with only trifling reservations, and therefore Europe is in the main committed to an international programme on these lines.

THE SOCIALIST LEAGUE.

OFFICES: 24, GREAT QUEEN ST., LINCOLN'S INN FIELDS, W.C.

The Offices of the Socialist League will be open for the sale of *Commonweal* and all other Socialist publications from 8.30 a.m. to 9 p.m. every day except Sunday. The Secretary will be in attendance from 10 a.m. to 9 p.m. daily.

Branch Subscriptions Paid.—1888:—Oxford, to end of September.
1889:—Bradford and Hammersmith, to end of April. Norwich, Glasgow, and Yarmouth, to end of May. East London, to end of October. Mitcham, to end of November. St. Georges East, to end of December.
1890:—Manchester, to end of January. 'Commonweal' Branch, Leicester, and North London, to end of February. North Kensington, to end of April. Streatham, to end of December.

Cours Weavers Strike Fund.—Already acknowledged:—£4 1s. 4d. Received:—Jennie Glasier, 1s.; J. A. Morris, 5s.; A. T. Stevens, 6d.; H. R., 5s.; Wm. Thompson, £2; W. H. K., 6d.; and F. Pickles, 5s.

Propaganda Fund.—G. Beresford, £1.

Commune Celebration.—Hammersmith Branch, 4s. 2d.

Notice.—All letters on League business, except those intended for Editors of *Commonweal*, to be addressed to me. No other person is authorised to sign any official communication.
FRANK KITZ, Secretary.

NEW PREMISES FUND.

Collected at Council meeting, March 31st, 1s. 8d.

"COMMONWEAL" GUARANTEE FUND.

The following further sums have been received towards this fund:—C. Saunders, 2s.; H. R., 1s.; D. Nicoll, 6d.; B. W., 6d.; North London Branch, 3s.; Fraser, 6d.; Mrs. Schack, 6d.; Socialist Artist, 6d.; G. B. G., 6d.; and James Thomson, 6d.

REPORTS.

EAST LONDON.—A splendid meeting held in Victoria Park on Sunday afternoon; speakers were comrades Cores, Davis, and Hicks; 40 'Weal' sold and 1s. 1d. collected.—H. McK.

NORTH KENSINGTON.—Good meeting held at Latimer Road; speakers were Dean and Crouch; few 'Weals' sold. The Branch, in connection with Hammersmith, held a meeting in Hyde Park at 3 p.m.; we had a good audience; 12 *Commonweal* sold and 2s. collected. At our rooms in the evening, comrade Turner lectured to a good audience on "Co-operation" (The Socialist Co-operation Federation System); 2s. collected and several 'Weals' sold.

ABERDEEN.—At meeting on 24th, an article by Frederic Harrison on "The Eighteenth Century" was read and discussed. On the 30th we commenced our Sunday night meetings with a lecture by comrade Leatham, set down on the list as "The Only Thing that will do—By One of the Unemployed;" the hall was filled to suffocation, and the lecture, the discussion, and the singing were all voted unusually good.—L.

GLASGOW.—On Sunday we held our usual meetings at Jail Square and Paisley Road Toll, Glasier being the speaker in both instances; 'Weal' sold out.

LEEDS.—On Tuesday last comrade Morris lectured here at the Grand Assembly Rooms on "The Class Struggle"; the Rev. J. J. Bynner in the chair, and supported by two other rev. gentlemen. Morris was in good form, and was frequently applauded. Many questions asked. Good sale of our literature. On Sunday morning, at Vicar's Croft, a very good meeting was held, addressed by Corkwell, Paylor, Sweeney, Maguire, and others. Good sale of literature, and a collection made. In the afternoon, at the same place, another good meeting was held, speakers Roper and Sweeney; collection 3s.

YARMOUTH.—On Sunday morning, on Priory Plain, comrade Poyntz gave an address on "Where Trades-unionism Fails" to an attentive audience. In the evening, on Colman's Granary Quay, we held another meeting, comrades Brightwell and Poyntz speakers. 8d. collected, 15 *Commonweal* sold.—J. H.

DUBLIN.—On Sunday March 23rd, a general meeting of workmen was held, under the auspices of the Dublin Branch of the National Union of Gas-workers and General Labourers of Great Britain and Ireland, in the Theatre of the Mechanics Institute, Lower Abbey. Addresses were delivered by Mr. Cauty, Central Branch, comrades Graham, Shields, Hamilton, and others.

LIVERPOOL SOCIALIST SOCIETY.—We had three fine meetings on Sunday. In the morning the Christian Evidence Society lecturer opposed us. Comrades Reeves and Chapman replied. In the afternoon Edward Carpenter lectured at the Landing Stage to a good and attentive audience. In the evening he lectured in the Concert Hall, Lord Nelson Street, Cunningham Graham in the chair. The hall was well filled; several dock-labourers came, and were specially addressed by Graham. *Commonweal* and *Justice* sold out, together with 10s. worth of literature. Collections, £1 5s.

DUBLIN.—A monster labour meeting, numbering from eight to ten thousand, was held in the Phoenix Park, on Sunday March 30th, under the auspices of the National Union of Gas-workers and General Labourers. J. A. Poole, M.A., presided. The principal speaker was Dr. Aveling, London, who was well received, and whose exposition of Internationalism was very forcible. Shields, Hamilton, and Cauty also spoke. The following resolution was adopted: "That this mass meeting in Phoenix Park, Dublin, recognises the imperative necessity of the working class combining nationally and internationally in order to obtain the due share of the wealth it creates."

CHESTERFIELD DISCUSSION SOCIETY.—Some of the readers of the *Commonweal* may be interested to know that a little work has been going on here. Lectures have been given every Sunday evening since October 27. The following names of comrades who have lectured for us will show that the subject has not been neglected, although we have not confined ourselves to Socialism. Comrades Carpenter, Taylor, Girdlestone, Morris, Gorbitt, Thompson, Unwin, Headlam, Peacock, Proctor, Pengelly, and Cassels have all helped us with one or more lectures. Altogether, good work has been done in breaking down prejudice and spreading our gospel. Our audiences have averaged from fifty to a hundred, though once or twice both more and less have been present.—R. U.

FUNERAL OF COMRADE F. NEUMAN.

The funeral of comrade F. Neuman took place last Sunday at Manor Park Cemetery. The following clubs and societies were represented in the procession: Communist Club, 1st Section ditto, Autonomie Club, Gleichheit Club, Berner Street Club, Socialist League, and Clerkenwell Branch of S.D.F. The speeches at the grave were delivered by comrade Bettye in German, and in English by F. Kitz. After some singing by the united choir, we grouped our flags around the grave and gave three cheers for the Social Revolution. The only hitch in the proceedings was caused by the police, who tried to stop the flags being carried into the cemetery; things looked ugly for a moment, but the police had to give way. A young countryman in uniform also tried hard to create a disturbance after the funeral, but failed.

LECTURE DIARY.

LONDON.

Battersea.—All communications to E. Buteux, 45, Inwith Street, Battersea Park Road.

Commonweal Branch.—24 Great Queen Street, Holborn, W.C. Business meeting of members every Thursday evening at 8; Discussion Class at 9. Hall open every evening from 7 till 10. On Sunday evening, April 6, a Concert. Members are requested to turn up at business meeting on Thursday.

East London.—Comrades are requested to turn up on Sunday afternoon to sell literature at the demonstrations. All branch communications to be addressed to H. McKenzie, 12 Basing Place, Kingsland Road.

Hammersmith.—Kelmescott House, Upper Mall, W. Sunday April 6, at 8 p.m., a Lecture. French Class conducted by Mde. Desroches on Friday evenings at 7.30.

Mitcham.—"Lord Napier," Fair Green. Meets every Sunday at 12.30, to enroll members, etc.

North Kensington.—Clarendon Coffee Palace, Clarendon Road. Meets every Wednesday at 8 p.m. On Sunday April 6, at 8 p.m., a Social Evening, with Songs, etc.

North London.—6 Windmill Street, Tottenham Court Road. Meets every Wednesday evening at 8 o'clock.

Streatham.—Address secretary, R. Smith, 1 Natal Road, Streatham.

Whitechapel and St. Georges in the East.—Branch meetings at International Club, 40 Berner Street, Commercial Road. J. Turner, organising secretary.

PROVINCES.

Aberdeen.—Organiser, J. Leatham, 7 Jamaica Street. Branch meets in Odd-fellows' Small Hall, Crooked Lane, on Monday evenings at 8. Singing practice at 46 Marischal Street on Thursdays at 8 p.m.

Bradford.—Laycock's Temperance Hotel, Albion Court, Kirkgate. Meets every Tuesday at 7.30.

Glasgow.—Ram's Horn Hall, 122 Ingram Street. Branch meets on Thursday evenings at 8 o'clock and Sundays at 7 o'clock. Members in arrears are earnestly requested to pay the contributions at once.

Halifax.—Socialists meet every Sunday at 6.30 p.m. at Helliwell's Temperance Hotel, Northgate.

Leeds.—Clarendon Buildings, Victoria Road, School Close. Open every evening. Business meeting Saturdays at 8 p.m.

Leicester.—Exchange Buildings, Rutland Street. Branch meets on Monday and Thursday, at 8 p.m.

Manchester.—Socialist League Club, 60 Grovesnor Street, All Saints. Open every evening. Branch weekly meeting on Tuesdays at 8 p.m.

Norwich.—Sunday, at 8, Gordon Hall. Tuesday, at 8.30, Members' meeting. Thursday, at 8, Discussion Class. Saturday, Social Meeting. Hall open every evening from 8 p.m.

Oxford.—Temperance Hall, 25½ Pembroke Street. First Friday in every month, at 8.30 p.m.

Walsall.—Socialist Club, 18 Goodall Street, Walsall. Meetings every night.

Yarmouth.—Branch meets at comrade Headley's, near Co-operative Stores, every Tuesday evening. Elocution Class Friday at 8 p.m. C. W. Mowbray (of London) will address three meetings here on Easter Sunday.

OPEN-AIR PROPAGANDA.

SATURDAY 5.

7 Hyde Park Nicoll and Cantwell
8.30..... Mile-end Waste.....The Branch

SUNDAY 6.

11 Latimer Road StationNorth Kensington Branch
11.30.... Hammersmith BridgeHammersmith Branch
11.30..... Kilburn—"Old Plough," Kilburn LaneMainwaring
11.30..... Mitcham—Fair GreenKitz
11.30..... Regent's ParkNicoll
3.30..... Hyde Park—Marble Arch.....North Kensington Branch
3.30..... Victoria ParkEast London Branch
7 Weltje Road, Ravenscourt ParkHammersmith Branch
7.30..... Walham Green—back of ChurchHammersmith Branch
8 Streatham FountainKitz

TUESDAY 8.

8 Walham Green—back of ChurchHammersmith Branch

THURSDAY 10.

8.15..... Hoxton ChurchKitz and Davis

PROVINCES.

Glasgow.—Sunday: Jail Square at 2 o'clock; Paisley Road at 5 o'clock. Tuesday: Cathedral Square, at 8 p.m.

Leeds.—Sunday: Hunslet Moor, at 11 a.m.; Vicar's Croft, at 7 p.m.

Liverpool.—Landing-stage, Sundays at 11.30.

Manchester.—Sunday: Philips Park Gates, at 11; Stevenson Square, at 3.

Norwich.—Sunday: St. Faiths, at 11; Market Place, at 3.

Sheffield.—Sunday: Monolith, Fargate, at 11.30 a.m.; Burngreave Road, near Vestry Offices, at 3 p.m.; Pump, West Bar, at 8 p.m.

Yarmouth.—Sunday: Priory Plain, at 11; Colman's Granary Quay, at 7.

MEMBERS and friends are asked to turn up at Regent's Park next Sunday, as the authorities are attacking the right of free speech.

CLUB AUTONOMIE, 6 Windmill Street, Tottenham Court Road, W.—Sunday April 6, at 8.30, George Stevens, "Anarchism v. Communism."

CHELSEA S.D.F., Co-operative Lecture Hall, 312 Kings Road, Chelsea.—Sunday April 6, at 8 p.m., E. S. O'Dell, "Mr. Bradlaugh's Objections to an Eight Hours Bill."

NEW MANHOOD SUFFRAGE LEAGUE, "Three Doves," Berwick St., Soho, W.—Sunday April 6, at 8.30 p.m., George R. Cox, "Felicitous Facts and Figures for Co-operators." Business meeting at 7.30.

SHEFFIELD.—At Hallamshire Hall, Westbar, on Sunday April 6, J. Sketchley, 11 a.m., "Labour Organisations"; at 6.30, "Why I am a Socialist."

NOTTINGHAM SOCIALIST CLUB.—All communications to be addressed to the Secretary, A. Clifton, 11 Hawksworth Street, Clarence Street.

EDINBURGH—SCOTTISH SOCIALIST FEDERATION.—Sunday April 6, R. Dempster will speak in Meadows at 2.30, and in Moulders' Hall, High Street, at 6.30. On Tuesday April 8, at 35 George IV. Bridge, at 8 p.m., Gilray will criticise one of the Fabian essays; discussion.

LIVERPOOL SOCIALIST SOCIETY, 1 Stanley Street, Dale Street.—Meets every Tuesday at 8 p.m.

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STATEMENT OF PRINCIPLES.

THE Socialist League advocates International Revolutionary Socialism. That is to say the destruction of the present class society, which consists of one class who live by owning property and therefore *need not work*, and of another that has no property and therefore *must work* in order that they may live to keep the idlers by their labour. Revolutionary Socialism insists that this system of society, which is the modern form of slavery, should be changed to a system of Society which would give every man an opportunity of doing useful work, and not allow any man to live without so doing, which work could not be useful unless it were done for the whole body of workers instead of for do-nothing individuals. The result of this would be that livelihood would not be precarious nor labour burdensome. Labour would be employed in co-operation, and the struggle of man with man for bare subsistence would be supplanted by harmonious combination for the production of common wealth and the exchange of mutual services without the waste of labour or material.

Every man's needs would be satisfied from this common stock, but no man would be allowed to own anything which he could not use, and which consequently he must *abuse* by employing it as an instrument for forcing others to labour for him unpaid. Thus the land, the capital, machinery, and means of transit would cease to be private property, since they can only be *used* by the combination of labour to produce wealth.

Thus men would be *free* because they would no longer be dependent on idle property-owners for subsistence; thus they would be *brothers*, for the cause of strife, the struggle for subsistence at other people's expense, would have come to an end. Thus they would be *equal*, for if all men were doing useful work no man's labour could be dispensed with. Thus the motto of Liberty, Fraternity, and Equality, which is but an empty boast in a society that upholds the monopoly of the means of production, would at last be realised.

This Revolutionary Socialism must be International. The change which would put an end to the struggle between man and man, would destroy it also between nation and nation. One harmonious system of federation throughout the whole of civilisation would take the place of the old destructive rivalries. There would be no great centres breeding race hatred and commercial jealousy, but people would manage their own affairs in communities not too large to prevent all citizens from taking a part in the administration necessary for the conduct of life, so that party politics would come to an end.

Thus, while we abide by the old motto

Liberty, Fraternity, Equality,

we say that the existence of private property destroys Equality, and therefore under it there can be neither Liberty nor Fraternity.

We add to the first motto then this other one—

FROM EACH ACCORDING TO HIS CAPACITY, TO EACH ACCORDING TO HIS NEEDS.

When this is realised there will be a genuine Society; until it is realised, Society is nothing but a band of robbers. We must add that this change can only be brought about by combination amongst the workers themselves, and must embrace the whole of Society. The new life cannot be *given* to the workers by a class higher than they, but must be *taken* by them by means of the abolition of classes and the reorganisation of Society.

COUNCIL OF THE SOCIALIST LEAGUE.

NOTICE.

Subscribers who find a *red wrapper* round paper are thereby reminded that their subscriptions have expired and must be renewed immediately if they wish to continue to receive *Commonweal*.

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THE COMMONWEAL

The Official Journal of the SOCIALIST LEAGUE.

VOL. 6.—No. 222.

SATURDAY, APRIL 12, 1890.

WEEKLY; ONE PENNY.

NEWS FROM NOWHERE:

OR, AN EPOCH OF REST.

BEING SOME CHAPTERS FROM A UTOPIAN ROMANCE.

CHAP. XI.—CONCERNING GOVERNMENT.

“Now,” said I, “I have come to the point of asking questions which I suppose will be dry for you to answer and difficult for you to explain; but I have foreseen for some time past that I must ask them, will I ’nill I. What kind of a government have you? Has republicanism finally triumphed? or have you come to a mere dictatorship, which some persons in the nineteenth century used to prophesy as the ultimate outcome of democracy? Indeed, this last question does not seem so very unreasonable, since you have turned your Parliament House into a dung-market. Or where do you house your present Parliament?”

The old man answered my smile with a hearty laugh, and said: “Well, well, dung is not the worst kind of corruption; fertility may come of that, whereas mere dearth came from the other kind, of which those walls once held the great supporters. Now, dear guest, let me tell you that our present parliament would be hard to house in one place, because the whole people is our parliament.”

“I don’t understand,” said I.

“No, I suppose not,” said he. “I must now shock you by telling you that we have no longer anything which you, a native of another planet, would call a government.”

“I am not so much shocked as you might think,” said I, “as I know something about governments. But tell me how do you manage, and how have you come to this state of things.”

Said he: “It is true that we have to make some arrangements about our affairs, concerning which you can ask presently; and it is also true that everybody does not always agree with the details of these arrangements; but, further, it is true that a man no more needs an elaborate system of government, with its army, navy, and police, to force him to give way to the will of the majority of his equals, than he wants a similar machinery to make him understand that his head and a stone wall cannot occupy the same space at the same moment. Do you want further explanation?”

“Well, yes, I do,” quoth I.

Old Hammond settled himself in his chair with a look of enjoyment which rather alarmed me, and made me dread a scientific disquisition: so I sighed and abided. He said:

“I suppose you know pretty well what the process of government was in the bad old times?”

“I am supposed to know,” said I.

(Hammond) What was the government of those days? Was it really the Parliament or any part of it?

(I) No.

(H.) Was not the Parliament on the one side a kind of watch-committee sitting to see that the interests of the Upper Classes took no hurt; and on the other side a sort of blind to delude the people into supposing that they had some share in the management of their own affairs?

(I) History seems to show us this.

(H.) To what extent did the people manage their own affairs?

(I) I judge from what I have heard that sometimes they forced the Parliament to make a law to legalise some alteration which had already taken place.

(H.) Anything else?

(I) I think not. As I am informed, if the people made any attempt to deal with the cause of their grievances the law stepped in and said, this is sedition, revolt, or what not, and slew or tortured the ringleaders of such attempts.

(H.) If Parliament was not the government then, nor the people either, what was the government?

(I) Can you tell me?

(H.) I think we shall not be far wrong if we say that government was the Law-Courts, backed up by the executive, which handled the brute force that the deluded people allowed them to use for their own purposes; I mean the army, navy, and police.

(I) Reasonable men must needs think you are right.

(H.) Now as to those Law-Courts. Were they places of fair dealing according to the ideas of the day? Had a poor man a good chance of defending his property and person in them?

(I) It is a commonplace that even rich men looked upon a law-suit as a dire misfortune, even if they gained the case; and as for a poor one—why, it was considered a miracle of justice and beneficence if a poor man who had once got into the clutches of the law escaped prison or utter ruin.

(H.) It seems, then, my son, that the government by law-courts and police, which was the real government of the nineteenth century, was not a great success even to the people of that day, living under a class system which proclaimed inequality and poverty as the law of God and the bond which held the world together.

(I) So it seems, indeed.

(H.) And now that all this is changed, and the “rights of property,” which mean the clenching the fist on a piece of goods and crying out to the neighbours, You shan’t have this!—now that all this has disappeared, so utterly that it is no longer possible even to jest upon its absurdity, is such a Government possible?

(I) It is impossible.

(H.) Yes, happily. But for what other purpose than the protection of the rich from the poor, the strong from the weak, did this Government exist?

(I) I have heard that it was said that their office was to defend their own citizens against attack from other countries.

(H.) It was said; but was anyone expected to believe this? For instance, did the English Government defend the English citizen against the French?

(I) So it was said.

(H.) Then if the French had invaded England and conquered it, they would not have allowed the English workmen to live well?

(I, laughing) As far as I can make out, the English masters of the English workmen saw to that: they took from their workmen as much of their livelihood as they dared, because they wanted it for themselves.

(H.) But if the French had conquered, would they not have taken more still from the English workmen?

(I) I do not think so; for in that case the English workmen would have died of starvation; and then the French conquest would have ruined the French, just as if the English horses and cattle had died of underfeeding. So that after all, the English workmen would have been no worse off for the conquest: their French masters could have got no more from them than their English masters did.

(H.) This is true; and we may admit that the pretensions of the government to defend the poor (*i.e.*, the useful) people against other countries come to nothing. But that is but natural; for we have seen already that it was the function of government to protect the rich against the poor. But did not the government defend its rich men against other nations?

(I) I do not remember to have heard that the rich needed defence; because it is said that even when two nations were at war, the rich men of each nation gambled with each other pretty much as usual, and even sold each other weapons wherewith to kill their own countrymen.

(H.) In short, it comes to this, that whereas the so-called government of protection of property by means of the law-courts meant destruction of wealth, this defence of the citizens of one country against those of another country by means of war or the threat of war meant pretty much the same thing.

(I) I cannot deny it.

(H.) Therefore the government really existed for the destruction of wealth?

(I) So it seems. And yet—

(H.) Yet what?

(I) There were many rich people in those times.

(H.) You see the consequences of that fact?

(I) I think I do. But tell me out what they were.

(H.) If the government habitually destroyed wealth, the country must have been poor?

(I) Yes, certainly.

(H.) Yet amidst this poverty the persons for the sake of whom the government existed insisted on being rich whatever might happen?

(I) So it was.

(H.) What *must* happen if in a poor country some people insist on being rich at the expense of the others?

(I) Unutterable poverty for the others. All this misery, then, was caused by the destructive government of which we have been speaking?

(H.) Nay, it would be incorrect to say so. The government itself was but the necessary result of the careless, aimless tyranny of the times; it was but the machinery of tyranny. Now tyranny has come to an end, and we no longer need such machinery; we could not possibly use it since we are free. Therefore in your sense of the word we have no government. Do you understand this now?

(I) Yes, I do. But I will ask you some more questions as to how you as free men manage your affairs.

(H.) With all my heart. Ask away.

WILLIAM MORRIS.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

(This Story began in No. 209, January 11, 1890. Sets of Back Numbers can still be had.)

PRIMITIVE COMMUNISM.¹

I.

"THE man who first enclosed a piece of land and said, *this is mine*, and found people simple enough to believe him, was the real founder of civil society," runs the much discussed phrase of the *Discours sur l'inégalité*. Rousseau, therefore, supposes that formerly land was held in common; Hobbes, who, in England and France has exerted so powerful an influence on the formation of modern ideas had previously made the same supposition.

"Nature hath given to each of us an equal right to all things," says Hobbes in *De Cive*. "In a state of nature every man has a right to do and to take whatsoever he pleases, whence the common saying that Nature has given all things to all men, and whence it follows that in a state of nature utility is the rule of right."

This quotation will show Mr. Huxley that Rousseau cannot be charged with having reintroduced into Europe the "State of Nature" of the Greek stoics, whose philosophical doctrine was a protest against the social condition of the age.

The primitive communism of Hobbes and Rousseau was a mental conviction which, probably, they could not have based on any fact duly established. Mr. Huxley, who is not to be put off with mental convictions, exclaims: "The confident assertions that the land was originally held in common by the whole nation are singularly ill-founded." And with equal confidence he asserts that: "Land was held as private or several property, and not as the property of the public or general body of the nation."

Let us see which of the two, the "ignorant" Rousseau or the learned Professor, is in the right; and, in order to that, we must address ourselves to the men who have been in contact with savages and barbarians.

Mr. Huxley, doubtless, has in his library the *De Bello Gallico*. Let him open it at Book VI. § 22, and he will read: "No German possesses enclosed fields of any extent, but the magistrates and the chief distribute the fields to the clans and families who live in common, and the year following compel them to go and settle elsewhere." One of the objects of this custom was "to uphold in the people the sense of equality, since every man sees his resources equal to those of the most powerful." It follows that amongst the Germans known to Cæsar the land was the common property of the entire nation. Elphinstone observed among the Afghan tribes, whom he had to combat, the same mode of possession of the land by the nation at large, and its periodical distribution among the clans and families composing the nation.² Wherever one has been able to go back to the origin, one has met with common property in land.

Morgan in his last and remarkable work on *The Houses and House Life of the American Aborigines* (1881), has collected a large number of examples of this primitive communism. He reproduces the following curious passage by the celebrated Moravian missionary, Heckewelder, who lived with the Indians from 1771 to 1786, and understood their languages:—"The Indians think that the Great Spirit has made the earth, and all that it contains, for the common good of mankind; when he stocked the country and gave them plenty of game, it was not for the good of a few, but of all. Everything is given in common to the sons of men. Whatever liveth on the land, whatever groweth out of the earth, and all that is in the rivers and waters, was given jointly to all, and every one is entitled to his share. Hospitality with them is not a virtue, but a strict duty. . . . They would lie down on an empty stomach rather than have it laid to their charge that they had neglected their duty by not satisfying the wants of the stranger, the sick or the needy . . . because they have a common right to be helped out of the common stock; for if the meat they have been served with was taken from the wood, it was common to all before the hunter took it: if corn and vegetables, it had grown out of the common ground, yet not by the power of man, but by that of the Great Spirit."

G. Catlin who during eight years journeyed among the savage tribes of North America, relates that "every man, woman, or child in Indian

communities is allowed to enter any one's lodge, and even that of the chief of the nation, and eat when they are hungry. . . . Even so can the poorest and most worthless drop of the nation, if he is too lazy to supply himself or to hunt, he can walk into any lodge, and every one will share with him as long as there is anything to eat. He, however, who thus begs when he is able to hunt pays dear for his meat, for he is stigmatized with the disgraceful epithet of poltroon or beggar." These communistic practices, which were once general, were maintained in Lacedæmonia long after the Spartans had issued out of barbarism.

Morgan, who has specially studied the customs of the Iroquois, among whom he dwelt, tells us that they cultivated their fields in common and divided the crops, the game, and fish among the families of the clans. Frequently the division was made per every female head; but the provisions were only, so to speak, given them in keeping, for they were always at the disposal of the community.

The facts collected and related by Cæsar, Elphinstone and Morgan, whose intelligence and powers of observation nobody will think of disputing, confirm the supposition of Rousseau and of Hobbes, which Professor Huxley ridicules in so superior a way. The land has been held in common by the familiar clans of savage nations, and each and all had a right to the provisions, as long as they lasted, procured by the common labour of all the clans.

II.

The primitive communism of the land and its produce established perfect social and political equality among all the members of a nation. The war-chief, on returning to his village loses his power: "he is obeyed by no children save his own," says Volney, and the authority possessed by the magistrate is a purely moral one; chiefs and magistrates were elected by universal suffrage. The woman frequently took a part in the vote, and in deliberations of the council. "The Germans," says Tacitus, "attributed a sacred and prophetic character to them—*sanctum aliquid et providum*." But it was in the distribution of the food at meals that this equality manifested itself. The men and women ate apart. Every Iroquois received from the kettle his portion in a wooden bowl, and as there were neither chairs nor tables in their *long houses*, he ate his food where he pleased. The women and children took their meals after the men. The *syssities*, the common repasts of Greece, are simply a reproduction of those of the Iroquois described by Morgan.

Heraclides of Pontus, the disciple of Plato, has preserved for us a description of the communistic repasts of Creta, where the primitive manners prevailed during a long period of time. At the *andreies* (repasts of men) every adult citizen received an equal share, except the *Archon*, member of the council of the ancients (*geronia*), who received a fourfold portion—one in his quality of simple citizen, another in that of president of the table, and two additional portions for the care of the hall and furniture. All the tables were under the supervision of a matriarch, who distributed the food and ostensibly set aside the choicest bits for the men who had distinguished themselves in the council or on the battlefield. Strangers were served first, even before the archon. A vessel with wine and water was handed round from guest to guest; at the end of the repast it was replenished. Heraclides mentions common repasts of the men only, but Hoeck assumes that in the Dorian cities there were also repasts of women and children. Our knowledge of the constant separation of the sexes among savages and barbarians renders probable the assumption of the learned historian of Creta. Plutarch informs us that at these common repasts no one person was considered as superior to the other, wherefore he styles them aristocratic assemblies (*sunedria aristokratika*). The persons who sat down at the same table were probably members of the same family. In Sparta the members of a *syssitia* were formed into corresponding military divisions, and fought together. Savages and barbarians, accustomed at all times to act in common, in battle always range themselves according to families, clans and tribes.

It was of such imperative necessity that every member of the clan should get his share of the aliments, that in the Greek language the word *moira*, which signifies the portion of a guest at a repast, came to signify Destiny, the supreme Goddess to whom men and gods are alike submitted and who deals out to everyone his portion of existence, just as the matriarch of the Cretan *syssitia* apportioned to each guest his share of food. It should be remarked that in Greek mythology Destiny is personified by women—*Moira*, *Aissa*, and the *Keres*—and that their names signify the portion to which each person is entitled in the division of victuals or spoils.

Primitive Communism, when all men have equal shares, so profoundly implants the sentiment of equality in the breast of the savage, that he cannot conceive that a member of his tribe should be better treated than himself in any way. Darwin relates that having given to a Fuegian savage a woollen blanket, whose qualities he appeared to appreciate, he was surprised to see him tear up the same into strips of equal length and breadth and distribute them to his comrades. The Fuegian was no doubt prompted to this action, which appeared absurd, by a desire to satisfy his own and his companions' sentiment of equality.

In any case, men proceeded after an analogous fashion when they first divided the land. The savage, not knowing how to measure surfaces, divided the fields into narrow strips of equal length and breadth [the agrarian measure of the primitive Romans, the *actus simplex*, was 120 feet long by 4 wide]. The most difficult part of the operation, on account of the irregularities of the ground, consisted in obtaining a straight line, limiting these strips of land of rectangular shape. The straight line alone could satisfy him, and so powerfully was he impressed thereby that the straight line ultimately became the symbol of what was Just; in the same way that the

¹ Condensed from an article entitled "*Rousseau et l'Égalité* réponse au Professeur Huxley" in the *Nouvelle Revue* of March 15, and there signed *Fergus*.

² *Mountstuart Elphinstone*. An Account of the Kingdom of Caubul. 1837. Vol. II., pp. 14 to 22.

matriarch who distributed the portions at the Greek syssities came to personify Destiny. In the European languages, and probably in the languages of all the peoples who have arrived at collective and private property, one and the same word serves to designate what is in a straight line and what is Just—Right.

It was an inspiration of genius that led Rousseau to declare "the first man who, having enclosed a piece of ground, bethought him of saying, *this is mine*, was the real founder of civil society." Rare, indeed, are the thinkers whose piercing insight has enabled them to penetrate so far into the obscure past.

Men lived in society prior to the constitution of property; but it is from the time of the division of the common lands into familiar or collective, and subsequently into, private, property, that customs were consolidated and converted into civil laws. The Greek genius made of Demeter, the antique goddess of the Earth, the goddess of Agriculture and Law. As the earliest division of land occurred amongst the men not yet differentiated by social inequalities, they must have been presided over by a perfect spirit of equality; and this spirit recurs in the primitive customs and savage and barbarous laws regulating these divisions. Hence when Aristotle sought for the origin of the political constitution, he found it in Equality. "The city," he says, "is simply an association of beings who are equal and seek in common a happy and easy life. The state being an association of equal beings . . . it is just that the share of power and obedience allotted to each be perfectly equal; it is precisely this that the law secures." (*Politics*. Book IV. ch. vii. § 2; and Book III. ch. xi. §§ 2 & 3; French edition, St. Hilaire, 1848.) The legists of the Antonine era proclaimed this equality in the origin of societies when they formulated their judicial axiom: *Omnes homines natura equales sunt.*¹ (Nature hath made all men equal.)

It is only in the course of historic development that the association of equals introduced into their community artisans, slaves and serfs, and that the equals began to differ from one another in consequence, first, of the inequality of their possessions; and afterwards, of the inequality of their political rights and duties.

The inequality which Professor Huxley proclaims an absolute principle is a phenomenon of the development of history, and susceptible, therefore, of evolution in one sense or the other; certain economic conditions, such as slavery, magnify it, others tend to lessen it. In our society the hazards of speculation, and of industrial and commercial competition, overthrow the most solid fortunes and level all social positions. Voltaire, who had been impressed by this characteristic feature of modern society, wrote humorously: "People have exaggerated social inequality. Everybody, at the bottom of his heart, is justified in considering himself as the equal of other men: it does not follow that the cook of a Cardinal may order his master to cook his dinner for him. The cook may say: 'I am as good a man as my master, and like him came into the world crying; we both of us perform the same animal functions. If the Turks take Rome, and if I turn cardinal, and my master becomes a cook, I will take him into my service.' The whole of this speech is just and reasonable, but as long as the Great Turk has not got hold of Rome, the cook must do his duty, or all human society is perverted." Commercial failures and stock exchange swindlings take the place of the Great Turk.

The tendency to equality is one of the forces in the evolution of modern society; it has already imposed universal suffrage—one of the Professor's bugbears—which establishes political equality in law, if not in fact. Economical equality will follow in good time.

Mr. Huxley charges Rousseau with ignorance. It is true that this son of a clockmaker, with but scant means of acquiring knowledge in the course of a sickly, needy, and chequered existence, was often enough constrained to make up for his want of knowledge by the imaginative and inductive power of his genius. But what shall we say of the learned professor, who, with every means of instruction, and with ample leisure at his command, treats with such confident assurance of the manners and customs of primitive societies, only just beginning to be studied in Rousseau's time, and who would seem to ignore the works of Morgan and Bachofen?

PAUL LAFARGUE.

STRIKE OF CARPENTERS AT CHICAGO.—Between five and six thousand carpenters of Chicago are out on strike. They demand an eight hours day, and forty cents. (1s. 8d.) per hour. The present rate of pay is thirty-five cents an hour, and they work ten hours a day. Building operations are practically suspended throughout the city.

REVOLUTIONARY PREACHING.—It is quite time that all the struggling nationalities should clearly understand that freemen have no sympathy with men who do nothing but howl and shriek in their fetters. Liberty is a serious game to be played out, as the Greek told the Persian, with knives and hatchets, and not with drawled epigrams and soft petitions. We may prate among us of moral courage and moral force, but we have also physical courage and physical force kept ready for use.—*Times*.

A ONE-SIDED GAME.—A Man with a Shot-gun said to a Bird: "It is all nonsense, you know, about shooting being a cruel sport. I put my skill against your cunning—that is all there is of it. It is a fair game." "True," said the Bird, "but I don't wish to play." "Why not?" enquired the Man with a Shot-gun. "The game," the Bird replied, "is fair, as you say; the chances are about even; but consider the stake. I am in it for you, but what is there in it for me?" Not being prepared with an answer to the question, the Man with a Shot-gun sagaciously removed the propounder. There is a moral in this somewhere when you come to think of it.

¹ The Spartans possessing full rights of citizenship were called *oi omoioi*—the equals. All those who had lost their lands and could not contribute towards the expenses of the syssities, were deprived of their rights and were classed, like the artisans, among the *upomeiones*—the inferiors. The *omoi* were the ruling class, and filled all public offices with the exception of the Ephorality.

DON QUIXOTE.

(By EUGENE POTTIER. Translated by LAURA LAFARGUE.)

MEETING a chain of galley-slaves,
Spain's hero, that all danger braves,
Don Quixote brandisheth his spear!
Sancho Panza quakes with fear!
The mad don makes the guards to flee
And sets the shackled prisoners free.
"Sir Knight," quoth Sancho, "spare your pains,
And leave the galley-slave his chains!"

"Brother Sancho, my duty I do,
This labourer is a convict too,
For battered tools the workers be,
Handled by a vile salary;
Flung by their bowel-less master, gold,
To the lumber-heap when broken and old."
"Sir Knight," quoth Sancho, "spare your pains,
And leave the galley-slave his chains!"

"Sancho, set free and save I must
This boy-convict from college-dust,
This duncie on musty learning fed
That pedants cram into his head,
Whose mind, with ne'er a free out-look,
Is but an ink-stained copy-book."
"Sir Knight," quoth Sancho, "spare your pains,
And leave the galley-slave his chains!"

"Ho! from the barracks come thou forth,
Thou soldier-slave of little worth!
A cartridge-box thou hast for brains,
A blunderbuss for conscience reigns.
Thou to a cannibal's trade art sold,
And art cast in a bullet-mould!"
"Sir Knight," quoth Sancho, "spare your pains,
And leave the galley-slave his chains!"

"Thou convict of the sacristy,
Throw off the cowl that stifles thee!
The cloister-walls in thee have bred
The mildew of a faith long dead,
Despite the war that sick Rome wages
For the scrofulous Middle Ages."
"Sir Knight," quoth Sancho, "spare your pains,
And leave the galley-slave his chains!"

"Arise, unhappy woman, thou,
Peerless Dulcinea, that, laid low,
Dost languish in the giants' hands
And miscreant enchanters' bands!
The law that wrongs thee, heeds thee not,
Follow thy heart and choose thy lot."
"Sir Knight," quoth Sancho, "spare your pains,
And leave the galley-slave his chains!"

O flower of chivalry!
Then said I in my reverie,
Confront these giants dire,
Despite thy caitiff squire;
For till thy sword shall set us free,
And end this human tragedy,
Will Sancho say: "Best spare your pains,
And leave the galley-slave his chains!"

If fools went not to market bad wares would not be sold.
He that kills himself with working must be buried under the gallows.
The Michigan Labour Bureau shows that Detroit furniture-workers don't average 1 dollar a-day.

New York bricklayers have agreed to work the nine-hour day, and the pay will be 4 dols. 50 cents.

The *Bible Echo*, a pious paper, and the freethought *Liberator* are both printed at rat offices in Melbourne. Extremes meet.

Hundreds of miners in the Lackawanna Valley (Pa.) didn't make 8 dollars in February. One man was paid 2 cents for the month.

You may fool all the people part of the time, part of the people all of the time, but you can't fool all of the people all of the time.—*Lincoln*.

The labour question resolves itself into this: Shall the efforts of mankind be directed to the amassing of fortunes, or to the building up of true manhood and womanhood?—*Knights of Labour Journal*.

At Deepwater (Mo.) a reduction from 1 dollar to 75 cents for first-class coal per ton has been forced upon the miners. For second-class they receive only 25 cents per ton. Things are almost at starvation point, and there are crowds of idle men.

The shearers' strike on Meteor Downs, Queensland, is not settled (Feb. 15) the manager refusing to pay union rates to the labourers. The shearers' labourers and permanent station hands have gone out to a man, and are camped nine miles from Springsure.

Those Southern Congressmen who cannot endure to sit at table with a coloured man are not at all to be endorsed on the grounds of reason or of Christianity, and yet candour compels one to admit that the North is not at all in a position to cast stones at them upon the subject.—*Boston Herald*.

A Charters Tower paper says that "every sane man must know that the distinction between *Radical* and *Republican* is very wide." Not so wide, after all; the former includes the latter. A Republican is not necessarily a Radical, but a true Radical is of necessity a Republican, if he be not a Socialist.—*Sydney Bulletin*.

The New York shirt-makers on strike have joined hands with the cloak-makers also on strike, and will now fight for shorter hours and more pay together. Seven of the largest shirt contractors have conceded the terms of the men, and the smaller ones are expected to follow suit. The pants-makers are also making a demand for ten hours a-day and the privilege of forming a union.



OFFICES: 24 GREAT QUEEN STREET, LONDON, W.C.

HAVE YOU NOT HEARD HOW IT HAS GONE WITH MANY A CAUSE BEFORE NOW? FIRST, FEW MEN HEED IT; NEXT, MOST MEN CONTEMN IT; LASTLY, ALL MEN ACCEPT IT—AND THE CAUSE IS WON

THE COMMONWEAL is the official organ of the Socialist League; but, unless definitely so announced by the Editors, no article is to be taken as expressing in more than a general way the views of the League as a body.

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SOCIALIST ARTIST.—Thanks for note and enclosure. We are always glad to have sketches, etc., but if for reproduction in the paper, they must be in strong line and as nearly as may be in outline.

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ENGLAND	CHICAGO (ILL)—VORBOTE	SWITZERLAND
Brotherhood	Detroit—Der Arme Teufel	Arbeiterstimme
Freedom	Cincinnati (O.) Volks-Anwalt	ITALY
Labour Elector	Philadelphia—United Labour	Milan—Il Fascio Operaio
Seafaring	Paterson Labour Standard	Rome—L'Emancipazione
Unity	S. F. Coast Seamen's Journal	SPAIN
Worker's Friend	San Francisco Arbeiter Zeitung	Madrid—El Socialista
NEW SOUTH WALES	Pacific Union	Barcelona—El Productor
Sydney—Bulletin	Los Angeles—Cal. Nationalist	GERMANY
Hamilton—Radical	FRANCE	Berlin—Volks Tribune
INDIA	Paris—La Revolte	AUSTRIA
Bankipore—Behar Herald	Paris—Bourse du Travail	Brunn—Arbeiterstimme
UNITED STATES	Le Proletariat	Vienna—Arbeiter-Zeitung
New York—Der Sozialist	Charloville—L'Emancipation	DENMARK
New York—Truthseeker	Lille—Le Cri du Travailleur	Copenhagen—Arbejderen
Freiheit	Rouen—Le Salarist	Social-Demokraten
Twentieth Century	HOLLAND	SWEDEN
United Irishman	Hague—Recht voor Allen	Stockholm, Social-Demokraten
Volkszeitung	Anarchist	WEST INDIES
Workmen's Advocate	BELGIUM	Cuba—El Productor
Boston—Woman's Journal	Antwerp—De Werker	
Investigator	Ghent—Vooruit	
Nationalist	La Societe Nouvelle	

NOTES ON NEWS.

I SUPPOSE it is natural that after each wretched little by-election there should be a howl of triumph from one of the political parties, and of rage from the other, together with all kinds of arguments and explanations as to the meaning or non-meaning of the victory or defeat.

The Tzar has "fallen ill" it seems; four or five times over has the report been "confirmed" and "contradicted," so there must be something in it. Does it mean that another attempt at executing him has nearly succeeded? Or is it only the rage and fear and worry caused by all the troubles that he sees rising round him or threatening in the near future?

Not that they were really "patriotic" or Jingo, but they hated despotism so much that they hailed with joy the chance of bringing the "Colossus of the North" to his knees. Was it not their chance of bringing about the destruction of that great stronghold of tyranny, that storehouse of reaction, the Russian Empire.

Nor would there be now; yet, if war against Russia were to break out, the warm hopes of all of us would go on the side of her enemy. For who knows how many prison doors some shattering reverse of her arms might not open? even, it may be, giving a chance for a Siberian revolt, that would for ever end the myriad horrors of that hell upon earth.

But it looks now as though the rising would not wait for war, but would begin right off. If it does, there will be little chance of giving aid from outside. But one thing can and will be done, if any other government were to go to the aid of the Russian in repelling the arisen people, it would have to be attacked at home, and given enough to do to occupy its attention for the time being.

An artist friend writes to us as follows:

"The Royal Academy was instituted to enable very poor artists to expose their pictures for sale, and so bring their name and works before the public, by that means doing away with the cruel blackmail of the picture dealer. Now it is an aristocratic Tory club. A poor artist could sooner get through the eye of the proverbial needle than into it. Give us poor artists a word of hope and you will gain many hundreds of believers, as each studio is a little world in itself."

We do not quite see how the Royal Academy can be other than it is under present conditions. Bourgeois society moulds everything after its own image, and what is the Academy or art itself that they should escape? The only word of hope we have for artists is the same that we have for any one else.

All the same, it is not easy to refrain from damning the Academy up hill and down dale for the worst collection of snobs, flunkeys, and self-seekers that the world has yet seen. The way in which they shut out men of any independence until they are either strong enough to force their way in or weak enough to become "respectable," should make young or poor artists see that there is nothing to be hoped from these monopolists except for those who toady them.

Is there going to be a protest made in the name of English labour against the glorification of "the Christian pioneer," as suggested by a writer in our last issue? Where is the Metropolitan Radical Federation? Will they take it up? All the Radicals and Socialists of London would turn out against the representative of the worst form of "imperial" piracy, and the Irish would join to a man against the English policy of grab which is behind him.

Murder at Knutsford! dreadful murder! Dreadful enough this time, certainly; only it has been committed practically by the British nation, and therefore does not shock the moral sense of comfortable easy-going people, who think, probably, that it does not much matter to them, since they are never likely to come into the clutches of the Judge and the Home Secretary. But to those who have learned to feel the burden of collective responsibility, these legal murders are far worse than any of those homicides caused by passion or misery, which our lawyer-rulers put side by side with the calculated commercial slayings of such men as Palmer. The peculiar baseness of Matthew's "compromise" in this case is in fact swallowed up by the shame which a person, not absolutely stupified by the cowardly convention of a "society" founded on wrong-doing, feels at such murders as those authorised by law at Knutsford and Worcester. The only immediate practical remedy for such horrors is that the juries should in such cases return no more than a verdict of manslaughter.

THE TACTICS OF ANTI-SOCIALISTS.

THE lectures on Socialism which Professor Flint delivered some years ago in Edinburgh, and which were made the subject of a few critical remarks in these columns at the time, are being published in *Good Words*. The opening paper, which appears in the March number, deals with the definition of Socialism and is a rather puzzling production.

Although it is admitted by the author in his first paragraph that there are some good and true elements in Socialism, the definition he gives a few lines further on does not help us to see what these are. He defines Socialism as "any theory of social organisation which sacrifices the legitimate liberty of individuals to the will and interests of the community"! What he understands by this is made but little clearer by his statement, that he uses the word "Socialism" to denote only social doctrines or proposals which he thinks he may safely undertake to prove require such a sacrifice of the individual to society as society is not entitled to exact. His definition, he cordially but rather unnecessarily remarks, will not commend itself to Socialists. A definition to satisfy both Socialists and their opponents he even deems it unreasonable to ask for, since "the whole controversy has for end to determine whether the relevant facts—the doctrines, proposals, and practices of what avows itself to be and is generally called Socialism—warrant its being defined as something essentially good or as something essentially bad," and since "the adherents and the opponents of Socialism must necessarily define it in contrary ways."

But is that which he mentions, as having to be attained by means of the controversy, in its nature a definition? Is it not rather a judgment as to the morality and expediency of Socialism! And therefore, should not this judgment, or "definition"—to use the word in the Flintian sense—find its proper place at the end of the articles, rather than at the beginning?

What is required at the outset of such a discussion is agreement as to what "the doctrines, proposals, and practices" are. And what these are can be easily ascertained from the writings and teachings of those who are recognised by Socialists as the exponents of their views. This information obtained, the arguments for and against the acceptance of them have then to be considered. It is, of course, convenient for our opponents to urge that among Socialists the differences of opinion are so great as to make it almost impossible to discover the principles they hold in common. There are, it is true, several schools of Socialism; but the differences between them, when closely examined, are found to be of no great importance. As a matter of fact, all Socialists are agreed on the main points, which are precisely those which anti-Socialists need concern themselves with. Every one of us—from the extremest Anarchist to the mildest Social-Democrat—condemn, for instance, rent, interest, and profit as iniquitous; we condemn the present competitive system as wasteful of human life and happiness; and we of course maintain that it is possible, were people to set their minds to it, to establish a social system which, while giving every individual his true and legitimate freedom, would obviate the evils of competition, prevent the present enormous waste of labour-force, and result in the equitable distribution of wealth, thereby giving us the material conditions of a full and happy life for everyone.

Let Professor Flint, then, consider the essential points of Socialism; and, since he is an anti-Socialist, let him take especial care to defend—which he did not attempt to do in his lectures—on both ethical and economical grounds, the confiscation by some men of the products of other men's labour under the name of rent, interest, and profit. This is at least one thing he must do, if he wishes to make out his case against Socialism and to avoid the appearance of desiring to evade the real issues.

By going out of the way to give, contrary to all the laws of logic, a perfectly arbitrary and quite unjustifiable definition of the term Socialism, one which cannot but tend to bring the doctrines we teach into disrepute, and rouse prejudice against them among the unthinking readers of his articles, Professor Flint sorely tempts us to regard him as an opponent lacking fairness and honourableness. Conscious that he is giving us good reason for displeasure and complaint, he endeavours to justify the course he takes, but, by virtue of his paltry and untenable excuses, unfortunately succeeds only in aggravating his offence. He begs us to observe carefully that he uses the word Socialism in a peculiar sense, and that he does not intend to reason from his "definition" as if it were absolutely true. He entitles his articles *Socialism*. May we ask whether he means to discourse on the anti-social doctrines which he chooses to regard as Socialism, or on the doctrines of "what avows itself to be and is generally called Socialism"? If the former, how can he possibly prevent ordinary mortals mistaking them for the latter? And if the latter, of what use is his "definition"? To determine, he gravely says, whether any Socialistic system ("so-called," he cautiously adds) is Socialistic or not. Ostensibly a harmless use, but in view of the purely subjective origin of the "definition," really a ludicrously improper one. The funny thing is, that if we ever succeed in converting Professor Flint—he still persisting in his method, which in spite of its pretensions is a most unscientific one, to say the least of it—he will inform us that we are not and never have been Socialists at all.

To conclude, however. Taken all in all, the learned Professor's article is quite a curiosity of anti-Socialist literature, and a wonderful product of the mysterious workings of the theological mind.

J. HALDANE SMITH.

Ill-gotten goods seldom prosper; or, as another puts it, There is no clear gain but in honest getting.

THE ORDER OF THE GALLOWS.

At the beginning of the Christian era, the common method of executing criminals and malefactors was by crucifixion. The cross was to the Romans and the Jews of that time what the gallows is to the Christians of the nineteenth century, the instrument for carrying out the sternest decrees of the law; a symbol of infamy and shame. Crucifixion of a malefactor was supposed to cover his name for ever with ignominy. After the crucifixion of the reformer Jesus, his followers underwent dreadful persecutions. They were hunted like wild beasts from one country to another, forced to take refuge in caves, in mountain fastnesses, anywhere to escape their blood-thirsty tormentors. Partly to aid them in identifying one another, but chiefly from adoration of their prophet and master—the founder of their sect—the Christians made small crosses of wood, of bronze, of stone, any material that was found available for the purpose, and hang them about their necks. They made larger crosses and set them up in their secret meeting-places, and gathered together there, and worshipped Jehovah and him who had died to fulfil the law. As the centuries wore on, the cross became a mighty and potent emblem. Millions of people worshipped under its shade the being, now become a god, whose pure life and infamous death had glorified it. Long and dreadful wars were waged in its name, and in the name of the great reformer. To-day three hundred million people recognise in this emblem the grandest and holiest symbol in the world.

Three short years since, four other reformers were put to death by the State, their only crime a passionate hatred of injustice and an absorbing love for humanity. The Golgotha of this modern execution was Chicago, accused now for evermore. The instrument of death a gallows, used in this day of the Christian's Lord to strangle murderers. They died as did the martyrs of old, heroically, triumphantly, crying out their warnings of the wrath to come, pleading for the right of speech, shouting their devotion to their principles. The Cause for which they died grows and gathers volume with amazing swiftness. A few short years since its adherents were few in number. They suffered and still suffer persecution and ignominy. Soon it will number its devotees by the hundreds of thousands, and then by millions. Those who have been derided and maligned will be exalted. In a few years the gallows as an instrument of death will be known no more. That it may not be forgotten, or remembered only with shame and humiliation, let us preserve it as a memento of our time of travail and suffering. Coming millions of Socialists will require an emblem to perpetuate the memory of November 11, 1887. What emblem can be suggested more in keeping with the circumstances than the gallows? Let us then make gallows of available substances, and wear them upon our persons in commemoration of the murder of our martyrs. Not in a spirit of worship or adoration—those who come after us will require no gods—but as a badge of our fealty to the principles for which they died. Some of us here in Chicago have already taken the initiation, and wear as badges a miniature gallows with a noose hanging from the cross-beam. Comrades all over the world should do likewise. Let us wear these badges openly, so that the wearers may be known of men. Let them serve as an emblem of our devotion, and to bind us together more closely. Let those who wear this emblem be known to the world as a new Brotherhood—the Order of the Gallows.

WM. HOLMES.

Chicago, U.S.A.

FREE SPEECH IN REGENT'S PARK.

The park authorities have begun a very insidious attack on free speech in this park. During the last year they have gradually enclosed a large portion of the ground which up till now has been used for open-air meetings, on the pretext that the meetings prevent the grass from growing. The meetings are now restricted to a very small piece of land, where it is impossible they can be carried on properly; or else we can have a larger piece of ground which is a swamp the greater part of the year. Steps have recently been taken to resist these encroachments. Robert Harding has spoken on this enclosed land, and has been fined 5s. at the Marylebone Police-court. Pearson (Freedom Group) spoke there last Sunday, and had his name and address taken. A conference will shortly be held by members of the various bodies interested in the maintenance of free speech in this park. Members and friends are specially asked to turn up next Sunday.

A nod from a lord is a breakfast for a fool.

The pleasures of the mighty are the tears of the poor.

Who draws the sword against his prince must throw away the scabbard.

A man may lose his goods for want of demanding them.—Ray.—And also his rights.

"What is gotten over the devil's back is spent under his belly," i.e., what is got by extortion or oppression is lost by riot and luxury.

Dr. Johnson's improviso translation of a distich made on the Duke of Modena's running away from the comet in 1742 or '43—

"If at your coming princes disappear,
Comets, come every day—and stay a year!"

"If thou be hungry, I am angry, let us go fight. The belly hath no ears. "And," says Ray, "nothing makes the vulgar more untractable, fierce, and seditious than scarcity and hunger. There is some reason the belly should have no ears, words will not fill it."

"By a newly-invented machine," says the *Portland Argus*, "now in operation in the new mill at Manchester, N.H., one girl is able to sew on three thousand buttons a-day." And yet we'll wager that she doesn't get any higher pay for three thousand buttons than she used to get for three hundred. There's the whole labour problem in a nut-shell. Civilisation enormously multiplies the productive power of labour, but, somehow or other, the benefit of the increased production does not go to labour.—*Boston Globe*.

Mr. Howells, in his new novel, "A Hazard of New Fortunes," which is full of radical utterances on the social question, forcibly says: "Not the most gifted man that ever lived in the practice of any art or science and paid at the highest rate that exceptional genius could justly demand from those who have worked for their money, could ever earn a million dollars. It is the landlord and the merchant princes, the railroad kings and the coal barons (the oppressors, whom you instinctively give the titles of tyrants)—it is these that make the millions; but no man earns them." Mr. Howells is wrong in his concluding phrase. Somebody does earn them. The working men and women of the country, many of whom exist in the most abject poverty and lack the bare necessities of life, they earn the millions which the millionaires steal from them.—*Journal of United Labour*.

THE LABOUR STRUGGLE.

The Strike in the Boot Trade.

Despite the statements of the masters, who have not hesitated at what some rude people call "barefaced lying," there can be no question that they are already practically beaten. Every first-class firm has already given in, and it is only the sweating Jewish firms that are now resisting. Those who know these people, and how very truthful they are when a question of "bishness" is concerned, will be able to appreciate at their full value the various "statements" which have appeared on their behalf in the capitalist press. These sweaters have gone in for some cunning ruses. Although good business men, they are not remarkable for "backbone," being slippery and eel-like in their nature. They have sent work to Ipswich, but the union has stopped that little game by sending certain instructions to the local branch of the union. Another enterprising person sent work out in biscuit tins, but the pickets were on the alert and sent it back again. So their cunning has not met with its usual success.

On Thursday April 3rd the men marched in a huge procession from the East to the West End, through Ludgate Hill and Fleet Street, completely blocking the traffic in these crowded thoroughfares. The procession was accompanied by a brass band, and several large banners were carried by the strikers, bearing these inscriptions—"Down with Sweating," "Boot-finishers' Strike, 1890—We want the abolition of the Sweater," "United we stand, divided we fall." Other banners bore the names of the Lasters and Boot-finishers societies. Afterwards a large and enthusiastic meeting was held in Hyde Park, at which a resolution was carried pledging the men to remain out till the masters had conceded their demands.

About 2,000 members of the union received strike pay last Saturday; 700 of the Jewish workmen were paid on Friday. A ways and means committee has been formed to relieve non-union strikers. It is expected that the rest of the masters will give in soon after the holidays, as the busiest season in the boot trade is between Easter and Whitsuntide.

The demonstration on Sunday was a grand success. The procession was nearly a mile long. It was announced at the meeting that 192 masters had given way. A resolution was passed pledging the men to continue the struggle, and appealing to the public for sympathy and financial support.

What is "a Narrow Margin of Profit"?

Some little time ago, when Mr. Bradlaugh denounced Cunninghame Graham as a dangerous person in the House of Commons, he made some pathetic references to "the narrow margin of profit" of the poor capitalist, and he specially enquired what would become of the wretched people who had invested their money in Lancashire cotton factories if Mr. Graham succeeded in his attempts to make an eight hour labour day the law of the land. Owing to competition from India, Mr. Bradlaugh pointed out that the narrow margin of profit is narrower still in their case, and such an innovation would land them in hopeless bankruptcy. A correspondent of the *Labour Tribune* furnishes us with some figures concerning this "narrow margin" which makes Mr. Bradlaugh's pathos rather amusing. Here they are; they represent the dividends of some of the chief firms in Lancashire:

The Crawford Co., Rochdale,	10 per cent. dividend.
" Arkwright Co., Rochdale,	15 " "
" Thornham Co., Royton,	10½ " "
" Central Mill, Oldham,	10 " "
" Star Co., Royton,	10 " "
" Shaw Co.,	8½ " "
" United Co., Oldham,	10 " "
" Gladstone Co., Failsworth,	10 " "

Here is a picture of misery to wring the heart of the stern Individualist, who can gaze unmoved on the sufferings of sweated workmen and starving outcasts, for he reflects that their misery is all their own fault, because they are lacking in "backbone." Why didn't they all start as popular "Freethought" orators, get into the House of Commons, and aspire to a seat on the Treasury Bench? Then if they made themselves generally useful as defenders of the rights of property, rich Liberal M.P.'s would send round the hat for them, so that they might continue their laudable exertions on behalf of the poor capitalist with his "narrow margin of profit." But if the unfortunate shareholders of the Lancashire cotton mills are to be pitied as reeling upon the verge of bankruptcy with a paltry 10 or 15 per cent. in their pockets, and as this is the narrowest of narrow margins, we should like to know what is Mr. Bradlaugh's notion of a "narrow margin"; 40 or 50 per cent.? If this is the case, we do not think that the Eight Hours Labour Day will send them all to the workhouse. And if it did so, we think we could bear it. Besides, it might have a good effect upon them; they would have a chance then, like Mark Tapley, of "coming out strong"—with a "backbone"!

The Lock-out of Bargemen and Brickmakers.

The masters still continue the lock-out, though there is intense suffering among the brickmakers. The strike has now lasted four weeks, and with every week the distress increases; hundreds of families have been deprived of their only means of subsistence through the cruelty of the masters. On Friday, April 5, a large demonstration was held, in which, probably for the first time in Kent, women took a prominent part. Several hundred women linked arm in arm, marched in procession in their holiday dress; the rest of the processionists, who were 5,000 strong, being bargemen and brickmakers, who were on terms of complete friendship despite the attempts of the masters to set the brickmakers against the bargemen by locking them out. A resolution was passed at the meeting that followed in favour of settling the dispute by arbitration.

Durham Miners.

The men are not satisfied with the 5 per cent. advance, and a large meeting has been held at Houghton-le-Spring, when nearly thirty collieries, employing 40,000 men, were represented, at which a resolution was unanimously passed demanding a further advance of 25 per cent. A resolution was also carried condemning the sanitary condition of many of the Durham mining villages and demanding better house accommodation. The sanitary condition of Durham mining villages is shameful. The men are forced to live in cottages which are as unhealthy and overcrowded as are many of the slums in our great towns. As many of these dens belong to mine-owners, a strike for better house accommodation would not be a bad move.

LITERARY NOTES.

'AN HONEST DOLLAR.' By E. Benjamin Andrews, president of Brown University. American Economic Association, November 1889. 50 pp. (vol. iv. No. 6. Baltimore: Guggenheimer, Weil, and Co.)

THE rising portent in the ranks of the learned for a couple of decades back has been the surprising strength and activity developed by the new shrine of Minerva in the Maryland metropolis. Its present horrible tongue-twisting and jaw-breaking appellation makes it caviare to the general, but it will doubtless eventually blossom into the sweet and sonorous style of "University of Baltimore." The earnest seeker after wisdom cares little for names, and many of the best brains of England, Germany, and France have already sought the banks of Chesapeake Bay for patronage and opportunity to develop their faculties. The ancient jogging Greco-Latin grinding-mills look on with dismay at the rise of this young rival. All knowledge is the field of Baltimore, and from its midst issues some of the best theses of modern research in social as well as natural science. This pamphlet of Mr. Andrews' is one of a valuable series, and is a good sample of the thoroughness in fashion at Baltimore. Not that the conclusions of the author are of any great value to the thoroughpaced social reformer. Far from it. It would be too much to expect a college president in these days of distorted shams to grasp the utter rottenness of our social foundation. But he honestly, if blindly, delves in the vast mazes of that important but misunderstood feature of the social problem, the Money Question. In his fifty pages he has gathered more important information than could often be gleaned from a whole library. The author struggles to find some universal scheme for keeping a stable unit of value, setting out with that proposition which every tyro appreciates, that a rise in value robs the creditor, while a fall robs the debtor. Mr. Andrews starts out with the proviso that "were money merely a medium of exchange, something to be spoken into being for each act of traffic and then annihilated, permanence in its worth could be dispensed with." He fails to see that this gives away the whole case. True money must always be worthless in itself. If it is given a value, its possessor has power of his fellow man, for such fictitious value is only kept up by the use of force. Hence come the power of the usurer, the profit-monger, and the rack-renting landlord. Mr. Andrews is at the head of the modern starched and iron-out Baptists' seat of learning. The proletarian predecessors of his sect, the Anabaptists of the sixteenth century, who stood against the rights of "property" in human labour from one end of Europe to the other, could teach our modern professor lessons in social truth.

HINTS TO HELPERS.

Of course you buy the *Weal* yourself, and pay for it; but you can also occasionally buy two copies and give one to a friend, or leave it in some public place.

If you get it from a newsagent, you can ask him to show it in his window or to display a contents-bill outside his shop.

You can have six sample copies sent post free to six different people for 7d., or three consecutive numbers to the same address for 4d.

You can ask your friends if they have seen it, and talk of what it contains.

You can send a copy for review to your local paper and in many other ways try to increase its publicity.

Above all, read it and get others to do so.

MEN have fought and prayed
As with one breath: their energies they've spent
In brutalising wars, where hellish strife
Could prompt each man to seek a brother's life.
Called civilised! far better had ye been
Like beasts that perish; then ye would have lived
And roved in harmony through wood and glen;
Nor would ye for the future then have grieved:
Or had ye fought, it would have been for food,
And not for creeds ye never understood.—*Prize Poem.*

Need hath no law.

They that are bound must obey.

If everyone mend one, all shall be mended.

As good play for nought as work for nought.

"Trade is the mother of money," says the merchant,—but Labour is its begetter.

Patience with poverty is all a poor man's remedy; but another says, Patience is a medicine for a mad dog.

Although we have nominally got rid of child sacrifice, children are as regularly and as ruthlessly sacrificed to Mammon as they were in the heathen past. Under our industrial system they have to pass through the fire to Moloch now as formerly.—*Journal of the Knights of Labour.*

Cours Weavers Strike Fund.—Already acknowledged:—£6 18s. 4d. D'Arcy W. Reeve, £10.

COURS FUND.—Comrade William Thompson, in sending his subscription, wrote as follows: I wish to subscribe to the English fund for the blanket-weavers' (Cours) strike, because I think it is so very important that workers in different countries should unite and make common cause. In one way it almost seems as if, in such matters, he gives twice who sends to another country. Of course, that theory might be carried too far; but I do think that it matters that these poor people at Cours, for instance, should know that it is not only their near neighbours, but also some foreigners, whom they know nothing of, who sympathise with them, and that they should feel that in fighting their own battle they are fighting the battle of workers everywhere.

To Help the Paper.—There are several ways in which you can help to spread the *Weal*. Ask your newsagent to try and sell it. Get those who don't care to buy it week by week to subscribe direct. Arrange for the posting of contents bills anywhere you can. Any number of other plans will suggest themselves if you think about it.

THE SOCIALIST LEAGUE.

OFFICES: 24, GREAT QUEEN ST., LINCOLN'S INN FIELDS, W.C.

The Offices of the Socialist League will be open for the sale of *Commonweal* and all other Socialist publications from 8.30 a.m. to 9 p.m. every day except Sunday. The Secretary will be in attendance from 10 a.m. to 9 p.m. daily.

Branch Subscriptions Paid.—1888:—Oxford, to end of September.

1889:—Bradford and Hammersmith, to end of April. Norwich, Glasgow, and Yarmouth, to end of May. East London, to end of October. Mitcham, to end of November. St. Georges East, to end of December. 1890:—Manchester, to end of January. 'Commonweal' Branch, Leicester, and North London, to end of February. North Kensington, to end of April. Streatham, to end of December.

Propaganda Committee.—The Propaganda Committee meets on Tuesday, April 15, at 8.30 p.m. Special meeting; important business; all members of the League interested in the propaganda invited to attend.

Notice.—All letters on League business, except those intended for Editors of *Commonweal*, to be addressed to me. No other person is authorised to sign any official communication. FRANK KITZ, Secretary.

REPORTS.

EAST LONDON.—We held no meeting in Victoria Park owing to the demonstrations, but comrades turned up well to push literature, of which a considerable quantity was sold, including 30 *Weals*, 12 *Freedoms*, and 36 pamphlets.—McK.

NORTH KENSINGTON.—We held a good meeting at Latimer Road; speakers were Crouch, R. J. Lyne, and Mrs. Edwards; 12 *Weals* sold. In Hyde Park at 3.30, we also had a good meeting; speakers were R. J. Lyne, Crouch, Saint, and Davis; 2s. 11d. collected, and 29 *Weals* sold. We held a social evening at 8 p.m. in our rooms, Tochatiti in the chair; Crouch gave us "The Landlord's Prayer," followed by songs, assisted by members of the Hammersmith choir; R. J. Lyne gave a short speech on the work of the branch in the neighbourhood, followed by other songs and short speeches from Coulon (of Paris), Saint, and Maughan, altogether we spent a very enjoyable evening; 11 *Commonweal* sold, and 4s. 1½d. collected.

ABERDEEN.—At meeting on 6th comrade U. Cooper (Woodside) lectured on "Wasted Energy" to a still larger audience than the one of last week. A lively discussion was carried on at close of lecture.—L.

GLASGOW.—On Sunday, Joe Burgoyne and Glasier addressed a meeting on Jail Square, quite a number of the audience expressing their intention of becoming members of the League. At 5 o'clock, Tim Burgoyne addressed a good audience at Paisley Road Toll. In the evening a business meeting was held, when the branch resolved to contribute 5s. weekly to the support of *Commonweal*.

LEEDS.—On Sunday morning a good meeting held at Vicars Croft, addressed by Paylor and Samuels. In the afternoon another good meeting held, when Samuels debated Socialism with a Mr. Crewe. The discussion was lively and amusing. *Commonweal* sold out.

MANCHESTER.—We have held some good outdoor meetings here of late. On Monday 31st March Edward Carpenter lectured at the Club on "The present and Future Society." Meetings were held on Sunday at Philips Park and Stevenson Square—speakers Stockton, Barton, and W. K. Hall of Salford. In the evening, at the Club, W. K. Hall spoke on "Politics for Working Men." A good discussion followed; 2s. 9d. collected.

NORWICH.—Easter Sunday comrades Mowbray (London) and Darley addressed a large meeting in the afternoon. In the evening, a good open-air meeting held, when Mowbray took for his subject "Socialism v. Christianity." Large sale of *Commonweal*; good collections at both meetings. Monday morning Mowbray spoke at a large meeting convened by the local trade society of riveters and finishers, in support of the strike in London. A call for our comrade was made by the audience, notwithstanding the fact that the chairman, a so-called local Radical, Mr. Burgess, did not make any response to the call, but very coolly left the chair, followed by the society's leading lights, and leaving the platform to our comrade, who received an enthusiastic greeting and was given an attentive hearing.

YARMOUTH.—On Easter Sunday, in the morning, a large demonstration on Priory Plain, addressed by C. W. Mowbray (of London) on "Socialism v. Strikes." Mowbray was assisted by C. Kitchen of Hammersmith Branch S. L. A kind Christian lady asked Mowbray "why he didn't go to church?" and said it was people like Mowbray who were causing the discontent and strikes in the country. In the evening, on Colman's Granary Quay, comrade Kitchen addressed an attentive and large audience on "Socialism v. Class Monopoly." He was listened to with marked attention. Comrade Ruffold also spoke. On Monday, in the afternoon in the Market Place, the meeting was opened by Ruffold, followed by Mowbray with an address on "Socialism v. Political Action." 4s. 1d. collected; all the *Commonweal* sold, and good sale of literature.—J. H.

EDINBURGH—SCOTTISH SOCIALIST FEDERATION.—Dempster of Alyth lectured to good audiences in the Meadows and in the Hall on "Socialism." He dealt with the land question, and palliative measures generally. In the hall, many questions were asked and answered, and a lively discussion ensued.

EDINBURGH—SCOTTISH SOCIALIST FEDERATION.—Discussion of Fabian Essays Tuesday at 8 p.m., at 35 George IV. Bridge.

NOTTINGHAM SOCIALIST CLUB.—All communications to be addressed to the Secretary, A. Clifton, 11 Hawksworth Street, Clarence Street.

CHelsea S.D.F., Co-operative Lecture Hall, 312 Kings Road, Chelsea.—Sunday April 13, at 8 p.m., G. Clifton, "Socialism and the Individual."

CLUB AUTOŌNOMIE, 6 Windmill Street, Tottenham Court Road, W.—Sunday April 13, at 8.30, Tom Pearson, "Communism v. Individualism."

St. CLEMENT'S CLUB, 84 Ironmonger Row, E.C.—M. W. F. Crowther (G.S.M.), "Clap-trap and its Influence." Sunday 13th, at 8.45.

NEW MANHOOD SUFFRAGE LEAGUE, "Three Doves," Berwick St., Soho, W.—Sunday April 13, at 7 p.m., Open-air meeting, Broad Street; 8 p.m., Committee meeting; 8.30, Address by J. D. Bouran, "Co-operation."

LIVERPOOL SOCIALIST SOCIETY.—On Sunday, April 13, William Morris will deliver two lectures in the Rodney Hall—subjects: 3 o'clock, "Development of Modern Society"; 7 o'clock, "The Social Outlook."

YARMOUTH.—Suitable premises have now been secured for the Socialist League Club at 56 Row, Market Place. Amongst its attractions will be a library, reading, boxing, and refreshment rooms. Friends who can assist, either with furniture, fittings, books, or funds, are earnestly invited to do so. The club is open every evening for members. *Commonweal* and Socialist League literature on sale.

INTERNATIONAL OR REVOLUTIONARY SOCIALISM.—As the study of Socialism from a revolutionary or international standpoint is absolutely necessary, it is intended by several friends to form a branch of the League. I have therefore to ask all those who are willing to join in forming such branch, and who are willing to help in propagating the principles of true Socialism, to communicate with me as early as possible.—J. SKETCHLEY, 165 Gibraltar Street, Sheffield.

LECTURE DIARY.

LONDON.

Battersea.—All communications to E. Buteux, 45, Inwith Street, Battersea Park Road.

Commonweal Branch.—24 Great Queen Street, Holborn, W.C. Business meeting of members every Thursday evening at 8; Discussion Class at 9. Hall open every evening from 7 till 10. Sunday April 13, at 8 p.m., Hubert Bland, "How the Money Goes."

East London.—All branch communications to be addressed to H. McKenzie, 12 Basing Place, Kingsland Road.

Hammersmith.—Kelmescott House, Upper Mall, W. Sunday April 13, at 8 p.m., a Lecture. French Class conducted by Mde. Desroches on Friday evenings at 7.30.

Mitcham.—"Lord Napier," Fair Green. Meets every Sunday at 12.30, to enroll members, etc.

North Kensington.—Clarendon Coffee Palace, Clarendon Road. Meets every Wednesday at 8 p.m. On Sunday April 13, at 8 p.m., a Discussion.

North London.—6 Windmill Street, Tottenham Court Road. Meets every Wednesday evening at 8 o'clock.

Streatham.—Address secretary, R. Smith, 1 Natal Road, Streatham.

Whitechapel and St. Georges in the East.—Branch meetings at International Club, 40 Berner Street, Commercial Road. J. Turner, organising secretary.

PROVINCES.

Aberdeen.—Organiser, J. Leatham, 7 Jamaica Street. Branch meets in Hall, 9 Harriet Street, on Sunday evenings at 6.30. Singing practice, etc., in Odd-fellows' Small Hall, Crooked Lane, Mondays at 8 p.m.

Bradford.—Laycock's Temperance Hotel, Albion Court, Kirkgate. Meets every Tuesday at 7.30.

Glasgow.—Ram's Horn Hall, 122 Ingram Street. Branch meets on Thursday evenings at 8 o'clock and Sundays at 7 o'clock. Members in arrears are earnestly requested to pay the contributions at once.

Halifax.—Socialists meet every Sunday at 6.30 p.m. at Helliwell's Temperance Hotel, Northgate.

Leeds.—Clarendon Buildings, Victoria Road, School Close. Open every evening. Business meeting Saturdays at 8 p.m.

Leicester.—Exchange Buildings, Rutland Street. Branch meets on Monday and Thursday, at 8 p.m.

Manchester.—Socialist League Club, 60 Grovesnor Street, All Saints. Open every evening. The Quarterly Meeting of the Branch will be held at the Club on Monday 14th inst., at 8 p.m. prompt. All members requested to attend.

Norwich.—Sunday, at 8, Gordon Hall. Tuesday, at 8.30, Members' meeting. Thursday, at 8, Discussion Class. Saturday, Social Meeting. Hall open every evening from 8 p.m.

Oxford.—Temperance Hall, 25½ Pembroke Street. First Friday in every month, at 8.30 p.m.

Walsall.—Socialist Club, 18 Goodall Street, Walsall. Meetings every night.

Yarmouth.—Socialist League Club, 56 Row, Market Place. Open every evening. Business Meeting Tuesdays at 8 p.m. Elocution Class Friday at 8.30 p.m. Discussion Class Sunday 3 p.m.

All persons who sympathise with the views of the Socialist League are earnestly invited to communicate with the above addresses, and if possible to help us in preparing for the birth of a true society, based on equality, brotherhood, and freedom for all.

OPEN-AIR PROPAGANDA.

SATURDAY 12.

7 Hyde Park Nicoll and Cantwell
8.30..... Mile-end Waste..... The Branch

SUNDAY 13.

11 Latimer Road Station North Kensington Branch
11.30... .. Hammersmith Bridge Hammersmith Branch
11.30..... Kilburn—"Old Plough," Kilburn Lane Mainwaring
11.30..... Mitcham—Fair Green Kitz
11.30..... Regent's Park Nicoll
3.30..... Hyde Park—Marble Arch..... North Kensington Branch
3.30..... Victoria Park..... East London Branch
7 Weltje Road, Ravenscourt Park Hammersmith Branch
7.30..... Walham Green—back of Church Hammersmith Branch
8 Streatham Fountain Kitz

TUESDAY 15.

8 Walham Green—back of Church Hammersmith Branch

THURSDAY 17.

8.15..... Hoxton Church Kitz and Davis

PROVINCES.

Glasgow.—Sunday: Jail Square at 2 o'clock; Paisley Road at 5 o'clock. Tuesday: Cathedral Square, at 8 p.m.

Leeds.—Sunday: Hunslet Moor, at 11 a.m.; Vicar's Croft, at 7 p.m.

Liverpool.—Landing-stage, Sundays at 11.30.

Manchester.—Sunday: Philips Park Gates, at 11; Stevenson Square, at 3.

Norwich.—Sunday: St. Faiths, at 11; Market Place, at 3.

Sheffield.—Sunday: Monolith, Fargate, at 11.30 a.m.; Burngreave Road, near Vestry Offices, at 3 p.m.; Pump, West Bar, at 8 p.m.

Yarmouth.—Sunday: Priory Plain, at 11; Bradwell, 11.30; Colman's Granary Quay, at 7.

There are but two possible solutions of the labour problem, either capital must own the labour or labour must own the capital. The first means chattel slavery; the second national co-operation. All attempts to settle the question which include the retention of the competitive system must, in the very nature of things, fail. The new wine cannot be kept in old bottles. The world must either advance into nationalism or recede into slavery.—*Journal of United Labour.*

"The labour problem," as understood by a good many magazinites, amateur political economists and dabblers in social science, is how to better the condition of the worker without interfering with the "rights" of the capitalist. No wonder many of them give it up in despair and declare it to be insoluble. It can't be done any more than you could protect society from burglars without interfering with the "right" of the burglar to get his living by plunder.—*Journal of United Labour.*

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STATEMENT OF PRINCIPLES.

THE Socialist League advocates International Revolutionary Socialism. That is to say the destruction of the present class society, which consists of one class who live by owning property and therefore *need not work*, and of another that has no property and therefore *must work* in order that they may live to keep the idlers by their labour. Revolutionary Socialism insists that this system of society, which is the modern form of slavery, should be changed to a system of Society which would give every man an opportunity of doing useful work, and not allow any man to live without so doing, which work could not be useful unless it were done for the whole body of workers instead of for do-nothing individuals. The result of this would be that livelihood would not be precarious nor labour burdensome. Labour would be employed in co-operation, and the struggle of man with man for bare subsistence would be supplanted by harmonious combination for the production of common wealth and the exchange of mutual services without the waste of labour or material.

Every man's needs would be satisfied from this common stock, but no man would be allowed to own anything which he could not use, and which consequently he must *abuse* by employing it as an instrument for forcing others to labour for him unpaid. Thus the land, the capital, machinery, and means of transit would cease to be private property, since they can only be *used* by the combination of labour to produce wealth.

Thus men would be *free* because they would no longer be dependent on idle property-owners for subsistence; thus they would be *brothers*, for the cause of strife, the struggle for subsistence at other people's expense, would have come to an end. Thus they would be *equal*, for if all men were doing useful work no man's labour could be dispensed with. Thus the motto of Liberty, Fraternity, and Equality, which is but an empty boast in a society that upholds the monopoly of the means of production, would at last be realised.

This Revolutionary Socialism must be International. The change which would put an end to the struggle between man and man, would destroy it also between nation and nation. One harmonious system of federation throughout the whole of civilisation would take the place of the old destructive rivalries. There would be no great centres breeding race hatred and commercial jealousy, but people would manage their own affairs in communities not too large to prevent all citizens from taking a part in the administration necessary for the conduct of life, so that party politics would come to an end.

Thus, while we abide by the old motto

Liberty, Fraternity, Equality,

we say that the existence of private property destroys Equality, and therefore under it there can be neither Liberty nor Fraternity.

We add to the first motto then this other one—

FROM EACH ACCORDING TO HIS CAPACITY, TO EACH ACCORDING TO HIS NEEDS.

When this is realised there will be a genuine Society; until it is realised, Society is nothing but a band of robbers. We must add that this change can only be brought about by combination amongst the workers themselves, and must embrace the whole of Society. The new life cannot be *given* to the workers by a class higher than they, but must be *taken* by them by means of the abolition of classes and the reorganisation of Society.

COUNCIL OF THE SOCIALIST LEAGUE.

NOTICE.

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THE COMMONWEAL

The Official Journal of the SOCIALIST LEAGUE.

VOL. 6.—No. 223.

SATURDAY, APRIL 19, 1890.

WEEKLY; ONE PENNY.

NOTES ON NEWS.

“He overtakes at last who tires not,” says an old proverb. In the face of a thousand failures and rebuffs, over a thousand apparently insurmountable barriers, seeing a multitude of men and women falling around us as we went, and many a trusted one dropping out of the ranks, sometimes to turn traitor; in spite of all dangers and discouragements we have kept on working for the Good Cause. Under all the strain and amid the trouble, we have held on our way unflinchingly; but it may be that we are become so inured to long-continued effort, that we do not fully realise how near we are to success. And now, in all truth, our reward would seem to be at hand. It may be only a false dawn this time, but the true dawn cannot be far behind. Nor is it easy to believe that it is not the real dawn. In every country the proletariat is stirring as it never stirred before; not even in the “Year of Revolutions” was there such a universal movement; never once has the feeling of international solidarity risen so high.

From Holy Russia, that mysterious land of terror, messages crowd fast upon one another, telling of this and that manifestation of the rising tide. From Germany we hear such news as this:

“A new Socialist song, with the refrain ‘*Das sind die Arbeitsmänner,*’ sung to the melody of the formerly prohibited Andreas Hofer song, is being widely sung in Berlin, and it is significant that soldiers and Socialists may be seen daily marching up and down the *Tempelhofer Feld* arm-in-arm singing the new *Volkslied*.”

France, Italy, Spain—every country in Europe sends cheering news of the activity and wakefulness of the workers. Even England, Conservative England, is moving more rapidly than her masters like, though more slowly than her neighbours.

“Labour Day,” May 1st, is drawing near, and already hearts are quickening at its approach. On the side of Labour it is looked forward to as what it is, a great manifestation of the solidarity of the workers of the world. On the side of the rulers it is looked upon with dread, resentment, and distrust. Right round the globe that day will fly the warm and fraternal greetings of men, who, a few short years ago, were ready and willing to fly at one another’s throats, but who are now learning to combine for mutual benefit. If one could only stand aloof in space a little, and see the earth revolve under one’s feet that day! As country after country came into sight, one would see the armies of Labour, marshalled under many flags, it is true, but with the red flag over all. Then, as that mighty panorama unfolded itself, one would realise that in all the history of the world there has not been such a mass of men moved with one object before.

In the very height of the Crusades there were fewer eyes turned toward Palestine than there are now toward our latter-day Land of Promise; the armies of Alexander, Xerxes, Napoleon, and all the conquerors who have led vast armies to victory, sink into utter insignificance when compared with the Army of Labour as it is to-day. Yet there are millions of the lukewarm and half-converted who cannot be counted yet, although they are being forced into the ranks. And what is to be done with this host? Is it to be led on to victory? Or be turned aside from attacking its enemies to pick shells upon the seashore?

It will be to our eternal disgrace, we Revolutionary Socialists, if this great occasion should be so belittled and vulgarised, by being taken hold of to promote catchpenny palliatives or to afford an opportunity for parliamentary place-hunting and political chicanery, that its true meaning will be overlooked. We must exert ourselves to the utmost to keep it from this degradation, and to press forward its true end and aim, the celebration of the international solidarity of Labour.

Not that we are or need be antagonistic to the demand for an eight-hour day, which has been to a certain extent mixed up with the larger question. We antagonise no amelioration of the workers’ position which can be wrought by themselves without danger to their ultimate and speedy emancipation. But we do and must oppose and explode

the specious promises of those who would persuade the workers to distrust their own strength and to rely upon anybody, emperor or M.P., who is outside their ranks and enrolled among their enemies; to “sell the sow and buy bacon,” surrender their own power and right of action in return for “gifts” which they might readily and more effectively take for themselves.

I notice that even in the discussion by the London Trades Council on Thursday of the Chamber of Commerce “conciliation” proposals, one of the delegates pointed out that the power of combination under the Trades Union Act was already in danger through parliamentary action. The representatives of the (rich) people will be only too apt to ask: “If you want us to do everything for you, why should you retain power to do anything for yourselves?”

By the way, that same discussion was in itself a sign of the times. Remembering what the London Trades Council was, and to a certain extent still is, how do the following speeches strike you?

Mr. Caiger (Cigar-makers’ Society) said the whole scheme [that of a permanent Board of Conciliation equally composed of capitalists and workmen] was fraught with danger to workmen. If they accepted this scheme they would be playing into the hands of the employers by giving them information they should not possess, and they would be undermining their trade organisations. Boards of conciliation had hitherto been failures, as witness the strikes of the miners, whose cases were always compromised out of existence. Mr. McBean (Compositors) opposed the scheme. Chambers of Commerce had failed to settle the dockers’ dispute in Liverpool, and it would be the same in London. Mr. Marks (Compositors) asked if they were to go cap in hand to the employers’ board of conciliation for an advance of 5 per cent. in their wages. They should like to see the employers’ profits before they submitted to the judgment of the boards of conciliation. Mr. Griffiths (Silver Plate Polishers) believed the scheme was the result of capitalist fear of the organisation of the workmen. The proposal simply meant to break up the trades unions. Mr. Left (Bricklayers) said he never knew a board of conciliation give the benefit of the doubt to the workmen in a dispute.

The scheme was unanimously rejected.

To think of that lunch in the servants’ pantry at Sandringham!
S.

The continental workers are going to show in an imposing manner their growing sense of international unity by making the *first of May* a general Holiday of Labour and a demonstration in favour of an eight hours’ working day. There is to be no manual work of any kind on that day, and the trades have agreed to go out in the open country for a regular feast, and to leave all the exploiters severely to themselves. The enthusiasm evoked by this idea is so great in Berlin and Vienna that at the headquarters of the Socialist party fears are entertained lest the zeal of the workers may overstep the bounds of discretion and give the barrack governments on the Spree and Danube the much desired pretext for a general massacre of the people. But I think that those who profess to be Socialists may be depended on to know what they are about, and that beyond a scuffle here and there the grand holiday demonstration will come off a success and with flying colours.
A. S.

NEWS FROM NOWHERE:

OR,

AN EPOCH OF REST.

BEING SOME CHAPTERS FROM A UTOPIAN ROMANCE.

CHAP. XII.—CONCERNING THE ARRANGEMENT OF LIFE.

“WELL,” I said, “about those ‘arrangements’ which you spoke of as taking the place of government, could you give me any account of them?”

“Neighbour,” he said, “although we have simplified our lives a great deal from what they were, and got rid of many conventionalities and many sham wants, which used to give our forefathers much trouble, yet our life is too complex for me to tell you in detail by means of

words how it is arranged; you must find that out by living amongst us. It is true that I can better tell you what we don't do than what we do do."

"Well?" said I.

"This is the way to put it," said he: "we have been living for a hundred and fifty years, at least, more or less in our present manner, and a tradition or habit of life has been growing on us; and that habit has become a habit of acting on the whole for the best. It is easy for us to live without robbing each other. It would be possible for us to contend with and rob each other, but it would be harder for us than refraining from strife and robbery. That is in short the foundation of our life and our happiness."

"Whereas in the old days," said I, "it was very hard to live without strife and robbery. That's what you mean, isn't it, by giving me the negative side of your good conditions?"

"Yes," he said, "it was so hard, that those who habitually acted fairly to their neighbours were celebrated as saints and heroes, and were looked up to with the greatest reverence."

"While they were alive?" said I.

"No," said he, "after they were dead."

"But as to these days," I said; "you don't mean to tell me that no one ever transgresses this habit of good fellowship?"

"Certainly not," said Hammond, "but when the transgressions occur, everybody, transgressors and all, know them for what they are; the errors of friends, not the habitual actions of persons driven into enmity against society."

"I see," said I; "you mean that you have no 'criminal classes.'"

"How could we have them," said he, "since there is no rich class to breed enemies against the state by means of the injustice of the state?"

Said I: "I thought that I understood from something that fell from you a little while ago that you had abolished civil law. Is that so, literally?"

"It abolished itself, my friend," said he. "As I said before, the civil law courts were upheld for the defence of private property; for nobody ever pretended that it was possible to make people act fairly to each other by means of brute force. Well, private property being abolished, all the laws and all the legal 'crimes' which it had manufactured of course came to an end. Thou shalt not steal, had to be translated into, Thou shalt work in order to live happily. Is there any need to enforce that commandment by violence?"

"Well," said I, "that is understood, and I agree with it; but how about crimes of violence? would not their occurrence (and you admit that they occur) make criminal law necessary?"

Said he: "In your sense of the word, we have no criminal law either. Let us look at the matter closer, and see whence crimes of violence spring. By far the greater part of these in past days were the result of the laws of private property, which forbade the satisfaction of their natural desires to all but a privileged few, and of the general visible coercion which came of those laws. All that cause of violent crime is gone. Again, many violent acts came from the artificial perversion of the sexual passions, which caused over-weening jealousy and the like miseries. Now, when you look carefully into these, you will find that what lay at the bottom of them was mostly the idea (a law-made idea) of the woman being the property of the man, whether he were husband, father, brother, or what not. That idea has of course vanished with private property, as well as certain follies about the 'ruin' of women for following their natural desires in an illegal way, which was of course a convention caused by the laws of private property."

"Another cognate cause of crimes of violence was the family tyranny, which was the subject of so many novels and stories of the past, and which once more was the result of private property. Of course that is all ended, since families are held together by no bond of coercion, legal or social, but by mutual liking and affection, and everybody is free to come or go as he or she pleases. Furthermore, our standards of honour and public estimation are very different from the old ones, and success in besting our neighbours is a road to renown now closed, let us hope for ever. Each man is free to exercise his special faculty to the utmost, and everyone encourages him in so doing. So that we have got rid of the scowling envy, coupled by the poets with hatred, and surely with good reason; heaps of unhappiness and ill-blood was caused by it, which with irritable and passionate men—*i.e.*, energetic and active men—often led to violence."

I laughed, and said: "So that you now withdraw your admission, and say that there is no violence amongst you?"

"No," said he, "I withdraw nothing; as I told you, such things will happen. Hot blood will err sometimes. A man may strike another, and the stricken strike back again, and the result be a homicide, to put it at the worst. But what then? Shall we the neighbours make it worse still? Shall we think so poorly of each other as to suppose that the slain man calls on us to revenge him? when we know that if he had been maimed he would, when in cold blood and able to weigh all the circumstances, have forgiven his maimer? Or will the death of the slayer bring the slain man to life again and cure the unhappiness his loss has caused?"

"Yes," I said, "but consider, must not the safety of society be safeguarded by some punishment?"

"There, neighbour!" said the old man, with some exultation. "You have hit the mark. That punishment of which men used to talk so wisely and act so foolishly, what was it but the expression of their fear? And they had need to fear, since they—*i.e.*, the rulers of society—were dwelling like an armed band in a hostile country. But we who live amongst our friends need neither fear nor punish. Surely if we, in dread of an occasional rare homicide, an occasional

rough blow, were to solemnly and legally commit homicide and violence, we could only be a society of ferocious cowards. Don't you think so, neighbour?"

"Yes, I do, when I come to think of it from that side," said I.

"Yet you must understand," said the old man, that when any violence is committed, we expect the transgressor to make any atonement possible to him; and he himself expects it. But again, think if the destruction or serious injury of a man momentarily overcome by wrath or folly can be any atonement to the commonwealth? Surely it can only be an additional injury to it."

Said I: "But suppose the man has a habit of violence,—kills a man a-year, for instance?"

"Such a thing is unknown," said he. "In a society where there is no punishment to evade, no law to triumph over, remorse will certainly follow transgression."

"And lesser outbreaks of violence," said I, "how do you deal with them? for hitherto we have been talking of great tragedies, I suppose?"

Said Hammond: "If the ill-doer is not sick or mad (in which case he must be restrained till his sickness or madness is cured) it is clear that grief and humiliation must follow the ill-deed; and society in general will make that pretty clear to the ill-doer if he should chance to be dull to it; and again, some kind of atonement will follow,—at the least, an open acknowledgement of the grief and humiliation. Is it so hard to say, I ask your pardon, neighbour?—Well, sometimes it is hard—and let it be."

"You think that enough?" said I.

"Yes," said he, "and moreover it is all that we can do. In addition we torture the man, we turn his grief into anger, and the humiliation he would otherwise feel for his wrong-doing is swallowed up by a hope of revenge for our wrong-doing to him. He has paid the legal penalty, and can 'go and sin again' with comfort. Shall we commit such a folly, then? Remember Jesus had got the legal penalty remitted before he said 'Go and sin no more.' Let alone that in a society of equals you will not find anyone to play the part of torturer or jailer, though many to act as nurse or doctor."

"So," said I, "you consider crime a mere spasmodic disease, which requires no body of criminal law to deal with it?"

"Pretty much so," said he; "and since, as I have told you, we are a healthy people generally, so we are not likely to be much troubled with this disease."

Said I: "Well, you have no civil law, and no criminal law. But have you no laws of the market, so to say—no regulation for the exchange of wares? for you must exchange, even if you have no property."

Said he: "We have no obvious individual exchange, as you saw this morning when you went a-shopping; but of course there are regulations of the markets, varying according to the circumstances and guided by general custom. But as these are matters of general assent, which nobody dreams of objecting to, so also we have made no provision for enforcing them: therefore I don't call them laws. In law, whether it be criminal or civil, execution always follows judgment, and someone must suffer. When you see the judge on his bench, you see through him, as clearly as if he were made of glass, the policeman to imprison and the soldier to slay some actual living person. Such follies would make an agreeable market, wouldn't they?"

"Certainly," said I, "that means turning the market into a mere battle-field, in which many people must suffer as much as in the battle-field of bullet and bayonet. And from what I have seen I should suppose that your marketing, great and little, is carried on in a way that makes it a pleasant occupation."

"You are right, neighbour," said he. "Although there are so many, indeed by far the greater number amongst us, who would be unhappy if they were not engaged in actually making things, and things which turn out beautiful under their hands,—there are many, like the house-keepers I was speaking of, whose delight is in administration, organisation, to use long-tailed words; I mean people who like keeping things together, avoiding waste, seeing that nothing sticks fast uselessly. Such people are thoroughly happy in their business, all the more as they are dealing with actual facts, and not merely passing counters round to see what share they shall have in the privileged taxation of useful people, which was the business of the commercial folk in past days. Well, what are you going to ask me next?"

WILLIAM MORRIS.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

(This Story began in No. 209, January 11, 1890. A few sets of Back Numbers can still be had.)

STRIKE IN THE STATES.—NEW YORK, April 11.—A thousand men employed in the building trade here have struck work owing to a firm of contractors refusing to employ union men.

THREATENED POLICE STRIKE.—The reports of a strike of the metropolitan police are by no means without foundation, says the *Pall Mall*. For some time past there has existed a feeling of considerable discontent at what is termed "the unfairness of the present pension rules," and this feeling is at the bottom of the trouble. There are also a number of men who are dissatisfied with the long hours and meagre pay, and these now come forward and add their grievances to the others. Some weeks ago Mr. John Burns asked that two men, well acquainted with the grievances of the force, should assist him in agitating the cause of the police. He made one stipulation—namely, that a sum of £600 should be raised in order to indemnify these two men in the event of their being discharged. It is said that there is no difficulty in raising the money, but that the martyr-champions are not forthcoming as yet. Several secret meetings have been held recently, and the agitation, which is going on strictly *sub rosa*, has already created a great deal of disaffection in the ranks of the metropolitan police.

IN THE UNITED STATES.

THE Massachusetts State Branch of the Federation of Labour met on the 16th inst. in the Typographical Hall, Boston. The following report has been adopted:

"For the first time in the history of the American labour movement, the bulk of organised labour has centred its efforts upon one definite reform, that of shortening the normal working-day to eight hours. We advocate the adoption of all legitimate means for the education of the general public in the justness of the eight-hour demand. A systematic plan of work is necessary, and, therefore, we make the following recommendations:

"1. The appointment by each affiliated union of an eight-hour legislative committee, whose duty it shall be to at once wait upon, or communicate with, the senator and representatives from the district covered by the jurisdiction of the union, for the purpose of notifying such legislators that their constituents, represented by organised labour, are desirous of the passage, by the present legislature of the eight-hour order introduced by representative Henry S. Lyons, of North Adams, the first section of which reads as follows: 'Eight hours shall constitute a day's work for all labourers, mechanics, or workmen now employed, or who may be in the future employed, by, or on behalf of, the commonwealth of Massachusetts, or in any county, city, or town therein. All acts, or parts of acts, inconsistent with this act are hereby repealed.'

"2. We recommend the appointment by each affiliated union, and other unions in sympathy with the short-hour movement, of an agitation committee whose general duty it shall be to keep the eight-hour question prominently before the public.

"3. That each union follow out the plan already adopted by the joint labour conference of Boston, and send, either through its secretary, or by a special committee, a circular letter to each officiating clergyman in its jurisdiction, requesting the delivery, before May 1, 1890, of a sermon, address, or lecture upon the general question of the short-hour movement.

"Every tradition urges us to do our share in the mighty onward impetus to labour that the American Federation of Labour has undertaken. The spur of self-interest is supplemented by the higher motive of concern for the general weal."

So the eight hours day is going to be introduced through the parsons and priests and such like preaching about and praying for it!

The legislative committee presented a long report at this meeting, and upon its recommendation the following proposed labour measures were endorsed:

"That 58 hours per week constitute a week's work for women and children in factories.

"That eight hours per day constitute a day's work for state, city, county, and town employes.

"That the hours of labour be reduced, and better protection for life and limb be provided for railroad employes.

"That trade labels be given protection accorded other trade marks.

"That the school limit be raised to 15 years.

"That corporations be compelled to give 14 day's notice of reduction.

"That the overwork of women and children be prohibited.

"That public parks and commons be made available for purposes of public assemblage.

"That blacklisting be prevented, and, if attempted, be punishable by law.

"That the running of elevators by young people be regulated.

"That the employment of children under 13 in workshops, mercantile establishments and factories be prohibited.

"That better means of escape from factories in case of fire be provided.

"That eight hours be made a legal day's work."

Chief Wadlin, of the Massachusetts Bureau of Statistics of Labour, has issued a part of his report, which is devoted to the subject of the relation of wages to the cost of production. The result of his observations is the statement—proved by figures—that in industries representing some 73 per cent. of the manufactured products of the State, the labourer gets 20 per cent. of the cost of production. In establishments representing 27 per cent. of the entire products, the labourer's share reaches 33 per cent., and in a few special industries goes beyond that, but it never amounts to over 50 per cent. If Chief Wadlin goes on making correct statements like this, he may soon be able to shake the dust of his office from his shoes.

The Executive Council of the American Federation of Labour met on the 18th of this month in New York. All the members of the Council were present. The Council resolved to engage George E. McNeil, of Boston, and Paul Grottkau, of Chicago, as lecturers. Both lecturers will visit most of the cities of the United States and Canada, and deliver speeches in favour of the eight hour day under the auspices of the Federation and of the United Brotherhood of Carpenters and Joiners. The Council resolved further, that the United Brotherhood of Carpenters and Joiners, the crack organisation of the Federation, should take the lead in the eight hour movement. The Brotherhood is instructed to ask for the introduction of the eight-hours work-day on May 1st without condition. Should the demand be refused by the masters, then the 60,000 members of this organisation will cease to work till the demand is granted. In that case the strikers will be supported by the strike fund of the whole Federation of Labour. As soon as the carpenters and joiners have gained a victory, the miners will begin the fight.

Boston, Mass., March 27, 1890.

HENRY F. CHARLES.

A man has no more goods than he gets good by.

In 1870 a Sydney lady purchased a piece of land with £160 she had saved. The assessed value of the property is now £16,000—in other words, says the *Bulletin*, the land has, without any effort of hers, increased in value a hundred times.

Arrangements are now (Feb. 22) complete in connection with the new Australian labour paper, which will be called the *Worker*, not the *Swagsman* as at first proposed. It will consist of sixteen pages about *Christian Socialist* size, and will be issued about the 26th instant. This will be the first labour paper in the world owned by the workers themselves, under such conditions.

AUSTRALIAN MINERS' TROUBLES.—NEWCASTLE, N.S.W., Feb. 26.—In accordance with the orders of the Miners Association, the Wallarah men gave notice yesterday to the manager demanding payment by weight, in lieu of wages. A few hours afterward the manager posted up a notice that on and after that date the miners will receive a hewing rate of 3s. per ton, and wheelers 8s. per shift of eight hours. Under the district agreement the men are bound not to work for less than 4s. 2d. per ton, and there is little doubt that the association will call the men out rather than allow them to work at reduced rates. The mine is situated at Catherine Hill Bay, some 14 miles south of Newcastle, and at the present time about eighty men are employed.

INTERNATIONAL NOTES.

GERMANY.

A deep impression has been made by an order from the Saxon Ministry of the Interior requiring four veteran military organisations to remove the royal arms from their flags, and to return all standards and insignia presented to them by the King of Saxony, who is the patron of the military veteran unions throughout the kingdom. They are also forbidden to carry firearms, and are deprived of all the rights and privileges appertaining to the veteran associations in Saxony. This is due to the Socialist spirit pervading the unions. The immediate cause was that one corps recently attended the funeral of a Socialist in full uniform, and planted its flag on the grave while revolutionary speeches were delivered. The decree has led to a wide-spread interest in the affair, which cannot fail to have a good effect.

BELGIUM.

CHARLEROI.—For some time past, says *La Bourse du Travail*, the coal-hewers at the Charleroi pits have been making complaints and demands which are entirely disregarded. They announce their intention of striking if their demands are still received with the same contemptuous silence. The partial stoppage of work at Gilly is a sign of this, and we are assured that the workers at one of the neighbouring collieries have decided to stop work. They ask for a uniform scale of wages; in some of the collieries the wages are from 5 fr. 50 c., while in others they range from only 3 fr. to 3 fr. 50 c. for a working day of 12 to 13 hours. At several places the men demand a rise of 15 per cent., and the directors to whom the demand has been addressed have received an ultimatum from the Labour Leagues. The directors will probably think before creating a movement similar to that produced last year in all the mining centres, and will probably accede to the legitimate wishes of these unfortunate workers.

On all sides a considerable movement is noticed in favour of the International Congress of miners, which will be held next month.

ITALY.

CORBETTA (Milan).—An *Association of Mutual Assistance* has been formed here among the country labourers, in memory, no doubt, of last summer's disturbance and revolt, and in anticipation of a similar occurrence this coming season.

At Brescia a Labour Exchange has been inaugurated, and the same is being organized also in Bologna.

MILAN.—The police have forbidden a meeting of journeymen bakers which was to have been held in a hall granted by the municipality for the purpose, to discuss the abolition of night labour. The reason of this *veto* has not been vouchsafed, and remains entirely inexplicable.

SPAIN.

MATARO.—At a tannery in this town, the workmen had succeeded in organising themselves into a trade society; but this was apparently a cause of disquietude to the directors of the same, who have recently managed to break up the organisation by means of various intrigues.

A strike has announced of the glaziers of Mataró, and the Society *La Fraternal* have issued a manifesto charging those of the same trade in other neighbourhoods to abstain from coming to Mataró to the prejudice of the said strike, and of the solidarity of the workers.

MANLLEU.—The masons' trade society here have issued a similar announcement of strike and manifesto to their fellow-workmen.

MANRESA.—For some time an energetic propaganda has been carried on by the Federation of the *Tres Clases de Vapor* in Barcelona and the neighbourhood, more especially at Manresa, where several big meetings have been held to discuss the condition of affairs. About 4,000 employes in the weaving factories at Manresa are on forced strike. The master of one factory refused the demands of his employes of both sexes (some of them girls under 13), who only asked one hour's reduction in the day, which now is from 5 a.m. to 8.30 p.m.; and when the strike took place, he called on the masters of the other factories to stand by him. One and all presented a solid front to the workers, expecting to break their spirit and reduce their demands by hunger, and a lock-out was announced throughout. Great excitement prevails, and the workers say they would rather starve than give way. The movement spreads in Catalonia, and strikes are declared in numerous factories in Barcelona. It is announced that a meeting will be arranged between the masters and delegates from the Labor Societies, to try to arrange matters; but if the demands of the latter are not acceded to, the strike (which will cease while the arbitration takes place) will begin again, and will spread yet further through Catalonia.

M. M.

SWEDEN.

The Swedish Socialists have now, from the 1st of April, two daily papers, *Social Demokraten* and *Arbetet*. It is an immense step forward, and if it proves a success—as we heartily wish it may—Swedish Socialism may justly feel proud of itself, and its brave leaders of their splendid work.

A Swedish clergyman, the Rev. Johan Nylander, has for some time preached revolutionary Socialism in his parish church, and his bourgeois parishioners have promptly rewarded him by petitioning government for his dismissal. A similar fate has befallen Mr. Johan Lindström, who was one of the best Radical journalists of Sweden. He turned Socialist, and consequently the proprietors of the paper he edited turned him out. Now he is sub-editor of *Arbetet*, a very valuable acquisition for the Swedish Socialistic party.

The eight hours movement and the agitation for a grand working-men's demonstration on the 1st of May, are making good progress in Sweden.

NORWAY.

The Social Democrats of Norway have issued a circular to all the working-men's unions in the country, explaining the importance and justice of an eight hours working-day, and requesting them to join the international demonstration on the 1st of May.

STN.

HARD TIMES IN THE TRANSVAAL.—The *Johannesburg Standard* says:—It is quite appalling to see the number of active young fellows at the present time idling about the streets in quest of employment, a large number of whom are intelligent and no doubt industrious. A large percentage of them also were formerly brokers' clerks, but, as that branch of business is now at a standstill, they are forced to look around them for something else. The question is, what is there for them to do? Without desiring to take a pessimist's view of the situation, it is, to say the least of it, a gloomy outlook.



OFFICES: 24 GREAT QUEEN STREET, LONDON, W.C.

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Articles and letters dealing with any phase of the social problem are invited and will meet with earnest consideration. They must be written on one side of the paper only, and accompanied by the name and address of the writer, not necessarily for publication. MSS. can only be returned if a stamped directed envelope accompanies them.

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TO CORRESPONDENTS.

- W. A. S.—Regret to find article unsuitable. We are by no means hard up for copy, though always open for more, if good.
- J. P. (Edinburgh).—Your verses, though not up to publication standard, are by no means as bad as you seem to think. Try again. It would be advisable next time to choose a tune not quite so Jingy in association.
- S. M. G. (Shepherds Bush).—Regret to find unsuitable; try again.
- D. G. (Bexley Heath).—Thanks; will be filed for future use. Please give name of paper it appeared in.

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Periodicals received during the week ending Wednesday April 16.

ENGLAND Brotherhood Coming Times Die Autonomie Justice Labour Elector London—Freie Presse Labour Tribune People's Press Railway Review Sozial Demokrat Worker's Friend NEW SOUTH WALES Sydney—Bulletin QUEENSLAND Brisbane—Boomerang INDIA Bankpore—Behar Herald UNITED STATES New York—Der Sozialist New York—Truthseeker Freiheit Volkzeitung Workmen's Advocate Boston—Woman's Journal Nationalist Chicago—Knights of Labour	FRANCE Paris—Bourse du Travail Le Proletariat Charleville—L'Emancipation Lille—Le Cri du Travailleur Lyon—L'Action Sociale Rouen—Le Salariat HOLLAND Anarchist BELGIUM Ghent—Vooruit SWITZERLAND Arbeiterstimme ITALY Milan—Il Fascio Operaio Rome—L'Emancipazione Milan—Cuore e Critica	SPAIN El Proletario PORTUGAL Porto—A Revolucao Social GERMANY Berlin—Volks Tribune AUSTRIA Brunn—Volkfreund Vienna—Arbeiter-Zeitung Trieste—Confeder. Operaia HUNGARY Arbeiter-Wochen-Chronik DENMARK Social-Demokraten SWEDEN Malmo—Arbetet Stockholm, Social-Demokraten WEST INDIES Cuba—El Productor CAPE COLONY Cape Town—Argus ARGENTINE REPUBLIC Buenos Ayres—Vorwarts
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THE SITUATION IN GERMANY.

WHATEVER may be the fate of the Irish obstacle, which to the ambitious Liberalism of these islands so effectually "blocks the way," there seems at least a fair chance of some historical variety-entertainment being witnessed in Germany. The prelude, in fact, has just been rattled off in a most promising manner. The heavy form of the Chancellor, who, after his bloody work in 1871, had settled down in

mid-stream of national life, impeding its flow and causing stagnation and disease, has just been lifted up by the spring tide of the Revolution, and is slowly but surely drifting out of sight.

The alarm among the worshippers of successful brutality and violence is great; they show fear and doubt, lest the so-called peace of the world should be disturbed by the fall of one of the busiest instigators of war the world has ever seen. The great press mob is full of admiration and regret, and the self-styled tutors of the "New Democracy" insult their readers and the German nation by declaring that "Bismark was the greatest man that Germany ever produced."

That his admirers are so very small, made him look big, no doubt; and that he was one of the greatest brutes to whom Germany ever gave life cannot be denied. During the lifetime of Old William, whom he had made an emperor, the chancellor ruled supreme. He set himself not only above his master, but above the constitution, and bearing down before him every opposition by the sheer weight of his reckless brutality, imposed his will and pleasure upon the suffering fatherland. He suppressed the will and stifled the voice of the people wherever his own selfish interest was at stake, and used the power placed in his hands in the meanest and most grasping manner for his own enrichment and the snug placement of the members of his family; he turned Germany into a huge barrack drill-ground, and brought the system of blind military discipline to perfection; he corrupted the public service, subsidised the "Reptile Press" in his own favour, and engendered a system of political espionage not previously known in German history. His home policy, which, besides taxing the necessities of life to the uttermost, consisted in the attempt to crush by exceptional laws the advanced party of the country's working population, culminated in the hatching of police conspiracies among the men who refused to transgress even the most stringent provisions of his national state of siege. The triumph of his foreign policy has estranged the two most cultured nations of the continent, and keeps them armed to the teeth, ready at command to tear each other to pieces. For the last twenty years the power of this man has been without mercy, his selfishness without shame, and his vanity without parallel. It seemed as if his misdeeds were to go on without check until his natural death. But Nemesis was on the way all the time. Slow came she, but she came—and at last undid him.

He was literally hoisted by his own petard. For it was he who fostered that, politically almost omnipotent, prerogative of the Prussian Crown. The king's will was to over-rule all others, and against its pleasure there was no appeal—so long as the king's will was guided by his Chancellor's. When old William was dead, and Bismark saw his providential plans with regard to emperor Frederick's throat frustrated, he played the impetuous son against his dying father and his English mother, thinking, no doubt, that young Willie on the throne would be as pliant a tool in his hand as his grandfather had been. But the chancellor had evidently reckoned without his host. For young Hotspur is Emperor now, and finding that there is no room for two despots on one throne, shows an unquenchable desire to do the ruling all by himself.

The seed of repression too, sown broadcast by Bismark all over the most fertile part of the nation, is bearing its fruit, and the triumph of his sincerest enemies was brought about in its fulness by the very methods of militarism. For it was the splendid discipline of the drill-ground, fired by the consciousness of the grand ideal they were fighting for, which led the Socialists to victory, and made the defeat of the chancellor's policy so crushing. It having proved played out, the Bismark dynasty was sent home to Friedrichsruhe, bag and baggage, dogs and all.

What next? While being not quite so sanguine as many are inclined to be, as to the probable result of the last elections and the change of government tools it has already brought about, I would yet warn the Socialists of this country not to under-rate the importance of this mighty manifestation. Socialism in Germany is not a fashionable fad, but a growing conviction in the mind of the working-classes, which cannot be ignored or suppressed, but must be reckoned with. There is no bourgeois money, no middle-class leader, scheming, gambling, and dissembling in his own interest and that of the almighty money-bag, but a sound, thorough-going, and downright working-class movement, supported and carried on by the brains, the sinews, and the enthusiasm of the workers themselves. And whatever may be the inclination of one or the other of their chosen mouthpieces in Parliament in favour of a temporary policy of compromise, the fact remains, that they are all elected on a strictly imperative mandate, to wit, the programme of the Socialist party, the fundamental aim of which is the final abolition of the wage-system, that infernal source of all the poverty, ignorance, and degradation in the world.

Twenty-five years ago Lassalle exclaimed, "Give me one hundred thousand German working-men, and Reaction is a thing of the past!" Those were boastful words, and perhaps somewhat illusory. But today the German Socialist Party have an army of a million and a half of men; men who have come of age in the thick of the fight against the infamous odds of the Bismarck system—i.e., the allied powers of everything that is bad on the Throne, in the Church, and in the Army—and the leaders of such a host have something to answer for. By overthrowing the idol of German capitalism and Junkerdom, they have begun well; but it was indeed only a beginning, and the baneful battle-field of Parliamentarism which they have now to enter is most slippery ground to fight upon. The German Socialists have become strong and powerful through persecution and adversity. Will they retain their strength in the enervating sunshine of imperial condescension? Willie Hotspur is a young man who is clearly dead for making

history, and who in this endeavour conjures the spirits of the deep in the most childlike way and without seeming apprehension of defeat. He touches, after all, only the fringe of the social question, as he plays with that of every other; he offends most powerful interests and personalities, without on the other hand satisfying anybody, and may find himself presently in rather hot water. Yet, with the working classes he means business anyhow, and is not above canvassing for his "ideas" (whatever they may amount to!) among the lowliest of his realm by squeezing a workman's hand or two, and were they ever so genuine. At the same time, he rattles his sword and talks loudly of "smashing" those who refuse to take his candy and be quiet.

Nor is it the Scilla and Charybdis of the imperial smile and frown alone which the chosen ones of the German working-men's party have to steer clear between. There may be many among them who, like their young Cæsar, are brimming over with eagerness to save the world now they enter upon the stage political, whilst others, again, may prefer to play the part of diplomatists, sitting on a fence of observation above the turbulent contentions of party. A million and a half of votes given are too many to allow their delegates to assume the latter, and thirty-five members are too few to take up the former attitude. They are more than sufficient, however, to make their presence and their importance felt, by watching and spoiling the game of the reactionists and by protesting against the way in which the workers are fooled and plundered. Yet, despite all the dangers of the situation, there is much hope that those thousands of men who have just given the world such a brilliant spectacle of party discipline, have in them enough of the unerring spirit of the Revolution to keep their leaders straight and fresh and to the point at issue. The masses have not taken the imperial bait, nor have they been cowed by the imperial threat, but they have stood by their guns like men; an attitude by which their brethren in England might well profit. For, the show of their number and of their dauntless resolution has forced the hands of their ruler, and, whatever may be the temporary outcome of the present emperor's attempt at playing the Saviour of Society, it cannot fail ultimately to benefit the cause of militant labour.

True it is, that to dabble in the shaping of Social Reform Bills looks like the momentary damming back of the social sinflood, and that such would not be exactly the work of professed revolutionists; but it is not likely that the electorate of a million and a half of Socialists will allow much time and energy to be wasted over the attempt at patching up "*Iniquity found out*," and there is sure to be an early tussle between Cæsarism ("well-meaning" or otherwise) and Socialism.

AND. SCHEU.

IN SOUTHERN AFRICA.

AWHILE ago, the colonial press said that there was no such thing as a "Labour Question" in South Africa. To-day the different dailies are to be found admitting not only its existence, but that there is an unemployed question as well; that the former has asserted itself by carrying the eight hours day both in the Transvaal and in Natal; that the latter, though not as yet well able to make any definite demands owing to lack of organisation, may yet count on being heard later on. As regards the eight hour day in Cape Colony, a deputation of workmen from the Cape Government Railway workshops at Salt River waited on Colonel Schormbrucker, Commissioner of Public Works, a couple of weeks ago, for an answer as to the eight hour day. Although the interview has not yet been made public, I am able to give the result. The Commissioner said that the demand of the workmen was universal, and that the eight hours day, with which he personally was in sympathy, would come into operation from the 1st July next. This will affect over 5,000 workmen throughout the railway system.

The trades in Cape Town are also agitating for the same, and most likely will get it.

The sooner the eight hours question is settled, the sooner will the workers be forced to attend to their true position. That they do not understand it half so well as most of their enemies is evidenced by the tone and comments of the colonial press. As proof of this, I clip the following from an article in the *Cape Times* commenting on the London dock strikes:

"The response of the workers in Australia by subscribing funds, and of the labourers in Holland by refusing to fill the places of the strikers, are the fore-warning of the spread of a movement which could paralyse industry over half a continent."

Probably the "movement" will paralyse something else than *industry* first, and extend to more than "half a continent."

Now let us look at the Rudd-Rhodes-Duke-of-Fife-Earl-of-Aberdeen Syndicate, and see what it is doing alongside of what Lord Fife says it *intends* to do. The following taken from the *Patriot* gives a very fair idea of what it is just now busy with:

"The great Rhodes Company is also in the field, and is enlisting men who are to be sent to Matabeleland as civilisers. The civilisers will naturally be well equipped with powder and lead, and Gatling guns will certainly not be wanting."

How does the following read alongside of the granting of the South African Company's charter? It is taken from the *Cape Times*:

"For the student of social and economic problems the South African Republic is at present a fruitful field. The *antiquated and dishonest* [the italics are mine] practices of the Transvaal Government in granting monopolies," etc.

Come, come! Mr. Editor, what about the "dishonest practices" of the infallible British Government? Another tale of the Kettle and Pot. The company has begun what Lord Fife in his Mansion House speech called its "high functions," by which he said he meant "the civilisation and elevation of the aborigines of that long-neglected country," in rather a curious manner. First, Mr. Rhodes, as representing the company, smuggles into the country 1,000 stand of rifles, and is aided by Government officials in doing so. The civilising process thus begun, this is followed up by a grand horse-race in Matabeleland, under the patronage of King Lobengula, who, to show the interest he takes in the civilising process, enters two horses presented to him by the company. This he follows up on the following Sunday by a monster dance. Some people at home will raise their hands in holy horror at this,

but (take heart of grace, good folk!) the dance was under the auspices of the company formed for the "Elevation and Civilisation" of these "long-neglected" people, and had, no doubt, a good deal of the Elevating and Civilising influence infused into it; of which influence Lord Fife would have us believe the company possesses a monopoly. That Lobengula is a fraud, and a puppet to boot, of which the Rhodes Syndicate pull the strings, is very certain, and the pity is that his tribe will be the sufferers from his treachery. Many of the Matabeles, however, are uttering threats against the invasion of their territory by the Fing Flibusters, and Lobengula himself admits that some of the younger regiments of the Matabeles may yet give trouble.

Lord Fife thought fit to tell the Mansion House meeting that the Rhodes Syndicate were working in co-operation with the African Lakes Company. Reading this part of the speech brought to my mind an interview I had with Mr. Moir, the manager of the Lakes Company, in Edinburgh about a year ago. When talking over the wages paid by the company, I hazarded the remark that they were very low; was it not in Mr. Moir's power to increase them? "No," said Mr. Moir, "I cannot do that, for, as you are aware, it is a limited company, and you know what *that* means." A second afterwards, when I blurted out that I believed it meant that said companies had neither soul nor conscience, my remark met with a consenting but silent nod—a handy way of signifying approval, which, however, cannot be produced as evidence. However, the after-conduct of the company in advertising for men to form part of an expeditionary force to be employed in "Elevating and Civilising" the Arab traders on the Zambesi, confirmed me in my opinion; and when the company went howling to Lord Salisbury and the British Government about the treatment they had received from the Portuguese authorities, simply because they were not allowed to send arms and ammunition for their hired murderers into the interior by way of Delagoa Bay, I knew what the howl meant, and felt glad when they were forced to take a back seat. They have had their revenge by urging on the Makololos to attack Major Serpa Pinto, and so, by forcing this officer to defend himself, giving Lord Salisbury what shadow of an excuse he wanted for the ultimatum to Portugal. I do not say this out of sympathy with Portugal's action in Eastern Africa, because both are playing the same game, only Britain knows best how to play "brag." I cannot close my reference to Lord Fife's speech without saying that all this hypocritical cant about the "High [capital H] Functions" and the "Civilisation and Elevation," etc., is simply rubbish, and puts one in mind of William and Mary's Attorney-General, who, when asked to assist in founding a college in Virginia, and told by way of inducement that the people of Virginia had souls to be saved as well as those of England, "Souls!" answered he; "damn your souls!—spin tobacco." It comes to the same thing with the Rhodes Syndicate; as with all others, it is a case of "damn your souls!—dig us diamonds, or gold, or any other thing by which we can fleece and rob you and your brothers in other parts of the globe; leave your souls in our keeping, we will look after them for you. But don't have anything to do with those rascally Portuguese, who don't care a rap for 'High Functions' or 'Civilising and Christianising Influences'!" So much for the South African Company.

That the whole of Southern Africa is in a state of transition is true and very evident to people who may chance to be on the spot. A few years ago, "exploitation" and "development" were words but seldom used in the colony. Now they are used by most men and by many women with a patness born of long familiarity. The only people who know the *true* meaning of the words are the Kaffirs whose lands have been "developed" and who have been well-nigh exploited out of existence. But for pure effrontery in the use of the word exploitation in connection with labour commend me to the following, which I picked up from the table of a share-broker in this town the other day. It is the front page of the prospectus of the "General Exploitation and Building Company, Limited," which has its motto "Labour alone ennobles mankind," and for its capital £250,000 in £1 shares. The margins of the front page are further embellished with the following: "No fruitful labour without organisation," "No prosperity without labour," "No real organisation without liberty," "No charitable (?) liberty without knowledge." To the truth of all which I heartily assent; but oh, the company they keep! The present rent-roll of the "General Exploitation," etc., Company is £6,308, and it reckons on increasing this in a few years to £25,000! Capitalise this sum at twenty years' valuation, and you have £500,000, or twice the capital of the company. Then the company goes on to say that "we would impress upon the readers the fact that Pretoria property is on the increase, and to give some idea of the value of ground, £14,000 was recently given for one erf of ground." An erf is 227 by 121 English feet. The prospectus winds up by saying that

"the company is possessed of a mile of street-frontages, partly with buildings on, and nearly all in the steady solid town of Pretoria and centrally situated; also about 160,557 acres of farm lands or about 428 square miles upon which we have endeavoured to show that gold, silver, copper, and other precious metals exist. Here there is food for reflection by the investor, which can be digested at leisure."

Readers can find comments for themselves.

Harking back to "exploitation," let me give you the words of old Krel, chief of the Galekas, to a correspondent of the *Cape Times* who visited him recently in his rocky fastness. The old man—he is over seventy—is one of the most courageous and kindly hearted of native chiefs, and has won the confidence of the colonists, who say, "He is a man of his word to us; with the Government he has no conscience. Here are the correspondent's own words: "He told us he did not care to see strangers, for he was living like a baboon in a hole. 'Where is my country? where are my children? My country was there'—sweeping the horizon. 'Now I've no country.' Perhaps the old man's words explain the meaning of "Exploitation and Development," as applied to colonial matters, better than any dictionary definition yet given. What civilisation did for Edmund Sandilli is put by the same correspondent into few words—viz.: "It shot his father, jumped his country, and sent him for years to the breakwater to herd with other convicts, until, heartbroken and dejected, the Government thought there could be no danger in sending him back to his—or what was once his—country." And so with old Krel; for well-nigh eight years he was a fugitive. Hunted down for no crime, fighting every step of the ground, never showing the "white feather," poor old Krel was at last forced back to live as he himself says "like a baboon in a hole." And as with Sandilli and Krel and many other native chiefs, so it will yet be with many others. However, a little more claptrap about "High Functions" and "Civilisation and Elevation of the natives" from this new-fledged ducal "whistler," as fifiers are termed in Scotland, and the shareholders will grab their dividends and dispose of their shares to the highest bidders and rest with easy consciences, and the gullible British public will be as wise as ever as to the real objects of the Fing Flibusters. However, with the turn affairs are taking here, the doings of the company are likely to be known sooner than most

people imagine, and I am inclined to think that it has a future before it not altogether pleasant to those most interested in it. In other words, Mr. Rhodes will sooner or later find that the days of Chartered Piracy Companies are past, and that despite the patronage of colonial and imperial governments and the professional services of officers and ex-officers, military and marine, and the help of African travellers and explorers, doctors, lawyers, and I don't know what else, that there is rougher work cut out for them than they are fitted to do.

J. BAIN.

Cape Town, March 19th.

P.S.—News just to hand that police force of Chartered Company have mutinied against officers and refuse to serve.

THE LABOUR STRUGGLE.

Cardiff and Hanley.

We had two Labour conferences on Easter Monday on the important question of labour representation. The conference at Cardiff was got up by a Liberal agent for the purpose of forming a new labour league, the members of which would bind themselves to pay $\frac{1}{4}$ d. a-week for the purpose of returning supporters of Mr. Gladstone to the House of Commons. We will own that it was not plainly stated that this was the object of the conference, but the cat was let out of the bag in the course of the proceedings. A proposal by Mr. Mahon, London, that the movement should be independent of all political parties, was indignantly rejected by an overwhelming majority; and when the same speaker hoped they would not elect Mr. Broadhurst as one of their vice-presidents, he was received with a storm of disapprobation, and Mr. Broadhurst was returned at the top of the poll. The Liberalism of the congress was admirably shown when someone proposed that Michael Davitt should be president. The meeting literally howled with rage at the notion. The conference was mostly Welsh, and a general outcry went up that "a Welshman was as good as him." A delegate from Llanerch objected to telling his constituents that a "foreigner" was to boss the show. We fear that after exhibiting this "patriotic" feeling that "the British Labour League" is likely to be confined to Wales. Probably it would be hard to find anywhere else workmen who are fools enough to give their halfpence to return Gladstonian M.P.'s of the Broadhurst stamp to Parliament, although they may be green enough to vote for them. English prefer to let Liberal sweaters pay for the return of their partners to Parliament. Mr. Broadhurst should be a happy man, for he knows now that when he has been kicked out of every assemblage of honest workmen in England he will be able to find a refuge in the "British Labour League" of Wales.

A much healthier feeling was shown at the conference of the Labour Electoral Association at Hanley. This conference was not a bogus affair got up by a Liberal agent to nobble the Labour party. The conference, which represented the organised trade-unionists of the country, decided upon "the energetic opposition of all unfair employers and enemies of labour, to whatever party they may belong." It was also the general opinion, as stated by the secretary in the annual report, that "in no case should candidates be allowed to gain their seats without being closely questioned as to their intentions, and certainly none whose primary qualifications appear to consist of ability to fence, to evade, to compromise, and to cover by a number of legal quibbles the points we contend for." On the motion of Mr. Holmes (Leicester), the delegates regretted Mr. Charles Bradlaugh, M.P.'s, attitude on the Employers' Liability Bill, and refused to recognise him as a labour representative. Poor Charles will have a difficulty in posing as a representative of labour after this. A resolution in favour of the nationalisation of the land was carried unanimously. On the whole, although the conference was not so advanced as we should have liked to have seen it, yet it certainly showed that even the trade unionists are getting on. It was generally recognised that, in the words of one of the speakers, as to the political parties, "there was more profession in both than practical sympathy or justice towards the working classes." These trade-unionists have learnt at last that both these parties are largely composed of knaves and traitors. They have yet to learn that parliamentary action is a fraud from beginning to end, and that the people can only achieve their emancipation by overthrowing the system of capitalism by their own united action.

The National Conference of Miners.

The miners showed themselves still more advanced in their Conference. They did not go for Bradlaugh, but they passed a sharp vote of censure upon that very reactionary body, the Trades Union Parliamentary Committee. It appears that the Parliamentary Committee was ordered, at the last Trades' Union Congress, to draw up an Eight Hours Bill for miners and present it to the House of Commons. As the Trades' Union Parliamentary Committee have a very strong objection to the Eight Hours movement, they "forgot" to draw up this Bill, and the miners are very angry at this shuffling on the part of the Committee. This anger found vent at the Conference, not only in the vote of censure, but in some pretty strong speeches. The chairman, Mr. B. Pickard, M.P., declaring that the Parliamentary Committee was practically dominated by Tory influence, and for the last three years, at any rate, had not been worth the money paid to them. Rather hard, this, on the late Secretary of the Committee, Mr. Broadhurst, who, you would have thought, would have been reckoned as an orthodox Liberal, and who has "dominated" the Committee up till now. Another delegate, Mr. Cowie, said that if the Committee were the autocrats of the toiling masses, the sooner they were got rid of the better. A Bristol delegate, Mr. Whitehouse, said the Committee had humbugged them from Genesis to Revelation. Poor Parliamentary Committee! It was decided to join the Trades' Union Congress, and the delegates appointed were instructed to vote for a Parliamentary Committee that would be favourable to an Eight Hours Bill for miners. *The Star*, which is now "dominated" by capitalist Liberal influence, makes a pitiful pretence of liking this new development, but it notes in anything but a gleeful spirit, "that the advanced sections of the miners seem to have it pretty well all their own way." The delegates also showed that they look upon the Berlin "Labour" Conference as a sham, and declared, through their chairman, that as neither the Miners' Federation nor the Eight Hours Movement had any representatives at that Conference; they repudiated any arrangements that might have been made there. It is evident that new ideas are taking a strong hold upon the miners, who are again as they have always been, in the front of the labour movement. There is evidently a bad time approaching for all reactionaries and traitors.

The Strike in the Boot Trade.

The struggle is still continued with the same determination, the men being confident of success. They have decided that the union men now on strike who want to leave London will be assisted to do so. This, if the masters still persist in their obstinacy, will mean that all the best workmen will leave London for the country, where there is now a great demand for labour, and the masters will be left in the lurch, for the London trade will follow these best hands to the country. The London Trades Council has agreed to support the strikers in their appeal to other trades for assistance. 215 out of 400 masters have given in, and will provide workshops, but the others want to force the men to submit all future wages disputes to a court of arbitration, and this the men very sensibly refuse to do. They do not want their freedom of action fettered, and they have an idea that arbitration may be used to reducing the prices already paid. Some of the Jew employers have offered 10s. and £1 to men to take work home, and thus break the ranks of the strikers, but in not a single instance have they been successful.

Strike of Thames Barge-builders.

The Thames barge-builders came out on strike on Monday. They demand that the working day shall be reduced to nine hours, and that a uniform rate of wages of 9d. an hour, and 1s. an hour overtime, shall obtain throughout the trade, two hours being allowed, or equivalent paid in money, for the grinding of tools after a job. At present the men are working an average of 58 hours per week at an average rate of wages of £2. They are willing to submit the question of overtime to a joint committee of masters and workmen, no overtime to be worked in the meantime. Out of ninety firms carrying on the trade between Brentford and Woolwich, twenty-three have already given way.

The Eight Hours Demonstration.

The societies affiliated to the London Trades Council have resolved to invite the London districts to declare in favour of an eight hours working day, without any stipulation as to the methods by which such eight hours shall be obtained, the general sentiment being in favour of a reduction of hours of labour as a pressing necessity and as likely to ensure employment to those who are now denied it. It was further decided not to demonstrate on the 1st May; but to do so on the first Sunday in May, as the most convenient time.

Tram Strike at Swansea.

A strike broke out on Saturday among the tram men owing to the dismissal without notice of two of the men who have taken a prominent part in the union. No trams ran on Saturday evening, owing to the head constable declining to be responsible if a disturbance took place. A fearful state of tram slavery prevails at Swansea, the men working 105 hours a-week for 5s. a-day. There was an attempt to run the trams with blacklegs on Tuesday, but the people collected in strong force, and trams and blacklegs were unmercifully pelted with flour bags, stones, and other missiles. The windows of the trams were broken, and they were soon forced to cease running.

Strike of Dublin Labourers.

The labourers employed by the Dublin Brick and Tile Co., Mount Argus, have struck work for an increase in wages. During the summer they work 60 hours per week, 57 in winter. Wages, 15s. summer, and 14s. 3d. winter. They demand the hour system, at $\frac{1}{4}$ d. per hour. N.

CORRESPONDENCE.

"DUBLIN BRICKLAYERS LABOURERS."

SIR,—Under the above caption there is a paragraph on page 110 of last week's *Commonweal* (which I have only just read) in which the following statement occurs, in connection with the arbitration between the labourers and contractors of Dublin: "As is usual in cases of arbitration, the men have gained very little; in fact, many of them will lose 1s. 6d. per week."

The facts are these:—There was an increase of 3s. per week got for every labourer (groundman), 1s. 6d. of which was to be granted immediately, and 1s. 6d. more after the 1st of July next. Hodmen to receive one shilling extra beyond the pay of the groundmen, as usual. There is no truth whatever in the assertion that many of the labourers "will lose 1s. 6d." as a consequence of the arbitration.—Yours truly,
MICHAEL DAVITT.

Land League Cottage, Ballybrack, April 9th, 1890.

Cours Weavers' Strike Fund.—Already acknowledged:—£16 18s. 4d. D. W. Reeve (second donation). £10.

COURS FUND.—When sending his subscription, Mr. Reeves said:—"I look upon such a subscription as of great importance, as all such expressions of active sympathy shown by one country towards the workers of another aid in promoting, what is so very desirable, an international solidarity of labour."

Sea-wages from Leith are:—Westward, steam—Sailors, £4 15s.; firemen, £5; donkeyman, £5 10s.; stewards, £6 10s.; cook, £5 10s. and £6. Westward, sail, £4; cook, £5; steward, £5 10s. To the southward, steam—Sailors, £4 10s.; firemen, £4 15s.; boatswain and donkeyman, £5 and £5 5s. respectively, cook, £5 5s.; steward, £5 15s. to £6. To the southward, sail, £3 10s.; steward, £5; cook, £4 10s.; and weekly wages, local, £1 10s.; non-local, £1 12s. 8d.

ALASKA FISHERMEN.—At a meeting in San Francisco, the men engaged in the Alaska Salmon Fishery adopted the following scale of prices:—For Copper River and Nushagak: 30 dols. a month, 10 cents for king fish each and 3 cents for small fish each per boat. For seining in Karluk district: 30 dols. per month and 10 dols a thousand per seine. For Chignink Bay: 30 dols a month and 20 cents per case to be divided among the fishermen. For Cook's Inlet: 75 dols. bonus to each man and one cent a case per man. Eighty per cent. of the Alaska fishermen belong to the Coast Seamen's Union, and others belong to the Steamship Sailors' Union and the Sacramento Fishermen's Union.

THE SOCIALIST LEAGUE.

OFFICES: 24, GREAT QUEEN ST., LINCOLN'S INN FIELDS, W.C.

The Offices of the Socialist League will be open for the sale of *Commonweal* and all other Socialist publications from 8.30 a.m. to 9 p.m. every day except Sunday. The Secretary will be in attendance from 10 a.m. to 9 p.m. daily.

Executive.—The Council of the Socialist League have, at their meeting on Monday, April 14th, resolved to demonstrate on May-day and Sunday following in favour of the International Solidarity of Labour and its Emancipation by Voluntary Combination. Branches and allied societies are asked to hold demonstrations in their own districts upon the lines of the League principles.

Branch Subscriptions Paid.—1888:—Oxford, to end of September.
1889:—Bradford and Hammersmith, to end of April. Norwich, Glasgow, and Yarmouth, to end of May. East London, to end of October. Mitcham, to end of November. St. Georges East, to end of December.
1890:—Manchester, to end of January. 'Commonweal' Branch, and North London, to end of February. Leicester, to end of March. North Kensington, to end of April. Streatham, to end of December.

Notice.—All letters on League business, except those intended for Editors of *Commonweal*, to be addressed to me. No other person is authorised to sign any official communication.
FRANK KITZ, Secretary.

NEW PREMISES FUND.

Collected at Council meeting, April 14th, 3s. 5d.

"COMMONWEAL" GUARANTEE FUND.

The following further sums have been received towards this fund:—C. Saunders, 2s.; H. R., 1s.; D. Nicoll, 6d.; North London Branch, 3s.; Fraser, 6d.; Birkbeck, 4d.; P. Webb, 4s.; J. C. Kenworthy, 10s.; J. L. Joyner, £1; and A. K. Austin, £1.

REPORTS.

EAST LONDON.—Good meeting in Victoria Park addressed by Cores, Davis, and Mowbray; 33 *Weals*, 5 *Freedoms*, and 12 pamphlets sold.—H. McK.

NORTH KENSINGTON.—A good meeting held at Latimer Road; speakers were R. J. Lyne and Maughan; collected 1s. 10d. and several *Weals* sold. Good meeting in Hyde Park at 3.30; speakers were Crouch, R. J. Lyne, and Cantwell; 2s. 6d. collected, and several *Weals* sold. At our room in Clarendon Coffee Tavern, comrade Coulon lectured to a good audience on "The French Revolution;" animated discussion; 2s. collected.

NORTH LONDON.—We held a very good meeting on Saturday night at Hyde Park, addressed by Cantwell and Nicoll; fair sale of *Weal*. On Sunday afternoon at Hyde Park, Cantwell, R. Lyne, Bullock, and Crouch, addressed a large audience; very good sale of *Commonweal* and pamphlets, and 3s. 8½d. was collected.—T. C.

STREATHAM.—A good meeting was held at the Fountain last Sunday night. A middle-class young man of the Christian Association started the opposition with a sermon, but did not succeed in diverting the attention of those who had come to listen to our comrade Kitz; 38 *Commonweal* sold.—R. S.

ABERDEEN.—At meeting on 13th, comrade Rennie read an eloquent paper on "The Socialism of Count Tolstoi," which was followed by an interesting discussion.—L.

GLASGOW.—On Sunday, at 2 o'clock, Joe and Tim Burgoyne spoke to a good audience on "Jail Life." At 5 o'clock Glasier spoke at Paisley Road Toll; *Weal* sold out; next Saturday we intend beginning our Saturday afternoon excursions.

LEEDS.—On Sunday last, at a meeting in Vicar's Croft, when Maguire, Braithwaite and Sweeney spoke, a policeman cautioned Samuels against selling any literature, as it was contrary to the bye-laws. Samuels, who has been speaking and selling papers in the same place for months previously without molestation, got on the platform and related the circumstance to the assembled crowd and defied the constable. He then got down and in a few moments he had sold all the *Weals* and *Freedoms* that he had with him. The policeman attempted to rush him out of the market, but the demeanour of the crowd becoming threatening, he was satisfied with our comrade's name and address, whom he threatened with a summons "in the morning." I think this is a sign we are getting felt here.—H. S.

LEICESTER.—March the 4th, Stepniak lectured in the Co-operation Hall to a large audience on "Russian Democracy"; a Fabian comrade took the chair; great interest was manifested. On the 11th, William Morris was among us and took tea with about twenty of us at our rooms. Morris's address, "The Class Struggle" was a real stirring one, and his replies to objections excellent. Sunday evening, Greenman, of the S. D. F., spoke on the general question of Socialism, at Humberstone Gate, to a good audience.—T. B.

MANCHESTER.—On Sunday morning a large meeting was held at Phillips' Park; Barton and Baillie spoke; lively discussion. In Stevenson Square, in the afternoon, Sharples (of Blackburn) was the principal speaker; two quires of *Commonweal* sold, and 2s. 9d. collected. On Monday night, the quarterly meeting of the branch was held at the club; the financial report showed the branch to be in a sound and flourishing position; the corresponding and financial secretaries were re-elected, and other business transacted.

YARMOUTH.—On Sunday, in the morning, on Priory Plain, comrade Brightwell opened a discussion on "Socialism v. Christianity," several comrades taking part; in the evening, at Colman's Granary Quay, comrade Ruffold addressed a good audience; 11 *Commonweal* sold.—J. H.

DUBLIN.—At Working-men's Club, Willington Quay, April 9th, the third sitting of an Industrial Conference took place; amongst the speakers were Mr. J. A. Cree and Fitzpatrick, who dwelt strongly on the antagonism between employer and employee, and the utter impossibility of propping up the existing system; the clerical and orthodox Trades Union element being not at all pleased at some of the home thrusts.

EDINBURGH—SCOTTISH SOCIALIST FEDERATION.—On Sunday afternoon we held a very successful meeting in the Meadows; M'Kenrie, Hamilton and Smith made very effective speeches. In the evening comrade Melliet lectured to a good audience in the Moulders' Hall, on "Capital Punishment," and showed, from the points of view of a Socialist and a man of the world, why it should be abolished; good discussion.

LIVERPOOL SOCIALIST SOCIETY.—On Sunday afternoon and evening, comrade William Morris lectured to good audiences at the Rodney Hall, on "The Development of Modern Society" and "The Social Outlook"; papers and literature to the amount of £2 9s. were disposed of.—E. C. CHAPMAN.

'COMMONWEAL' can be had from—

Mr. Read, Surrey-street, Littlehampton, Sussex.

C. A. Crump, 39, Rayner Terrace, Stratford New Town.

INTERNATIONAL OR REVOLUTIONARY SOCIALISM.—As the study of Socialism from a revolutionary or international standpoint is absolutely necessary, it is intended by several friends to form a branch of the League. I have therefore to ask all those who are willing to join in forming such branch, and who are willing to help in propagating the principles of true Socialism, to communicate with me as early as possible.—J. SKETCHLEY, 165 Gibraltar Street, Sheffield.

LECTURE DIARY.

LONDON.

Battersea.—All communications to E. Buteux, 45, Inwith Street, Battersea Park Road.

Commonweal Branch.—24 Great Queen Street, Holborn, W.C. Business meeting of members every Thursday evening at 8; Discussion Class at 9. Hall open every evening from 7 till 10. Sunday April 20, at 8 p.m., George Bernard Shaw, "The Consequences of Democracy."

East London.—A meeting of members will be held on Sunday April 20 at 12 Basing Place, Kingsland Road, 6.30 p.m.

Hammersmith.—Kelmescott House, Upper Mall, W. Sunday April 20, at 8 p.m., a Lecture. French Class conducted by Mlle. Desroches on Friday evenings at 7.30.

Mitcham.—Comrades are asked to turn up at the "Lord Napier" on Sunday at 8.30, to decide upon the summer campaign.

North Kensington.—Clarendon Coffee Palace, Clarendon Road. Meets every Wednesday at 8 p.m. On Sunday April 20, at 8 p.m., a Discussion.

North London.—6 Windmill Street, Tottenham Court Road. Meets every Wednesday evening at 8 o'clock.

Streatham.—Address secretary, R. Smith, 1 Natal Road, Streatham.

Whitechapel and St. Georges in the East.—Branch meetings at International Club, 40 Berner Street, Commercial Road. J. Turner, organising secretary.

PROVINCES.

Aberdeen.—Organiser, J. Leatham, 7 Jamaica Street. Branch meets in Hall, 9 Harriet Street, on Sunday evenings at 6.30. Singing practice, etc., in Odd-fellows' Small Hall, Crooked Lane, Mondays at 8 p.m.

Bradford.—Laycock's Temperance Hotel, Albion Court, Kirkgate. Meets every Tuesday at 7.30.

Glasgow.—Ram's Horn Hall, 122 Ingram Street. Branch meets on Thursday evenings at 8 o'clock and Sundays at 7 o'clock.

Halifax.—Socialists meet every Sunday at 6.30 p.m. at Helliwell's Temperance Hotel, Northgate.

Leeds.—Clarendon Buildings, Victoria Road, School Close. Open every evening. Business meeting Saturdays at 8 p.m.

Leicester.—Exchange Buildings, Rutland Street. Branch meets on Monday and Thursday, at 8 p.m.

Manchester.—Socialist League Club, 60 Grovesnor Street, All Saints. Open every evening.

Norwich.—Sunday, at 8, Gordon Hall. Tuesday, at 8.30, Members' meeting. Thursday, at 8, Discussion Class. Saturday, Social Meeting. Hall open every evening from 8 p.m.

Oxford.—Temperance Hall, 25½ Pembroke Street. First Friday in every month, at 8.30 p.m.

Walsall.—Socialist Club, 18 Goodall Street, Walsall. Meetings every night.

Yarmouth.—Socialist League Club, 56 Row, Market Place. Open every evening. Business Meeting Tuesdays at 8 p.m. Elocution Class Friday at 8.30 p.m. Discussion Class Sunday 3 p.m.

OPEN-AIR PROPAGANDA.

SATURDAY 19.

7 Hyde Park Nicoll and Cantwell

SUNDAY 20.

11 Latimer Road Station North Kensington Branch
11.30 Hammersmith Bridge Hammersmith Branch
11.30 Kilburn—"Old Plough," Kilburn Lane Mainwaring
11.30 Mitcham—Fair Green J. Turner, Kitz, and Smith
11.30 Regent's Park Mowbray
3.30 Hyde Park—Marble Arch North Kensington Branch
3.30 Victoria Park East London Branch
7 Hammersmith Bridge Hammersmith Branch
7 Weltje Road, Ravenscourt Park Hammersmith Branch
8 Streatham Fountain Smith and Sparling

TUESDAY 22.

8 Walham Green—back of Church Hammersmith Branch

THURSDAY 24.

8.15 Hoxton Church Kitz and Davis

PROVINCES.

Glasgow.—Sunday: Jail Square at 2 o'clock; Paisley Road at 5 o'clock. Tuesday: Cathedral Square, at 8 p.m.

Leeds.—Sunday: Hunslet Moor, at 11 a.m.; Vicar's Croft, at 7 p.m.

Liverpool.—Landing-stage, Sundays at 11.30.

Manchester.—Sunday: Philips Park Gates, at 11; Stevenson Square, at 3.

Norwich.—Sunday: St. Faiths, at 11; Market Place, at 3.

Sheffield.—Sunday: Monolith, Fargate, at 11.30 a.m.; Burngreave Road, near Vestry Offices, at 3 p.m.; Pump, West Bar, at 8 p.m.

Yarmouth.—Sunday: Priory Plain, at 11; Bradwell, 11.30; Colman's Granary Quay, at 7.

LIVERPOOL SOCIALIST SOCIETY.—1 Stanley Street, Dale Street.—Meets every Tuesday at 8 p.m.

NOTTINGHAM SOCIALIST CLUB.—All communications to be addressed to the Secretary, A. Clifton, 11 Hawksworth Street, Clarence Street.

CHELSEA S.D.F., Co-operative Lecture Hall, 312 Kings Road, Chelsea.—Sunday April 20, at 8 p.m., H. R. Taylor, "England as it Was, as it Is, and as it Ought to Be."

EDINBURGH—SCOTTISH SOCIALIST FEDERATION.—Bruce Glasier (of Glasgow) speaks in Meadows, Sunday at 2.30, and in Moulders' Hall at 6.30. Criticism of Fabian Essays, Tuesday at 8 p.m., at 35 George IV. Bridge.

FABIAN SOCIETY.—A course of seven lectures on SOCIALISM IN CONTEMPORARY LITERATURE will be given in the French Chamber, St. James's Restaurant, W. (entrance from Piccadilly), on Friday evenings, at 8 o'clock. May 2 (second lecture), Ernest Radford, "William Morris."

DEMONSTRATION OF LANCASHIRE AND DISTRICT SOCIALISTS.—On Sunday May 4th, the Annual Gathering of Socialists will take place in Manchester, and a mass meeting will be held in Stevenson Square at 3 p.m. A large array of well-known Socialist speakers will address the meeting.

YARMOUTH.—Suitable premises have now been secured for the Socialist League Club at 56 Row, Market Place. Amongst its attractions will be a library, reading, boxing, and refreshment rooms. Friends who can assist, either with furniture, fittings, books, or funds, are earnestly invited to do so. The club is open every evening for members. *Commonweal* and Socialist League literature on sale.

THE COMMONWEAL

The Official Journal of the SOCIALIST LEAGUE.

VOL. 6.—No. 224.

SATURDAY, APRIL 26, 1890.

WEEKLY; ONE PENNY.

STANLEY'S EXPLOITS:

OR,
CIVILISING AFRICA.

It may be interesting at the present time, when journalists, middle-class orators, lion comiques, pious tub-thumpers, and all the advertising agencies of a commercial civilisation, combine to raise a deafening chorus of praise to Stanley, to state why we Socialists are not in an abject state of admiration, and to support our objections to this modern commercial hero by indisputable evidence.

First, we do not admire Mr. Stanley because we do not like his methods of exploration, which resemble more the piratical operations of Blackbeard or Teach, or the savage warfare of the Spanish conquistadores, than the peaceful marches of his predecessors in African exploration. Secondly, we have still less liking for the ultimate result of his journeys, which carry slavery, misery, degradation, and death in their train, and leave a long and bloody trail behind them. With regard to the first objection we must admit that there is some excuse for Stanley; his early occupation, and the scenes he witnessed while pursuing it, may in some measure account for his brutal carelessness of human life. Everyone knows that he was originally a war correspondent; according to his own account he was first employed by American papers during the great Civil War. In the same capacity he witnessed battles between American troops and the Indians. His next experience was in 1868, with Napier in Abyssinia, when the main incidents of this war were a battue of helpless savages and the burning of Magdala. In 1869, he was present at some of the bloody scenes of the repression of the republican insurrection in Spain, when the people were mercilessly butchered at Valencia and Saragossa. While in Madrid, "fresh from the carnage at Valencia," he was summoned to Paris by the manager of the *New York Herald*, of which he was correspondent, and was sent in search of Livingstone, who had disappeared in Central Africa and was generally believed to be dead. The incidents of that journey are told by Stanley in the well-known work, "How I found Livingstone." I may mention here that whenever I produce any evidence against Mr. Stanley, it is always taken from his own works and his own words. The unfortunate natives who have come in contact with the valiant explorer cannot tell us their side of the story. Stanley is his own accuser, and doubtless, like all men he makes the best of his little eccentricities. If those who have suffered by them could tell their tale, no doubt it would be considerably blacker than it is at present. Still, we will own that he pursued his task of finding Livingstone with more humanity than has characterised his later expeditions. It is true that in chapter vi., pp. 217-18 of that work, he admits submitting one of his followers to "a vigorous and most necessary application of my donkey lash," and "to flogging right and left to rouse the pagazis and soldiers up." He also embarked upon a wicked and useless war in alliance with the slave-hunting Arabs of Unyanyembe against an African chief, Mirambo, who had successfully resisted their encroachments. Mr. Stanley tells how his allies in this war were fond "of decapitating and inflicting vengeful gashes in dead bodies," (p. 279). On p. 282, he relates how they surprised one of Mirambo's people asleep, "whose head they stretched backward and cut off as though he were a goat or a sheep." Nice allies for a pioneer of Christianity and civilisation.¹ These incidents are, however, only worth mentioning as illustrations of the character of this pioneer of civilisation, and we shall find that his passion for cruel slaughter attained a still higher development later on.

After his return from finding Livingstone, Stanley accompanied the army of General Wolesley in the Ashantee expedition, and was present during the defeat of the Ashantees and the burning of Coomassie. Stanley, in his book "Coomassie and Magdala," curiously enough censures the English General for his mildness towards the enemy. We shall have no occasion to blame Stanley for such weakness in criticising his own expeditions.

But Stanley was soon to play a more distinguished part. Dr. Livingstone was dead, and the proprietors of the *New York Herald* and *Daily Telegraph* were anxious to find a successor for the man whose name was famous throughout the civilised world. To these smart business men it seemed fit that the prophet's mantle should fall upon the shoulders of the brisk young American journalist. Stanley was accordingly sent off into the wilds of Africa to complete the discoveries of the dead man. He started from Zanzibar on November 12, 1874, with a well-equipped army of three hundred Zanzibaris, some of whom were well experienced alike in exploring, ivory trading, and slave-hunting. Mr. Stanley first journeyed in the direction of the great lakes, where, however, he did not at first make many discoveries of great importance. Still, the proprietors of the *New York Herald* and *Daily Telegraph* expected something for their money, and it was possibly with a view of providing them with some sensational articles that Stanley engaged in a series of small wars with several savage tribes, the incidents of which are both instructive and interesting as to methods usually adopted by this apostle of civilisation in dealing with the natives of Africa. These incidents were deemed so extraordinary that Col. Yule (an old soldier, eminent also as a geographer, who took a great interest in primitive peoples) and H. M. Hyndman drew the attention of the Royal Geographical Society and the public to the "civilised warfare" carried on by the representative of the *New York Herald* and the *Daily Telegraph*.¹

The first letter of Mr. Stanley, detailing his conflicts with the natives, was printed in the *Daily Telegraph* of October 15, 1875. He tells us there how, while he was engaged in palaver with the elders of the Waturu that

"It soon became evident, however, that though the elders were content the warriors were not, as they could be seen hurrying by in scores and gesticulating violently in crowds. . . . As we watched them we noted that about two hundred detached themselves from the gesticulating crowds east of the camp, and disappeared hurrying to the thick bush west of us. Soon afterwards one of my men returned from that direction bleeding profusely from the face and arms, and reported that he and a youth named Sulieman were out collecting firewood, when they were attacked by a large crowd of savages who were hidden in the bush. A knobstick had crushed the man's nose, and a spear had severely wounded him in the arm, but he had managed to escape while Sulieman was killed, a dozen spears having been plunged in his back."

The savages afterwards fired a shower of arrows upon the camp. Stanley's men then set upon them, and being well armed easily routed them. Here is his own description of the victory:

"The skirmishers now returned, and announced that fifteen of the enemy were killed, while a great many more were wounded and borne off by their friends. All my men had distinguished themselves, even 'Bull,' my British bull-dog, had seized one of the Waturu by the leg, and had given him a taste of the power of the sharp canines of his breed before the *poor* savage was *mercifully* despatched by a Snider bullet."

The italics are mine. This passage certainly shows a keen relish for slaughter and cruelty. You would think that the killing of one and the wounding of another man had been sufficiently avenged by the slaughter of fifteen men and the wounding of many more, but Mr. Stanley is not satisfied. His taste for massacre, acquired by seeing savages and rebellious crowds shot down in heaps by a storm of bullets and grapeshot from the arms of precision of civilised troops, has not been sufficiently gratified. On the next day the "war" was resumed. Mr. Stanley has witnessed the burning of Coomassie and Magdala, and now desires to have a little illumination on his own account. He continues:

"Accordingly, I selected four *experienced* men to lead four several detachments, and gave orders that they should march in different directions through the valley and meet at some high rocks distant five miles off; that they should seize upon all cattle, and burn every village as soon as taken."

The word "experienced" we have put in italics is worth noting. We suppose they were "experienced" in savage warfare and burning

¹ Accounts of this civilised warfare in longer extracts than I am able to give from Mr. Stanley's letters, will be found in a pamphlet entitled "Mr. H. M. Stanley and the Royal Geographical Society, being the record of a protest" by Col. Henry Yule and H. M. Hyndman. Bickers and Sons, Leicester Square. 1878.

¹ And yet, although even then he assumed this lofty character, Mr. Stanley recounts these atrocities as though they were rather amusing.

villages. In that case it is probable that these men who commanded Mr. Stanley's infernal columns were "experienced" in the atrocities of Arab slave-hunting expeditions, and no doubt they had now obtained work which they enjoyed. Unhappily, however, one of these detachments fell in with a strong force of the men whose villages they were going to burn, and were slaughtered to a man. The second very nearly shared the same fate, but was rescued by reinforcements dispatched to the spot by Stanley. He then describes with unctious the work of the other detachments:

"Meanwhile, smoke was seen issuing from the south and south-east, informing us that the third and fourth detachments were pursuing their way victoriously; and soon a score or more villages were enwrapped in dense volumes of smoke. Even at a distance of eight miles we beheld burning villages, and shortly after the blazing settlements in the north and east announced our triumph on all sides. . . . The next day we renewed the battle with sixty good men, who received instructions to proceed to the extreme length of the valley and destroy what had been left on the previous day. These came to a strong and large village on the north-east, which, after a slight resistance, they entered, loading themselves with grain, and afterwards setting the village on fire. Long before noon it was clearly seen that the savages had had enough of war, and were quite demoralised, so that our people returned through the now silent and blackened valley without molestation."

Now, even supposing that the previous massacre was amply justified by the "offences" committed by the natives, yet nothing can justify the acts of incendiarism and pillage committed by Mr. Stanley. It was not a war upon men, it was a war upon women and children, who were left to starve amid the "silent and blackened valley," which had once flourished in abundance and resounded with the innocent mirth of thoughtless savages, who had no idea that an enterprising war correspondent was on the way to "civilise" them.

It is not surprising to find after these incidents that Mr. Stanley had a few more conflicts with other native tribes. Here is another charming little incident, which I quote in full. It appeared in a letter published in the *Daily Telegraph*, November 15, 1875, and describes some events which took place on the Eastern shores of Lake Victoria Nyanza, while Stanley was engaged in trading with the Wavuma, a native tribe of the district:

"While we were bargaining for potatoes with this party the other canoes came up and blocked the boat, while the people began to lay surreptitious hands upon everything; but we found their purpose out, and I warned the robbers away with my gun. They jeered at this, and immediately seized their spears and shields, while one crew hastened away with some beads it had stolen, and which a man insolently held up to my view, mockingly inviting us to catch him. At the dangerous example of this I fired, and the man fell dead in his place. The others prepared to launch their spears, but the repeating rifle was too much for the crew of so-called warriors, who had hastened like pirates to pillage us. Three were shot dead, and as they retreated my elephant rifle smashed their canoes, the results of which we saw in the confusion attending each discharge. After a few rounds from the big gun we continued on our way, still hugging the shores of Uvuma, for it was unnecessary to fly after such an exhibition of inglorious conduct on the part of fifteen canoes, containing in the aggregate over a hundred men."

Mr. Stanley seems here to have revived on his own account the ancient criminal law, by punishing the petty theft of a few paltry beads with death. Still the good gentleman doubtless suffered considerable disappointment, with which we are sure the kind-hearted reader must sympathise. Fancy! the cowardly natives would not stop to be shot down by Stanley's repeating rifle, so only "three were shot dead," and a few canoes smashed by the elephant rifle. What a falling off was there from the glorious slaughter of the Waturu!

D. J. NICOLL.

(To be continued.)

NEWS FROM NOWHERE:

OR,

AN EPOCH OF REST.

BEING SOME CHAPTERS FROM A UTOPIAN ROMANCE.

CHAP. XIII.—CONCERNING POLITICS.

SAID I: "How do you manage with politics?"

Said Hammond, smiling: "I am glad that it is of *me* that you ask that question: I do believe that anybody else would have made you explain yourself, or try to do so till you were sickened of asking questions. Indeed, I believe I am the only man in England who would know what you mean; and since I know, I will answer your question briefly by saying that we are very well off as to politics,—because we have none. If ever you make a book out of this conversation, put this in a chapter by itself, after the model of old Horrebow's Snakes in Iceland."

"I will," said I.

CHAP. XIV.—HOW MATTERS ARE MANAGED.

"BUT," quoth I, "is there no difference of opinion amongst you? Is that your assertion?"

"No, not at all," said he, somewhat snappishly; "but I do say that differences of opinion about real solid things need not, and with us do not, crystallise people into parties permanently hostile to one another, with different theories as to the build of the universe and the progress of time. Isn't that what politics used to mean?"

"H'm, well," said I, "I am not so sure of that."

Said he: "I take you, neighbour; they only pretended to this serious

difference of opinion; for if it had existed they could not have dealt together in the ordinary business of life; couldn't have eaten together, bought and sold together, gambled together, cheated other people together, but must have fought whenever they met: which would not have suited them at all. The game of the masters of politics was to cajole or force the public to pay the expense of a luxurious life and exciting amusement for a few cliques of ambitious persons: and the pretence of serious difference of opinion, belied by every action of their lives, was quite good enough for that. What has all that got to do with us?"

Said I: "Why, nothing, I should hope. But I fear— In short, I have been told that political strife was a necessary result of human nature."

"Human nature!" cried the old boy, impetuously; "what human nature? The human nature of paupers, of slaves, of slave-holders, or the human nature of wealthy freemen? Which? Come, tell me that?"

"Well," said I, "I suppose there would be a difference according to circumstances in people's action about these matters."

"I should think so, indeed," said he. "At all events, experience shows that it is so. Amongst us, our differences concern matters of business, and passing events as to them, and could not divide men permanently. As a rule, the immediate outcome shows which opinion on a given subject is the right one; it is a matter of fact, not of speculation. For instance, it is clearly not easy to knock up a political party on the question as to whether haymaking in such and such a country-side shall begin this week or next, when all men agree that it must at latest begin the week after next, and when any man can go down into the fields himself and see whether the seeds are ripe enough for cutting."

Said I: "And you settle these differences, great and small, by the will of the majority, I suppose?"

"Certainly," said he; "how else could we settle them? You see in matters which are merely personal which do not affect the welfare of the community—how a man shall dress, what he shall eat and drink, what he shall write and read, and so forth—there can be no difference of opinion, and everybody does as he pleases. But when the matter is of common interest to the whole community, and the doing or not doing something affects everybody, the majority must have their way; unless the minority were to take up arms and show by force that they were the effective or real majority; which, however, in a society of men who are free and equal is little likely to happen; because in such a community the apparent majority is the real majority, and the others, as I have hinted before, know that too well to obstruct from mere pig-headedness; especially as they have had plenty of opportunity of putting forward their side of the question."

"How is that managed?" said I.

"Well," said he, "let us take one of our units of management, a commune, or a ward, or a parish (for we have all three names, indicating little real distinction between them now, though time was there was a good deal). In such a district, as you would call it, some neighbours think that something ought to be done or undone; a new town-hall built; a clearance of inconvenient houses; or say a stone bridge substituted for some ugly old iron one,—there you have undoing and doing in one. Well, at the next ordinary meeting of the neighbours, or Mote as we call it, according to the ancient tongue of the times before bureaucracy, a neighbour proposes the change, and of course if everybody agrees, there is an end of discussion, except about details. Equally, if no one backs the proposer—'seconds him,' it used to be called—the matter drops for the time being; a thing not likely to happen amongst reasonable men, however, as the proposer is sure to have talked it over with others before the Mote. But supposing the affair proposed and seconded, if a few of the neighbours disagree to it, if they think that the beastly iron bridge will serve a little longer and they don't want to be bothered with building a new one just then, they don't count heads that time, but put off the formal discussion to the next Mote; and meantime arguments pro and con are flying about, and some get printed, so that everybody knows what is going on; and when the Mote comes together again there is a regular discussion and at last a vote by show of hands. If the division is a close one, the question is again put off for further discussion: if the division is a wide one, the minority are asked if they will yield to the more general opinion, which they often, nay, most commonly do. If they refuse, the question is debated a third time, when, if the minority has not perceptibly grown, they always give way; though as a matter of fact, if there is any rule on the case, they might still carry it on further: but I say, what always happens is that they are convinced, not perhaps that their view is the wrong one, but that they cannot persuade or force the community to adopt it."

"Very good," said I; "but what happens if the divisions are still narrow?"

Said he: "As a matter of principle and according to the rule of such cases, the question must then lapse, and the majority, if so narrow, has to submit to sitting down under the *status quo*. But I must tell you that in point of fact the minority very seldom enforces this rule, but generally yields in a friendly manner."

"But do you know," said I, "that there is something in all this very like democracy; and I thought that democracy was considered to be in a moribund condition many, many years ago."

The old boy's eyes twinkled. "I grant you that our methods have that drawback. But what is to be done? We can't get *anyone* amongst us to complain of his not always having his own way in the teeth of the community, when it is clear that *everybody* cannot have that indulgence. What is to be done?"

"Well," said I, "I don't know."

Said he: "The only alternatives to our method that I can conceive of are these. First, that we should choose out, or breed, a class of superior persons capable of judging on all matters without consulting the neighbours; that, in short, we should get for ourselves what used to be called an aristocracy of intellect; or, secondly, that for the purpose of safe-guarding the freedom of the individual will, we should revert to a system of private property again, and have slaves and slaveholders once more. What do you think of those two expedients?"

"Well," said I, "there is a third possibility—to wit, that every man should be quite independent of every other, and that thus the tyranny of society should be abolished."

He looked hard at me for a second or two, and then burst out laughing very heartily; and I confess that I joined him. When he recovered himself he nodded at me, and said: "Yes, yes, I quite agree with you—and so we all do."

"Yes," I said, "and besides, it does not press hardly on the minority: for, take this matter of the bridge, no man is obliged to work on it if he doesn't agree to its building. At least, I suppose not."

He smiled, and said: "Shrewdly put; and yet from the point of view of the native of another planet. If the man of the minority does find his feelings hurt, doubtless he may relieve them by refusing to help in building the bridge. But, dear neighbour, that is not a very effective salve for the wound caused by the 'tyranny of a majority' in our society; because all work that is done is either beneficial or hurtful to every member of it. The man is benefited by the bridge-building if it turns out a good thing, and hurt by it if it turns out a bad one, whether he puts a hand to it or not, and meanwhile he is benefiting the bridge-builders by his work, whatever that may be. In fact, I see no help for him except the pleasure of saying 'I told you so' if the bridge-building turns out to be a mistake and hurts him; if it benefits him he must suffer in silence. A terrible tyranny our Communism, is it not? Folk used often to be warned against this very unhappiness in times past, when for every well-fed, contented person you saw a thousand miserable starvelings. Whereas for us, we grow fat and well-liking on the tyranny; a tyranny, to say the truth, not to be made visible by any microscope I know. Don't be afraid, my friend; we are not going to seek for troubles by calling our peace and plenty and happiness by ill names whose very meaning we have forgotten!"

He sat musing for a little, and then started and said: "Are there any more questions, dear guest? The morning is waning fast amidst my garrulity."

WILLIAM MORRIS.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

(This Story began in No. 209, January 11, 1890. A few sets of Back Numbers can still be had.)

IN THE ARGENTINE.

COMMERCE here is in a delightful state of confusion. Gold went up the day before yesterday to 274, and to-day has gone down (!) to 255. Everything is, of course, frightfully dear, and business is paralysed. I believe we are on the eve of very hard times.

It is a great pity to see so many poor emigrants still coming to this country, though I see by the papers to-day that there is a serious falling-off of the numbers in January and February as compared with the same months of last year. The last act of the wretched Irish and English immigration has been played out. The settlers of the Naposta Colony sent a deputation to Buenos Ayres a fortnight ago to wait on the English Immigration Committee, and asked that something should be done for them. You will see the whole matter in a paragraph from the *Southern Cross* of February 14th, which I enclose:

"We regret to hear of very sorrowful accounts from the colony of Naposta. One account says that the owners of chacras will not average a profit of forty paper dollars each after paying the claims of the company. It is the opinion of an intelligent man who has seen the place that the crops of the most industrious Irish colonists will not pay for the interest charged on the land, and the gentleman, who is a great friend of the colony and is most impartial in his estimate, assures us that the Irish colonists have done far better than their English neighbours. Another independent witness thinks that each owner of a chacra will not have an average of 30 dols., or less than £3 sterling, after paying the lion's share of the produce to the company. And we must remember that the *Viticola Company* was not legally bound to supply provisions to the colony for more than one year, which is now soon to expire. The question is, then, what will become of these unfortunate people? After being infested with vermin in the 'Hotel,' after lying down for several days in the muck of an abandoned stable in the *Paseo de Julio*, after seeing their little ones die of cold and pestilence by their sides, after passing, in fact, through a 'via crucis' of slander, insult, and injury, they now find themselves, we fear, in the same position as they were in the day they landed from the 'Dresden.' Mr. Bulkley O'Meara, the Dublin information agent, is at present in this city. As he painted this country in such glowing colours to the emigrants, perhaps he will now come to the rescue of those who confided in his words, and interest himself in their behalf."

This will show what false hopes are held out to poor people coming here. From this time I believe the chances of doing anything here will be much less than ever, for the prices of Indian corn and wheat have gone down so much in Europe, that there will soon be perfect stagnation in the export of these articles; and it is on exportation they depend, as the consumption of the country is small compared with production.

There is but little doing here among us, but we are preparing to celebrate the anniversary of the Paris Commune on the 18th.

Four of our comrades who were suspected of having had something to do with the publication of a manifesto to the workers in Buenos Ayres, in September last, have since then been lying in jail in this free country! When they will get out we have not the slightest idea, and this though the man who did it very properly declares he was the sole author of it. Bail was refused for every man who was known to be an Anarchist. Well! the day of reckoning is coming.

J. CREAGHE.

Buenos Ayres, March 5th, 1890.

INTERNATIONAL NOTES.

FRANCE.

PARIS, April 20.—At a meeting of the leather-dressers, held to consider the question of taking part in the May-day demonstration, comrade Tortellier strongly recommended their participation. He hoped the affair would result in a general strike, to be closed when the eight-hours day had been secured as a first instalment of what they wanted. Of course, their one great object was to overturn the capitalist Bastille. The Anarchist vote carried the meeting in favour of the demonstration.

LE PIN (Loire Inf.).—Here is a little scene of the joys of country life that might very well have come from 'La Terre.' A farmer of the village of Le Pin was seen by a neighbour to fall senseless while digging and tending his vines. The doctor on arriving finds that his illness is due to starvation, and the man's wife tells how one thing after another, first grain, then the cow, and so on, is sold to pay the rent, the small store of potatoes is consumed, and nothing is left but to die. The desolate scene is no uncommon one among the vineyards of Nantes, where the peasants lived formerly a prosperous if not an easy life. The last good vintage was in 1875; since then the spring frosts have each year ruined the buds; then came the mildew in '77, then the phylloxera in '89. The vines, which need the greatest care in cultivation, and much expenditure, scarcely produce anything now; the peasants, either as owners of some few yards of vineyard, or renting the same, can no longer make a living, as formerly, or even make the rent of their land, and are fallen into a state of the profoundest misery.

LE HAVRE.—Louise Michel held a meeting here last Sunday to an audience of more than 600, the subject of her discourse being the May Day Labour Demonstration. The citoyenne does not pronounce in favour of the same, considering that no practical results are to be expected from it, and according to her the only thing to be done is to prepare for a general strike, which is sure to take place sooner or later.

L'Egalité has again been prosecuted on account of "incitement to riot and murder," and the publisher and editors, Caillava, Zevaco and Couret, have been sentenced to imprisonment and fines varying from three to fifteen months, and 1,000 to 5,000 francs.

MARSEILLES.—The appearance shortly of a new Socialist journal is announced in this town. It will be a daily and of fair size, and is to be called *Le Peuple*.

NOTTEVILLE, DARNETAL, etc. (Normandy).—Various small and incessant tyrannies go on in workshops of some of the small towns of Normandy. For instance, in the matter of fines, we see in glancing down one column of *Le Salariat*, 50 centimes (5d.) for being three minutes late. In another place, the fine is different on different days, as thus: 50 centimes for being late on Monday, 30 c. on other days. When for one cause or another an employé is absent all day, hey presto! 3 francs fine, and this in a workshop where the mean wage per day is only 2 francs. And other innumerable little worries, which seem too trivial to put down, but which all the same help to make up the sum of daily miseries in which the workers live. One scarcely knows which most to execrate, these small day to day tyrannies and slow bleeding by the master in a small way who has only lately and laboriously risen "from the ranks" himself, or the exploitation on a large scale—wholesale, frank, brutal, and impersonal.

BELGIUM.

GHEENT.—The unemployed workmen of Ghent have been marching through the principal streets of the town, accompanied by trumpets, and placards on which is written "Give us work or bread," "Abandoned by man, what is there left for us to do?" etc., etc. A delegation of the unemployed, consisting of nine workmen belonging to nine different trades, was conducted to the presence of the governor. The interview lasted more than an hour, and in the course of it the men explained their situation and asked for employment in public works. The governor replied that he was not empowered to set public works on foot, but that he would transmit the demand to the Government, of which he was only a representative. At the end of the audience the procession re-formed and marched to the office of *Vooruit* to tell the result of the mission, distributing leaflets by the way. Afterwards the delegates were received by the burgomaster at the Hotel de Ville. The manifestation was, as can be seen, of a calm and orderly nature. It remains to be seen if the unemployed of Ghent will get much out of it. M. M.

HOLLAND.

AMSTERDAM, April 19.—The Municipality here has refused to grant the request of several labour societies for permission to hold a parade on May 1, as a demonstration in favour of a normal working day of eight hours.

GERMANY.

THE TYRANNY OF GERMAN CAPITALISTS.—The German capitalists who sent a deputation over here a few months ago to enquire into the relations between masters and workmen have made good use of the knowledge they have thus acquired. According to the German correspondent of the *Labour Tribune*, they have taken to heart the lesson they have learnt from the English bosses, and have formed "powerful and well-organised employers' associations, which pursue their interests in most vigorous and heartless manner." They have the workmen at their mercy, as they are completely disorganised, and their leaders are "victimised, starved, and prosecuted" by the associated masters. Most of these employers' associations have recently issued an edict that any workman who leaves his work on the 1st of May will be at once dismissed and not employed again in any of the associated works; and if a strike occurs at one of the works, the men are turned out to starve at all the factories belonging to the association. Every day the tyranny increases and the masters are becoming "more provoking and overbearing than ever." The emperor's philanthropy does not seem to have made the German workmen any better off, and it is simply another demonstration of the powerlessness of legislation to improve the condition of workers. In spite of Social Democratic parliamentary victories and imperial rescripts, the tyranny of the masters grows worse and worse, and open revolt now seems the only course left to the German workmen. N.

Cours Weavers' Strike Fund.—Already acknowledged:—£26 18s. 4d. Received—Christina D. Hills, 2s. 6d.; Raymond Unwin, 2s. 6d.; F. S. Ellis, £1.

The poem "Too Late," in *Weal* of April 5, was translated by comrade Laura Lafargue, from a German folk-song; the notification to that effect was omitted by accident.



OFFICES: 24 GREAT QUEEN STREET, LONDON, W.C.

HAVE YOU NOT HEARD HOW IT HAS GONE WITH MANY A CAUSE BEFORE NOW: FIRST, FEW MEN HEED IT; NEXT, MOST MEN CONTEMN IT; LASTLY, ALL MEN ACCEPT IT—AND THE CAUSE IS WON

THE COMMONWEAL is the official organ of the Socialist League; but, unless definitely so announced by the Editors, no article is to be taken as expressing in more than a general way the views of the League as a body. In accordance with the Manifesto and Statement of Principles of the League, the COMMONWEAL is an exponent of International Revolutionary Socialism. On minor differences of opinion the widest freedom of discussion is maintained. As all articles are signed, no special significance attaches to their position in the paper.

Articles and letters dealing with any phase of the social problem are invited and will meet with earnest consideration. They must be written on one side of the paper only, and accompanied by the name and address of the writer, not necessarily for publication. MSS. can only be returned if a stamped directed envelope accompanies them.

Advertisements can only be inserted if unobjectionable in all particulars. Scale of charges and special quotations may be obtained from the Manager.

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Subscribers who receive a RED WRAPPER are thereby reminded that their subscriptions have expired and must be renewed immediately if they wish to continue to receive COMMONWEAL.

SPECIAL RECRUIT SUBSCRIPTIONS.—To aid in spreading our principles, the following largely reduced terms are offered to those who obtain new subscribers: Two new yearly subscriptions for British Islands, etc., 10s. 6d.; for Australia, etc., 15s.; for India, etc., 19s. Five new subscriptions: For British Islands, etc., 25s.; for Australia, etc., 37s. 6d.; for India, etc., 47s. 6d. Specimen copies will be sent on receipt of postage.

Remittances from abroad must be made by International Money Order.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

ARTIST.—The cuttings as to Royal Academy were interesting, but rendered useless to us by bearing no sign of origin. Name and date of paper should be attached to all extracts. Should like to see you as to drawing sent, which we are unable to use through an error in design, though execution is good.

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Sozial Demokrat	Berlin—Volks Tribune
Seafaring	Erfurt—Thüringer Tribune
Worker's Friend	Nordhausen—Volksblatt
INDIA	Gera—Reussische Tribune
Bankipore—Behar Herald	AUSTRIA
UNITED STATES	Brunn—Arbeiterstimme
New York—Der Sozialist	Vienna—Arbeiter-Zeitung
Freiheit	DENMARK
Twentieth Century	Copenhagen—Arbejderen
United Irishman	SWEDEN
Workmen's Advocate	Malmö—Arbetet
Boston—Woman's Journal	Stockholm, Social-Demokraten
Investigator	NORWAY
Buffalo—Arbeiter-Zeitung	Tynnset—Fedraheimen
Chicago—Rights of Labour	
Vorbote	
	BELGIUM
	Antwerp—De Werker
	Ghent—Vooruit
	SWITZERLAND
	Bulletin Continental

NOTES ON NEWS.

ONE of the most interesting experiments in journalism which I have seen for a long time is *Cynicus*, the first number of which has just appeared, and which will be published every fortnight at 3d. It contains no advertisements, nor will it advertise; the proprietor, who is also editor, and indeed the whole staff, being resolved that cost shall be the arbiter of price, and that his paper shall perish rather than submit to the tyranny of the advertiser. Every reader of *Commonweal* who can afford the fortnightly 3d. should order *Cynicus* along with his *Weal*. The principal sketch in the present number represents Capital and Labour, and would make an admirable decoration for club and branch room walls.

The same attitude towards the advertiser is assumed by the long-talked-of Australian labour paper, the first number of which, dated March 1st, we have just received. It is called the *Worker*, and bears the sub-title "Monthly Journal of the Associated Workers of Queensland." About the size of the *Christian Socialist*, it gives 16 pages of three columns each of closely printed reading matter. While not professing more than advanced trade-union principles, it promises to be a thoroughly sound and reliable labour advocate, and a most valuable ally in the cause of progress. It says, by the way, that

"It isn't true that there is a capitalistic move on foot to start an organ to be called the *Drone* in opposition to the *Worker*. Capitalism is satisfied with the way its present organs work the oracle, which teaches, 'If you have no case, abuse the other side.'"

There is a most delightful letter in the *Women's Penny Paper* this week. Words fail one before it; imagination shrinks from the fancied picture of its writer. Read this; I don't know what it is in reply to, but it is enormous; the italics are her own:

"A Gentlewoman" does me injustice if she supposes me to consider that any necessary or useful work is lowering. That is an opinion only held by what I fear I must continue to call "the lower classes." "A Gentlewoman" asks, "Why should there be lower classes?" To ask this is to arraign a fixed and immutable law of Nature. So long as there are wise and foolish, sober and drunken, thrifty and unthrifty, clever and stupid, so long will there be higher and lower classes. The individuals that constitute our lower classes at any given moment are those who have not in them the qualities that command success. They are drawn from all the other classes, and sink as naturally to the bottom as the dregs sink to the bottom of the cup. . . . Those who remain at the bottom for any length of time are thoroughly well suited to their situation, depend upon it. "A Gentlewoman" cannot mean to deny that there are lower classes, or why does she sign herself by that proud title? Your correspondent continues: "We gentlefolks are ignorant and we sin, and the lower classes (*sic*) are degraded because of our sin." I should think it much more probable they are degraded because of their own sin. I only wish the lower classes would copy the virtues, instead of merely the bonnets, of gentlewomen, namely, thrift, honesty, sobriety, prudence in marriage, and so forth. We might then do away almost entirely with our prisons, our police, our asylums for drunkards, our workhouses, and innumerable other institutions. But I am aware that this doctrine is unpalatable. Truth usually is so.

Is not that stupendous? Then what do you think of this:

"My opponent speaks of the want of sympathy between classes. I have always been greatly struck by the want of sympathy evinced by the lower classes for the higher. Hundreds and thousands of the higher classes devote their lives in part, or wholly, to striving to better the lot of the lower; but I never heard of a single instance of a reciprocal devotion, gratis. And yet the higher classes have their troubles, even more unendurable than those of the lower, if we may judge by the larger proportion of suicides among them. But they get no sympathy from below. . . . All the sympathy, all the feeling of brotherhood is on one side only; all the kind deeds done without hope of reward are done by the higher classes, and are looked on by the recipients as no more than their due."

Another correspondent of the same paper is

"Perfectly persuaded that the 'ideals of villadom' are, on the whole, higher than in any other division of society. Purer lives, truer piety, deeper culture, and more unselfish care for the welfare of others are to be met with in villas than in either mansions on the one hand, or cottages or lodgings on the other. Indeed, are we not told by Socialists that in the good time coming, when all shall equal be, that every individual is to occupy the position of the now despised middle classes, being neither rich nor poor?"

What Socialists? Name! name! good lady. 'Twould be a queer kind of a Socialist who held up the respectable villa-dwelling bourgeois as an ideal before the workers. There may be so-called Socialists who do it, but they are those who have not quite freed themselves from the philistinism and cant, which are the characteristics of the bourgeois, and are themselves imbued with the spirit of villadom. S.

"There never was a time when the dignity of labour was more fully and truly recognised than at present." This stupendous statement appears in the course of an article written by an anonymous liner of the *Daily Telegraph's*, in bitter opposition to the projected May Day demonstrations. There was a time when "recognition" and soft phrases would have salved labour's ills, and when workmen could be lulled with canting talk about the "sympathy" of the well-to-do with the struggles of their poorer brethren, and suchlike *Daily Telegraphisms*. But, alas and alas, those days are gone by! The Schoolmaster in the Red Cap has been abroad, and the "recognition of the dignity of labour" is his reward. Those who, as Ruskin has it, pawn "the dirty linen of their souls in order that they may dine," by writing abuse of the working class in their vile capitalist sheets, will probably in the near future have not only to recognise in literary sugar-coated pills the "dignity" of labour, but be forced to share in it before they can enjoy its fruits.

"This throwing out of gear of all the social machinery, and just in the busy time, too," wails the scribe; and then he lauds his last hope, the "sensible British artisan," of whom on that day we may fear nothing more than his ordinary peaceful movement to and fro his daily toil. Then he gives us the superfluous information that all the work-days of the toiling masses are spent in every country in a feverish struggle to elbow each other out of the markets of the world. True, O scribe! and you and those who order your productions of the pen may take warning that we are tired and weary of this miserable

fratricidal strife. A new spirit is abroad, a yearning for international solidarity; and although we dissent from the suppliant attitude of those who are at the head of the May Day demonstrations, yet we heartily welcome this sign of accord amongst the workers of the world.

Events are moving rapidly, and soon as the Social Revolution overtakes us we shall be face to face with a problem of great magnitude—no less than what to do with the anonymous scribes, whose avocation, like Othello's, would be gone. No longer should we be treated to those glowing productions anent the drum-beat that sounds the sunrise round the world to proclaim British power, or those gorgeous descriptions of the jewels and fal-lals worn by bare-necked Society belles. No longer would the world be electrified with the startling intelligence that her majesty walked out yesterday, and used presumably both feet in the process, or that Lady Fitz-Dodo gave a sumptuous repast at her mansion, possibly in recognition of the "dignity of labour." Sad to foretell, but an iconoclastic mob may in response to his plea for existence respond with Voltairian indifference that they don't see the necessity, and then will cold weather beset the Special Correspondent.

F. K.

CORRESPONDENCE.

ANOTHER COMPLIMENT.

Mrs. S t requests that no more numbers of the *Commonweal* be sent to her house. It is a paper whose principles are subversive of all law and order; therefore, as a Christian mother she cannot allow it in her house, and should any more numbers be sent they will be returned unopened and the postage unpaid.

M m House, W m, April 14th, 1890.

COMMUNE CELEBRATION.

The following letter, read at the Commune meeting, was by inadvertence omitted from report:

We, the members of the Scottish Socialist Federation, send our fraternal greetings to our London comrades on this the nineteenth anniversary of the Paris Commune. "Drink we the unforgotten dead!"

The energy of the Commune should be an example to all Socialist fellow-workers. The blood of its martyrs was shed for International Freedom. And each anniversary of this great rising of the proletariat should inspire all Socialists with fresh courage to fight for, and bring about, the triumph of the Social Revolution.—On behalf of the members, I am, dear comrade, yours fraternally,

WILLIAM D. TAIT, *Secretary.*

Scottish Socialist Federation, Edinburgh, March 17th, 1890.

"INVENTORS UNDER SOCIALISM."

SIR,—I have been asked to prepare for our Tuesday night meeting, as a subject of discussion, an answer to the letter of John W. Love on "Inventors under Socialism," which appeared in *Commonweal* of March 29th. As no reply has appeared to that letter I send this, which perhaps you may care to insert. John Love asks how inventors would be rewarded under Socialism. A what-need-hardly-be-called hypothetical case, is taken from the present system. An individual of inventive faculty having control of certain means of production, devises a "cheaper process of producing an article which is useful to the people and already in demand." He "pays the fullest wages of the trade" to those he employs, but, as the fruit of his invention, he requires to employ fewer workers than other manufacturers do for the same output; he, presumably conducting his business otherwise as successfully, gathers as "rent of ability" what he thus saves in wages. It is useful to note in passing that his share in the "rent of ability" will vary as his share in the means of production. If he own all he will receive the full reward; if but partially he will have to divide with others. If he owned not at all he would have run a very fair risk of receiving not at all. It is unfortunate that John Love, in questioning as to how Socialism would deal with the matter, does not make it clear that he conceives of Socialism as anything really different from the present system. With the means of production and distribution under the community's control for the supply of its needs, it is difficult, if not impossible, to see how an inventor, except in the most subsidiary trade, could ever have an opportunity to employ people to work for him. If such, then, is the case, and the incentive of personal gain in this particular form is largely, if not altogether, wanting, might there not, it may be asked, be a danger that the inventive faculty would fall into decay and the community be all this the poorer in intellect as well as in leisure and pleasure? This, I take it, is the real though unformulated question of John Love's letter. Except from this point of view it is of really no importance whatever that the inventor should receive any reward, other than that which he gets in seeing his invention prove a benefit to his fellows.

Recognising, however, with John Love, that all are not tuned to this pitch, it might be considered a matter of expediency for communities of workers to offer rewards for inventions. Closely allied, if not really identical with this question, is that of the reward of those who, while not introducing any new methods, show special powers within the old ones. In the time of transition it may be found necessary to reward such somewhat more highly than their fellows. But as with the socialisation of the means of production and exchange we should ever more and more find ourselves committed to Communism, all such distinctions would tend to vanish. With full means of existence and ample leisure secured, all hankering after an excess of goods over others would be recognised as not merely a sin but an atrocious vulgarity. We would never think then of rewarding our inventor with a gift of goods, unless, I daresay, he were a man who could not do anything else.

Edinburgh, April 19, 1890.

J. GILRAY.

Bradlaugh describes John Burns as a "blatant orator at street corners." This, says the *Boomerang*, is good coming from a man who is a blatant orator everywhere else.

HIGH STREET, KENSINGTON.

I DON'T know that I know any more depressing sight than High Street, Kensington, on an ordinary moderately fine winter afternoon. It is my misfortune not unfrequently to have to pass that way; but I must confess that I avoid it as much as I can, at any rate at those hours of the day when "ladies" do their shopping. King's Parade, Brighton, is pretty bad, and the slums of Sheffield are pretty bad; but for a collection of weary, dreary, heartless, hopeless faces, commend me to High Street, Kensington. On one side as you walk along the trottoir stands, in the gutter, a long row of the mere outcasts of humanity; wretched old women with thin shawls and mouldy boots, shivering visibly in the biting East, shapeless men with blue noses and bristly chins, thievish looking youths and pale-faced pert children—making a precarious living, as you may guess, by the sale of penny toys, offering all imaginable and utterly useless new-fangled wonders—if by any means one out of the well-dressed crowd may be induced to stop and buy. Thin, starved, twisted with deceit and degradation, such faces infect one with their own despair; in almost pleasant contrast to them are the looks of a few brazen coarse-featured flower-girls, who by selling from time to time the dwindling remnants of their "virtue," have obtained at any rate the wherewithal to get food and plentiful drink. Out of all the faces, flower-girls and all, there is not one on which the eye can rest without pain, not one—I have been up and down three times, but there is not one. There is not a face in which joy and happiness dwells, not one.

And then on the pavement, jostling each other, wrapped to the chin in furs, goes the highly respectable crowd, "stiff with decency and starch," from which the outcasts are trying to extort a penny; and I do not know if this is not the more damnable sight of the two. Yes, there are one or two bright, one or two thoughtful, faces among them—but the mass, the great mass—what weariness, O God! what leaden-eyed weariness and mere repletion, as they lounge into the shops, or scrutinise the objects in the windows!—what stolid and stony indifference as they glance at the *things* in the gutter!

Is it possible that these are human beings, and these also? On the one side a crowd *gorged* with money, considering what merest trifle it may buy, what faintest want it may gratify—if only a scarf to adorn the drawing-room mirror with, or a pair of kid-gloves to match its bonnet; and on the other side a crowd pining, perishing, for want of the most imperative necessities of life—physical, mental, and moral—and the two crowds close together staring, within a foot of each other! What a sight! "For mere sheer cruelty," says a friend of mine, "there's nothing like Respectability," and as I gaze at this spectacle I think I understand what he means.

It is not that these delicate-bred women (and men) have no hearts. But their cardiac ganglions are torpid, quite torpid. Bred in luxury and ease, they have seldom been called on to make sacrifices for each other; physical deprivation is a mere name to them; the life of human toil and human fellowship has passed them by; their affectional nature have become dwarfed; their power of sympathy contracted within the four walls of a stuffy respectability; and so the one thing which might at the same instant deliver them and the gutter-things, and give them both a reasonable interest in existence, is, alas! as matters are, quite impossible. A gulf is fixed; the policeman walks with his truncheon along the curb. A brougham drives up and scatters the ragged ones. A footman obsequiously opens the door; and another leaden-eyed "lady" wrapped in furs disappears into "Barker's."

It is all very strange. I walk up and down and wonder if it is a dream—some quite solid and indigestible nightmare. Supposing (I think) it were some tribe in the interior of Africa—which the pious Stanley had just discovered—of which we heard that the natives had these customs. That a certain class among them were in the habit of walking up and down a shady promenade, on one side of which were heaped great stores of bananas, mealies, dates, cotton-cloth, beads, and Sheffield knives—from which heaps said promenaders helped themselves freely to all they wanted; while on the other side, in the burning heat, stood a row of poor creatures (of the same tribe) in continual torture for want of food, waiting for hours and hours and hours, and all their lives, for bits of refuse to be thrown to them. What should we say to that? And yet, whatever plentiful villainous cruelties of burnings and other torments savages (chiefly under the influence of superstition) do perpetrate, I doubt whether any traveller has yet told us of such a scene of sheer cold-blooded indifference as that which I am describing.

And yet it goes on, and will go on—till the frame of this present anti-social "society" is rent in twain. The beggars still stand, offering their ingenious trifles in the gutter; the shops spread their piles of goods (grapes at 5s. 6d. to 7s. a lb., bonnets at 27s. each) in the windows; the policeman and the footman still marshal the show—and between goes the weary stream of stony faces whose aspect chills one to the bone:

"For Respectables are we,
And that is why, you see,
We confidently claim to be respected.
In well-ordered homes we dwell,
And discharge our duties well,
Well-dressed, well-fed, well-mannered, well-connected."

And this is High Street, Kensington, or "that part of Heaven which is called Hell."

EDWARD CARPENTER.

Where every hand fleeceth the sheep goes naked.

THE LABOUR STRUGGLE.

The Eight Hours Demonstration.

It is, I think, a great pity that the English workers cannot hold their united demonstration on the 1st of May, at the same time as their Continental brethren. However large the demonstration on Sunday May 4th may be, it will lose its significance as a declaration of fraternity between the English and Continental workers. Of course, we know it is a hard thing for the workman to lose a day's work in the busy season of the year, but then the Continental workers will do it, and they cannot afford it so well as the English. Even if the demonstration had not been such a big affair upon the 1st of May, the middle classes would have known that the men composing it were determined to have the Eight Hour Day, and were not afraid of self-sacrifice in order to obtain it; but there will be no such certainty about the demonstration on May 4th. It will merely rank with the usual political demonstrations, which make plenty of noise for a few hours and then disappear and are forgotten, and no one is much affected one way or another. It is a remarkable fact that the *Star*, which is now manipulated by Mr. John Morley and the official Liberal gang has been very earnest in recommending May 4th as the date for the demonstration. As these people are certainly not friendly to the Eight Hours Day, advice from such a source is certainly suspicious, as it is clearly to the interest of John Morley and Co. that the demonstration should not be too successful.

But though most of the trade societies have decided for May 4th, yet some of the English workers will hold demonstrations on May 1st. The National Federation of Trades and Industries announce a demonstration for the afternoon, and the Socialist League will hold a mass meeting on Clerkenwell Green in the evening, of May Day. Thus the international meaning of the demonstration will not be altogether lost.

Threatened Great Strike of Railwaymen.

A great strike of North-Eastern Railwaymen is expected. The men have demanded the establishment of the ten hours system. The directors have made some slight wages concessions, but have refused the demand for the reduction of hours. The men have twice offered to submit the question to arbitration, but this the company has also declined. Ballot-papers have now been sent round to the men by the secretary of the Amalgamated Society of Railway Servants, and they are to give their decision as to whether they are prepared to send in their notices. The ballot-papers are to be returned to the central office of the union not later than April 26th. The ten hours system is very much wanted, as some of the men on this line have been working eighty hours a-week, and have to work the Sunday over and above for nothing, because they come on duty after six o'clock at night. There is some chance that the strike may come off, as the men are very enthusiastic and well organised, and as all grades on the line have grievances, they are likely to strike with the unionists. The railwaymen have as much power in their hands as the miners, if they choose to use it. By a general strike on all lines they could bring work everywhere to a standstill in a few days, and that they are still the slaves of directors is entirely owing to their apathy and cowardice in the past. Let us hope that they will now display nobler qualities.

The Strike in the Boot Trade.

This strike is now concluded, as far as the orthodox trade-unionists are concerned. The terms agreed to are as follows: 1. The manufacturers will open workshops at the earliest possible date. 2. Matters relating to classification and all other questions, except a direct reduction of wages, may be referred to arbitration. 3. A uniform statement of wages shall be forthwith prepared for all shops except the present first and second class houses. At the same time an arbitration committee was formed of seven masters and seven men to discuss the time to be taken by the masters for the provision of workshops. The Jewish workmen are not satisfied with this arrangement. They say that the sweaters have only agreed to these terms to tide the busy season over, and that after Whitsuntide they will have the men at their mercy and will then break their word. They have some reason for this suspicion, as the sweated tailors were treated in a very similar fashion, as after they had got the men to work, the sweaters broke every clause of the agreement. The men therefore refuse to return to work unless workshops are provided at once.

The West-end bootmakers have got a shilling advance a-pair on ground work from their masters. We congratulate them on their easy victory.

Victory of Swansea Tram Men.

The tram company surrendered on Saturday. Both the dismissed men have been taken back, and the company have consented to a reduction of hours.

Livesey's Testimonial.

Some middle-class snobs have presented Livesey with an illuminated address and £1,720 for his services to "society" in starving 2,000 gas-stokers with their wives and children. Livesey, who is anxious to pose as a philanthropist (on the cheap), is going to devote the money to providing a recreation ground for the poor of South London. How kind! The starving gas-stokers can go and console themselves for penury and privation by looking at the flowers. A distinguished character in old world history, commonly known as Judas, once also invested some money he had obtained by similar means in landed property. Livesey is anxious to copy him. Will he follow the example still further by hanging himself in the midst thereof? N.

Jewish Tailors' Strike in Manchester.

For a week, about 1,250 Jewish machinist tailors and pressers have been on strike in Manchester. In the past they have worked from 75 to 95 hours a-week under insanitary conditions for low wages, and they now demand that their working day should be ten and a half hours. As most of them are piece-workers, they also asked for an extra 3d. per garment for machinists and 2d. for the pressers, in order to compensate for the loss of time involved by reducing hours. The men's secretary, Mr. J. Marshall, is a member of the Socialist League, and there are some Socialists among the members—facts which the sweaters' defenders quoted to indicate the dangerous nature of the movement. The men's demands were ultimately modified to 2d. and 1½d. extra, with 1s. for stitched garments and 1s. 6d. for bound in the bespoke department; and up to Sunday night 50 masters out of 130 had given way. Many of the speeches at the strike demonstrations have been distinctly Socialistic in their character. P.

THEN AND NOW.

With horse of wood and hempen rein,
Our free forefathers coursed the main;
With hardened strength they sailed and fought,
They fronted death as brave men ought,
And made the best man master.

Their day knew no to-morrow's dread,
They drank good drink, nor wanted bread;
And though their war was never done,
They breathed the air and saw the sun,
And were the wide world's freemen.

The iron ships fly east and west,
At greedy Commerce's behest;
With giant haste they quell the waves,—
And down the stoke-holes sweat the slaves
Of money-lords in England.

Fools, fools are ye whose starveling toil
Yields to the money-lords their spoil;
With torment-smoke ye hide heaven's light,
And ease and plenty take their flight
From you, ye men of England!

JOHN C. KENWORTHY.

ROBERT OWEN'S LAST SON DEAD.

RICHARD OWEN, of New Harmony, Pozey County, one of the pioneers of Southern Indiana, died on the 24th ult., through drinking a glass of embalming fluid in mistake for mineral water. He was the third son of Robert Owen, the others being Robert Dale Owen, distinguished in the public service, as a publicist, and in his later years as a Spiritualist, and David Dale Owen, a very notable geologist, both of whom are dead. Richard was born at New Lanark, January 26, 1810, was educated in the grammar schools, and, like his brothers, at Emanuel von Fellenberg's school in Switzerland. He went to the States in 1828, intending to teach at New Harmony, Ind., the location of his father's unsuccessful community. But he went into business in Cincinnati, and when he returned to New Harmony, which was thenceforth his home, it was to manage a steam flour-mill and a stock farm. In 1847 he went to Mexico as captain in the 16th infantry, and served under General Taylor. After the war, he joined his brother David in preparing for the geological survey of Minnesota, and took part in it. In 1849 he became professor of natural sciences in the Western Military Institute of Kentucky, afterwards the University of Nashville, and there remained until his brother's appointment as State geologist of Indiana, when he was made assistant geologist and worked on the survey of the State. When the war broke out and soldiery was in request, he was appointed lieutenant-colonel of the 15th Indiana regiment, and in the fall of 1861 he became colonel of the 60th regiment. He served under General Sherman in Mississippi, and under General Banks in the Red River expedition. On his return from service in 1864, he took the chair of natural sciences in the University of Indiana, which he resigned in 1879. His geological work has been of great value, covering not only the regions aforementioned, but also New Mexico, Arizona, and North Carolina. He has for the past ten years devoted especial attention to meteorology, with relation to terrestrial magnetism and the disturbances of the earth's crust, and has published many papers in scientific periodicals, as well as reports. CH.

Bellamy's "Looking Backward" has had an unprecedented sale in Queensland, according to the *Boomerang*. Eleven hundred copies have been disposed of in Brisbane.

The threatened strike at the Day Dawn Block, Charters Towers, Australia, has been averted owing to the firm attitude taken up by the union, the question in dispute being whether lads over 18 should be allowed to receive less than the union wage. The manager has given way, but at the same time he threatens to discharge all lads, no matter what their age is. This seems a rather petty proceeding.

The miners clamour for food is one to which no Christian heart should be steeled. Charity's purse strings cannot be too promptly loosened in answer to that terrible cry for aid.—*New York Herald*.—There is something the miners need more than charity, comments the *Boston Globe*. It is justice. Under any just laws relating to mining property the poor miners would not suffer for work while the rest of the country suffers for coal.

NINE HOURS IN NEW YORK.—The master marble workers of New York City and State have acceded to the demand of the men that henceforth the working day in the trade shall consist of nine hours, and that the reduction of the hours shall not be followed by a relative decrease in wages. Two thousand two hundred men were affected by the dispute, which at one time threatened to result in very serious trouble.

BRICKLAYER AND GENERAL.—Last week, at Maidenhead, a bricklayer went to General Phillips' residence and offered a plant for sale. Being sharply ordered off the premises, the man, so 'twas said, assumed "a fighting attitude." The general had been an amateur wrestler, and saw here a chance for a little cheap exercise of his skill: he seized the plant-vendor and threw him to the ground. Next morning there was an assault case tried: but it was the bricklayer who was sent to gaol for 14 days, and not the general!

THE SOCIALIST LEAGUE.

OFFICES: 24, GREAT QUEEN ST., LINCOLN'S INN FIELDS, W.C.

The Offices of the Socialist League will be open for the sale of *Commonweal* and all other Socialist publications from 8.30 a.m. to 9 p.m. every day except Sunday. The Secretary will be in attendance from 10 a.m. to 9 p.m. daily.

Annual Conference.—The Annual Conference of the Socialist League will take place on Whit Sunday, May 25th. All propositions from Branches should be sent in at once to allow of agenda being made up. Place of meeting and other particulars in future issue.

London Members' Meeting.—The next monthly meeting of members will be held at 6, Windmill Street, Tottenham Court Road, on Tuesday, May 6th, at 8.30 p.m. All members interested in the propaganda are asked to attend.

Branch Subscriptions Paid.—1888 :—Oxford, to end of September. 1889 :—Bradford and Hammersmith, to end of April. Norwich, Glasgow, and Yarmouth, to end of May. East London, to end of October. Mitcham, to end of November. St. Georges East, to end of December. 1890 :—Manchester, to end of January. 'Commonweal' Branch, to end of February. Leicester and North London, to end of March. North Kensington, to end of April. Streatham, to end of December.

Notice.—All letters on League business, except those intended for Editors of *Commonweal*, to be addressed to me. No other person is authorised to sign any official communication.
FRANK KITZ, Secretary.

NEW PREMISES FUND.

Collected at Council meeting, April 21st, 3s. 0d.

"COMMONWEAL" GUARANTEE FUND.

The following further sums have been received towards this fund:—S. C. S. S., 1s.; H. R., 1s.; D. Nicoll, 6d.; North London Branch (2 weeks), 6s.; R. Turner, 2s. 6d.; A Few Artist Friends of the Lambeth Training School, 2s. 9d.; Webb, 1s.; B. W., 1s. 6d.; and Kitz, 6d.

MAY DAY DEMONSTRATION.

London and Provincial Branches are requested to have the following resolution passed at the meetings held by them on May Day :

"That this meeting hails with joy the awakening of Labour which is taking place throughout the civilised world; declares the necessity for the union of workers in all countries to obtain complete freedom from the monopoly of capitalists; asserts that the only possible remedy for the poverty and misery of the workers is the free access to the resources of nature, and the management by the workers of the organisation of Labour; and calls on all workers to accept the task of bringing about this freedom as a necessary duty paramount over all others."

London comrades are asked to turn up at the League offices by 12.30 on May Day. Banner bearers and other help wanted.

Received towards expenses—W. M., 2s.; Webb, 2s.; R. Turner, 6d.; and S. Bullock, 6d.

REPORTS.

'COMMONWEAL.'—Our hall was crowded to overflowing on Sunday evening last to hear a lecture by G. B. Shaw on "The Consequences of Democracy," but owing to some mistake the lecturer was late. Comrade Mowbray, therefore, opened a discussion on the "Work of the S.L." The opener was criticised by Mahon, Donald, Leno, Shaw, and others. G. B. Shaw has promised to lecture for branch on May 11th; collection 4s. 4d., and good sale of 'Weals.—M.

EAST LONDON.—Comrade Mowbray addressed a good audience in Victoria Park on "Christianity and Socialism;" 14 'Weals and some *Freedoms* sold.—K. KILBURN.—A good meeting held at the Old Plough last Sunday morning; speakers were J. Presburg and Mainwaring. There is a prospect of a good branch being formed here if the district is properly worked; fair sale of *Commonweal*.—J. P.

NORTH KENSINGTON.—Good meeting at Latimer Road; speakers were J. F. Lyne, Crouch, A. J. Smith, and H. B.; several 'Weals sold. An enthusiastic meeting was held at Hyde Park; speakers were J. F. Lyne, Crouch, Cantwell, and Mrs. Lahr. A man who interrupted had his hat smashed by the crowd, and had to be escorted from the meeting by the police. At our rooms in the evening a discussion took place on the object of the May International Demonstration; Crouch, Saint, Dean, and others took part; 2s. 1½d. collected, and several 'Weals and song-books sold.

NORTH LONDON.—A splendid meeting at Regent's Park on Sunday morning, addressed by Cantwell, Mowbray, Nicoll, and Mrs. Lahr. The park authorities helped to swell the audience with the full strength of keepers and a number of plain-clothes policemen, two or three sergeants and a chief inspector, while reserves of police were judiciously placed in various places (the Zoo notably) in order to prevent us from speaking on the spot where we have spoken for the last five years; 40 *Commonweal* and some pamphlets sold; 6s. 9d. collected.—T. C.

STREATHAM.—Our branch assisted at the meeting at Mitcham on Sunday morning. At the Fountain on Sunday night a grand meeting was held; much interest was evinced by Sparling being announced to speak; Smith acted as chairman; six joined the branch. Bundle of leaflets distributed and one quire of *Commonweal* sold by our house-to-house calling during the day; 29 *Commonweal* sold at the meeting and 1s. 2½d. collected.—S.

ABERDEEN.—At meeting on 20th Mr. George Bisset, ex-president of Trades Council, lectured on "Labour Politics." A long and well-sustained discussion was carried on at the close of the lecture by quite a host of speakers, mostly non-members of the League.—L.

GLASGOW.—On Sunday, T. and J. Burgoyne spoke on Jail Square. In the evening, at Paisley Road, Joe Burgoyne addressed a large and attentive audience, and spoke mainly upon "The Workers and Foreign Competition."—J. B.

LEEDS.—On Sunday morning last a good meeting was held at Vicars Croft, when Samuels exhibited to the audience the summons he had received to answer the charge of violating the bye-laws of the Market by selling papers on Sunday. We adopted the device of one comrade giving the *Commonweal* away and another following behind and collecting towards the expenses. We found that this plan answered very well, so we must act so in future. At the meeting in the afternoon the chairman, comrade Sweeney, asked for a collection for the Manchester Jewish tailors on strike, which resulted in 11s.—H. S.

MANCHESTER.—On Saturday night we opened for the season our station on the market ground, Middleton; a good meeting was addressed by Bailie, Stockton, and Barton. At Philips Park on Sunday morning W. K. Hall (of Salford), Stockton, and Barton spoke to a large and sympathetic audience; 2s. collected. In the afternoon, at Stevenson Square, our meeting was held conjointly with the Jewish tailors, who are now on strike against the sweaters. 4,000 to 5,000 persons were present. Lewis Lyons (London), and Marshall, Reeves (Liverpool), Ritson (S.L.) were the speakers. *Commonweal* sold out—3 quires altogether.—B.

NORWICH.—A well-attended meeting of members was held at comrade Freeman's on Sunday evening. Members' meetings will be held each week at various comrades' houses; notice will appear in *Commonweal* every week—comrades, please note.

YARMOUTH.—On Tuesday we held our first business meeting in the new club room; fair attendance of members; there is every prospect of the club being a success. On Sunday, in the evening, comrade Ruffold spoke to an attentive audience on Colman's Granary Quay. 11 *Commonweal* sold.—J. H.

EDINBURGH—SCOTTISH SOCIALIST FEDERATION.—Comrade Bruce Glasier (Glasgow) spoke in the Meadows on Sunday afternoon to a large and attentive audience. A collection was taken in aid of the *Commonweal*. In the hall, in the evening, Glasier lectured on "Socialism: How it can be Achieved." The subject was well treated, and made a good impression.

LIVERPOOL SOCIALIST SOCIETY.—We held two excellent meetings on Sunday. Comrades Bailie (Manchester), W. H. Chapman, and Balfour spoke. Some little opposition created much interest.

STAR RADICAL CLUB, 8 M: yall Road, Herne Hill.—Sunday April 27, at 8, Jos. Loman, "Michael Davitt."

LECTURE DIARY.

LONDON.

Battersea.—All communications to E. Buteux, 45, Inwith Street, Battersea Park Road.

Commonweal Branch.—24 Great Queen Street, Holborn, W.C. Business meeting of members every Thursday evening at 8; Discussion Class at 9. Hall open every evening from 7 till 10. Sunday April 27, at 8 p.m., J. P. Oakshott, "The Moral Justification of Socialism." The Athenæum Hall, Tottenham Court Road, has been taken for a Concert and Ball, May 12th, in aid of the *Commonweal*.

East London.—Members meet at 26 Cawley Road after the out-door meeting. **Hammersmith.**—Kelmscott House, Upper Mall, W. Sunday April 27, at 8 p.m., a Lecture. French Class conducted by Mdlle. Desroches on Friday evenings at 7.30.

Mitcham.—"Lord Napier," Fair Green. Meets every Sunday at 12.30, to enroll members, etc.

North Kensington.—Clarendon Coffee Palace, Clarendon Road. Meets every Wednesday at 8 p.m. On Sunday April 27, at 8 p.m., a Discussion on the "Iron Law of Wages."

North London.—6 Windmill Street, Tottenham Court Road. Meets every Wednesday evening at 8 o'clock.

Streatham.—Address secretary, R. Smith, 1 Natal Road, Streatham.

Whitechapel and St. Georges in the East.—Branch meetings at International Club, 40 Berner Street, Commercial Road. J. Turner, organising secretary.

PROVINCES.

Aberdeen.—Organiser, J. Leatham, 7 Jamaica Street. Branch meets in Hall, 9 Harriet Street, on Sunday evenings at 6.30. Singing practice, etc., in Odd-fellows' Small Hall, Crooked Lane, Mondays at 8 p.m.

Bradford.—Laycock's Temperance Hotel, Albion Court, Kirkgate. Meets every Tuesday at 7.30.

Glasgow.—Ram's Horn Hall, 122 Ingram Street. Branch meets on Thursday evenings at 8 o'clock and Sundays at 7 o'clock.

Halifax.—Socialists meet every Sunday at 6.30 p.m. at Helliwell's Temperance Hotel, Northgate.

Leeds.—Clarendon Buildings, Victoria Road, School Close. Open every evening. Business meeting Saturdays at 8 p.m.

Leicester.—Exchange Buildings, Rutland Street. Branch meets on Monday and Thursday, at 8 p.m.

Manchester.—Socialist League Club, 60 Grovesnor Street, All Saints. Open every evening. Branch weekly meeting on Tuesdays at 8.

Norwich.—Members' meeting will be held at 23 Rose Yard, St. Augustines.

Oxford.—Temperance Hall, 25½ Pembroke Street. First Friday in every month, at 8.30 p.m.

Walsall.—Socialist Club, 18 Goodall Street, Walsall. Meetings every night.

Yarmouth.—Socialist League Club, 56 Row, Market Place. Open every evening. Business Meeting Tuesdays at 8 p.m. Elocution Class Friday at 8.30 p.m. Discussion Class Sunday 3 p.m. On Sunday May 4th, a large Demonstration will be held on Priory Plain, at 11 a.m., in favour of international solidarity amongst the workers. Addresses by C. W. Mowbray and others.

OPEN-AIR PROPAGANDA.

SATURDAY 26.

7 Hyde Park Nicoll and Cantwell

SUNDAY 27.

11 Latimer Road Station North Kensington Branch
11.30..... Hammersmith Bridge Hammersmith Branch
11.30..... Kilburn—"Old Plough," Kilburn Lane Mainwaring
11.30..... Mitcham—Fair Green Kitz and Smith
11.30..... Regent's Park Mowbray, Mrs. Lahr, and Nicoll
3.30..... Hyde Park—Marble Arch North Kensington Branch
3.30..... Victoria Park Mowbray and Nicoll
7 Hammersmith Bridge Hammersmith Branch
7 Weltje Road, Ravenscourt Park Hammersmith Branch
8 Streatham Fountain The Branch

TUESDAY 29.

8 Walham Green—back of Church Hammersmith Branch

THURSDAY 1.

8.15..... Hoxton Church Kitz and Davis

PROVINCES.

Glasgow.—Sunday: Jail Square at 2 o'clock; Paisley Road at 5 o'clock. Tuesday: Cathedral Square, at 8 p.m.

Leeds.—Sunday: Hunslet Moor, at 11 a.m.; Vicar's Croft, at 7 p.m.

Liverpool.—Landing Stage, Sundays at 11.30 a.m. and 3 p.m.

Manchester.—Saturday: Middleton market ground, at 7 p.m. Sunday: Philips Park Gates, at 11; Stevenson Square, at 3.

Norwich.—Sunday: St. Faiths, at 11; Market Place, at 3.

Sheffield.—Sunday: Monolith, Fargate, at 11.30 a.m.; Burngreave Road, near Vestry Offices, at 3 p.m.; Pump, West Bar, at 8 p.m.

Yarmouth.—Sunday: Priory Plain, at 11; Bradwell, 11.30; Colman's Granary Quay, at 7.

NOTTINGHAM SOCIALIST CLUB.—All communications to be addressed to the Secretary, A. Clifton, 11 Hawksworth Street, Clarence Street.

CLUB AUTONOMIE, 6 Windmill Street, Tottenham Court Road, W.—Sunday April 27, at 8.30, George Bonham, "Free Banking v. Communism."

CHELSEA S.D.F., Co-operative Lecture Hall, 312 Kings Road, Chelsea.—Sunday April 27, at 8 p.m., J. Macdonald, "Socialism from a Worker's Standpoint."

EDINBURGH—SCOTTISH SOCIALIST FEDERATION.—On Sunday 27, Miss Cameron will read a paper on "The Spirit of Socialism." Tuesday night's meeting as usual at 35 George IV. Bridge, 8 p.m.

FABIAN SOCIETY.—A course of seven lectures on SOCIALISM IN CONTEMPORARY LITERATURE will be given in the French Chamber, St. James's Restaurant, W. (entrance from Piccadilly), on Friday evenings, at 8 o'clock. May 2 (second lecture), Ernest Radford, "William Morris."

DEMONSTRATION OF LANCASHIRE AND DISTRICT SOCIALISTS.—On Sunday May 4th, the Annual Gathering of Socialists will take place in Manchester, and a mass meeting will be held in Stevenson Square at 3 p.m. A large array of well-known Socialist speakers will address the meeting.

YARMOUTH.—Suitable premises have now been secured for the Socialist League Club at 56 Row, Market Place. Amongst its attractions will be a library, reading, boxing, and refreshment rooms. Friends who can assist, either with furniture, fittings, books, or funds, are earnestly invited to do so. The club is open every evening for members. *Commonweal* and Socialist League literature on sale.

SOCIALIST LEAGUE PUBLICATIONS.

Leaflets.

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A few remainders—

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What is Freedom? When am I Free? ...	0 4
The Railway Kings and an American Empire	0 2
Object of the Labour Movement ...	0 2

MISCELLANEOUS.

Spaziergänge eines Atheisten. Bei Ferdin- and Heigl ...	0 8
The Reciter for Clubs and Social Gatherings	0 1

The above Leaflets, at prices given, can be had from the *Commonweal* manager in any quantities by Branches, members, or sympathisers, for distribution, 24, Great Queen Street, Lincoln's Inn Fields, London.

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STATEMENT OF PRINCIPLES.

THE Socialist League advocates International Revolutionary Socialism. That is to say the destruction of the present class society, which consists of one class who live by owning property and therefore *need not work*, and of another that has no property and therefore *must work* in order that they may live to keep the idlers by their labour. Revolutionary Socialism insists that this system of society, which is the modern form of slavery, should be changed to a system of Society which would give every man an opportunity of doing useful work, and not allow any man to live without so doing, which work could not be useful unless it were done for the whole body of workers instead of for do-nothing individuals. The result of this would be that livelihood would not be precarious nor labour burdensome. Labour would be employed in co-operation, and the struggle of man with man for bare subsistence would be supplanted by harmonious combination for the production of common wealth and the exchange of mutual services without the waste of labour or material.

Every man's needs would be satisfied from this common stock, but no man would be allowed to own anything which he could not *use*, and which consequently he must *abuse* by employing it as an instrument for forcing others to labour for him unpaid. Thus the land, the capital, machinery, and means of transit would cease to be private property, since they can only be *used* by the combination of labour to produce wealth.

Thus men would be *free* because they would no longer be dependent on idle property-owners for subsistence; thus they would be *brothers*, for the cause of strife, the struggle for subsistence at other people's expense, would have come to an end. Thus they would be *equal*, for if all men were doing useful work no man's labour could be dispensed with. Thus the motto of Liberty, Fraternity, and Equality, which is but an empty boast in a society that upholds the monopoly of the means of production, would at last be realised.

This Revolutionary Socialism must be International. The change which would put an end to the struggle between man and man, would destroy it also between nation and nation. One harmonious system of federation throughout the whole of civilisation would take the place of the old destructive rivalries. There would be no great centres breeding race hatred and commercial jealousy, but people would manage their own affairs in communities not too large to prevent all citizens from taking a part in the administration necessary for the conduct of life, so that party politics would come to an end.

Thus, while we abide by the old motto

Liberty, Fraternity, Equality,

we say that the existence of private property destroys Equality, and therefore under it there can be neither Liberty nor Fraternity.

We add to the first motto then this other one—

FROM EACH ACCORDING TO HIS
CAPACITY, TO EACH ACCORDING
TO HIS NEEDS.

When this is realised there will be a genuine Society; until it is realised, Society is nothing but a band of robbers. We must add that this change can only be brought about by combination amongst the workers themselves, and must embrace the whole of Society. The new life cannot be *given* to the workers by a class higher than they, but must be *taken* by them by means of the abolition of classes and the reorganisation of Society.

COUNCIL OF THE SOCIALIST LEAGUE.

NOTICE.

Subscribers who find a *red wrapper* round paper are thereby reminded that their subscriptions have expired and must be renewed immediately if they wish to continue to receive *Commonweal*.

Printed in the Socialist League Printery, and published in the name and on behalf of the Socialist League, by FRANK KITZ, at 24 Great Queen St., Lincoln's Inn Fields, London, W.C.

THE COMMONWEAL

The Official Journal of the SOCIALIST LEAGUE.

VOL. 6.—No. 225.

SATURDAY, MAY 3, 1890.

WEEKLY; ONE PENNY.

LABOUR DAY.

Is the demonstration of Labour Day a mere isolated demonstration, bearing no relation to anything but to the claim for a legal restriction of the hours of labour to the arbitrary figure of eight? Surely it is not so, whatever may be the wishes of some of those who may take part in it. On the one hand it points to what has taken place within the last few years, on the other to the coming events of the next few.

The great event in the history of labour of the last few years has been the growing comprehension of Socialism by the English workmen, as shown by the spirit underlying all the strikes which have lately taken place, and which has been quite different to that of the strikes of the decade before the revival of Socialism in this country.

That spirit is bred from a consciousness, or instinct perhaps, on the part of the workers that these strikes are a part of a definite war which the essential circumstances of their position force them to carry on against their employers; and the upshot of which must be, either the transformation of the workers in general into mere machines without any will at all; or the destruction of the position of the employers; or lastly, as Mr. Giffen and some others try to persuade themselves, the creation of a large class of capable workmen, who, if not really well off, will be better off than ordinary workmen are now; and of a residuum beneath them of hopeless misery and brutality, whose numbers we shall try to reduce as much as we can, but whom we shall not otherwise heed, because they will be kept down by the great mass of the contented and well-to-do workmen.

Of these three conceivable outcomes of the labour war, it cannot be said that the first is really possible, although it is what may be called the high commercial ideal. For supposing the war between masters and men come to an end in the complete and hopeless subjection of the men, there would still remain the war between masters and masters, which, unrestrained by any possible struggle of the workers to free themselves, would at last reach such a pitch that it would bring the whole system to the ground, and result in mere disorganisation and confusion.

Of the third, the outcome of the reasonable and enlightened employer—the contented honest workman and the residuum or helots of both, who don't like it, but can't help themselves—it must be said that it is the ideal of the rich man, who admits that the world is an ugly creation, but knows that he profits by its ugliness and misery, and is therefore content. Happily, it is a baseless dream; for so far from there being any likelihood of any such sharp distinction taking place between one class of workers and another, the whole set of the stream of modern production tends towards breaking down such distinctions. The contented and capable workmen would be very few, instead of being the great mass of workers, and would consist of foremen, sub-managers, and the like; the discontented would be very many, and therefore their discontent would be apt to take a practical form. Have the theorists who support this possibility forgotten the agricultural labourers? If so, they may one day be reminded of them in an uncomfortable manner. There remains the revolutionary outcome; that is to say, the hope that the workers will set themselves free and become their own employers; that they will work, not as captives for a conquering enemy, but as neighbours for neighbours, exchanging labour against labour, without loss on either side, for each other's convenience and happiness.

As this outcome of the labour war is the only one which offers any betterment to the world, so most happily it is the only one which there is any chance of realising. As the war goes on, and therewith the value of the privilege of capital to compel labour without payment decreases, rent, profit, and interest will sink lower and lower, until they will scarcely be worth defending: the function of the employers will be gone, and necessity will compel the workers to push them out of their position of dignity in order that labour may be reorganised, so the world may not starve.

This, then, is the meaning of the unity of labour which the May Labour Day proclaims—that the workers must no longer be a class, but all society, or else there will soon be no society; and this new society they will certainly realise before long.

And how is it to be brought about? In the first place by the workers knowing that they are slaves and longing to be free. In the

next place, by their learning that it is possible for them to be free. And lastly, by the enforcing of their will, so that they may become free.

Now, as to this last matter, Labour Day points out to us at least one instrument for the winning of freedom—to wit, an universal strike. The rich live on the labour of the workers in no way metaphorically, but really. Teach the rich this lesson practically, and their power, backed up by their armed slaves, is gone. The workers have shown that they have striking-power capable of victory on minor occasions: let them combine and organise their striking power—capitalise their resources, to borrow a word from the enemy—and how can they be resisted?

It is true that this idea of an universal strike was current amongst the Chartists and was given up by them as unfeasible: but in those days, near as they are to our own, labour was so much less elaborately organised, and the different trades so much less dependent on one another, that they assumed that a strike of a month (the Sacred Month, as they called it) would be necessary; whereas to-day if the coalminers struck with the full assent of the mass of the workers, would not three days be more than enough? The ruling classes would have either to give up or to attack the workers with the armed hand.

Would they do that? or rather, could they? Effectually, they could not; another Peterloo massacre would be the downfall of our present society, far more perilously balanced as it is now than it was in 1820. Some ineffectual sputter there might be; but if we make such a possibility a lion in our path toward freedom, we have degenerated from our forefathers' valiancy.

In short, the lesson of Labour Day is, first of all, consciousness of the unity of interests of labour; secondly, the necessity of the workers learning what it is that they can claim; and thirdly, unity once more in setting about the winning of the freedom of labour.

WILLIAM MORRIS.

STANLEY'S EXPLOITS:

OR,
CIVILISING AFRICA.

(Continued from p. 130.)

In the *Daily Telegraph* of August 7th, 1876, we find Mr. Stanley in hot water again with the natives of Bambireh, an island on the western side of Albert Nyanza. These lawless savages dragged Stanley's boat ashore and stole his oars and a drum. On the whole, their attitude was threatening, and the explorer wanted to get away. He says:

"As soon as I saw the savages had arrived in the presence of Shekka with our drum, I shouted to my men to push the boat into the water. With one desperate effort my crew of eleven hands lifted and shot it far into the lake, the impetus they had given it causing it to drag them all into deep water. In the meantime the savages, uttering a furious yell of disappointment and baffled rage, came rushing like a whirlwind towards their canoes at the water's edge. I discharged my elephant rifle with two large conical bullets into their midst; and then assisting one of my crew into the boat, told him to help his fellows in while I continued to fight. My double-barrelled shotgun loaded with buckshot was next discharged with terrible effect, for without drawing a single bow or launching a single spear they fell back upon the slope of the hill, leaving us to exert our wits to get ourselves out of the cove before the enemy should decide to man the canoes. My crew was composed of picked men, and in this dire emergency they did ample justice to my choice. Though we were without oars, they were at no loss for a substitute. As soon as they found themselves in the boat they tore up the seats and footboards and begun to paddle, while I was left to single out with my rifle the most prominent and boldest of the enemy. Twice I succeeded in dropping men determined on launching the canoes; and seeing the chief who commanded the party that took the drum, I took deliberate aim with my elephant rifle at him. That bullet, I have since been told, killed the chief and two others who happened to be standing a few paces behind him; and this extraordinary result had more effect, I think, on the superstitious minds of the natives than all previous or subsequent shots. On getting out of the cove we saw two canoes loaded with men coming out in pursuit from another small inlet. I permitted them to come within a hundred yards of us, and this time I used the elephant rifle with explosive balls. Four shots killed five men and sunk the canoes. This decisive affair disheartened the

enemy, and we were left to pursue our way unmolested; not, however, without hearing a ringing voice shouting out to us, 'Go and die in the Nyanza!' When the savages counted their losses, they found fourteen dead and wounded with ball and buckshot, which, although I should consider to be very dear payment for the robbery of eight ash oars and a drum, was barely equivalent in fair estimation to the intended massacre of ourselves."

The reader's attention is called to this last sentence, for it is doubtful whether anyone will agree with Stanley that the killing and wounding of fourteen men was not an adequate punishment for the "intended" massacre of Mr. Stanley and his followers. He did not consider it enough, for we find him soon afterwards engaging in another expedition of vengeance. Another fact worthy of notice is the use of "explosive balls," generally known as explosive bullets. The use of these missiles, on account of the diabolical wounds they inflict, has been forbidden in "civilised warfare." Stanley, however, considered them quite good enough for savages. This fiendish cruelty—for which there is not the least defence, as he could have easily have stopped the pursuit of the two canoes without using them—makes his yearnings for "the spread of the gospel" among the natives of Africa sound like the most detestable hypocrisy. The *Daily Telegraph* of August 10, 1876, contains an amusing rhapsody on the pleasures of rest after massacring the inhabitants of Bambireh, which reminds one of the satisfied purring of the tiger after completely gorging himself with human flesh. The very beginning is laughable in its hypocrisy:

"Sweet is the Sabbath day to the toil-worn traveller [after a bout of shooting savages, be it observed]; happy is the long sea-tossed mariner after his arrival in port; and gladsome were the days of calm after our troublesome (!) exploration of the Nyanza. The brusque storms, the continued rains, the cheerless grey clouds, the wild waves, the loneliness of the islands, and the inhospitality (!) of the natives, were like mere faint phantasmagoria of the memory—so little did we heed what was passed while enjoying the luxury of this rest from our toils. Still, it added to our pleasure to be able to conjure up in the mind the varied incidents of the long lake journey; and they served to enliven and employ the mind, like condiments quickening digestion."

Mr. Stanley's complaints of the "inhospitality" of the natives are rather amusing. Perhaps, if that gentleman had been a guileless savage, and someone had come round setting fire to his house and firing explosive bullets at him, it is possible that he would have been "inhospitable." His reference to the "varied incidents" of his journey serving "to enliven (!) and employ the mind, like condiments quickening digestion," is very suggestive of the tiger smiling blandly after a good gorge which fills him with a sense of comfortable repletion. Mr. Stanley continues: "As the memory flew over the lengthy track of exploration, how fondly it gazed upon the many picturesque bays, margined with water-lilies and lotus plants, or by the green walls of the slender reed-like papyrus . . ." Then after a lot more talk about "green islands," "rich grain-bearing plains," "soft outlined hills," "tall, dark woods," Stanley indulges in a vision of Christianity and commercial civilisation. After speaking of how his memory clung to Uganda, "that beautiful land, with its intelligent king and no less remarkable people," Mr. Stanley's imagination from the present Uganda "painted a future dressed in a robe of civilisation; it saw each gentle hill crowned by a happy village and a spired church from which the bells sounded the call to a gospel service."

What sickening cant from a person who had just been inculcating the gospel by a system of wholesale murder; but Mr. Stanley remembers that trade follows not only the flag but the missionary, who makes an excellent commercial traveller, and he resumes with another flight of his imagination:

"It saw the hill slopes prolific with the fruits of horticulture, and the valleys waving fields of grain; it saw the land smiling with affluence and plenty, its bays crowded with the dark hulls of trading vessels: it heard the sounds of craftsmen at their work, the roar of manufactories and foundries, and the ever buzzing-noise of enterprising industry."

This picture of "enterprising industry" may commend itself to those of our readers who are the fortunate possessors of a commercial mind. Those who are not blest in this important respect will perhaps not be so pleased with its manifold beauties. To these it may seem that the beautiful land of Uganda will not be greatly improved by being turned into a manufacturing district after the model of our Black Country. Nor will its "remarkable people" achieve a higher sense of the blessings of civilised life, after labouring for 12 or 14 hours a-day amid "the roar of manufactories and foundries," by going home to a dark close den in some filthy reeking slum, to watch the way in which their thin starved children are degenerating through starvation, dirt, and disease, into puny miserable abortions of a once vigorous and happy race. The "many picturesque bays, margined by water-lilies and lotus plants, or by the green walls of the slender reed-like papyrus," will lose somewhat of their charm when they have a chemical factory on their shores vomiting sweltering smoke, and pouring forth a green poisonous stream into the placid waters of the lake. Nor will those happy people of Uganda, who trudge under heavy burdens to "the dark hulls of trading vessels," have much cause to bless Mr. Stanley as they writhe beneath the whips of his successors, even though they may receive weekly the high wage of the casual London docker. It is even possible that the inhabitant of the "happy village" on the "gentle hill" may not greatly rejoice when "from the spired church the bells sound the call to a gospel service," when he remembers that he is starving upon a wretched wage, and that though there are "waving fields of grain" in the valleys, and the land is "smiling with affluence and plenty," yet the affluence and plenty is not for him but for his hard taskmasters, those newly-imported pests, the European pests, the European landlord and capitalist. It may be profane, but

we cannot help thinking that he may be inclined to say "Damn the gospel service!"

We now come to another instance of "inhospitality" on the part of the natives. A little while after, Mr. Stanley, having finished "resting," determines to start once again upon his "exploring" expedition. At this period he is much disturbed in his mind by a polite message from an African chief—Rwoma, the king of Southern Uzina—through whose territory Stanley desires to pass. Here is the message in full:

"Rwoma sends salaams to the white man; he does not want the white man's cloth, beads, or wine, and the white man must not pass through his country. Rwoma does not want to see him, or any other man with long red hair down to his shoulders, white face, and big red eyes. Rwoma is not afraid of him, but if the white man will come near his country Rwoma and Mirambo will fight him."

Rwoma showed his good sense by refusing to have anything to do with Stanley; but that pioneer of civilisation was only held back from giving Rwoma and his tribe a taste of the resources of civilisation by the reflection that Rwoma was the proud possessor of "150 muskets," and had several thousand warriors at his back. He therefore gave up this idea, and abandoning his intention of marching through Rwoma's territory by force if necessary, took the lake route to Uganda, borrowing some canoes off a friendly chief for this purpose. In crossing the lake Stanley halted at Mahyiga Island, five miles south of Bambireh, and one mile south of Iroba. Being in the near neighbourhood of the natives of Bambireh, he thought that he had not shot enough of them before, so he determined on another massacre. He says in the same letter:

"Remembering the bitter injuries I had received from the savages of Bambireh [they had stolen eight oars and a drum], and the death by violence we had so narrowly escaped, I resolved, unless the natives made amends for their cruelty and treachery, to make war on them, and for this purpose I camped on Mahyiga Island. [He then took measures accordingly]. I dispatched a message to the natives of Bambireh to the effect that if they delivered their king and the two principals into my hands, I would make peace with them. At the same time, not trusting quite to the success of this, I sent a party to summon the king of Iroba, who very willingly came with three of his chiefs to save his people from the horrors of war. Upon their arrival I put them in chains, and told the canoe-men that the price of their freedom was the capture of the king of Bambireh and his two principal chiefs."

Here is Stanley, according to his own admission, loading the chiefs of a peaceful tribe with chains, who had come to save their people from "the horrors of war"—and what those horrors were we know too well—because another tribe had inflicted a trifling injury upon him. This may be considered simple justice by explorers of the modern school, or by their comrades and friends the Arab slave-hunters, but to our minds it is simply abominable injustice and detestable tyranny.

The men of Iroba, however, succeeded in capturing the king of Bambireh, who was "chained heavily," and the king and chiefs of Iroba were restored to liberty. Then, not content with loading the king of Bambireh with chains, Stanley started for that island, to massacre the natives. As he approached Bambireh, he saw that the savages were expecting him. Scouts were on the look out, and the natives were concealed in a thick plaintain-grove, where it was impossible for even Mr. Stanley's elephant rifle to reach them. It was necessary to get the poor wretches—who seemed inclined to remain on the defensive—out of their covert to shoot them down. We will tell the rest of the story in Mr. Stanley's own words:

"Perceiving that the savages of Bambireh were too strong for me to attack in the plaintain-grove, I made for the opposite shore of the bay, where there were bare slopes covered with short green grass. The enemy, perceiving my intention to disembark, rose from the coverts and ran along the hills to meet us, which was precisely what I wished they would do, and accordingly I ordered my force to paddle slowly, so as to give them time. In half an hour the savages were all assembled in knots and groups, and after approaching within a hundred yards of the beach, I formed my line of battle, the American and the English flags waving as our ensigns. Having anchored each canoe so as to turn its broadside to the shore, I ordered a volley to be fired into one group which numbered about fifty, and the result was several killed and many wounded. The savages perceiving our aim and the danger of standing together, separated themselves and advanced to the water's edge, slinging stones and shooting arrows. I then ordered the canoes to advance within fifty yards of the shore, and to fire at close quarters. After an hour the savages saw that they could not defend themselves, and retreated up the slope, where they continued still exposed to our bullets. I then caused the canoes to come together, and told them to advance in a body to the beach, as if about to disembark. This caused the enemy to make an effort to repulse our landing, and accordingly hundreds came down with their spears ready on the launch. When they were close enough, the bugle sounded a halt, and another volley was fired into the spearmen, which had such a disastrous effect that they retired far away, and our work of chastisement was consummated. Not many cartridges were fired, but as the savages were so exposed, on a slope covered only with short grass, and as the sun of the afternoon was directly behind us and in their faces, their loss was great. Forty-two were counted on the field lying dead, and over a hundred were seen to retire wounded, while on our side only two men suffered contusions from stones slung at us."

How can one find words wherewith to characterise this infamous massacre of men who were only defending their shores from invasion, against armed murderers, directed by a gentleman who arranged the deliberate and fiendish butchery as calmly as he afterwards wrote the account of it, and who, while shooting down the natives without mercy, took extremely good care not to expose himself or his men to the slightest risk from the primitive weapons of these poor naked creatures. Be it observed that "only two men suffered contusions from stones" on Stanley's side. This shows how safe the "fighting" was. There was

not even the poor excuse of passion for this gratuitous bloodshed. Let it stand upon record that Mr. Stanley deliberately went out of his way to coldly slaughter a people, whose only crime was that they had stolen some trifling articles and put the great and brave traveller in fear of his precious life. Mr. Stanley in his cold-blooded ferocity was more cowardly than Caligula, more wanton than Nero.

D. J. NICOLL.

(To be continued.)

CORRESPONDENCE.

RE STRIKES.

COMRADE.—Your valuable column headed "The Labour Struggle" has of late bristled almost exclusively with announcements of strikes and rumours thereof. All this is exceedingly satisfactory from the point of view of the sympathetic field-glass witness; but is it not high time that practical Socialists should make some definitive and strong pronouncement on the bogus view of "labour disputes" which not only sees in them "the preliminary skirmishes of the Revolution," but holds them *per se* to be the axis upon which the cause of labour emancipation is to revolve? With every strike—as with every other insurrectionary symptom among the workers—we Socialists can have nothing but passionate sympathy; to them we must consistently lend our unqualified assistance. But enjoying, as we profess, the optical command of that further perspective which as yet to the average British helot is stopped by a solid though back-shifting wall, we shall not be doing our duty if we longer shirk the exposure of the solemn truth that the mere act of "striking" is in no case necessarily a blow for freedom, whilst in the majority of instances it is neither more nor less than fuel for Reaction.

It is we who have prayed for the organisation of Labour. Now that this dream of half-a-dozen years ago is approaching somewhat of reality, shall we be the last of all to raise our voice against so ridiculously shallow a course as that the strength of combination shall be continually played fast and loose with by every aspiring charlatan or honest lack-wit for merely nominal and pitifully inconsequent coigns of vantage, to the desperate hurt and demoralisation of ultimate Revolutionary principles? The futility of self-sacrificial action *en masse*, and in the absolute, should be at once courageously declared. The alternative processes of practical revolutionism are many and logical. My personal connection with strikes has convinced me that they were each tactical blunders—and with us it is as Talleyrand said, a blunder is frequently worse than a crime. Not that it is a case of sour grapes. Two out of three strikes were, as far as they went, successful. Yet was it not with King Pyrrhus that we were constrained to exclaim, "Another such victory and I am ruined!" It is a disappointing commentary on the sagacity of the labour leaders that they have not perceived ere this that the strike is not the weapon of a special revelation. Besides, are we forgetting that we started out, not to make the best of, but to undermine and substitute the wage-slave system? Strikes cannot do it. They do not even show the way. The very toleration accorded of late by the Philistine press to the strike epidemic should well prove the nose of the bourgeoisie for the "right" and the weakness of the hand-to-mouth proletariat for the wrong scent. The awakening to discontent is eagerly welcome. But it must be scientifically guided if it is not to be totally wasted. The as yet unwritten history of our decade will necessarily be a stew of very small potatoes, but there will be one thing that will stand out in high relief in the chapter of methods, and that will be our fatal mastery of the way how best not to do it.—Yours fraternally,

4 West Craven Street, Salford, April 19.

LEONARD HALL.

Plain dealing is a jewel, but they that use it die beggars.

A bad custom is like a good cake, better broken than kept.

Three of the largest marble manufacturers in Boston have notified their employees that on and after June 1 they will pay 10 hours wages for 9 hours work.

In spite of recent "concessions," bakers in Brisbane still work from 70 to 90 hours per week. No wonder, adds the *Worker*, bread is bad, and the Statute Day unpopular—with the sweaters.

The Brisbane butchers want a weekly half holiday, and are to know their cue on March 4th. Just why butchers haven't had a half holiday before is only known to the thousands of other hard workers who haven't one either.—*Worker*.

Wages at Omaha: Plumbers, 4 dols.; brickmasons, 4 dols. 50 cents; gas-fitters, 3 dols. 50 cents; plasterers, 2 dols. 75 cents; carpenters, 2 dols. 70 cents; mortar-mixers, 2 dols. 25 cents; brick-tenders, 2 dols.; roustabouts, 1 dol. 75 cents; nine hours to the day.

At Youngstown, Ohio, the painters and decorators demand, after May 1, 2 dols. 50 cents; carpenters and joiners, 2 dols. 50 cents; bricklayers and masons, 4 dols.; stonemasons, 3 dols. 50 cents; plumbers and gas-fitters, 3 dols.; and a nine-hour day and eight on Saturday.

ITALY.—The Central Committee of the Italian Labour Party has sent to the different sections and branches the programme and rules of a fund for the assistance of those of the party who are sentenced to imprisonment for taking part in strikes or other methods of propaganda. Here is a summary of the principal articles of the same:

Article 1.—From the 1st of April, 1890, a Fund of Assistance will be instituted by the Italian Labour Party for the help of those members imprisoned for striking or making propaganda. The Central Committee assumes the full responsibility of the same.

Article 2.—The necessary funds will be raised by a payment of 30 centimes a month from all members of the party and all sections.

Article 4.—Only members of the party will have a right to apply for help. The committee will send quarterly to the different nations information regarding the working of the fund. Information concerning this institution to be obtained at the Central Committee Office, Via Mazzini, 7 Alessandria, Italy.

The organ of the Federation of Journeymen Bakers, which is published in Turin, is making active propaganda for the preparation of a general congress of bakers to be held in Milan.

The Italian Socialists are very busy preparing for the May Day demonstration. In Milan, Como, Torino, Parma, Reggio Emilia, Bologna, Voghera, Bra, Cremona, Varese, and some other towns, the day will be held as a holiday. Manifestos and addresses are issued, and special numbers of the labour journals are being published in commemoration of the same.—M. M.

IN THE UNITED STATES.

THE carpenter bosses in Chicago have given their side of the present strike to the public. They say they will never acknowledge the union; they want to treat with the men individually, and not through the carpenter's council. They assert to be willing to make concessions as regards wages and hours, but under no circumstances will they agree to be "bossed" by the union. Now that each side has issued its ultimatum, the strike seems to have settled down to a question of endurance, and the general opinion to-day is that the fight may be a protracted one. Few scabs have arrived in Chicago. The resolutions adopted by the bosses favour the eight hour day, but say, as there are differences in the abilities of workmen, and as it is a matter regulated greatly by supply and demand, a uniform rate of wages is out of the question. As to recognition of the union, the resolutions say:

"As the Carpenter's Council is not the ruler of a majority of the journeymen carpenters of Chicago, and much less of the better class of mechanics, and is not wholly composed of carpenters, but of labour agitators, we can enter into no agreement with them, which from its nature they would be unable to fulfil on their part."

The strikers say the resolutions misrepresent some of their demands. They have not asked for a uniform rate of wages, but for a minimum rate of 40 cents per hour. The journeymen carpenters feel sure of winning the strike. A telegram received by the Associated Press to-day says:

"CHICAGO, Ill., April 14, 1890.—According to programme, the master carpenters belonging to the association made an attempt to-day to start up work to finish the contracts on hand with non-union men. The movement was not general, as the number of non-union men on hand was not very large. It is declared that if the master carpenters persist in putting non-union men at work, a general strike of bricklayers and masons will be ordered."

It is pretty sure that the small master carpenters will go to the wall.

The journeymen carpenters of New York have presented to the master builders the following notice:

"The conference committee representing the United Brotherhood and the Amalgamated Society of Carpenters beg leave to notify the employing carpenters of New York City and vicinity that on and after Monday, May 5, the working hours for journeymen carpenters in this city will be eight hours, and wages 3 dols. 50 cents a-day."

Forty delegates, representing 23 unions—the strongest and best—in New York, have resolved to organise under the leadership of the Socialist Labour Party a demonstration in favour of the eight hours day on Union Square in New York on the evening of May 1st. The following manifesto was given out:

"May 1, 1890, will be a red letter day in the history of labour throughout the civilised world. The determination of the American Federation of Labour to proclaim on that day the eight-hour work-day was endorsed enthusiastically by the International Labour Convention which took place at Paris last summer. Then began a movement which has now assumed grand proportions, and spread like wildfire through all the countries of Europe. Hundreds of thousands of working-men will congregate in France on May 1. Other vast multitudes will unite in Spain, Germany, and Austria for an eight-hour day. Even Conservative England is not behind in efforts to proclaim the end of wage slavery. May 1 will be the forerunner of the great day upon which labour will proclaim its declaration of independence."

The appeal goes on to say that, from the first, the Socialists headed the movement in all the world, except in the United States, but it is not yet too late to take the lead here. The address concludes:

"Socialists of New York, working-men of New York, we ask your co-operation in joining hands with the proletarians of the rest of the world by appearing on Union Square at 8 o'clock on May 1 to join in demanding a shorter work-day."

At a largely-attended meeting of Protestants at the Tabernacle in Toronto on the 13th inst., Rev. Dr. Fulton delivered an address on "William II. of Germany, his Opportunities and his Dangers." The following address was unanimously adopted, and a copy of it will be sent to Emperor William:

"To William II., Emperor of Germany.

"Dear and Honourable Sir,—As citizens of the Western world, who feel the pulsations of the life that throbs at this hour in the heart of the Germans, we desire to assure you that we have followed your accession to the throne with grave apprehensions and alarm, learning that the Jesuits have expressed a determination to return in force to the land from which they were banished in consequence of their implacable hostility to the government of which the late Emperor William I., of blessed memory, was the honoured head. Equally sad have we been made by assurances that negotiations have been entered into which shall recognise Pope Leo XIII. as the head of the government, which is false in fact, and hurtful in theory. Germany is the natural head of Protestantism. Luther marked off the channel along which the current of free thought is sweeping into the future. To surrender to Rome, is to cut loose from God, and betray the trust committed to the liberty-loving people of every land. Your loyalty to God and his commands, manifested in your elevated purpose to honour and keep the holy Sabbath at home and abroad, and your determination to champion the people's interests, lead us to hope that you have been chosen of God to strike Romanism its fatal blow, and to build up the nation of which you are the honoured head in all ennobling virtues. March at the head of the advancing thought of the hour, and you will be more than Emperor of Germany; you shall be one of the leaders of the embattled hosts of God on earth."

Stupid as the Catholic blockheads may be, the Protestant roundheads may well rival them. To think of dethroning the Pope of Rome in favour of the million and odd Protestant popes, in the days when materialism has conquered the world, is a notion as ridiculous and nonsensical as can possibly be conceived by human beings. And to suppose that William of Germany can *really* ever champion the people's interests! Besides, the times have passed for "somebody" to champion the people's interests; the people, indeed, begin to think that they can champion their own interest. And to do this they need not the services of a religious crank or religious rogues, nor those of a crowned head, or any other State officials, nor through captains of industry. If the people will ever achieve anything, it can only be done through their own combined effort.

The British beer syndicate in Detroit has failed in its purpose. After the syndicate had bought four breweries in Detroit, the beer brewed by these concerns became decidedly unpopular. Hardly sufficient profits were earned to cover expenses. The Germans didn't like the beer, and the Irish hated the taste of beer brewed through British capital. Many public-houses were compelled to provide themselves with other beer in order to avoid losing all their trade. The sales of the four breweries decreased from day to day. At last, to avoid bankruptcy, the manager of the British beer syndicate was compelled to sell the breweries back to their original proprietors, at a much reduced price from that which was paid for them. And it is said that all the breweries owned by the British syndicate in the United States are in much the same condition.

Boston, Mass., April 15, 1890.

HENRY F. CHARLES.



OFFICES: 24 GREAT QUEEN STREET, LONDON, W.C.

HAVE YOU NOT HEARD HOW IT HAS GONE WITH MANY A CAUSE BEFORE NOW: FIRST, FEW MEN HEED IT; NEXT, MOST MEN CONTEMN IT; LASTLY, ALL MEN ACCEPT IT—AND THE CAUSE IS WON

THE COMMONWEAL is the official organ of the Socialist League; but, unless definitely so announced by the Editors, no article is to be taken as expressing in more than a general way the views of the League as a body. In accordance with the Manifesto and Statement of Principles of the League, the COMMONWEAL is an exponent of International Revolutionary Socialism. On minor differences of opinion the widest freedom of discussion is maintained. As all articles are signed, no special significance attaches to their position in the paper.

Articles and letters dealing with any phase of the social problem are invited and will meet with earnest consideration. They must be written on one side of the paper only, and accompanied by the name and address of the writer, not necessarily for publication. MSS. can only be returned if a stamped directed envelope accompanies them.

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TO CORRESPONDENTS.

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Periodicals received during the week ending Wednesday April 30.

ENGLAND	Detroit—Der Arme Teufel	ITALY
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Labour Tribune	San Diego—Califor. Nationalist	Cadiz—El Socialismo
Norwich—Daylight	St. Louis (Mo.)—Die Parole	PORTUGAL
People's Press	FRANCE	Lisbon—O Protesto Operario
Sozial Demokrat	Paris—La Revolte	GERMANY
Seafaring	Paris—Bourse du Travail	Berlin—Volks Tribune
INDIA	Le Proletariat	AUSTRIA
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Workmen's Advocate	BELGIUM	WEST INDIES
Boston—Woman's Journal	Antwerp—De Werker	Cuba—El Productor
Investigator	Ghent—Vooruit	ARGENTINE REPUBLIC
Buffalo—Arbeiter-Zeitung	SWITZERLAND	Buenos Ayres—Vorwarts
Chicago—Knights of Labour	Arbeiterstimme	

NOTES ON NEWS.

In Mr. Morley's speech the other day, while talking about the subject of labour legislation, he said that though State Socialism was a bad thing yet it had this advantage, that it might save us from Revolutionary Socialism, which was a worse one. Political men are so sloppy in their public talk, that they probably seldom recognise the meaning which their words bear to the ordinary intelligent person; and probably all Mr. Morley meant by this phrase was to temporise with the tendency toward labour legislation while at the same time he declared himself opposed to Socialism. But what he has actually done is to ticket himself a reactionary before the world, and a stupid one at that.

For the plain meaning of his phrase is this, "These measures you ask for will do you workmen more harm than good, that I know; but in order to amuse you, and prevent your looking into your own affairs

too closely, I will yield with a good grace to your injuring yourselves; it will at least help in keeping things as they are." Isn't this politics all over? That is, the completest development of charlatany.

In the same spirit the House of Commons and the Liberal press have been dealing with the question of profit-sharing; the *Star* especially publishing an article on the subject, which is simply reactionary, and also very nonsensical and shilly-shally; with one hand putting forward *laissez faire*, with the other State Socialism, and always working the practical-politics wire, the shut-your-eyes-to-anything-that-is-not-before-Parliament platitude, which one would think too stale for even a daily paper by this time.

The *Star* says, "We dismiss from our consideration all proposals which look to the twenty-first century for their realisation." This is nothing but the usual platitudinary sneer of the debating-club bore; in the mouth of a writer in the *Star* it is either a dishonest evasion of the point at issue, or it is the result of the "invincible ignorance" of a reactionist masquerading as a Progressive Radical. I can only say that those who will not look to the essential principles of a serious subject are (I speak gravely) triflers and fools, and very dangerous fools too. Those who with all opportunity of learning what the true claims of labour are, do not learn to understand them, and who do not state them openly and simply when they have understood them, are doing their best to prepare for us a period of violence and misery in the twentieth century, or not improbably in what is left of the nineteenth.

The real question for all people not professed reactionaries is how can we speediest make an end of the disinheritance of the useful classes? How can we the speediest take the resources of nature out of the hands of the monopolists? And I assert that this profit-sharing business is not even an advance, however small, towards the answering of this question.

Here is a plain question or two on profit-sharing which every workman can understand. Will the workers who share in the profits have to pay rent to an individual for the land on which the factories stand? Will they have to pay interest to an individual for the capital which they use? Or, to put it in other words, will the factories which *they* have built, standing on the land which *their* labour has made valuable be *their* property, or the property of their masters who looked on while they were toiling?

Or, shall we say, What shall be the workers' share of profit? Will his employer claim extra shares,—first, because he is a manager; secondly, because he is a gambler in the world-market; and thirdly, because he is the owner of land or the instruments of labour?

Again, how many workers are to share in the profits? The dockers, the brickmakers, the navvies, the tram-men, the railway-men, the field labourers, the women and children whom the curse of commercialism has driven from their homes (when they have any) into the Factory Hell? Is the fringe of labour (*i.e.*, nine-tenths of it) to be left out in the cold then?

There's the rub; for, in short, my practical friends, the meaning of these schemes is an attempt to avoid the consequences of the class-war which commercialism is fast bringing to a point where it will break up "modern society;" an attempt to manufacture a new class of privileged persons (though their privilege will be but a little one) in order to keep those wicked lower orders in order. My practical friends, the present strike-war, though it is wasteful and laden with misery, has two advantages over this twaddle. In the first place, it is the *only* way of compelling the master class to share any of the profits with the men; and in the second, it will lead to the sweeping away of profits, masters, and all—and that long before the twenty-first century.

By the way what is the matter with the *Star*? Amongst other smaller sins, mostly of omission, it indulged in a sin of commission in publishing a morceau of twaddle far out-doing the debating-club-bore of two or three years ago, for that obnoxious creature is being educated into silence now. This strange production, which was as dull as *Punch* and as fatuous as the *Times*, was called a "translation from the German." Hey-day! is Berlin down to that standard then? Did the Kaiser send it to Mr. T. P. O'Connor? Or, is it perhaps a joke (a very bad one in that case) of our usually brilliant friend G. B. Shaw? Or, lastly, is the "German" that branch of the Teutonic tongue which is current in Dublin?

On the other hand, the *Star* has had the grace to give the public some of the facts about the Hero of the Day, the Rifle-and-bible newspaper correspondent Stanley; in guarded language certainly, but still so that it cannot be misunderstood; as thus, Stanley is (perhaps) a hero; but he has done no good; killed a great many people for nothing; rescued a man who was in no danger, and didn't want to be rescued; and the reason why we are so fond of him is that we hope and believe that he is helping us Britons (who are fond of keeping curates to do the rough work) in the "scramble for Africa," which is disgracing the nations of Europe at present. All this is good as far as it goes, and we must congratulate the *Star* on saying it.

W. M.

NEWS FROM NOWHERE:

OR,

AN EPOCH OF REST.

BEING SOME CHAPTERS FROM A UTOPIAN ROMANCE.

CHAP. XV.—ON THE LACK OF INCENTIVE TO LABOUR IN A COMMUNIST SOCIETY.

"Yes," said I. "I was expecting Dick and Clara to make their appearance any moment: but is there time to ask just one or two questions before they come?"

"Try it, dear neighbour—try it," said old Hammond. "For the more you ask me the better I am pleased; and at any rate if they do come and find me in the middle of an answer, they must sit quiet and pretend to listen till I come to an end. It won't hurt them; they will find it quite amusing enough to sit side by side, conscious of their proximity to each other."

I smiled, as I was bound to, and said: "Good; I will go on talking without noticing them when they come in. Now, this is what I want to ask you about—to wit, how you get people to work when there is no reward of labour, and especially how you get them to work strenuously?"

"No reward of labour?" said Hammond, gravely. "The reward of labour is *life*. Is that not enough?"

"But no reward for specially good work," quoth I.

"Plenty of reward," said he—"the reward of creation. The wages which God gets, as people might have said time ago. If you are going to ask to be paid for the pleasure of creation, which is what excellence in work means, the next thing we shall hear of will be a bill sent in for the begetting of children."

"Well, but," said I, "the man of the nineteenth century would say there is a natural desire towards the procreation of children, and a natural desire not to work."

"Yes, yes" said he, "I know the ancient platitude,—wholly untrue; indeed, to us quite meaningless. Fourier, whom all men laughed at, understood the matter better."

"Why is it meaningless to you?" said I.

He said: "Because it implies that all work is suffering, and we are so far from thinking that, that, as you may have noticed, whereas we are not short of wealth, there is a kind of fear growing up amongst us that we shall one day be short of work. It is a pleasure which we are afraid of losing, not a pain."

"Yes," said I, "I have noticed that, and I was going to ask you about that also. But in the meantime, what do you positively mean to assert about the pleasurable of work amongst you?"

"This, that *all* work is now pleasurable; either because of the hope of gain in honour and wealth with which the work is done, which causes pleasurable excitement, even when the actual work is not pleasant; or else because it has grown into a pleasurable *habit*, as in the case with what you may call mechanical work; and lastly (and most of our work is of this kind) because there is conscious sensuous pleasure in the work itself; it is done, that is, by artists."

"I see," said I. "Can you now tell me how you have come to this happy condition? For, to speak plainly, this change from the conditions of the older world seems to me far greater and more important than all the other changes you have told me about as to crime, politics, property, marriage."

"You are right there," said he. "Indeed, you may say rather that it is this change which makes all the others possible. What is the object of Revolution? Surely to make people happy. Revolution having brought its foredoomed change about, how can you prevent the counter-revolution from setting in except by making people happy? What! shall we expect peace and stability from unhappiness? The gathering of grapes from thorns and figs from thistles is a reasonable expectation compared with that! And happiness without happy daily work is impossible."

"Most obviously true," said I: for I thought the old boy was preaching a little. "But answer my question, as to how you gained this happiness."

"Briefly," said he, "by the absence of artificial coercion, and the freedom for every man to do what he can do best, joined to the knowledge of what productions of labour we really wanted. I must admit that this knowledge we reached slowly and painfully."

"Go on," said I, "give me more detail; explain more fully. For this subject interests me intensely."

"Yes, I will," said he; "but in order to do so I must weary you by talking a little about the past. Contrast is necessary for this explanation. Do you mind?"

"No, no," said I.

Said he, settling himself in his chair again for a long talk: "It is clear from all that we hear and read, that in the last age of civilisation men had got into a vicious circle in the matter of production of wares. They had reached a wonderful facility of production, and in order to make the most of that facility they had gradually created (or allowed to grow, rather) a most elaborate system of buying and selling, which has been called the World Market; and that world-market, once set a-going, forced them to go on making more and more of these wares, whether they needed them or not. So that while (of course) they could not free themselves from the toil of making real necessities, they created in a never-ending series sham or artificial necessities, which became, under the iron rule of the aforesaid world-market, of equal importance to them with the real necessities which supported life.

By all this they burdened themselves with a prodigious mass of work merely for the sake of keeping their wretched system going."

"Yes—and then?" said I.

"Why, then, since they had forced themselves to stagger along under this horrible burden of unnecessary production, it became impossible for them to look upon labour and its results from any other point of view than one—to wit, the ceaseless endeavour to expend the least possible amount of labour on any article made, and yet at the same time to make as many articles as possible. To this 'cheapening of production,' as it was called, everything was sacrificed: the happiness of the workman at his work; nay, his most elementary comfort and bare health; his food, his clothes, his dwelling, his leisure, his amusement, his education—his life, in short—did not weigh a grain of sand in the balance against this dire necessity of 'cheap production' of things, a great part of which were not worth producing at all. Nay, we are told, and we must believe it, so overwhelming is the evidence, though many of our people scarcely *can* believe it, that even rich and powerful men, the masters of the poor devils aforesaid, submitted to live amidst sights and sounds and smells which it is in the very nature of man to abhor and flee from, in order that their riches might bolster up this supreme folly. The whole community, in fact, was cast into the jaws of this ravening monster, 'the cheap production' forced upon it by the world-market."

"Dear me!" said I. "But what happened? Did not their cleverness and facility in production master this chaos of misery at last? Couldn't they catch up with the world-market, and then set to work to devise means for relieving themselves from this fearful task of extra labour?"

He smiled bitterly. "Did they even try to?" said he. "I am not sure. You know that according to the old saw the beetle gets used to living in dung; and these people, whether they found the dung sweet or not, certainly lived in it."

His estimate of the life of the nineteenth century made me catch my breath a little; and I said feebly, "But the labour-saving machines?"

"Heyday!" quoth he. "What's that you are saying? the labour-saving machines? Yes, they were made to 'save labour' (or, to speak more plainly, the lives of men) on one piece of work in order that it might be expended—I will say wasted—on another, probably useless, piece of work. Friend, all their devices for cheapening labour simply resulted in increasing the burden of labour. The appetite of the world-market grew with what it fed on: the countries within the ring of what was called 'civilisation' (that is, organised misery) were glutted with the abortions of the market, and force and fraud were used unsparingly to 'open up' countries *outside* that pale. This process of opening up is a strange one to those who have read the professions of the men of that period and do not understand their practice; and perhaps shows us at its worst the great vice of the nineteenth century, the use of hypocrisy and cant to evade the responsibility of vicarious ferocity. When the civilised world-market coveted a country not yet in its clutches, some transparent pretext was found—the suppression of a slavery different from and not so cruel as that of commerce; the pushing of a religion no longer believed in by its promoters; the 'rescue' of some desperado or homicidal madman whose misdeeds had got him into trouble amongst the natives of the 'barbarous' country—any stick, in short which would beat the dog at all. Then some bold, unprincipled, ignorant adventurer was found (no difficult task in the days of competition), and he was bribed to 'create a market' by breaking up whatever traditional society there might be in the doomed country, and by destroying whatever leisure or pleasure he found there. He forced wares on the natives which they did not want, and took their natural products in 'exchange,' as this form of robbery was called, and thereby he 'created new wants,' to supply which (that is, to be allowed to live by their new masters) the hapless, helpless people had to sell themselves into the slavery of hopeless toil so that they might have something wherewith to purchase the nullities of 'civilisation.' Ah," said the old man, pointing to the Museum, "I have read books and papers in there, telling strange stories indeed of the dealings of civilisation (or organised misery) with 'non-civilisation'; from the time when the British Government deliberately sent blankets infected with small-pox as choice gifts to inconvenient tribes of Red-skins, to the time when Africa was infested by a man named Stanley, who—"

"Excuse me," said I, "but as you know, time presses; and I want to keep our question on the straightest line possible; and I want at once to ask this about these wares made for the world-market—how about their quality? These people who were so clever about making goods, I suppose they made them well?"

"Quality!" said the old man, crustily; for he was rather peevish at being cut short in his story; "how could they possibly attend to such trifles as the quality of the wares they sold? The best of them were of a lowish average, the worst were transparent make-shifts for the things asked for, which nobody would have put up with if they could have got anything else. It was a current jest of the time that the wares were made to sell and not to use; a jest which you, as coming from another planet, may understand, but which our folk could not."

Said I: "What! did they make nothing well?"

"Why, yes," said he, "there was one class of goods which they did make thoroughly well, and that was the class of machines which were used for making things. These were usually quite perfect pieces of workmanship, admirably adapted to the end in view. So that it may be fairly said that the great achievement of the nineteenth century was the making of machines which were wonders of invention, skill, and patience, and which were used for the production of measureless

quantities of worthless makeshifts. In truth, the owners of the machines did not consider anything which they made as wares, but simply as means for the enrichment of themselves. Of course, the only admitted test of utility in wares was the finding of buyers for them—wise men or fools, as it might chance.”

“And people put up with this?” said I.

“For a time,” said he.

“And then?”

“And then the overturn,” said the old man, smiling, “and the nineteenth century saw itself as a man who has lost his clothes whilst bathing and has to walk naked through the town.”

WILLIAM MORRIS.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

(This Story began in No. 209, January 11, 1890. A few sets of Back Numbers can still be had.)

THE LABOUR STRUGGLE.

How to get the Eight Hours Day.

Now the London Trades Council has declared that an eight hours labour day is a necessity, on account of the “misery and social demoralisation” resulting from the “long hours of labour” in many industries, it remains for them to declare what means they will adopt to obtain this boon. On this point the resolution is vague, as it merely “urges our fellow-countrymen to be unceasing in their effort to successfully establish this limit by every legitimate means in their power”; but practically there are only two methods of obtaining an eight hour day—by organisation of trade unions, or Parliamentary enactment. Now, we cannot suppose the London Trades Council intends to adopt legislative action, or it would certainly not have declared, through the mouth of its virtuous secretary, Mr. George Shipton, that it could have no “politicians” at the meeting. We will confess that we thought George meant to exclude himself, for we remembered the sugar business, but find we were mistaken, for George is going to boss the show. Therefore this is not a case of righteous self-denial. Well, as no politicians are to be allowed to speak, we presume the London Trades Council intends to obtain the eight hours by the organised action of their trade unions. Now, there are two ways of doing this. First, sectional agitation on the part of each separate society; which would be unsuccessful, as it would simply mean hurling a small battalion against the whole organised force of capital; or a general attack by the immense array of organised labour on capitalist host, which would mean certain victory. Most trade unionists know, for they have been taught by recent experience, that small strikes mean defeat even in ordinary wages disputes, and therefore they would be useless to carry a concession which every capitalist would bitterly oppose. But supposing all the trade societies represented by the London Trades Council decided, say, on the 1st of May 1891 to come out on strike for the eight hours day. According to their own account, this Council represents from 100,000 to 150,000 workmen belonging to the principal trades carried on in the metropolis, and if they ceased work business would be paralysed, for their example would certainly be copied, in the excitement that would follow, by most of the workmen in London. This is not a matter of conjecture, but of absolute certainty, for when the excitement of the dock strike was at its height, if the employers had not made concessions nearly every workshop in London would have been deserted. Nothing could stand against such a movement, and the masters would be forced to give way. I doubt myself whether they would not surrender before the men left their work, for they would see resistance would be fruitless. Therefore it is clear that if the London Trades Council want the eight hours day they can easily obtain it. Some may say that this scheme is too revolutionary and that serious consequences might follow. Possibly, if the masters were obstinate. But I don't think they would be. At any rate, the consequences would not be more serious than those which the leaders of the miners had to face when they ordered a general strike for ten per cent. advance in wages a few weeks ago. Surely Mr. Shipton and his colleagues have as much courage as the leaders of the miners, and surely if the eight hours day is worth anything, it is worth a little risk and trouble.

Mr. Bradlaugh again.

Mr. Bradlaugh again distinguished himself as a champion of capital in the House of Commons. On Tuesday April 22nd Cunningham Graham, in a speech on the motion concerning profit-sharing, said that he thanked God that he had never intervened as conciliator in disputes between capital and labour. Mr. Bradlaugh, who followed him, attacked him on this point, and was cheered by the assembled capitalists because he declared that he had never interfered in labour disputes except as a conciliator. Perhaps this is why they unanimously repudiated him as a representative of labour. As we know that acting as a conciliator usually means getting workmen to lessen their already too moderate demands for the benefit of greedy employers, we can understand why Cunningham Graham has never played that part. We can also understand why the young gentlemen on the Tory benches, elated with wine and insolence, vociferously applaud their pet Old Bailey bully when he “courageously” attacks a man who stands alone and friendless in the House because he lifts his voice on behalf of the wronged and oppressed. But we confess we cannot understand why papers that profess to represent workmen, like *Reynolds* and the *Dispatch*, should take the side of Bradlaugh against Graham. Have they also, like the *Star*, received their instructions from Mr. John Morley?

Great Strike of Irish Railwaymen.

On Monday April 21 the railwaymen in Cork came out on strike as a protest against the dismissal of two porters who had refused to load some bacon which had been brought by blacklegs belonging to a firm of carriers where the men were on strike. Discontent had long been rife among the men employed on this line, and on Tuesday the strike spread to Queenstown and Limerick. On Friday at noon the strike became general; from Cork to Dublin, guards, signalmen, and porters all came out. The traffic is completely disorganised, for the only people who will do the blacklegging necessary to enable the company to carry on their business are the clerks, and they are not very efficient as guards or porters. There was an amusing

scene on Friday at Kingsbridge station. Owing to the strike of porters, Right Reverend Bishops and Removable Magistrates were forced to carry their own luggage, and being gentlemen of comfortable appearance, they sweated like bulls as they toiled along under the weight of their heavy travelling bags, etc. The trade in the south of Ireland is completely paralysed. A telegram from Fermoy on Saturday stated that in consequence of the strike, flour and coal were becoming scarce in that town, as there was then only five days' supply. It is expected that if the strike continues many firms in Cork and Limerick will be forced to suspend business. Michael Davitt has been interviewing the directors to see if they will receive a deputation from the men; but the directors have vowed vengeance against the signalmen, and are prosecuting them for having left their boxes without giving notice. They have now offered to receive the deputation from the guards and porters, but these honest fellows decided they would not leave their comrades in the lurch, Mr. Foreman (the delegate of the A.R.S.) declaring amid loud cheers that they had come out together and would go back together, and that all attempts to separate them would fail. It is a curious fact that some of the Nationalist papers, particularly the *Freeman's Journal*, have been most bitter in their attacks upon the men and their leaders. This proves that Irish capitalists, although they may be good Home Rulers, are quite as much the enemies of Irish workers as Balfour and his gang. No one can say the men are extreme, for they have offered to submit their demands to arbitration, and it is the obstinacy of the directors in even refusing to reply to the communications from their trade union that has brought about the strike. Seven signalmen have been prosecuted, and one has been fined £10. There is still no prospect of the strike ending, owing to the unrelenting attitude of the directors.

THE EAST-END TAILORS will come out on May 4th against the sweaters, who still work them from fourteen to eighteen hours a-day.

THE JEWISH BOOTMAKERS have returned to work, the masters conceding an advance of 3d. per dozen pairs of boots. N.

INDIA.

COTTONOPOLIS is wild because India is supplanting her in China and Japan. The export of yarns from India to these countries during the past six years has increased by 300 million lbs., while during the same period the export of English yarns to China and Japan has decreased by 30 million lbs. Manchester now sees that her only chance of competing with Bombay lies in the introduction of the English Factory Acts, the advocacy of which will enable her to pose as a philanthropist. 'Tis true the factory hours in India are long, aye, too long. The average hours are 80 per week in Indian factories, 56 in English. But there is a difference. The white slave is driven hard the whole time, but the Indian works leisurely. To quote from the report of the Bombay government, “To long work they (*i.e.*, the operatives) have no objection as long as it is light work, and provided they occasionally go out to talk and smoke.” Western civilisation has not yet produced in the East human automatic machines, wound up to go factory like without stopping. Having failed to pose as philanthropists, the Manchester cottonlords have become exasperated, and actually talk of getting “some sort of control over the mills in India.”

Behold! Western ideas are permeating India. The latest phase of Western life which the mild Hindoo has seized with avidity is the taste for alcoholic liquors. We are told that Brahmins are becoming liquor contractors in *sharub*, and that at high-caste weddings and religious festivals the liquor freely flows. Shocking news for the Blue Ribbon Army!

In the Jessore district matters are becoming rather strained between the ryots and the indigo planters. Mr. Suson, the magistrate, has been dealing summarily with the poor ryots; they have been fined and sent to jail in batches. Has any wicked Anarchist been circulating *Commonweal* amongst them?

An Indian paper, commenting upon Lord Cross's Indian Council's Bill, thus concludes, “Thirty year's experience has shown clearly that the means devised by the authors of the Act (of 1861) for ascertaining the thoughts and feelings, wishes and wants of the people of India in regard to legislation, have not been attended with the desired success, and that our Legislative Councils stand in urgent need of reform.” A. B.

Cardinal Manning speaks of “sweating” as “the greatest curse under heaven.” As the whole of our industrial system is a huge sweating shop, the cardinal must see the need for a big blessing to descend and mop the whole curse up. So the Brisbane *Worker* thinks.

A newspaper reporter, eleven years of age, engaged on a Sydney journal, and paid per line, made 12s. one week lately. Whereupon, says the Brisbane *Boomerang*, the senior proprietor on the following Monday morning notified the boy that he would in future be charged a subscriber's rates for the use of the paper, and would be obliged to pay 3d. per week for copy slips.

A London writer asserts that “now-a-days you have no choice between a society which is utterly soulless or one which is no doubt intellectual enough, but where half the company have at one time or another attacked the throne, denied the Thirty-nine Articles or assaulted the police” Quite true. All the brains are with the Radicals, the Agnostics, and the Revolutionaries.—*Sydney Bulletin*.

Capitalism asks pompously, as though it were putting an unanswerable question, “Can a man not do as he pleases with his own?” Before answering this question it is necessary to know what is a man's own and how he came by it. The mere assertion of a claim does not prove its equity, and sometimes unjust laws defend inequitable claims while the manner of acquisition has much to do with the integrity of an assumed title. Ethics is becoming a most important factor in modern economics.—*Christian Advocate*.

PARLIAMENTARY DUTY.—According to the best authorities on the subject, the chief duty of a parliamentary party is to oust the other side from power and instal itself instead, and any conduct which will tend to bring about this result is fair. Party leaders are supposed never to allow that anything done by the other side has been either really good or prompted by anything but base motives. A manifest duty of a party leader is to claim the authorship of any reform which he cannot convince the public will be injurious, by references to newspaper paragraphs and private letters to eminent persons. Should any press reports or *Hansard* reports seem to be against this claim, it is the duty of the leader to attribute the mistake to a hostile and misrepresenting press, ditto to *Hansard*.—*Australian Standard*.

THE SOCIALIST LEAGUE.

OFFICES: 24, GREAT QUEEN ST., LINCOLN'S INN FIELDS, W.C.

The Offices of the Socialist League will be open for the sale of *Commonweal* and all other Socialist publications from 8.30 a.m. to 9 p.m. every day except Sunday. The Secretary will be in attendance from 10 a.m. to 9 p.m. daily.

Annual Conference.—The Annual Conference of the Socialist League will take place on Whit Sunday, May 25th. All propositions from Branches should be sent in at once to allow of agenda being made up. Place of meeting and other particulars in future issue.

London Members' Meeting.—The next monthly meeting of members will be held at 6, Windmill Street, Tottenham Court Road, on Tuesday, May 6th, at 8.30 p.m. All members interested in the propaganda are asked to attend.

Branch Subscriptions Paid.—1888:—Oxford, to end of September.

1889:—Bradford and Hammersmith, to end of April. Norwich, Glasgow, and Yarmouth, to end of May. East London, to end of October. Mitcham, to end of November. St. Georges East, to end of December.

1890:—Manchester, to end of January. 'Commonweal' Branch, to end of February. Leicester and North London, to end of March. North Kensington, to end of April. Streatham, to end of December.

Notice.—All letters on League business, except those intended for Editors of *Commonweal*, to be addressed to me. No other person is authorised to sign any official communication. FRANK KITZ, Secretary.

NEW PREMISES FUND.

Collected at Council meeting, April 28th, 4s. 0d.

"COMMONWEAL" GUARANTEE FUND.

The following further sums have been received towards this fund:—P. Webb, 1s.; H. R., 1s.; D. Nicoll, 6d.; B. W., 6d.; Mrs. Newnham, 1s. 9d.; and Scottish Socialist Federation, 5s. 6d.

MAY DAY DEMONSTRATION.

Already acknowledged—5s. Received towards expenses—Propaganda Committee, 15s.; Presburg, 6d.; Webb, 3s.; R. Turner, 2s. 6d.; North London Branch, 10s.; and Hammersmith Branch, 10s.

REPORTS.

EAST LONDON.—A large meeting was held in Victoria Park on Sunday, addressed by Davis, Tochetti, and Nicoll; Mrs. Tochetti sang some revolutionary songs, which were well appreciated; 40 'Weals' sold and 2s. 10½d. collected.—K.

HAMMERSMITH.—Good meeting at Bridge End on Sunday morning; speakers were Grant, Steele, Morris, Bullock, and Tarleton; 45 'Weals' sold and other literature. Good meeting in the evening at same place; speakers were Bullock, Tarleton, A. J. Smith, Grant, and Steele; 18 'Weals' sold. Fair meeting at Weltje Road; speakers were Bullock, Tarleton, and A. J. Smith; 8 'Weals' sold.

KILBURN.—A short meeting was held here on Sunday morning; Mainwaring spoke; fair sale of 'Weal'.

NORTH KENSINGTON.—Good meeting was held at Latimer Road; speakers were J. F. Lyne, Kitchen, and Davis; Hammersmith branch 'Weals' sold well, and 1s. 2d. collected. At our rooms in the evening we had an interesting discussion on the "Iron Law of Wages"; several 'Weals' sold and 2s. 1d. collected.

NORTH LONDON.—Cantwell and Nicoll held a short meeting at Regent's Park; 30 'Weals' and some pamphlets sold; 1s. 2½d. collected. Cantwell, Davies, and Mainwaring addressed a large and enthusiastic meeting at Hyde Park; 60 'Weals' and 18 pamphlets sold; 3s. 8½d. collected.

WALWORTH.—A good meeting was addressed at North Street on Sunday morning by J. Buckeridge in favour of May 1st Demonstration; the resolution in last week's 'Weal' was carried unanimously; 4s. 1d. collected for Demonstration Fund; fair sale of 'Weal' and 'Monopoly.'—W.

GLASGOW.—On Sunday at mid-day, Joe and Tim Burgoyne spoke to a good audience on Jail Square. In the evening Glasier spoke to a large meeting at Paisley Road Toll. Business meeting of members was afterwards held in rooms.

LEEDS.—On Sunday morning a good meeting was held in Vicars Croft, when Samuels debated with Mr. Devily on "Is Total Abstinence a Remedy for Poverty?" A collection was made towards the fine of 5s. imposed upon Samuels by the magistrate. At the afternoon meeting, Maguire announced that on next Sunday, May 4, there would be a demonstration at the "Croft" in support of the eight hours movement; good sale of 'Weals'.

YARMOUTH.—On Sunday morning, at Bradwell, comrade Brightwell addressed a meeting of farm-labourers; good discussion. In the evening the weather was unfavourable for out-door speaking, so several comrades met in the club-room and held an interesting discussion. 12 *Commonweal* sold.—J. H.

EDINBURGH—SCOTTISH SOCIALIST FEDERATION.—Last Sunday evening Miss Cameron lectured on "The Spirit of Socialism," in the Moulders' Hall. There was a good audience, and being the first lady who has spoken here, Miss Cameron was well received; good discussion.—W. D. T.

LIVERPOOL SOCIALIST SOCIETY.—We held two excellent meetings at the Landing Stage on Sunday—at 11 a.m. and 3 p.m. Comrades Sharples (Blackburn) and J. C. Balfour, W. H. Chapman, and S. Reeves addressed those present. 3 quires *Commonweal* and 1 quire *Justice* sold. Next Sunday we take part in the annual demonstration at Manchester.

NOTTINGHAM SOCIALIST CLUB.—On Sunday last, Tom M'Carthy, of the Dock Labourers' Union, London, gave two open-air addresses—in the morning in Sneinton Market on the Eight Hour Question, and in the Great Market Place, at night, on "My Experience of the Great Dock Strike"; Proctor in the chair. Our London comrade made a good impression on large audiences. The meeting was very enthusiastic as he related some of the incidents of that now famous struggle. *Commonweal* sold out. On Saturday night M'Carthy and our Nottingham comrades, Proctor and Knight, spoke at a large trades union demonstration at Long Eaton. They had a most enthusiastic reception.—A. C.

LIVERPOOL SOCIALIST SOCIETY.—1 Stanley Street, Dale Street.—Meets every Tuesday at 8 p.m.

NEW MANHOOD SUFFRAGE LEAGUE, "Three Doves," Berwick St., Soho, W.—Sunday May 4, at 7.30 p.m., J. D. Bouran, "Communism."

CLUB AUTONOMIE, 6 Windmill Street, Tottenham Court Road, W.—Sunday May 4, at 8.30, James Harragan, "The Late Strike in the Boot Trade."

DEMONSTRATION OF LANCASHIRE AND DISTRICT SOCIALISTS.—On Sunday May 4th, the Annual Gathering of Socialists will take place in Manchester, and a mass meeting will be held in Stevenson Square at 3 p.m. A large array of well-known Socialist speakers will address the meeting.

THE NORTH KENSINGTON BRANCH appeal to comrades and friends for their Band Fund. They have the offer of getting drums very cheap from a band that has become defunct, and want to raise about £24s. for this purpose. Please send subscriptions to G. Maughan, Sec., Clarendon Coffee Palace, Clarendon Rd.

LECTURE DIARY.

LONDON.

Battersea.—All communications to E. Buteux, 45, Inwith Street, Battersea Park Road.

Commonweal Branch.—24 Great Queen Street, Holborn, W.C. Business meeting of members every Thursday evening at 8; Discussion Class at 9. Hall open every evening from 7 till 10. The Athenæum Hall, Tottenham Court Road, has been taken for a Concert and Ball, May 12th, in aid of the *Commonweal*.

East London.—All branch communications to be addressed to H. M'Kenzie, 12 Basing Place.

Hammersmith.—Kelmescott House, Upper Mall, W. Sunday May 4, at 8 p.m., a Lecture. French Class conducted by Mde. Desroches on Friday evenings at 7.30.

Mitcham.—"Lord Napier," Fair Green. Meets every Sunday at 12.30, to enroll members, etc.

North Kensington.—Clarendon Coffee Palace, Clarendon Road. Meets every Wednesday at 8 p.m. On Sunday evening, May 4, Choir practice and a Lecture. Mrs. Besant will lecture on behalf of the branch at Fawcett Liberal Club on 6th May—subject, "Is Socialism a Dream?"

North London.—6 Windmill Street, Tottenham Court Road. Meets every Wednesday evening at 8 o'clock.

Streatham.—Address secretary, R. Smith, 1 Natal Road, Streatham.

Whitechapel and St. Georges in the East.—Branch meetings at International Club, 40 Berner Street, Commercial Road. J. Turner, organising secretary.

PROVINCES.

Aberdeen.—Organiser, J. Leatham, 7 Jamaica Street. Branch meets in Hall, 9 Harriet Street, on Sunday evenings at 6.30. Singing practice, etc., in Odd-fellows' Small Hall, Crooked Lane, Mondays at 8 p.m.

Bradford.—Laycock's Temperance Hotel, Albion Court, Kirkgate. Meets every Tuesday at 7.30.

Glasgow.—Ram's Horn Hall, 122 Ingram Street. Branch meets on Thursday evenings at 8 o'clock and Sundays at 7 o'clock.

Halifax.—Socialists meet every Sunday at 6.30 p.m. at Helliwell's Temperance Hotel, Northgate.

Leeds.—Clarendon Buildings, Victoria Road, School Close. Open every evening. Business meeting Saturdays at 8 p.m.

Leicester.—Exchange Buildings, Rutland Street. Branch meets on Monday, Thursday, and Saturday at 8 p.m.

Manchester.—Socialist League Club, 60 Grovesnor Street, All Saints. Open every evening. Branch weekly meeting on Tuesdays at 8.

Norwich.—Members' meeting will be held at 23 Rose Yard, St. Augustines.

Oxford.—Temperance Hall, 25½ Pembroke Street. First Friday in every month, at 8.30 p.m.

Walsall.—Socialist Club, 18 Goodall Street, Walsall. Meetings every night.

Yarmouth.—Socialist League Club, 56 Row, Market Place. Open every evening. Business Meeting Tuesdays at 8 p.m. Elocution Class Friday at 8.30 p.m. Discussion Class Sunday 3 p.m. On Sunday May 4th, a large Demonstration will be held on Priory Plain, at 11 a.m., in favour of international solidarity amongst the workers. Addresses by C. W. Mowbray and others.

All persons who sympathise with the views of the Socialist League are earnestly invited to communicate with the above addresses, and if possible to help us in preparing for the birth of a true society, based on equality, brotherhood, and freedom for all.

OPEN-AIR PROPAGANDA.

SATURDAY 3.

7 Hyde Park Nicoll and Cantwell

SUNDAY 4.

11 Latimer Road Station North Kensington Branch
 11.30 Hammersmith Bridge Hammersmith Branch
 11.30 Mitcham—Fair Green The Branch
 11.30 Regent's Park Mrs. Lahr and Nicoll
 3.30 Hyde Park—Marble Arch North Kensington Branch
 3.30 Victoria Park Nicoll
 7 Hammersmith Bridge Hammersmith Branch
 7 Weltje Road, Ravenscourt Park Hammersmith Branch
 7.30 Mitcham Fair Green Great Demonstration
 8 Streatham Green The Branch

TUESDAY 6.

8 Walham Green—back of Church Hammersmith Branch

THURSDAY 8.

8.15 Hoxton Church Kitz and Davis

PROVINCES.

Glasgow.—Sunday: Jail Square at 2 o'clock; Paisley Road at 5 o'clock. Tuesday: Cathedral Square, at 8 p.m.

Leeds.—Sunday: Hunslet Moor, at 11 a.m.; Vicar's Croft, at 7 p.m.

Leicester.—Sunday: Russell Square at 11 a.m.; Humberstone Gate, at 8 p.m.

Liverpool.—Landing Stage, Sundays at 11.30 a.m. and 3 p.m.

Manchester.—Saturday: Middleton market ground, at 7 p.m. Sunday: Philips Park Gates, at 11; Stevenson Square, at 3.

Norwich.—Sunday: St. Faiths, at 11; Market Place, at 3.

Sheffield.—Sunday: Monolith, Fargate, at 11.30 a.m.; Burngreave Road, near Vestry Offices, at 3 p.m.; Pump, West Bar, at 8 p.m.

Yarmouth.—Sunday: Priory Plain, at 11; Bradwell, 11.30; Colman's Granary Quay, at 7.

EDINBURGH—SCOTTISH SOCIALIST FEDERATION.—On Sunday May 4, a meeting will be held on the Meadows, at 2.30, to protest against the action of the majority of the Trades Council with regard to the Eight-Hours Demonstration, and to pass resolutions. It is hoped comrades will muster in good force. Several comrades and others are expected to speak.—Indoor meetings are discontinued for the present. On the 28th May we enter our new premises in South Bridge.—After that date all indoor meetings—of which due notice will be given—will be held there.

SOCIALIST LEAGUE PUBLICATIONS.

Leaflets.

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American Literature.

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Object of the Labour Movement ...	0 2

MISCELLANEOUS.

Spaziergänge eines Atheisten. Bei Ferdinand Heigl ...	0 8
The Reciter for Clubs and Social Gatherings ...	0 1

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STATEMENT OF PRINCIPLES.

THE Socialist League advocates International Revolutionary Socialism. That is to say the destruction of the present class society, which consists of one class who live by owning property and therefore *need not work*, and of another that has no property and therefore *must work* in order that they may live to keep the idlers by their labour. Revolutionary Socialism insists that this system of society, which is the modern form of slavery, should be changed to a system of Society which would give every man an opportunity of doing useful work, and not allow any man to live without so doing, which work could not be useful unless it were done for the whole body of workers instead of for do-nothing individuals. The result of this would be that livelihood would not be precarious nor labour burdensome. Labour would be employed in co-operation, and the struggle of man with man for bare subsistence would be supplanted by harmonious combination for the production of common wealth and the exchange of mutual services without the waste of labour or material.

Every man's needs would be satisfied from this common stock, but no man would be allowed to own anything which he could not use, and which consequently he must *abuse* by employing it as an instrument for forcing others to labour for him unpaid. Thus the land, the capital, machinery, and means of transit would cease to be private property, since they can only be used by the combination of labour to produce wealth.

Thus men would be *free* because they would no longer be dependent on idle property-owners for subsistence; thus they would be *brothers*, for the cause of strife, the struggle for subsistence at other people's expense, would have come to an end. Thus they would be *equal*, for if all men were doing useful work no man's labour could be dispensed with. Thus the motto of Liberty, Fraternity, and Equality, which is but an empty boast in a society that upholds the monopoly of the means of production, would at last be realised.

This Revolutionary Socialism must be International. The change which would put an end to the struggle between man and man, would destroy it also between nation and nation. One harmonious system of federation throughout the whole of civilisation would take the place of the old destructive rivalries. There would be no great centres breeding race hatred and commercial jealousy, but people would manage their own affairs in communities not too large to prevent all citizens from taking a part in the administration necessary for the conduct of life, so that party politics would come to an end.

Thus, while we abide by the old motto

Liberty, Fraternity, Equality,

we say that the existence of private property destroys Equality, and therefore under it there can be neither Liberty nor Fraternity.

We add to the first motto then this other one—

FROM EACH ACCORDING TO HIS CAPACITY, TO EACH ACCORDING TO HIS NEEDS.

When this is realised there will be a genuine Society; until it is realised, Society is nothing but a band of robbers. We must add that this change can only be brought about by combination amongst the workers themselves, and must embrace the whole of Society. The new life cannot be *given* to the workers by a class higher than they, but must be *taken* by them by means of the abolition of classes and the reorganisation of Society.

COUNCIL OF THE SOCIALIST LEAGUE.

NOTICE.

Subscribers who find a red wrapper round paper are thereby reminded that their subscriptions have expired and must be renewed immediately if they wish to continue to receive *Commonweal*.

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THE COMMONWEAL

The Official Journal of the SOCIALIST LEAGUE.

VOL. 6.—No. 226.

SATURDAY, MAY 10, 1890.

WEEKLY; ONE PENNY.

LABOUR DAY.

THERE is only one event this week to be noted; beside its overpowering importance all others shrink into insignificance. And this event, of course, is the world-wide demonstration of the international solidarity of Labour which took place on May Day. The capitalist press, with characteristic futility, has seized well-nigh unanimously upon the Eight Hours part of the celebration as though that were its be-all and end-all. It must be plain, however, to the most casual and careless of honest observers that the whole essence of the demonstration was the international solidarity of Labour; the Eight Hours' Day was an accidental, tacked on because it was the object of desire for the passing moment with those who, although desiring Socialism, dream of palliating the present system as they go along. There are always two divisions in the Labour movement—those who are fully convinced and avowed Socialists, and regard the present system as beyond anything but entire destruction; and those who, sometimes calling themselves Socialists, are disposed to patch and plaster here and there, rather than go in for sweeping and radical change. The former section, numerically the smaller, but intrinsically by far the more important, have throughout been at the head and front of the international agitation for a Labour Day; the other, by far the larger, and by far the least important, has been trying to divert attention and enthusiasm from the definite assertion of Labour as Labour to the claim for a legally fixed working-day.

Here, in London, the Revolutionary Socialists and the new Trades' Unions, in spite of all opposition, kept the red flag aloft and held the simultaneous meetings for which our foreign brethren looked. Those who, by dividing the London Demonstration and throwing all their weight in favour of the Sunday one, provided a means of escape and ready excuse for the cowards and sneaks of the Labour movement, did not see (or did they see too well?) that the whole value of the event lay in its proof of the capacity of the proletariat of the world for organised and simultaneous effort. They did not see (or, again, did they see too well?) that ten thousand men in the Park on Thursday, in spite of the police and damned by the press, were of immensely more weight than a hundred or two hundred thousand on Sunday, not only allowed but aided by the police, blessed by the reptile press, and looked upon with favour by all pastors, masters, and other persons in authority. Which will be remembered and looked back upon in years to come as meaning something more than a mere outing? The one was a demonstration of an intention to do something; the other of a desire to have something—when their masters gave it them. It showed that a large number of workmen would like to work shorter hours; it showed nothing else, except that it added the information they were only prepared to submissively ask for it, and would not even sacrifice a day's wages in order to get it. The international side of the question was practically ignored, as might have been expected from men who could with wanton treachery break away from the world movement to demonstrate the blindness, stupidity, and cowardice of that large part of the London workmen who follow their "legal" and "moderate" leadership. There is one consolation, if it is a small one; the May Day Demonstration in England belongs to us; in years to come, the "moderates" will be glad to come crawling behind us through the gap that we have made, but they will never be able to claim any share in its making. They will remember that while we were banned they were blessed by the police, and praised by the enemies of Labour on the press. A thought that should burn a fiery brand of never-ending self-reproach into their souls.

However, May Day was celebrated in London; and it shall be again. Though but a few of us be found who will do it, it shall be done. If we have to work double tides from now to then, it shall be done. Our comrades throughout the world may rely upon this, that though the majority of English workmen still retain a good deal of their arrogant insularity, and follow those who will stoop to play upon it, there is a large and rapidly growing minority who have awakened to the true position of Labour and the need for international action, and who are resolved to stand or fall with their brethren abroad. As we have begun we shall go on; as each recurring May Day comes and goes our strength will be seen to leap steadily up and up, until we are strong enough to push aside the sneaks and faint-hearts who embarrass us, break down the barriers that confront us, and enter into the promised land. S.

NEWS FROM NOWHERE:

OR,

AN EPOCH OF REST.

BEING SOME CHAPTERS FROM A UTOPIAN ROMANCE.

CHAP. XV. (continued).—ON THE LACK OF INCENTIVE TO LABOUR IN A COMMUNIST SOCIETY.

"You are very bitter about that unlucky nineteenth century," said I. "Naturally," said he, "since I know so much about it."

He was silent a little, and then said: "There are traditions—nay, real histories—in our family about it: my grandfather was one of its victims. If you know something about it you will understand what he suffered when I tell you that he was in those days a genuine artist, a man of genius, and a revolutionist."

"I think I do understand," said I: "but now, as it seems, you have reversed all this?"

"Pretty much so," said he. "The wares which we make are made because they are needed: men make for their neighbours' use as if they were making for themselves, not for a vague market of which they know nothing, and over which they can have no control: as there is no buying and selling, it would be mere insanity to make goods on the chance of their being wanted; for there is no longer anyone who can be compelled to buy them. So that whatever is made is good, and thoroughly fit for its purpose. Nothing can be made except for genuine use; therefore no inferior goods are made. Moreover, as aforesaid, we have now found out what we want, so we make no more than we want; and as we are not driven to make a vast quantity of useless things, we have time and resources enough to consider our pleasure in making them. All work which would be irksome to do by hand is done by immensely improved machinery; and in all work which it is a pleasure to do by hand machinery is done without. There is no difficulty in finding work which suits the special turn of mind of everybody; so that no man is sacrificed to the wants of another. From time to time, when we have found out that some piece of work was too disagreeable or troublesome, we have given it up and done altogether without the thing produced by it. Now, surely you can see that under these circumstances all the work we do is an exercise of the mind and body more or less pleasant to be done: so that instead of avoiding work everybody seeks it: and, since people have got defter in doing the work generation after generation, it has become so easy to do, that it seems as if there were less done, though probably more is produced. I suppose this explains a certain fear of a possible scarcity in work, which perhaps you have already noticed, and which is a feeling on the increase, and has been for a score of years."

"But do you think," said I, "that there is any fear of a work-famine amongst you?"

"No, I do not," said he, "and I will tell why: it is each man's business to make his own work pleasanter and pleasanter, which of course tends towards raising the standard of excellence, as no man enjoys turning out work which is not a credit to him, and also to greater deliberation in turning it out; and there is such a vast number

of things which can be treated as works of art, that this alone gives employment to a host of deft people. Again, if art be inexhaustible, so is science also; and though it is no longer the only innocent occupation, which is thought worth an intelligent man spending his time upon, as it once was, yet there are, and I suppose will be, many people who are excited by its conquest of difficulties, and care for it more than for anything else. Again, as more and more of pleasure is imported into work, I think we shall take up kinds of work which produce desirable wares, but which we gave up because we could not carry them on pleasantly. Moreover, I think that it is only in parts of Europe which are more advanced than the rest of the world that you will hear this talk of the fear of a work-famine. Those lands which were once the colonies of Great Britain, for instance, and especially America—that part of it, above all, which was once the United States—are now and will be for a long while a great resource to us. For these lands, and, I say, especially the northern parts of America, suffered so terribly from the full force of the last days of civilisation, and became such horrible places to live in, that they are now very backward in all that makes life pleasant. Indeed, one may say that for nearly a hundred years the people of the northern parts of America have been engaged in gradually making a dwelling-place out of a stinking dust-heap; and there is still a great deal to do, especially as the country is so big.”

“Well,” said I, “I am exceedingly glad to think that you have such a prospect of happiness before you. But I should like to ask a few more questions, and then I have done for to-day.”

CHAP. XVI.—DINNER IN THE HALL OF THE BLOOMSBURY MARKET.

As I spoke, I heard footsteps near the door; the latch yielded, and in came our two lovers, looking so handsome that one had no feeling of shame in looking on at their little-concealed love-making: for indeed it seemed as if all the world must be in love with them. As for old Hammond, he looked on them like an artist who has just painted a picture nearly as well as he thought he could when he began it, and was perfectly happy. He said:

“Sit down, sit down, young folk, and don't make a noise. Our guest here has still some questions to ask me.”

“Well, I should suppose so,” said Dick; “you have only been three hours and a half together; and it isn't to be hoped that the history of two centuries could be told in three hours and a half: let alone that, for all I know, you may have been wandering into the realms of geography and craftsmanship.”

“And as to noise, my dear kinsman,” said Clara, “you will very soon be disturbed by the noise of the dinner-bell, which I should think will be very pleasant music to our guest, who breakfasted early, it seems, and probably had a tiring day yesterday.”

I said: “Well, since you have spoken the word, I begin to feel that it is so; but I have been feeding myself with wonder this long time past: really, it's quite true,” quoth I, as I saw her smile, O so prettily!

But just then from some tower high up in the air came the sound of silvery chimes playing a sweet clear tune, that sounded to my unaccustomed ears like the song of the first blackbird in the spring, and called a rush of memories to my mind, some of bad times, some of good, but all sweetened now into mere pleasure.

“No more questions now before dinner,” said Clara; and she took my hand as an affectionate child would, and led me out of the room and down-stairs into the forecourt of the Museum, leaving the two Hammonds to follow as they pleased.

We went into the market place I had been in before, a thinnish stream of elegantly¹ dressed people going in along with us. We turned into the cloister and came to a richly moulded and carved doorway, where a very pretty dark-haired young girl gave us each a beautiful bunch of summer flowers, and we entered a hall much bigger than that of the Hammersmith Guest House, more elaborate in its architecture and perhaps more beautiful. I found it difficult to keep my eyes off the wall-pictures (for I thought it bad manners to stare at Clara all the time, though she was quite worth it). I saw at a glance that their subjects were taken from queer old-world myths and imaginations which in yesterday's world only about half a dozen people in the country knew anything about; and when the two Hammonds sat down opposite to us, I said to the old man, pointing to the frieze:

“How strange to see such subjects here!”

“Why?” said he. “I don't see why you should be surprised; everybody knows the tales; and they are graceful and pleasant subjects, not too tragic for a place where people mostly eat and drink and amuse themselves, and yet full of incident.”

I smiled, and said: “Well, I scarcely expected to find record of the Seven Swans and the King of the Golden Mountain and Faithful Henry, and such curious pleasant imaginations as Jacob Grimm got together from the childhood of the world, barely lingering even in his time: I should have thought you would have forgotten such childishness by this time.”

The old man smiled, and said nothing; but Dick turned rather red, and broke out:

“What do you mean, guest? I think them very beautiful, I mean not only the pictures, but the stories; and when we were children we used to imagine them going on in every wood-end, by the bight of every stream: every house in the fields was the Fairyland King's House to us. Don't you remember, Clara?”

“Yes,” she said; and it seemed to me as if a slight cloud came over her fair face. I was going to speak to her on the subject, when the pretty waitresses came to us smiling, and chattering sweetly like reed warblers by the river side, and fell to giving us our dinner. As to this, as at our breakfast, everything was cooked and served with a daintiness which showed that those who had prepared it were interested in it; but there was no excess either of quantity or gourmandise; everything was simple, though so excellent of its kind; and it was made clear to us that this was no feast, only an ordinary meal. The glass, crockery, and plate were very beautiful to my eyes, used to the study of mediæval art; but a nineteenth-century club-haunter would, I daresay, have found them rough and lacking in finish; the crockery being lead-glazed pot-ware, though beautifully ornamented; the only porcelain being here and there a piece of old oriental ware. The glass, again, though elegant and quaint, and very varied in form, was somewhat bubbled and hornier in texture than the commercial articles of the nineteenth century. The furniture and general fittings of the hall were much of a piece with the table gear, beautiful in form and highly ornamented, but without the commercial “finish” of the joiners and cabinet-makers of our time. Withal, there was a total absence of what the nineteenth century calls “comfort”—that is, stuffy inconvenience; so that, even apart from the delightful excitement of the day, I had never eaten my dinner so pleasantly before.

WILLIAM MORRIS.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

(This Story began in No. 209, January 11, 1890. A few sets of Back Numbers can still be had.)

“WHAT NEXT?”

WHO would have thought that in the short space of time that has elapsed since Sir W. Harcourt made the jesting remark, “We are all Socialists now,” statesmen and politicians of all shades would roll the word Socialism over in their mouths and use it to conjure and delude with? It has ever been so, that a new inspiration or movement has first been condemned and ridiculed, and then prostituted and stolen by its enemies to use against itself. And the avowed enemies of Socialism (the Liberty and Property Defence League and others), what have they done or not done? Has all their work and money been in vain, or will they not make one more desperate and determined effort to counteract the influence of Socialism and grapple with the inevitable? What has brought this “theory” within the range of practical politics? What is the meaning of this sudden change in our masters, this conversion to kindness? Fear? Of what? An uneducated mob held well in check, or organisation of the workers? Or may it not be some diabolical conspiracy between Capital and “Labour,” or Landlords *versus* Capitalists, and the People to be again used as tools for their own enslavement, and for safer but not less profits for the classes? “Socialistic” legislation, forsooth! “We are all Socialists now,” and can well afford to be, so long as “we” live on rent, interest, and profit, and you produce them.

An “eight hour day” is first in the field.—To think that our noble comrades in Chicago went to their deaths for this thing!—What is the cause of this move? Our organisations say some. Conceded, for the sake of argument. But, mark you, “limited to government employes,” which means that more people shall be employed for government purposes on worse than useless work, the work of means of destruction and jobbery. Yes, it is possible that combinations of men will be able, by signs of their earnestness and determination, to wring from their masters this same concession; but when these same masters can no longer hold their positions or make enough profit, they may perhaps introduce the “iron man” (machinery) greatly improved upon, or shift their business into sunnier climes (where the workers are not so “damned unreasonable”), and so cripple that particular industry. O well, they may by that time have stopped foreign pauper immigration, and imposed retaliative duties on foreign imports. “What next?” What next, ye blind leaders of the blind? What next, ye constructive prophetic philosophers? Nearly everybody employed a “reasonable number of hours.” Is this the social transformation? Nearly everybody (among the poor) working “for the benefit of an idle, vicious class” just the same, only different (by an hour or two). Yes, the hour or two, or more, is certainly to be considered, and we shall use this time for educational purposes, hoping the freed workers will do the same. But what a consummation! What next? Why, we'll house the poor. Build cheap lodging-houses, and compete with the doss-house, or poor man's hotel-keepers; and build “healthy” workmen's dwellings; at what price and at whose cost? And give them “free” education, elementary, secondary, university, and technical. Yes, and free meals and “free” gifts of boots and clothing and lodgings and seaside trips. And what will be provided for the big children between 20 and 50? Why not free amusements and free competitions for prizes; would not that tend to keep the people contented and happy? “Socialistic” legislation, indeed, what a horrible farce! All that they could do (with the help of men that profess to know better) in Parliament would leave the workers all the time slaves, “better-off slaves,” but still wage-slaves. Look to it, ye simple, trusting, leader-worshipping workers. Organise, organise, you are told. Good. Organise, but also Educate, or what will avail you your unions if ye know not why and when to use them. Can you understand that a commercial crisis will affect you in your unions just the same as before? A new invention, a new fashion, and your unions

¹ “Elegant,” I mean, as a Persian pattern is elegant; not like a rich “elegant” lady out for a morning call. I should rather call that genteel.

fall to pieces. But organise, fellow workers, for the right to live without your masters by your own labour. Organise to take possession of and use the land, with the mines, machinery, railways, docks, shipping, factories, and all that you have made in the past; the money they may have and all their scrip.

It was necessary, we are told, that men should be formed into unions all over the country. Just so, my friends; but if you are not very careful others will reap where you have sown. It was necessary to get their ears, you say. Now let us see what you speak to these multitudes and ears; you tell them—what? We'll tell them to use their votes. Ah! is that the game? But how many of them have votes? O, but we'll get them adult suffrage. And will you, by Act of Parliament force them to vote? and to vote for your selections and choices? O, but we'll get payment of members, and short parliaments, and payment of election expenses out of the rates. What next? Then they must send in the "right" man. Who's he? Conservative, Liberal, Radical, or Labour candidate? Can you make or influence one to vote for the other? What kind of man can an ignorant (socially and economically ignorant) people possibly vote for? Only some such man as "their own understanding" dictates, or one who is foisted on them as "the right man."

Is not this the same as the Americans have been doing the last hundred years, and who have they selected, and why, and with what results? Fancy electing to the House of Humbugs a "Member for Metropolitan Pauperism"! How's that for high? It's nearly as good as "a free breakfast-table" with nothing on it. But you may be considering the advisability of working up and waking up the municipalities. Good—very good. And then, having their ear, we hope to be able to educate them.

And we, we International Revolutionary Socialists—what next? With us it must be the same, the same as before, with riper experience, bigger fields, and greater energy, enthusiasm and determination. We'll Educate, Educate, and Educate. The very fact and feeling of which will cause people to Agitate against their conditions and the system that makes them. And the natural sequence of Agitation is Organisation. Thus we shall have organised an educated, agitated force, for defence or offence, as circumstances determine, and prepared both mentally and physically. And by various manifestations of our earnestness and signs of our determination, the social reformers of all kinds—politicians, priests, and princes—will introduce all kinds of palliative measures, which we will take and use for the propagation of Revolutionary Socialism. Come and help in the good work!

Now a word to the wise. What next, ye scientific evolutionists or evolutionary social scientists? We are in the midst of an evolution, of a transition period, you say. In all humility, I beg to submit that we are at the end of an evolution. The time is now ripe for the change; only one thing is needful in order that the human race be eligible for the new society, the society of truth, justice, and happiness. And the one thing needful is—Education. Come, now, ye teachers and guides, educate us as to the meaning of this great change that is waiting to come. Coming slowly, you may say. Yes, it may be so; but who are to blame? All the quicker will it come when all Socialists work for that end which they must of necessity believe in, and when we use all our faculties, energies, and all our time in the good work of "making Socialists." Come now, ye practical ones, and ye honest ones, reply and answer now—"What next?"

H. SAMUELS.

EMIGRATE! EMIGRATE!

THERE are people who say that although there are a great many abuses in the crowded Old World, in New Zealand "Jack is as good as his master," well able to take care of himself, and would not submit to any tyranny from Capital. If anybody is under that delusion, let him read the evidence given before the Dunedin Sweating Commission:

Thomas Fernley, late tram conductor, examined Feb. 13, gave evidence that the hours were from seven to four one week, and from five to eleven next week, with no time for meals. The wages were 27s. 6d. per week, with 3d. in the £ on the money collected. Overtime was paid 1d. per hour extra, and was sometimes from 4 to 6 hours per day. On the 29th January he started work at twenty-five minutes to eight a.m., and was not relieved till five minutes past nine p.m., and had had no food during that time. On going to the office he was told that he had to go on again at ten, in which case he would not have got home till half-past twelve, and would have had to resume at twenty-five minutes past seven next day. He refused, and was fined 2s. 6d., and charged 2s. alleged to be short, and 1s. for not having put the advertisement board on the car.

A seamstress on the following day gave evidence of the benefit of the union. A year ago she only earned 10s. 6d. per week, working from nine a.m. to eleven p.m. Now she could make 12s. or 13s. per week in factory hours.

A journeyman butcher gave his hours of work as from eight to at least half-past eight, and till eleven on Saturday. All last winter he had not seen his own house by daylight. His children knew him; but he was often strongly reminded of the case where the father had struck his own boy in the street, and the latter ran to his mother to tell her that he had been struck by a man who stopped in their house on Sundays.

The principles of the Knights of Labour boiled down to the smallest compass, mean "Do unto your neighbour as you would he should do unto you." This old sentiment has been changed by the present age so that it reads, "Do your neighbour before he gets a chance to do you."—T. V. Powderly.

POSTAL PROPAGANDA.—Here is a letter from one of the friends who have taken our hint as to propaganda by post: I send you 3s. to send some *Commonweals* to the people over-named. I think many are needed in this neighbourhood; they are the most narrow-minded bigots I ever lived amongst. I greatly sympathise on many points, and I think the *Commonweal* ought to be read, it may in time make their feelings more elastic. I know some of my personal friends are better to get on with in many points since they have read it a little.

NOTES.

Some more light has been thrown on England's civilising mission in Africa. On Tuesday April 22nd, in a debate in the House of Commons on the suppression of the slave trade, Sir James Ferguson was forced to admit, in answer to a question, that the British East Africa Company was carrying on its "civilising mission" by the aid of the labour of wretched slaves, and thus was supplying a fresh market for the wares of slave hunters in the interior. No wonder Mr. Hanbury, who, although he is a reactionary, happens to be an honest man, declared in the debate which took place on the same subject on the following Friday, that "the miseries of the slave trade had been enormously increased by the pharisaical way in which, while making great professions in this country about the suppression of the slave trade, had acted. We had intensified its horrors and increased its amount."

But a little thought should teach us that if our pious traders and the hypocritical butcher whom they are now engaged in worshipping would tell the truth for once in their lying lives, they would admit that they cannot "civilise" Africa without slavery. In a country where nature is so bounteous, and her resources are open to all men, what native would be a "free labourer" for a set of grinding capitalists, when he can get an easy living without? Therefore, until all the land of Africa is enclosed by European landlords, slavery is as much a necessity to the christian capitalist as to the Arab slave-driver, and accordingly slavery will be "enormously increased" under his rule. But still, although the vilest scoundrelism comes natural to a capitalist, he might do without the whining cant of Exeter Hall, and say boldly that he is "civilising" Africa to make money, not to put down the slave trade; and as long as money is made, he does not mind how it is made, and if it is coined out of the flesh and blood of miserable humanity, he means to make it. Chadband arm in arm in loving brotherhood with the slave-hunting cut-throat, or lashing the backs of "niggers" with a cowhide, is indeed a sickening spectacle. D. N.

At a meeting of the St. Pancras Liberal Association last week, Professor Stuart delivered an address which called forth (as usual on such occasions) a great deal of applause, with but a small modicum of criticism. There was indeed but little to criticise. The Professor's remarks were most pertinent, and the facts which he made known most important and suggestive. In speaking of the question of gas and water rates, he stated that the high rates of the city of London were due solely to the fact that the gas and water supplies, instead of being in the hands of the State, were held by a few monopolists, who doubled their capital in the course of a few years at the expense of the rate-payers.

The speaker was careful to give figures (which are always very effective), and showed clearly enough that not only rent, but all kinds of merchandise were affected by gas and water rates: shopkeepers paying high rates had to sell their goods at high prices. Now, under a new administration—that is, the administration of Liberal members—all this is to be changed. A man now paying a rent of £20 will in the palmy days to come pay but £18 (loud applause). How pleasant as well as reasonable this will be! Tories may say £2 is a trifle, but Professor Stuart wished to know whether £2 was nothing to a working man? He received a very hearty assurance that £2 was a great deal to the workers present, and sat down amid a thunder of grateful applause.

Now, so far so good! The Professor was right in all he said; the figures he named were large, the reforms he advocated was reasonable. He did not think it necessary to mention, however, that the sum of £14,000,000 (which was the amount to be saved in a few years by the reduction of the water rates) was, after all, but a fraction in the National Exchequer, and that the fall of gas and water rates was a very trifling reform. Two pounds may affect the purse, but it in no way affects the position of a worker. It ameliorates his lot, in the same way that alms ameliorates the lot of a pauper. But it changes nothing in his career and destiny.

Now, alms and concessions are in the main degrading to him that gives and to him that takes. The aspirant to Parliamentary honours knows that in agitating about rates he is agitating about trifles, and if he goes no further he is merely an office-seeker buying popularity, as it often can be bought, too cheaply, yet paying away his own honour in the purchase. The friends as well as the enemies of the poor hold them at a disadvantage. They are often ready to value a small concession of liberty or justice as if it were a free and munificent gift, and in the same manner they often over-estimate the value of the reforms which are suggested to them.

At the St. Pancras meeting all the speakers professed an ardent sympathy with the workers, yet no speaker suggested the necessity for an energetic movement to bring about any actual reform. Such ideas as were suggested, were all imported from foreign and despised societies; the nationalisation of gas and water supplies being but a leaf from the programme of the Socialists. The aim indeed was small, and a succession of such aims would prolong the social warfare through many centuries into a very distant future. We believe, however, that the solution of our social problem will not depend on the action of our Parliamentary representatives. For if Liberal candidates can limit their demands to things which hardly affect the people, then legislation is but a farce, kept up solely for the honour and entertainment of the privileged classes.

M. McM.

omitted, and he glides lightly over the burning of the villages, so lightly that many readers would hardly notice it. His firing on the Wavuma, and shooting the man who stole the few beads, is greatly altered. According to his book the Wavuma threw their spears before he fired, but a few sentences will serve to show how it differs from his letter :

"Forming a line on each side of us, about thirty yards off, they flung their spears, which the boat's crew avoided by dropping to the bottom of the boat. The canoes astern clapped their hands gleefully, showing me a large bunch of Mutunda beads which had been surreptitiously abstracted from the stern of the boat. I seized my repeating rifle and fired in earnest to right and left ; the fellow with the beads was doubled up, and the boldest of those nearest to us was disabled."

Now, I wonder how it was Mr. Stanley forgot in his letters that the Wavuma attacked him first, an important fact that quite changes the story. It is surely strange that Mr. Stanley should only remember this crucial point, *after* he had been accused of inhumanity in taking such a frightful revenge for the theft of a few beads. It is still more curious that he didn't bring it forward on the public platform in answer to the attacks made upon him. Perhaps, however, he thought that the public might look upon him as it does upon a witness in an important case, who having admitted a fact very damaging to himself, hastens at the first moment he understands what he has done, to "correct" his evidence. Mr. Stanley's behaviour to the people of Bambireh is also explained away in a similar fashion.

I have dealt first with the facts cited against Mr. Stanley by Col. Yule and Mr. Hyndman. Some people may say that this is ancient history, but still I would ask them if they think Stanley's character has changed very much. It is true he is not so frank now-a-days in giving the reasons for his numerous conflicts with the natives, but when we find that his journeys can still be clearly traced across the centre of Africa by a blood-red trail strewn with corpses, one cannot help doubting whether Stanley has acquired more humanity in later years. Most of us have a vivid recollection of his sensational letters to the *Telegraph* upon his battles with the "cannibals" of the Congo. It seems very doubtful now, according to Mr. Stanley's later book entitled "The Congo," whether these were cannibals at all, but one thing is quite certain—the bulk of Mr. Stanley's allies in that famous journey were. In the beginning of the journey Mr. Stanley was escorted by Tippoo Tib, an Arab slave-dealer, who with other Arabs had established their dominion over the Manyema, a nation of cannibals, and it was with an escort of cannibals commanded by Arab slave-hunters that Mr. Stanley started on his journey. No wonder the natives resisted ; the other alternative of becoming slaves or being eaten was too unpleasant. It is true Tippoo Tib and his comrades left Stanley in the heat of the fight to struggle on alone, but the natives were not to know the difference between Stanley's men and their escort. It is curious to note also that the first shot that was fired came from Stanley's party. It was fired by Billali, the Arab boy who carried Mr. Stanley's big gun, and who, doubtless, thought that he was as much justified in potting natives with it as his master. Those who would go into this question further are referred to the second volume of "Through the Dark Continent."

Stanley's march to the "rescue" of Emin Pasha¹ has also been marked by continual battles with the natives, and it is probable enough that these contests were provoked by the overbearing conduct of his own men, who had not lost the manners and customs of the slave-hunters by "exploring" in the company of Mr. Stanley. He tells himself how one of his men, a Soudanese soldier, marched into the village of a friendly tribe and deliberately began shooting the people down ; as it was a "friendly" tribe he was handed over to them to be dealt with according to the law of "blood for blood." But supposing this had not been a "friendly" tribe—what then ? The natives would then have been forced to avenge themselves, and would thus have furnished Stanley with a pretext for massacre. The mere fact of Mr. Stanley being accompanied by a strong armed force, and insisting on marching through all the countries he came to whether the people liked it or not, is quite sufficient to account for all these conflicts. I would ask any man if under similar circumstances an armed body of foreigners of suspicious appearance forced their way through our country, behaving themselves like conquerors, whether we should not resist, especially if members of this expedition sometimes walked into our villages and deliberately began shooting the people down ? If we take these things into consideration, we may understand why a continual slaughter of the natives with "smoking Remingtons" is still a feature of Mr. Stanley's onward march.

D. J. NICOLL.

(To be concluded).

Lady Lindsay says that she would sooner wear a stuffed village child in her headgear than be seen with poor little robins as ornaments in her bonnet. We believe it. In fact, we fancy the British aristocracy views the common or village kind of child as of considerably less value than any of the feathered tribe, more especially that portion of it protected by the game laws.—*Brisbane Boomerang.*

¹ It is worth noting that even this expedition, which has been praised as if it were a philanthropic work, was simply undertaken for the purpose of commercial exploitation. The *Daily News* of Monday, April 7th, 1890, gives an account of a book by a German missionary, Father Schynze, who states that the expedition was got up by a shrewd Scotch merchant (Sir W. Mackinnon) who had probably never heard of Emin Pasha before, but who saw an opportunity of getting hold of Emin's province and 4,000 cwt. of ivory that he had in his possession. So slaughter caused by the expedition cannot be excused on a plea of philanthropy.

THE TWO BUMMERS.

Air : "The Two Crows."

THERE were two bums sat in the House—
Bounce-a-bounce ! hey bounce !
'Twas getting hard their chumps to chouse
With a bounce.
Said one old bum unto his mate :
"What shall we do for puff and prate,
With a bounce, bully bounce ?

On yonder bench you see that Graeme,
Bounce-a-bounce ! hey bounce !
What say you ? Shall we make him game,
With a bounce ?
We'll pluck his feathers one by one,
We'll steal his plumes—'twill be such fun !
With a bounce, bully bounce !"

But ah ! that Graeme was all too fly !
Bounce-a-bounce ! hey bounce !
He gave each bum a sable eye
With a bounce !
He stripp'd the mask from off each face,
And show'd their selfish, rotten race,
With a bounce, bully bounce !

Those bummars each gave forth a moan :
"Bounce-a-bounce ! hey bounce !
The game is up—the gaff is blown,
With a bounce !"
—So serve all knaves who try again
To live by selling working-men
With their bounce, bully bounce !

LOTHROP WITHINGTON.

CORRESPONDENCE.

HE MISUNDERSTANDS US.

In your issue of 21st December (which I have received after considerable delay, owing to my wanderings) you say : "There would be small need of any 'legislative remedies' if only the workers would 'perfect their organisations.'" You seem therefore to have a contempt for legislative "remedies." But I understand (1) you advocate a form of Socialism in which, although very rationally comprehending that the revolution must be effected by the people themselves, legislative measures (2) are looked to for the maintenance and regulation of the new society that will follow, at any rate in the shape of the managerial legislature (3) of a vast "social organisation," which is only a different application of the same condemned principle. Is this consistent with the concluding words of the very good Statement published in your last column ?—Yours fraternally,
J. A. ANDREWS.

Alexandra, March 13 ; but permanent postal address—
P.O., Richmond, Victoria, Australia.

(1) On what ground ? (2) Where advocated ? (3) What does this mean ? We can hardly believe that you are serious in raising the point.

THE BLANKET-WEAVERS OF COURS.

COMRADES,—In his letter acknowledging a remittance I sent lately, the Secretary of the Labour Syndicate of Cours gives news of the blanket-weavers' strike, which will interest your readers doubtless. The news has been going round that the strike was ended, but this is spread by the mill-owners, who wish to prevent further funds from reaching the Cours workers, and use this means, among others, of trying to break the indomitable spirit of their former employés. The fact is this, that though work is resumed in some of the shops, yet the hands employed by the most important and largest firm remain out, and more than 300 victims remain on the hands of the Syndicate, who don't know which way to turn to support them. The masters had issued circulars in the neighbouring country, and imported "renegade" labour ; and although most of the blacklegs found out they had been hired under false pretences and returned home, more than 300 remain at low wages, to the detriment of the strikers.

Now, though to those who are accustomed to hear of men striking in thousands, this strike in the Rhône Department may not seem very noticeable, in proportion to the district the numbers are really large, and the fact that these people have been on strike for *nine months* makes this struggle an important item in the annals of labour, and is in itself sufficiently eloquent. This subscription-list will be open some time longer, and I earnestly ask those who have anything to spare from other calls upon their purses to think of those people, called "foreigners" by some, but by us, brothers and fellow-workers, who are fighting as much for us as for themselves, their wives, and children.—Yours fraternally,
MAY MORRIS.

STRIKE FUND.

Amount previously acknowledged	£28 3 4
E. Linder, H. Picton, S. Thomson	0 6 0

Mayor Burdekin, of Sydney (who has, say, £60,000 or so coming to him annually in house-rent), declares that his reception of Henry George at the Town Hall does not imply that he is in sympathy with the Single-Tax movement. Let us smile, says the *Bulletin*.

NEW ZEALAND WHITE SLAVERY.—An Auckland (N. Z.) shop-assistant, writing in a local paper, gives the following account of his time : "The 144 hours in the six working days and nights are taken up as follows—64 hours per week behind the counter ; 9 for walking to and fro to meals and work ; 9 for meals, allowing 30 minutes only for each meal ; 9 preparing for work in the morning, and also preparing for rest at night ; 48 for rest and sleep ; giving only 5 hours per week for self for mental improvement, recreation, amusements, etc., which you are generally too tired to take advantage of. If this is not 'white slavery,' what is ?"

THE LABOUR STRUGGLE.

THE MAY DAY DEMONSTRATION.

DESPITE the prophecies of failure from the faint-hearted and the police proclamations of Mr. James Munro, we are glad to say that the May-Day Demonstration was a complete success. Long before the procession started, large crowds assembled, and the Embankment between Westminster and Blackfriars presented a lively spectacle. The police were there in strong force. A small regiment of mounted men were ranged at the side of the roadway where the ground rises towards Blackfriars Bridge, and 2,000 foot and horse guarded the narrow hilly streets which lie between the Embankment and Fleet Street and the Strand.

The police greatly distinguished themselves during the day. A procession of our East-end comrades was broken up in Aldgate. Some of our friends from France were reminded that they were living in free and happy England by being set upon by the police in St. Martin's Lane. These bullies kicked and cuffed the "bloody foreigners," as they elegantly termed them, without mercy, and broke to pieces a flag they were carrying. On Clerkenwell Green our gallant police attacked the women who were on strike from Fenner's envelope factory in John Street, Clerkenwell, and knocked them about with the savage ruffianism with which we are now familiar. This didn't, however, frighten these plucky girls, who marched down to the Embankment and joined the procession.

At half-past three we started for Hyde Park. As we marched on, the people who thronged the pavement poured into our ranks till the procession became one vast mass of people marching onward. On we swept past the battalion of police who guarded the entrance to Northumberland Avenue, the "Marseillaise" ringing out defiantly as we marched up the hill to the House of Commons, the red flags and banners of the procession waving gaily over our heads in the bright May sun. The banner which headed the procession bore the following inscription, the motto of the demonstration—"Workers of the World, Unite!" in English, French, and German. "Workers of the World, we Hail you as Brothers!" declared another. While a third proclaimed the self-evident truth that "Those who dare not celebrate this day are Slaves!" The banner of the North London Branch of the Socialist League bore the motto, "No Master, High or Low!" while the banner of the Commonweal Branch had upon it these words full of meaning as to the revolution we preach—"Away with Authority and Monopoly! Free access to the means of Life!" A cartoon on a large white banner representing a fat capitalist being kicked in the air by the hob-nailed boot of Labour created great amusement. The Metropolitan Railwaymen bore a flag which had this announcement, which showed the value of our "freedom of labour"—"Metropolitan Railwaymen boycotted for joining the Federation." There were also the banners of the different branches of "The National Federation of Trades and Industries," and the banners of the Firewood-cutters, the Painters and Decorators, and the South-Side Labour Protection League; while over all floated the red flag, the emblem of the revolted labour in every land.

As we entered Hyde Park, the rising ground around the Achilles Statue was densely crowded. When we reached the Reformer's Tree, some 20,000 people gathered round the platforms of the Socialist League and the Federation of Trades and Industries. On the League platform the speakers were Morris, Kitz, Mowbray, Turner, Mainwaring, Tochatti, and Nicoll; while John Williams, Votair, John Wood, James Macdonald, Miss Edith Lupon, J. Baker, Bentley, Buckerbridge, Cores, and Greenman spoke on the Federation platform. The resolution of the Socialist League was carried at both platforms. It ran as follows:

"That this meeting hails with joy the awakening of Labour which is taking place throughout the civilised world; declares the necessity for the union of workers in all countries to obtain complete freedom from the monopoly of capitalists; asserts that the only possible remedy for the poverty and misery of the workers is the free access to the resources of nature, and the management by the workers of the organisation of Labour; and calls on all workers to accept the task of bringing about this freedom as a necessary duty paramount over all others."

Resolutions condemning the despotic action of the authorities at home and abroad were also carried.

In the evening, a very successful torchlight meeting was held on Clerkenwell Green. Parker, Kitz, Mowbray, Nicoll, Hicks, Mrs. Lahr, and others spoke. About 5,000 were present. The parson of the neighbouring church endeavoured to annoy the speakers by making a hideous row with his bells, but the attempt failed in any way to mar the success of the meeting. We all hope and trust that now we have begun the battle, next year the workers of London will demonstrate on May Day, and not put it off till the Sunday to please their masters and the reactionary members of the London Trades Council. English workers will then show their solidarity with labour all over the civilised world.

Sunday's Eight-Hour Demonstration.

I feel in writing of this demonstration, first the impossibility of saying anything that has not been said before, and next that the subject is too colossal for description in the scanty columns of the *Commonweal*. It is enough to say that the Embankment was thronged from end to end by dense masses of people; that all along the line of route were huge crowds waiting for the arrival of the procession; that Hyde Park was filled by an immense multitude that no man could number; that the clangour of bands filled the air; that the innumerable processions beneath a leaden sky of woeful gloom were enlivened by the bright banners of the trade unions and Radical clubs and the red flags of the Socialist societies; and that on the whole the demonstration was an unparalleled success, before which political demonstrations sink into utter insignificance.

There can be no question that the world of labour has been stirred to intense discontent with existing misery, and the thought must have occurred to many present that there were enough men in Hyde Park on Sunday, if they had been determined, to have swept away our rotten society, with all the misery which presses upon their shoulders so heavily. You had only to look at most of the processionists to see how they suffer beneath the tyranny of the capitalist classes. Stunted forms, faces crushed into brutalised stupidity by the heavy degrading toil, or with figures and faces shrunken and worn with hunger, want, and care. I thought as I looked upon them whether these men are likely to wait till the State Socialists can get a measure through a House of Commons composed of their worst enemies? I don't think they will. I heard a grey-headed workman exclaim, as he listened to an eloquent orator who was perorating concerning the manifold

advantages of an eight hour day, "Yes, but you will have to have a universal strike to get it." True, and when the next trade depression comes, and devouring hunger grows sharper, and discontent and despair becomes fierce and deadly, the House of Commons and wealth and respectability may be swept away before an overwhelming torrent. The immense demonstrations held all over the civilised world must convince the most sceptical that we are on the eve of great events, and that the end of the reign of the capitalist is not far off.

The Provinces.

Big meetings have been held in the provinces. At Sheffield on May Day the League resolution was carried unanimously at an enthusiastic meeting at Gower Street. On Sunday 4th a large demonstration was held at the Monolith, and three other meetings were held in other parts of the town. Ten quires of *Commonweal* sold, and 16s. collected. Speakers, Bullas, Bingham, Edward Carpenter, Raymond Unwin, and Sanders (Walsall). A large and enthusiastic meeting was held at Hallamshire Hall by the Sheffield Labourers' Union, addressed by Sketchley, Hanson, Garbutt, and Bryne. Eight hours and S.L. resolutions carried. At Edinburgh, the meeting in the Meadows was a remarkable success. Hamilton, McWaters, and Keir Hardie spoke to an eight hours resolution; while the speakers for the resolution of the S. L. were Smith, Davidson, and Bruce Glasier. The meeting broke up with cheers for the Social Revolution. Collected, 22s. 1d.; literature sold, 10s. At Manchester an immense demonstration was held in Stevenson Square on Sunday by the whole of the Socialist organisations in Lancashire. Eight hours resolution was spoken to by Sharples, Boyden, and Parkinson; after which the S.L. resolution was moved by Mowbray, and carried unanimously. Collection, £2 16s. 10d.; a large quantity of literature and *Commonweal* sold. At Leeds on Sunday 36,000 people attended the demonstration. Speakers—Paylor, Cockayne, Samuels, Sweeney, Braithwaite. 12s. worth of pamphlets sold. A resolution expressing solidarity with the international demonstrations of the workers and demanding the eight hour day was carried unanimously. At Dublin, the Irish Socialist Union, at its meeting on May 3rd, adopted a resolution of sympathy with the International Labour Demonstrations on May Day, addresses being delivered by King, Hamilton, Fitzpatrick, and Kavanagh. On May 5th, a meeting in favour of the eight hour movement was held in Phoenix Park. Despite the inclemency of the weather, several thousand people attended. Addresses were delivered by J. A. Poole, M. A. Foreman (Railway Servants), Shields, Kelly, and others: At Yarmouth three most successful meetings were held on May Day and Sunday in favour of international solidarity amongst the workers. Speakers—Ruffold, Headley, and Brightwell. The S.L. resolution was carried unanimously at each meeting. "No Master," "March of the Workers," and other songs were sung. *Commonweal* sold out.

End of the Irish Railway Strike.

Through the mediation of Archbishop Walsh, Professor Galbraith, and Mr. Harford (A.S.R.S.), the men decided on Saturday to return to work. The directors have promised that they will give a decision upon the terms of the men in a fortnight. The two Cork porters whose discharge was the original cause of the strike are to be reinstated, and the directors have also agreed to pay £10 fine inflicted upon the signalman Fitzgerald.

Women Strike and Win.

The machine folders at Fenner's envelope factory at Clerkenwell have gained a decisive victory. They struck last week against girl labour, a foreman having put on a girl to work a machine at 8s. a-week at which a woman could earn 16s. After they had been out some days, Mrs. Besant headed a deputation to the masters, who have promised that in future girls shall not be employed in the place of women, and that the sanitary condition of the workshop shall be enquired into. These brave women deserve their victory. Their indomitable courage should make some workmen blush for their cowardice.

Commonweal agent in Marylebone, W.—

J. G. Fogwell, 9 Northumberland-street, Marylebone

LIVERPOOL SOCIALIST SOCIETY.—1 Stanley Street, Dale Street.—Meets every Tuesday at 8 p.m.

ANARCHIST LEAGUE.—Sunday May 11, a meeting in Regent's Park at 11.30; and in Hyde Park, near Marble Arch, at 4.30.

SHEFFIELD.—At Hallamshire Hall, Westbar, on Sunday May 11, at 6.30 p.m., J. Sketchley, "The May Day Demonstrations: Their Meaning, and What is to be Done."

EDINBURGH—SCOTTISH SOCIALIST FEDERATION.—Tuesdays, Reading and Discussion at 35 George IV. Bridge, at 8. Business meeting, same place and time; Sunday, meeting in Meadows at 4.30; local talent.

FABIAN SOCIETY.—A course of seven lectures on, SOCIALISM IN CONTEMPORARY LITERATURE will be given in the French Chamber, St. James's Restaurant, W. (entrance from Piccadilly), on Friday evenings, at 8 o'clock. May 16 (third lecture), A. R. Dryhurst, "Bax, Kirkup, Gronlund, and Bellamy."

THE NORTH KENSINGTON BRANCH appeal to comrades and friends for their Band Fund. They have the offer of getting drums very cheap from a band that has become defunct, and want to raise about £2 4s. for this purpose. Please send subscriptions to Mrs. Fox, Clarendon Coffee Tavern, Clarendon Road.

SHEFFIELD SOCIALIST CLUB.—We have now opened some fine and centrally situated premises at 63 Blonk Street, containing meeting room, reading room and library, smoke room for games, etc. Open every evening, and on Sunday all day. Membership, 1d. weekly. French Class, conducted by Ed. Carpenter, every Tuesday at 8.30 p.m.; terms, 3d. weekly, which goes towards club funds. Discussion every Wednesday at 8 p.m. We have a good assortment of Labour and Socialist papers from various parts of the world on our reading tables, but should be glad of any books for library. We are very sanguine of being able to accomplish grand propagands in Sheffield and district during the coming summer, and ask the earnest co-operation of all Socialists in this neighbourhood.

FOR THE BENEFIT OF THE 'COMMONWEAL'

A CONCERT AND BALL for the benefit of the *Commonweal* will take place on Monday, May 12th, at the ATHENÆUM HALL, Tottenham Court Road. The Choirs of the Hammersmith Branch of the Männer Gesang Verein, and the Communist Club will sing during the evening. "THE DUCHESS OF BAYS WATER & Co." will be rendered by W. Morris, May Morris, H. H. Sparling, and others. Mr. Frinxell's Quadrille Band. Programme—Single, 1s. Couples, 1s. 6d., of F. Kitz, League Office, and all Branches and allied societies.

"WESTWARD HO!"

SPENDING a little holiday in Somersetshire this Easter, I was much cheered to find how Socialistic teaching is spreading down in those parts, and how readily people are assimilating our ideas. In Bristol, of course, there has been a strong body of Socialists for some years, and they keep pegging away valiantly with untiring enthusiasm. I had the honour of speaking at their first open-air meeting for this season in the Haymarket. The members turned up well, with flag and lamp bedecked with mottoes, and the audience were exceptionally attentive for an open-air meeting. During the winter the Socialists have been helping to organise the unskilled labour of both men and women, and by means of numerous strikes they have succeeded in obtaining rather better terms for the workers generally; but the great wave of labour agitation which followed the dock strike is showing signs of being spent, and I think the Bristol Socialists are feeling disposed to throw themselves with renewed vigour into the great work of educating the people in Socialism.

The Clifton Christian Socialists are also making a move again; and, judging from their weekly meeting, at which I spoke, there seems to be a decided disposition amongst some of the well-to-do people to study the question seriously. The younger people especially—high-school mistresses, and youths just starting in life—appear anxious to find out the right and to work for it.

But it was in Bridgewater, a little old-fashioned river-pont town, thirty miles or more west of Bristol, that I was most surprised to see Socialism springing up. I found that the Congregational minister had been preaching in favour of Socialism, and that the editor of one of the local papers was publishing 'Looking Backward' in weekly instalments! At the request of some friends, the Liberal and Radical associations agreed to call a meeting jointly to hear a lecture from me on Socialism: and a capital meeting we had. A good sprinkling of well-to-do people were there, the rest of the room being nicely filled with workers from the wagon shops, brick yards, and docks. The chair was taken by Dr. Winterbotham, president of the Liberal Association, who spoke in a very sympathetic way of the Socialist movement, though dissenting from some of my "extreme views." There was very little opposition, and the meeting altogether encouraged me to believe that many of the outlying districts will ere long accept Socialistic teaching much more rapidly than we have been accustomed to expect. Even business men are coming to see that things cannot go on as they have been doing for the last fifteen years; they acknowledge that competition has made life hardly worth living, even for the employers. What must it be for the workers!

R. U.

THE SOCIALIST LEAGUE.

OFFICES: 24, GREAT QUEEN ST., LINCOLN'S INN FIELDS, W.C.

The Offices of the Socialist League will be open for the sale of *Commonweal* and all other Socialist publications from 8.30 a.m. to 9 p.m. every day except Sunday. The Secretary will be in attendance from 10 a.m. to 9 p.m. daily.

Annual Conference.—The Annual Conference of the Socialist League will take place on Whit Sunday, May 25th. All propositions from Branches should be sent in at once to allow of agenda being made up. Place of meeting and other particulars in future issue.

Branch Subscriptions Paid.—1888:—Oxford, to end of September.

1889:—Bradford and Hammersmith, to end of April. Norwich, Glasgow, and Yarmouth, to end of May. East London, to end of October. Mitcham, to end of November. St. Georges East, to end of December.

1890:—Manchester, to end of January. 'Commonweal' Branch, to end of February. Leicester and North London, to end of March. North Kensington, to end of April. Streatham, to end of December.

Notice.—All letters on League business, except those intended for Editors of *Commonweal*, to be addressed to me. No other person is authorised to sign any official communication.

FRANK KITZ, Secretary.

NEW PREMISES FUND.

Collected at Council meeting, May 5th, 4s. 0d.

"COMMONWEAL" GUARANTEE FUND.

The following further sums have been received towards this fund:—P. Webb, 1s.; H. R., 1s.; D. Nicoll, 6d.; B. W., 6d.; Glasgow Branch, 5s.; C. Saunders, 2s.; Student Artist, 2s.; and J. C. Kenworthy, 10s.

MAY DAY DEMONSTRATION.

Already acknowledged—£2 1s. 0d. Received towards expenses—Nicoll, 1s.; W. Knight, 1s.; Seglie, 6d.; Mrs. Lahr, 1s.; and A. P., 6d.

REPORTS.

KILBURN.—Mainwaring addressed a good audience at the Old Plough on May 4th; 20 'Weals' sold.

MITCHAM.—A great meeting was held upon the Fair Green last Sunday evening, addressed by Kitz, Davis, Parker, and Gregory. The League resolution of Labour Day was carried with acclamation. We aired our new red standard on the occasion, and it seemed to have a dispiriting influence upon the police around. Our Streatham comrades assisted at the meeting, which was most enthusiastic; in fact, enthusiasm and hope pervades the workers here, who are organising against their masters on all sides.—F. K.

NORTH KENSINGTON.—We held no meeting at Latimer Road on Sunday morning. The Branch attended demonstration in Hyde Park in the afternoon. At our rooms in the evening we had choir practice, after which there was a lively discussion on the "Topics of the Day;" 2s. 1d. collected; *Commonweal* sold well during the day.

NORTH LONDON.—At Hyde Park on Saturday, a good meeting was addressed by Nicoll and Mrs. Lahr; 22 'Weals' and some *Freedoms* sold. In Regent's Park on Sunday morning, Nicoll, Mrs. Lahr, and Hunter Watts addressed a good audience; 57 'Weals' sold, and 2s. 4d. collected. Altogether we have sold 126 *Commonweal* this week.

LEICESTER.—Sunday last, May 4th, we began our outdoor propaganda; Barclay, Taylor, and Chambers spoke in Russell Square; audience fairly good. In the evening Barclay spoke to a good audience at Humberstone Gate on "What Socialism is;" 'Weals' sold out; collection, 3s. 8d. We are making arrangements for London and provincial speakers throughout the summer.—T. B.

SHEFFIELD.—Thanks to the efforts of the defenders of law-'n'-order in general, our meetings have been much better attended of late. On Sunday, April 27th, comrade Peacock (of Nottingham) was with us. In the morning large meeting at the Monolith; 5s. collected. In the afternoon several comrades went down to Rotherham and held a good meeting; 10s. collected for the stove-grate workers, who are out on strike. Large meeting at the Pump, where Peacock again spoke; we had no 'Weals' left, having sold out at the previous meetings, but several pamphlets of Carpenter's sold, and 2s. 1d. collected.

LECTURE DIARY.

LONDON.

- Battersea.**—All communications to E. Buteux, 45, Inwith Street, Battersea Park Road.
- Commonweal Branch.**—24 Great Queen Street, Holborn, W.C. Business meeting of members every Thursday evening at 8; Discussion Class at 9. Hall open every evening from 7 till 10. The Athenæum Hall, Tottenham Court Road, has been taken for a Concert and Ball, May 12th, in aid of the *Commonweal*.
- East London.**—A meeting of members will be held at the International Club, Berner Street, on Sunday May 11th, at 7.30.
- Hammersmith.**—Kelmescott House, Upper Mall, W. Sunday May 11, at 8 p.m., John Pearse (Gild of St. Matthew), "Early Hebrew Socialists." French Class conducted by Mde. Desroches on Friday evenings at 7.30.
- Mitcham.**—"Lord Napier," Fair Green. Meets every Sunday at 12.30, to enroll members, etc.
- North Kensington.**—Clarendon Coffee Palace, Clarendon Road. Meets every Wednesday at 8 p.m. On Sunday evening, May 11, a Lecture.
- North London.**—6 Windmill Street, Tottenham Court Road. Meets every Wednesday evening at 8 o'clock.
- Streatham.**—Address secretary, R. Smith, 1 Natal Road, Streatham.
- Whitechapel and St. Georges in the East.**—Branch meetings at International Club, 40 Berner Street, Commercial Road. J. Turner, organising secretary.

PROVINCES.

- Aberdeen.**—Organiser, J. Leatham, 7 Jamaica Street. Branch meets in Hall, 9 Harriet Street, on Sunday evenings at 6.30. Singing practice, etc., in Odd-fellows' Small Hall, Crooked Lane, Mondays at 8 p.m.
- Bradford.**—Laycock's Temperance Hotel, Albion Court, Kirkgate. Meets every Tuesday at 7.30.
- Glasgow.**—Ram's Horn Hall, 122 Ingram Street. Branch meets on Thursday evenings at 8 o'clock and Sundays at 7 o'clock.
- Halifax.**—Socialists meet every Sunday at 6.30 p.m. at Helliwell's Temperance Hotel, Northgate.
- Leeds.**—Clarendon Buildings, Victoria Road, School Close. Open every evening. Business meeting Saturdays at 8 p.m.
- Leicester.**—Exchange Buildings, Rutland Street. Branch meets on Monday, Thursday, and Saturday at 8 p.m.
- Manchester.**—Socialist League Club, 60 Grovesnor Street, All Saints. Open every evening. Branch weekly meeting on Tuesdays at 8.
- Norwich.**—Members' meeting will be held at 23 Rose Yard, St. Augustines.
- Oxford.**—Temperance Hall, 25½ Pembroke Street. First Friday in every month, at 8.30 p.m.
- Walsall.**—Socialist Club, 18 Goodall Street, Walsall. Meetings every night.
- Yarmouth.**—Socialist League Club, 56 Row, Market Place. Open every evening. Business Meeting Tuesdays at 8 p.m. Elocution Class Friday at 8.30 p.m. Discussion Class Sunday 3 p.m.

All persons who sympathise with the views of the Socialist League are earnestly invited to communicate with the above addresses, and if possible to help us in preparing for the birth of a true society, based on equality, brotherhood, and freedom for all.

OPEN-AIR PROPAGANDA.

- SATURDAY 10.**
- 7 Hyde Park Nicoll, Cantwell, and Parker
- SUNDAY 11.**
- 11 Latimer Road Station North Kensington Branch
- 11.30 Hammersmith Bridge Hammersmith Branch
- 11.30 Kilburn—"Old Plough," Kilburn Lane Mainwaring
- 11.30 Mitcham—Fair Green The Branch
- 11.30 Regent's Park Nicoll and Mowbray
- 3.30 Hyde Park—Marble Arch Branch
- 3.30 Victoria Park The Branch
- 7 Hammersmith Bridge Hammersmith Branch
- 7 Weltje Road, Ravenscourt Park Hammersmith Branch
- 7.30 Mitcham Fair Green Mrs. Lahr and Davis
- 8 Streatham Green Parker

TUESDAY 13.

- 8 Walham Green—back of Church Hammersmith Branch

THURSDAY 15.

- 8.15 Hoxton Church Kitz, Davis, and Parker

PROVINCES.

- Glasgow.**—Sunday: Jail Square at 2 o'clock; Paisley Road at 5 o'clock. Tuesday: Cathedral Square, at 8 p.m.
- Leeds.**—Sunday: Hunslet Moor, at 11 a.m.; Wicar's Croft, at 7 p.m.
- Leicester.**—Sunday: Russell Square at 11 a.m.; Humberstone Gate, at 8 p.m.
- Liverpool.**—Landing Stage, Sundays at 11.30 a.m. and 3 p.m.
- Manchester.**—Saturday: Middleton market ground, at 7 p.m. Sunday: Philips Park Gates, at 11; Stevenson Square, at 3.
- Norwich.**—Sunday: F. Kitz, Market Place at 3 and 7.30.
- Sheffield.**—Sunday: Monolith, Fargate, at 11.30 a.m.; Pump, West Bar, 8 p.m. Monday: Lady's Bridge Wicker, at 7 p.m. **Rotherham.**—Sunday: College Yard, at 3 p.m.
- Yarmouth.**—Sunday: F. Kitz, Priory Plain, at 11; Bradwell, 11.30; Colman's Granary Quay, at 7.

NEW MANHOOD SUFFRAGE LEAGUE, "Three Doves," Berwick St., Soho, W.—Sunday May 11, at 8.30 p.m., J. D. Bouran, "Communism."

CLUB AUTONOMIE, 6 Windmill Street, Tottenham Court Road, W.—Sunday May 11, at 8.30, W. Cooper, "Banking."

PAMPHLETS WANTED.—Original editions wanted, clean, 'Labour Question from a Socialist Standpoint'; Manifesto of the Socialist League; and 'Art and Socialism.'

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The Reciter for Clubs and Social Gatherings	0	1

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STATEMENT OF PRINCIPLES.

THE Socialist League advocates International Revolutionary Socialism. That is to say the destruction of the present class society, which consists of one class who live by owning property and therefore *need not work*, and of another that has no property and therefore *must work* in order that they may live to keep the idlers by their labour. Revolutionary Socialism insists that this system of society, which is the modern form of slavery, should be changed to a system of Society which would give every man an opportunity of doing useful work, and not allow any man to live without so doing, which work could not be useful unless it were done for the whole body of workers instead of for do-nothing individuals. The result of this would be that livelihood would not be precarious nor labour burdensome. Labour would be employed in co-operation, and the struggle of man with man for bare subsistence would be supplanted by harmonious combination for the production of common wealth and the exchange of mutual services without the waste of labour or material.

Every man's needs would be satisfied from this common stock, but no man would be allowed to own anything which he could not *use*, and which consequently he must *abuse* by employing it as an instrument for forcing others to labour for him unpaid. Thus the land, the capital, machinery, and means of transit would cease to be private property, since they can only be *used* by the combination of labour to produce wealth.

Thus men would be *free* because they would no longer be dependent on idle property-owners for subsistence; thus they would be *brothers*, for the cause of strife, the struggle for subsistence at other people's expense, would have come to an end. Thus they would be *equal*, for if all men were doing useful work no man's labour could be dispensed with. Thus the motto of Liberty, Fraternity, and Equality, which is but an empty boast in a society that upholds the monopoly of the means of production, would at last be realised.

This Revolutionary Socialism must be International. The change which would put an end to the struggle between man and man, would destroy it also between nation and nation. One harmonious system of federation throughout the whole of civilisation would take the place of the old destructive rivalries. There would be no great centres breeding race hatred and commercial jealousy, but people would manage their own affairs in communities not too large to prevent all citizens from taking a part in the administration necessary for the conduct of life, so that party politics would come to an end.

Thus, while we abide by the old motto

Liberty, Fraternity, Equality,

we say that the existence of private property destroys Equality, and therefore under it there can be neither Liberty nor Fraternity.

We add to the first motto then this other one—

FROM EACH ACCORDING TO HIS
CAPACITY, TO EACH ACCORDING
TO HIS NEEDS.

When this is realised there will be a genuine Society; until it is realised, Society is nothing but a band of robbers. We must add that this change can only be brought about by combination amongst the workers themselves, and must embrace the whole of Society. The new life cannot be *given* to the workers by a class higher than they, but must be *taken* by them by means of the abolition of classes and the reorganisation of Society.

COUNCIL OF THE SOCIALIST LEAGUE.

NOTICE.

Subscribers who find a *red wrapper* round paper are thereby reminded that their subscriptions have expired and must be renewed immediately if they wish to continue to receive *Commonweal*.

Printed in the Socialist League Printery, and published in the name and on behalf of the Socialist League, by FRANK KITZ, at 24 Great Queen St., Lincoln's Inn Fields, London, W.C.

THE COMMONWEALTH

The Official Journal of the SOCIALIST LEAGUE.

VOL. 6.—No. 227.

SATURDAY, MAY 17, 1890.

WEEKLY; ONE PENNY.

THE "EIGHT HOURS" AND THE DEMONSTRATION.

Now that the noise and clatter of the 4th of May demonstration are over, it may be profitable to consider what it was that that huge meeting was crying for, and whether it is likely to get it.

But first we must assume that the 4th of May demonstration did not aim at showing any expression of sympathy with labour generally throughout the civilised world. It was in fact an English trades-union meeting distinct from the meetings held on the Continent and in London on May Day, although it was only the agitation on the Continent that made it possible. The English workmen, if we may believe the *Star* (which is now a definitely reactionary paper) have got together a huge demonstration, which, while it was a mere hanger-on of the revolutionary meetings abroad, disclaims any solidarity with those who first began the movement, and allows the English press to insult them with jingo rot unrebuked.

The legal eight hours, then, is the thing claimed by the 4th of May. Of course, I do not deny that many who attended that meeting go much further than that; but then a great many more do not go as far, and only have very hazy ideas of what they want.

Furthermore, the spirit of that demonstration was a kind of missive to Parliament. It practically said: "We want the eight-hours day: you, Parliament, must get it for us, and settle how it is to be."

That this was its spirit is clear enough from the fact that no sort of hint has been given of any action to follow the demonstration. For instance, one would have thought that with such a definite and apparently small aim before them, the leaders of the movement would have called a congress of at least the London workmen to settle on some course of action to push the Parliament on toward some steps for giving effect to the workmen's wishes: but as above-said, nothing of the sort is being done, and the matter is to be allowed to go cold; and in the meantime the capitalist press is having *its* innings, and is showing with a mixture of truth and falsity peculiarly easy of employment under the circumstances, that the limitation of the hours of labour is impossible, and that if possible it would be of no advantage to the workers. Of course, these capitalist agents do not mean by this to put forth the matter from a Communist standpoint, as will have to be done here presently: all they mean is, that resistance wherever possible to the amelioration of the workers which is the great object of modern politicians.

Now let us look at this eight hours claim for a little and try to find out what it means. In the first place, no one who is not a slave-driver (and most middle-class persons are slave-drivers), would deny that it would be a good thing in itself for the maximum day's work to be reduced to eight hours; although on the other hand it would not in itself be even a step in advance towards Socialism. From that point of view it would be nothing more than an amelioration in the lot of—slaves; just as an increase in the wage-earner's wages is an increase in the slave's rations. Now, one must say that this kind of amelioration is just the thing which can only be gained by that species of "self-help" which is called a general strike; and that if it were gained *in this manner, the manner* of gaining it would be so educational that the gain would have a very different and much greater significance than it would if thrown to the people by Parliament as a mere tub to the whale.

Now, as to the gain of an Eight Hours Bill, what would it amount to? In the first place, would it benefit the whole of the workers or only a part? Surely there can only be one answer to that question. For instance, how is such a Bill going to deal with the work of the agricultural labourers? And I may notice in passing that this body of workers, at once the most useful and the most hardly used of all, are

generally left out in the cold when it is a question of these partial "ameliorations"—unless where it is obviously intended to "work" them for some political plot. Many other instances of workers who would not benefit by an Eight Hours Bill will occur to any working man who thinks about the subject.

Again, the Bill passed, a struggle between masters and men will begin as to the *wages* to be paid for the shorter day's labour. Will Parliament deal with this difficulty, I ask? I will show presently what it will mean if it does. Meantime I assert that the men will have to deal with it by strikes—*i.e.*, they will have to fight the whole battle over again. Once more, if the capitalists stand to lose by the change, they will strain every nerve to recover that loss; and the intensification of labour is one obvious means of doing this. Improved organisation (*i.e.*, slave-driving) in the workshop, improved machinery in the factory, will set the capitalist right again and force the workers to produce more in every hour—*i.e.*, to *waste* their bodily and mental powers more.

Surely all these things must, in any case, be dealt with by the usual methods of a Labour war, and the mere machinery of a statute will have very little effect on that war. Why, then, when the workers must of necessity make the new bill work themselves, should they not save time and toil by making the unwritten custom themselves at first hand? Of what use will be the mere ornament of a legal enactment when they have got what they want without it? And let us also remember once more that every gain won by the combination of labour hastens the day when the odious distinctions of class will be abolished.

But some people will say, "This may be true if we are to stop at a mere eight hours bill; we mean much more than this." Quite true; every Social Democrat who knows the aims of his party, knows that a legal eight hours day will be unworkable without a legal minimum wage in each big trade (how about the little ones?), and that that again will be useless without the enactment of a maximum price of all general articles of consumption; and these enactments will make it necessary to establish national workshops in order to destroy the profit of the capitalists, *i.e.*, the capitalists themselves. This means complete State Socialism, with which we Communists do not agree, because we believe that the difficulties besetting it are so great, that the realisation of Communism would be no more difficult on the one hand, and on the other would mean a whole revolution, and not that most fertile parent of counter-revolution, a half revolution.

But apart from this, does any man in his senses suppose that any Parliament in England (or the world), on this side of civil war, would hesitate one moment between allowing an eight hours bill to become mere waste paper and accepting the logical consequences of it? Our artful Social Democratic friends would find they had done nothing with the small end of the wedge but jar their hands by hammering on it, and that they would have to begin all over again, unless they had force enough to *compel* the capitalist enemy to disgorge his ill-gotten gains for fear of worse.

We may be sure that whatever part of the Social Democratic claim Parliament yields to, will be given with the intention of its being either a nullity or a bait to quiet possible revolution.

One thing which the Demonstration of May 4th asked for they may get in a fashion, that is, the eight hours day in government factories; but it will be given, if at all, in the hope of its acting as a little bit of corruption. The price expected to be paid will be the quieting, the de-revolutionising, of the workmen so employed. One may indeed hope that the price will not be paid. But this on the other hand is sure to happen, that the Parliamentary capitalists will think they have done a prodigious stroke of Socialist business, and will take care not to do any more Socialism till the Revolution is thundering at their doors, and no man cares a button what they do.

Meantime, one must use the thread-bare fable again, and say that when the *labouring* mountains have produced *this* ridiculous mouse, the music of his squeak will scarcely pay us for all our trouble and all our—shuffling. State Socialism?—I don't agree with it; in fact, I think the two words contradict one another, and that it is the business of Socialism to destroy the State and put Free Society in its place. But State Socialism in the hands of a bureaucratic department—that is indeed a strange birth of compromise and "moderation."

WILLIAM MORRIS.

STANLEY'S EXPLOITS:

OR,
CIVILISING AFRICA.

(Concluded from p. 149.)

BUT there is one thing Mr. Stanley is frank about, and that is his treatment of his own followers, and in this he shows that he has not changed with time. The following instance of how he serves them when mad with hunger is taken from his letter dated Ituri River, August 28, 1888. It runs as follows:

"Hitherto our people were sceptical of what we told them, the suffering had been so awful, calamities so numerous, the forest so endless apparently, that they refused to believe that by-and-bye we should see plains and cattle, the Nyanza, and the white man Emin Pasha. We felt as if we were dragging them along with a chain round their necks. . . . They turned a deaf ear to our entreaties, for driven by hunger and suffering they sold their rifles and equipments for a few ears of Indian corn. . . . Perceiving that prayers and entreaties and mild punishments were of no avail, I resolved to visit upon the wretches the death penalty. Two of the worst cases were accordingly taken and hanged in the presence of all."

Mr. Stanley's receipt for dealing with men driven to desperation by hunger might be copied by his middle-class admirers in future trade depressions, when unemployed men mad with famine may sack a few baker's shops. The only obstacle, doubtless, to the gallows as a remedy for discontent, is, that the English workers have not yet sunk to the abject servility of Mr. Stanley's escort, and the people who applied the remedy might perchance have a taste of their own medicine.

It is not surprising, considering the sufferings of the men—who perished by scores during the march—and the remorseless cruelty of the tyrant at their head, that later on a "mutiny" broke out, headed by one of Emin Pasha's men, who by this time had been "rescued." The scene that followed was well described by a fervent admirer of Stanley (Mr. Stevens, an American correspondent) at the Savage Club, on Saturday, February 15, 1890, and appeared in the newspapers on the following Monday. I give it in full, and ask the reader to remember that it was told by a friend of the explorer:

"At that time Stanley was so weak that he could not turn in his bed without help; but so strong was his iron will that he insisted upon being taken out of bed and propped up in a chair. He took a strong stimulant and had himself carried outside of his tent, where the people were all drawn up, and where the mutineer, who had been tried and found guilty, awaited his sentence. The chair was put down, and Stanley faced the miscreant, the fever in his eye and his thin hand outstretched, 'We have come through a thousand difficulties and dangers to save you,' he said, 'and this is our reward. Depart to God!' The people thereupon rushed upon the man, shouting, 'What shall we do with him?' 'Send him to God, I say,' shouted Stanley, pointing to the overhanging limb of a tree. A rope was thrown over it, noosed round the miscreant's neck, and he was swiftly run up and soon dangled a corpse in the air."

Other mutineers were subjected to "mild punishments," that is, "some were flogged and others ironed." You would think this would be sufficient to maintain "order" in an expedition, but it is not enough for Stanley, he must introduce that other civilising influence—the gallows—into the African wilds as well. Perhaps the savage may find a good use for it one of these days, and send somebody else to "God." We mention no names, but there are some people who are too "good" for this wicked world. Before quitting this subject we would like to say that if Major Bartelott administered Stanley's system of ironing, flogging, and hanging liberally among his men, we can quite understand why his cannibal escort made short work with him.

In summing up the methods of Stanley's system of "exploration," we find them to consist of fire, sword, and rapine among the natives, and of ironing, flogging, and hanging among his own followers. And this is the person whom the respectable middle-class from press and platform call upon us to worship as a dauntless hero, a "Christian pioneer," bringing "sweetness and light" to the benighted natives of the darkest regions of Africa! We would suggest, that after a series of Stanley banquets the middle-class should make a pilgrimage to the tomb of the late Mr. Peace, of immortal memory, and cover it with heaps of flowers. Surely if Stanley's courage and enterprise is worthy of so much admiration, we should not forget the efforts of the noted burglar in his most dangerous and hazardous occupation, which requires the very same qualities that Stanley has displayed. True, the exploits of Mr. Peace have not benefited the human race to any considerable extent. Let us see now if Stanley's explorations have improved the lot of wretched humanity. Let us look at Africa, and see if we Socialists are not right in denying that Stanley's expeditions have benefited or will benefit the natives of Africa. Our first reason is that, up to the present, he and his men have only benefited the natives by acting as the advance guard of Arab slave-hunters. In his book on the Congo, Stanley describes how in his journey up that river he found the tribes who had so valiantly opposed his passage had been massacred by slave-dealers, who, after Tippoo Tib's return to Nyangwe, had followed in Stanley's track, and with the aid of the Manyemas had carried fire and sword along the populous banks of the Congo. Stanley tells us in his book how his allies had desolated 118 villages and 43 districts, a country larger than Ireland, and had captured 2,300 women and children as slaves and 2,000 tusks of ivory. He says:

"Given that these 118 villages were peopled only by a 1,000 each, we have only a profit of 2 per cent.; and by the time all these captives have been subjected to the accidents of the river voyage to Kirundu and Nyangwe, of camp life and its harsh miseries, to the havoc of small-pox

and the pests which such miseries breeds, there will only be a scant 1 per cent. upon the bloody venture."—"The Congo," 2nd Vol., p. 148.

Please admire the commercial instincts of Mr. Stanley, who, in the presence of misery, rapine, and murder, can calculate concerning the small profit upon such a "bloody venture." Further on, Mr. Stanley states that slave-hunters to get their slaves

"have shot 2,500 natives, while 1,300 more died by the wayside through scant provisions and the intensity of their hopeless wretchedness. And such slaves! They are females and young children who cannot run away, or with youthful indifference will soon forget the terrors of their captivity. Yet each of the very smallest infants has cost the life of a father, and perhaps his three stout brothers and three grown-up daughters. An entire family of six souls have been done to death to obtain that small, feeble, and useless child."—"The Congo," 2nd Vol., pp. 149-50.

And yet if Mr. Stanley had never explored the Congo, all this misery would not have occurred. Stanley, according to his own account, had some notion of avenging the massacre of the natives on the slave-drivers, but he reflected as follows:

"And yet, whom am I that I should take the law into my hands and mete out retribution, . . . I had not the slightest shadow of authority to vindicate the dictates of justice. I represented no constituted government, nor had I the shadow of authority to assume the rôle of censor, judge, and executioner."—"The Congo," 2nd Vol., p. 144.

It is strange that Mr. Stanley never thought of these things when wretched savages were in question and not well armed slave traders. He might surely have also thought what right he had to assume the "rôle of censor, judge, and executioner" when his own followers were concerned. Perhaps the fact that the slave-traders were a strong party and armed with rifles had something to do with this singular forbearance. So he treated these demons as allies and comrades. "We exchanged gifts with Karema and his blood-stained confederates" (p. 151). That Stanley still finds allies among the slave-traders may be seen in his accounts of the Emin Pasha expedition, where we find him again acting in concert with Tippoo Tib and the Manyemas. Again he serves as the advance guard of the slave-hunters, for in his letter of Sept. 1, 1888, to the Royal Geographical Society, he states that his passage through the rich and thickly populated country of the Banalaya, Bakunda, and Bungangeta has been the ruin of the people. He writes, "The abundance found by us will never be found again, for the Arabs have followed my track by hundreds and destroyed villages and plantations, and what the Arabs spare the elephant herds complete." So up to the present Stanley's explorations have hardly been a blessing to the natives of Africa. Mr. Stanley has first broken the spirit of the natives with the deadly fire of his breech-loaders, and they have then fallen an easy prey to the Arabs who have followed close upon his heels.

With the facts before us, there can be no doubt as to whether Stanley's explorations have been for the benefit of the African race. But there is something else for our consideration, even if his brightest dreams are realised and commercial civilisation is introduced into the centre of Africa. Ask those workers who live under that civilisation, and who slave in unhealthy factories for starvation wages, and eat bad and adulterated food, and dwell in rotten slums, whether they think the African savage will gain anything by exchanging his wild free life for theirs? Let the philosophers and scientists, who say that the life of the savage is preferable to that of the civilised labourer, answer. Then, surely, until the life of the mass of the population is happier than that of the savage, we have no right to go and inflict our miseries upon him. Let us set our own house in order first before we talk of "civilising" others.

Let us sum up the conclusions at which we have arrived. We have seen that Stanley forced his way by the armed hand and with ruthless cruelty through native tribes, burning their villages and shooting them down like dogs with explosive bullets. We have seen that, far from suppressing the slave trade, he has often allied himself with the slave-hunters, and has cleared the way for them to fresh fields of rapine and slaughter. Finally, we see that his ultimate aim is the extension of trade and civilisation, that is, the extension of a "shoddy commercialism" including the "improvement" of the savage off the face of the earth by the Martini-Henry rifle, the Gatling gun, the whisky bottle, and the worst diseases that our civilisation breeds. We can see in Africa, and all over the world where "civilisation" spreads, that the poor savage perishes from the face of the earth, or, at the best, sinks down into a hopeless degraded being, as wretched and miserable as the outcasts of our great cities. Knowing these things, we Socialists refuse to join our voices to the chorus of triumph which greets the man who, to swell the ill-gotten wealth of our cruel sweaters, is willing to inflict these untold horrors upon a simple people who have not yet been accursed by "Christian" civilisation. Let the great thieves and their parasites welcome the "sanctimonious pirate" who glosses over fire, slaughter, and cruelty with the "snuffing cant of the mission-hall." We will have none of him. Let him be satisfied with the applause of those who would have crucified Christ and worshipped Barabbas; but, at least, amid the applause he shall hear our hisses. We have made our protest. We have given reasons for our accusations; and though we expect to make no impression on those who recognise in Stanley a man after their own heart, yet we trust that at least some of those who have been beguiled by them will take the warning to heart, and join no longer in the Jingo worship of one who combines all the vices of an old buccaneer or a modern burglar, with all the soul-corroding humbug of Little Bethel; who is a cross between Pecksniff and Blackbeard or Bill Sikes, with a dash of Quilp to add the final flavouring—the typical hero of commercialism.

D. J. NICOLL.

FREEDOM.

AND are we free? Ah! say not so;
Gyves such as these ne'er freemen wore.
As well tell lark in gilded cage
That he in sky is free to soar.

Go watch the stunted worker creep,
Tired and worn from daily toil;
Behold his haggard face and eyes,
His body gripped in slavery's coil.

And watching; who shall say that he
Is one of Freedom's happy sons?
Free? Aye! to work, to slave, to starve,
So long as life's blood feebly runs.

Free to be sweated, and to sweat;
Free to be murdered, slowly, sure;
Free to be scorned by robber rich;
Free to be shown the workhouse door!

Free to compete with father, son;
Free to compete with mother, wife;
Struggling for bread and stifling den,
Dreading to snap the thread of life.

And while for vampires men must moil,
And o'erhead hangs the darkling mist,
While workers starve, and robbers thrive,
So long will slavery exist.

Not till the plunderer stays his hand,
And ceases rife more to be,
Not till each lives by honest toil—
Not, not till then shall men be free.

And when the mist is rent in twain,
And Freedom's face peeps shyly through—
Then will the toiler strive to reach
The throne of Love, the Good, the True.

Break, then, ye mist, that all may see
The goddess fair, the ideal bright;
Clutch fearlessly the flaming torch
Before the day shall turn to night.

Ring, ring, ye heavens, with joyous cries,
And torches glow with ruddy glare;
Let Brotherhood, majestic youth,
Wed Liberty, that goddess fair.

EDWARD J. WATSON.

IN NEW ZEALAND.

WE owe a great deal here to the London Dock Strike, in the way of stimulating workers in every trade to organise themselves for mutual help and protection and the amelioration of their lot. Ever since the strike our papers also are well supplied with cablegrams about the Labour movements, which seem to be keeping things pretty lively with you. Our only morning paper here in Dunedin has lately given a fortnightly column to the record and consideration of labour happenings throughout the world. The column is in good hands, and has been expressing views which cause intense annoyance to and evoke much hostility from the "let alone" party among our population. That they find a place at all in the columns of a paper supported by the capitalist and commercial classes is something to note as instructive.

Some idea of how the Dock Strike stirred us up may be gathered from the fact that during the last year no less than twelve unions have come into existence, with an aggregate membership of 12,250.

A few details as to the principal organisations may be interesting. The Coal Miners, whose centre is Westport, includes all coal-miners, quartz-miners, and labourers on the west coast. Its membership amounts to 1,800. It is a branch of the Amalgamated Association of Miners in Australia, whose total membership exceeds 28,000 men. The Federated Seamen's Union has a membership of about 2,000. It is also a branch of the Federated Seamen's Union of Australasia, which tots up 14,000 members. The Wharf Labourers' Union of New Zealand is of recent growth, having only been started some four months ago, but already numbers 3,000 men. It is local at present—i.e., to New Zealand—but negotiations are going on between the colonies for federation. The three foregoing unions are united together under a council called the Maritime Labour Council of New Zealand. The Railway Employés Union is also a very youthful union. It is only a few weeks old, but embraces 3,500 members. This union, it is likely, will shortly be federated with the Australian union of railway employés. Another youthful body is the Tailoresses' Union, which is only a few months old. It was first formed in Dunedin, but is now gradually extending in Christchurch, Wellington, and Auckland. Its present membership is about 1,900. The Bootmakers' Union has 850, and the Typographical Society about 600. This latter body is affiliated with Australia. The Amalgamated Society of Carpenters and Joiners have over 900 members here; they form a branch of the Home society. The Amalgamated Society of Engineers is also pretty strong, but I don't know their exact numbers in New Zealand; they also are a branch of the Home society. The Marine Engineers have a membership of close on 400, and as most of these are certificated men, affiliated to the Australian society, they are another powerful body. The Shipmasters' and Officers' Association show close on 300 members, all of whom possess Government certificates.

The foregoing are the principal unions in New Zealand, but there are still the following to swell the total: Ironmoulders (80), Boilermakers (50), Shipwrights (150), Painters (190), Bakers (300), Millers (60), Wharf Carters (250), Plumbers (100), Tailors (260), Stewards and Cooks (600—federated with Australia), Invercargill Trades and Labour Union (400), Bluff Fishermen and Oystermen (100), Plasterers and Bricklayers (number unknown). There are a few more unions of a local nature, of which the particulars are not at hand.

Each of the four chief cities of New Zealand (Dunedin, Christchurch, Wellington, and Auckland) has a Trades and Labour Council, which consists of delegates from the foregoing unions, whose duties are to look after the interests of all classes of labour, and to settle amicably, if possible, any dispute that may arise in any particular branch of trade; failing this, they invoke the whole power of all the unions on behalf of the particular one concerned.

It will be seen that the growth of trades-unionism in this colony has been somewhat remarkable. The numbers given here represent a membership of over 17,000. The movement is constantly extending. Taking the unions in process of formation, and those whose numbers are not at hand, there must be now a trades-union membership of close upon 20,000 strong out of a total population of a little over half a million. This is already a somewhat formidable organisation, and when the process of amalgamation with Australian unions, which is now going forward, is completed, it will be seen that these federated unions will give a powerful position to labour in the colonial industrial world.

Not before it is wanted, however. At a meeting to form a tailoresses' and pressers' union, held in Auckland, January 28, Mr. Preston, a tailor, alluded to the sweating system, and stated that in one establishment in Auckland a more cruel system than that employed could not be devised. For slop goods this employer paid 9d. for making trousers, 6d. for waistcoats, and 1s. 1d. for coats, making a total of 2s. 4d. for the suit. He knew of one married woman, whose husband was a carpenter and out of work, and who took some work from this employer at 9d. a-pair for trousers. Her husband, however, would not allow her to do the work at the price. At first-class shops the average price for making trousers is 6s. 6d., waistcoats 6s., and coats 19s.

There is now a Sweating Commission sitting here, cuttings of the evidence before which I send you, and you will see that we are quickly catching up to you in some things as well as in others. Here is a sample:

"S. Spragg gave evidence that he was one of the reporting staff of the Otago Daily Times. Towards the close of 1888 he received instructions to make an investigation as was practicable into what was termed the 'sweating system,' then in operation, and concerning which communications had been received and published by the journal with which he was connected. He began the inquiry without any preconceived opinions regarding it, and prosecuted it with a view to ascertaining the facts, whatever they might be. With the results of the inquiry he was in no way concerned, his instructions being to investigate the circumstances impartially. He must admit that the facts elicited soon removed his feeling of comparative indifference, but, he believed, that did not affect the inquiry in a prejudicial manner. The result of these investigations were published in a series of articles on the 'Sweating System,' which appeared in the Times during the month of January last year. In his researches he had found nothing of what he would call 'sweating,' but a very low rate of wages obtained, which necessitated to employés very long hours of work in order to obtain a sufficiency of wages on which to live. His definition of 'sweating' was the letting out of work to others by sub-contractors at a rapidly descending rate of pay, and he had seen nothing of this sort in Dunedin. If 'sweating meant that the people who do the work could make next to nothing out of it, then there had been any amount of sweating going on in Dunedin. In one case he had been informed by the proprietress of a factory that she had been induced to lower her charges upon a promise of continuous work; that for the sake of constant work her employés had consented to a reduction that enabled her to accept the terms offered; and then on one plea or another the supply of work was intermittent, and she and her employés suffered in common. He had no doubt that the state of things described in the articles was brought about by excessive and reckless competition. In using the term 'reckless' he meant to imply that the employers were not at all careless of their own interests, but that they seemed reckless as to whether their employés could live honestly or at all on the wages paid to them. He had found a reduction of wages occasionally to result from the competition of 'outsiders' to obtain occasional work. His observations were confined mainly to clothing factories. He had known girls in factories taking work home to finish, but never knew them to complain of it. He had rather thought they were glad to get it to do. He had visited their homes, and what he had observed was told in the articles referred to. In some cases he thought the girls he visited who were working at their homes were only fit to be in the hospital. The opinion had been expressed that the low rate of wages resulted from the desire of the public to obtain goods at the lowest possible price. He held an entirely different opinion. The people who made a profit out of the low rate of wages were the only people who were to blame. It was absurd to suppose that paying 1d. or 2d. less for a shirt would be any inducement to the retail purchaser. And it was also as ridiculous to suppose that the retailer who sold a few dozen shirts in a week (more or less) had a great interest in doing so. But to those who put out 100 doz. or so at a time, 2d. a-piece made a considerable difference; and those who got the profit should also get the blame. In regard to trade unions, the witness expressed the opinion that they were an undoubted good in a community, for they prevented factories from taking contracts at improper rates. So far as witness could see, the evils of the sweating system would, under the existing condition of things, best be obviated by a really strong federated trades union, supported in all reasonable demands by public opinion."

Mornington, N.Z., March 20, 1890.

H. K. WILKINSON.

The strike on Meteor Downs has been settled (March 8). After five weeks' struggle Tyson has agreed to give the labourers fair wages. The influence of the Australian Labour Federation contributed a good deal to the result.

OVER-PRODUCTION AND OVER-POPULATION.—There must be many thousands "unemployed" in Australia. There are two and a half millions of workmen out of work in America. There are over a million in England. Is it not an indictment upon our civilisation, asks the Brisbane Worker, when, in the newest countries as in the oldest, under protection and free trade and mongrel tariff alike, we utterly fail to bring together the workers, we cannot carry on production and exchange without this terrific friction? Frank Cotton, an Australian-born Georgian, tells a fine story in this connection. He says he was on a mining field down South, when along came a protectionist touter, who began to a group of miners about the iniquity of letting in cheap American goods. "How does that hurt us?" demanded a digger. "They over-produce on the cheap and unload on us," explained the touter, "so that we can't start factories of our own." "Yes, but they are protected, and yet they have cheap labour. How's that? Oughtn't men to earn high wages in a protected colony?" "Of course," responded the touter, nothing abashed; "they ought to, but the country's over-populated, and that makes wages low." "See here, mister," commented the digger, "you say they produce too much, and that there are too many of them. Over-production and over-population!—too many kids and too much tucker! What the buck-eyed rabbit are you giving us? Go to blazes out of this!" And that is about the size of it in every country. The more there is produced the poorer the workers get, because the richer the non-workers become. That's how it will be in Australia unless something is done.



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Freedom	Buffalo—Arbeiter-Zeitung	Arbeiterstimme	Milan—Cuore e Critica	Barcelona—El Productor	Vienna—Arbeiter-Zeitung	Social-Demokraten	Stockholm, Social-Demokraten	Buenos Ayres—Vorwarts
Justice	Chicago (Ill)—Vorbote			Madrid—El Socialista				
Labour Tribune	Detroit—Der Arme Teufel							
People's Press	Los Angeles—Cal. Nationalist							
Seed Time	Philadelphia—United Labour							
Unity	San Francisco Arbeiter Zeitung							
Worker's Friend	Anarchist							
New South Wales	FRANCE							
Sydney—Bulletin	Paris—La Revolte							
INDIA	La Revue Europeenne							
Bankipore—Behar Herald	Charleville—L'Emancipation							
UNITED STATES	Lille—Le Cri du Travailleur							
New York—Freiheit	Lyon—L'Action Sociale							
United Irishman	Rouen—Le Salarial							
Volkzeitung	HOLLAND							
Workmen's Advocate	Hague—Recht voor Allen							
Boston—Liberty	Anarchist							
Investigator	BELGIUM							
Nationalist	Antwerp—De Werker							
	Ghent—Vooruit							

NEWS FROM NOWHERE:

OR,

AN EPOCH OF REST.

BEING SOME CHAPTERS FROM A UTOPIAN ROMANCE.

CHAP. XVI. (continued).—DINNER IN THE HALL OF THE BLOOMSBURY MARKET.

WHEN we had done eating, and were sitting a little while, with a bottle of very good Bordeaux wine before us, Clara came back to the question of the subject-matter of the pictures, as though it had troubled her. She looked up at them, and said: "How is it that though we are so interested with our life for the most part, yet when people take to writing poems or painting pictures they seldom deal with our modern life, or if they do, take good care to make their poems or pictures unlike that life? Are we not good enough to paint ourselves? How is it that we find the dreadful times of the past so interesting to us—in pictures and poetry?"

Old Hammond smiled. "It always was so, and I suppose always will be," said he, "however it may be explained. It is true that in the nineteenth century, when there was so little art and so much talk

about it, there was a theory that art and imaginative literature ought to deal with contemporary life; but they never did so; for, if there was any pretence of it, the author always took care (as Clara hinted just now) to disguise, or exaggerate, or idealise, and in some way or another make it strange; so that, for all the verisimilitude there was, he might just as well have dealt with the times of the Pharaohs."

"Well," said Dick, "surely it is but natural to like these things strange; just as when we were children, as I said just now, we used to pretend to be so-and-so in such-and-such a place. That's what these pictures and poems do; and why shouldn't they?"

"Thou hast hit it, Dick," quoth old Hammond; "it is the child-like part of us that produces works of imagination. When we are children time passes so slow with us that we seem to have time for everything."

He sighed, and then smiled and said: "At least let us rejoice that we have got back our childhood again. I drink to the days that are!"

"Second childhood," said I in a low voice, and then blushed at my double rudeness, and hoped that he hadn't heard. But he had, and turned to me smiling, and said: "Yes, why not? And for my part I hope it may last long; and that the world's next period of wise and unhappy manhood, if that should happen, will speedily lead us to a third childhood: if indeed this age be not our third. Meantime, my friend, you must know that we are too happy, both individually and collectively, to trouble ourselves about what is to come hereafter."

"Well, for my part," said Clara, "I wish we were interesting enough to be written or painted about."

Dick answered her with some lover's speech, impossible to be written down, and then we sat quiet a little.

CHAP. XVII.—HOW THE CHANGE CAME.

DICK broke the silence at last, saying: "Guest, forgive us for a little after-dinner dulness. What would you like to do? Shall we have out Greylocks and trot back to Hammersmith? or will you come with us and hear some Welsh folk sing in a hall close by here? or would you like presently to come with me into the City and see some really fine building? or—what shall it be?"

"Well," said I, "as I am a stranger, I must let you choose for me."

In point of fact, I did not by any means want to be 'amused' just then; and also I rather felt as if the old man, with his knowledge of past times, and even a kind of inverted sympathy for them caused by his active hatred of them, was a kind of blanket for me against the cold of this very new world, where I was, so to say, stripped bare of every habitual thought and way of acting; and I did not want to leave him too soon. He came to my rescue at once, and said—

"Wait a bit, Dick; there is someone else to be consulted besides you and the guest here, and that is I. I am not going to lose the pleasure of his company just now, especially as I know he has something else to ask me. So go to your Welshmen, by all means; but first of all bring us another bottle of wine to this nook, and then be off as soon as you like; and come again and fetch our friend to go westward, but not too soon."

Dick nodded smilingly, and the old man and I were soon alone in the great hall, the afternoon sun gleaming on the red wine in our tall quaint-shaped glasses. Then said Hammond:

"Does anything especially puzzle you about our way of living, now you have heard a good deal and seen a little of it?"

Said I: "I think what puzzles me most is how it all came about."

"It well may," said he, "so great as the change is. It would be difficult indeed to tell you the whole story, perhaps impossible: knowledge, discontent, treachery, disappointment, ruin, misery, despair—those who worked for the change because they could see further than other people went through all these phases of suffering; and doubtless all the time the most of men looked on, not knowing what was doing, thinking it all a matter of course, like the rising and setting of the sun—and indeed it was so."

"Tell me one thing, if you can," said I. "Did the change, the 'revolution' it used to be called, come peacefully?"

"Peacefully?" said he; "what peace was there amongst those poor confused wretches of the nineteenth century? It was war from beginning to end: bitter war, till hope and pleasure put an end to it."

"Do you mean actual fighting with weapons?" said I, "or the strikes and lock-outs and starvation of which we have heard?"

"Both, both," he said. "As a matter of fact, the history of the terrible period of transition from commercial slavery to freedom may thus be summarised. When the hope of realising a communal condition of life for all men arose, quite late in the nineteenth century, the power of the middle classes, the then tyrants of society, was so enormous and crushing that to almost all men, even those who had, you may say despite themselves, despite their reason and judgment, conceived such hopes, it seemed a dream. So much was this the case that some of those more enlightened men who were then called Socialists, although they well knew, and even stated in public, that the only reasonable condition of society was that of pure Communism (such as you now see around you), yet shrunk from what seemed to them the barren task of preaching the realisation of a happy dream. Looking back now, we can see that the great motive-power of the change was a longing for freedom and equality, akin if you please to the unreasonable passion of the lover; a sickness of heart that rejected with loathing the aimless solitary life of the well-to-do educated man of that time: phrases, my dear friend, which have lost their meaning to us of the present day, so far removed we are from the dreadful facts which they represent.

"Well, these men, though conscious of this feeling, had no faith in it. Nor was that wonderful: for looking around them they saw the huge mass of the oppressed classes too much burdened with the misery of their lives, and too much overwhelmed by the selfishness of misery, to be able to form a conception of any escape from it except by the ordinary way prescribed by the system of slavery under which they lived; which was nothing more than a remote chance of climbing out of the oppressed into the oppressing classes.

"Therefore, though they knew that the only reasonable aim for those who would better the world was a condition of equality, in their impatience and despair they managed to convince themselves that if they could by hook or by crook get the machinery of production and the management of property so altered that the 'lower classes' (so the horrible word ran) might have their slavery somewhat ameliorated, they would be ready to fit into this machinery, and would use it for bettering their condition still more and still more, until at last the result would be a practical equality (they were very fond of using the word 'practical'), because 'the rich' would be forced to pay so much for keeping 'the poor' in a tolerable condition that the condition of riches would become no longer valuable and would gradually die out. Do you follow me?"

"Partly," said I. "Go on."

Said old Hammond: "Well, since you follow me, you will see that as a theory this was not altogether unreasonable; but 'practically,' it turned out a failure."

"How so?" said I.

"Well, don't you see," said he, "because it involves the making of a machinery by those who didn't know what they wanted the machines to do. So far as the masses of the oppressed class furthered this scheme of improvement, they did it to get themselves improved slave-rations—as many of them as could. And if those classes had really been incapable of being touched by that instinct which produced the passion for freedom and equality aforesaid, what would have happened, I think, would have been this: that a certain part of the working classes would have been so far improved in condition that they would have approached the condition of the middling rich men; but below them would have been a great class of most miserable slaves, whose slavery would have been far more hopeless than the older class slavery had been."

WILLIAM MORRIS.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

(This Story began in No. 209, January 11, 1890. A few sets of Back Numbers can still be had.)

DEGREES IN CRIME.

If you should steal a million golden dollars in a lump,
The people would regard you as a genius and a trump.

If you secure but half the pile, a "shortage" that would be;
Whereas a somewhat less amount would be "insolvency."

To steal a tiny, paltry sum would give them the belief
That you were a dishonest man—a robber, and a thief.

But if you steal a loaf of bread whereby your life is saved,
They'll put you into prison with the "totally depraved."

IN FRANCE.

TERRORISM has ruled for the last three weeks in France. M. Constans, Minister of the Interior, who is certainly not a man of genius, but still is a very clever rascal, has quite well understood how to support the bourgeoisie in these difficult moments. The party indeed being composed of men, and some men having through their talent and education a certain influence over their friends and the mass of the workers, M. Constans saw that depriving the party of these men the movement would, if not fail, at least be a little softened. And so he proceeded on this plan. It is true that the agitation of the last week was remarkable, but far from the importance it was expected to be. The reactionary papers were certainly very frightened, if it is to be judged from the exaggeration they made of every little circumstance. So the best informed Tory papers, as *Le Matin*, *La France*, etc., stated that a clandestine printing office had been seized, and all printers arrested, including the manager of the Anarchist paper *La Révolte*. In fact, the printing office was not clandestine at all, and it was the printing office of the united Anarchists, which had been removed lately from the *Rue du Marais*. The head printer, Cabot, was arrested; Grave, the manager of the *Révolte*, was not. The *Révolte* starts this week with a day of delay, and will be printed in a bourgeois printing office. It is true that Malato, Martinet, Gégout, Merlino, Petraroya, Prodi, and other Anarchists were arrested, and will be sent to hard labour for having distributed pamphlets and manifestoes to students and to the soldiers. Comrade Stoianoff, a Bulgarian student, was also arrested. There was a perquisition made upon the apartment of comrade Molinari, an Italian Anarchist, and there were found some manifestoes, but the comrade was successful in escaping. It is to be feared that the foreign Socialists arrested will be handed over to their respective governments after serving their sentences. Louise Michel and Rhénavin were also arrested, and some other arrests made will be kept secret. Tramps frequenting the Halles (Market) have been put in custody, but this had begun a long time ago, in November, when the crisis and starvation were growing threatening against the possessing classes. B.

Goods are theirs who enjoy them.—*Italian*.

With sublime condescension, millionaires' daughters have been visiting the working-women's convention this week, and informing poor girls, who work for three and five dollars a-week, what wonders economy might be made to accomplish with their incomes. For pure heartlessness and cheek combined, this "takes the biscuit."—*Boston Daily Globe*, April 18.

NOTES.

THE Commission on the ill-treatment of the so-called dynamiters in Chatham prison has reported on the subject in the way that might have been expected from a Commission sitting on a very bad case; that is to say, that while practically admitting the charges, it said—"Well, it doesn't matter." The case seems to have been so plain that even the respectable *Daily News* has had its stomach turned by it, and a man of sense and humanity writing in its columns has condemned the finding of the Commission in cautious words, but very clearly. Let us say a few plain words on the subject.

The prison system of this country is, and is meant to be, a system of torture applied by Society to those whom it considers its enemies; but this fact is kept in the dark as much as possible, lest ordinary good-natured people, who do not want to torture persons unless fear drives them to it, should be shocked, and the system should be swept away—or at least altered. The ordinary middle-class man, till within the last few years, had no idea of what went on in a prison; and even now, after some light has been thrown on it by the imprisonment of "gentlemen" both in Ireland and England, he shuts his eyes to it as much as he can. Keeping things dark is the necessary rule in a prison.

Now it is clear that no one could accept the office of habitually torturing his fellow-creatures unless he were a specially callous and degraded man, and were probably also driven to it by hard need; it follows as a matter of course that the officials of a prison must be chosen from the off-scourings of the earth. Surely the evidence of such people should be taken with great reserve by men not interested in suppressing anything.

But the ruling classes are, as we have seen, deeply interested in proving that our prison-system is reasonable and humane; and any knowledge of the real facts will dispel that idea, and show that it is a system of hideous and wanton cruelty. Can we expect, therefore, that any enquiry into the treatment of men considered as the special enemies of Society will be a fair one? It is clearly impossible that it should be, as that highly respectable paper, the *Daily News*, has found out.

I appeal to all honest and generous-minded men, whatever their opinions may be, to consider what this extra torment and insult means applied to men already tortured by the mere cast-iron system up to the limits of endurance. Surely the insulting or tormenting of a prisoner so over-burdened with misery already, so helpless as he is, is such a dastardly and abominable crime, that any crime committed by the prisoners in a jail sinks by comparison into insignificance. You men of the comfortable middle-classes, so kind and unselfish in family life, so scrupulous in business—so respectable, in a word—think of what you are doing vicariously by means of the dreadful tools you have made necessary to you! Think of it—if you dare!

Amongst this Commission of Evasion we read the names of Mr. Drummond and Mr. George Shipton. These gentlemen were, no doubt, put there because our rulers thought, or pretended to think, that they represent the working-classes. I appeal, not to Socialists, but to the working-men in general to say whether it is not about time to let the said rulers understand clearly that this humbug can be stood no longer, and that these gentlemen and others like them do not represent the working-classes, or any section of them. W. M.

Hunger pierceth stone walls.

Eighty destitute men are receiving food and shelter at the old Immigration Depot, Brisbane (March 15).

Henry George says he "believes in nothing half-way." Then why, asks the *Bulletin*, is he not a land-nationalisationist or a Socialist.

The boy question is not yet (March 15) settled among the Charters Towers unions. At the mine where men were working for boy's pay, the management, out of pitiful spite, discharged all the lads employed, and a small minority of the miners, fathers of the lads, are attacking the executive and president of the union for their action, the president, who appears to a "white" man, coming in for plenty of abuse. The large majority recognise that the union only did its duty when it shut down on men receiving boy's wages.

ALL WE LIKE SHEEP.—*Tobacco*, a newspaper published in the interests of the cigar and tobacco manufacturers, gives in a recent issue the circulars sent out to manufacturers in this line of industry by a committee who are opposing the clauses in the Tariff Bill affecting tobacco imports. The circulars include a form of petition against the bill, and the recommendation to employers in the trade is as follows: "We would advise that you copy the following in duplicate, have the petition signed by every employé in your shop and forward," etc. Just notice, says the *Journal of the Knights of Labour*, the cool assumption in the passage we have italicised, that the employer, as a matter of course, controls the political action of his workmen and can dictate to them what petitions they shall sign. Unfortunately, the despotic language of the circular only reflects the actual conditions of matters in many establishments where workmen are completely subservient to the dictates of their masters in their political movements. But we cannot help thinking that the framers of this circular might at least have had the decency to pretend that the employés were to be appealed to on some other ground than the mere will of the employer. It would have looked better and been more politic. We commend this instance to those who are so terribly solicitous that the "individuality" of the citizen will be sacrificed by labour reform.

THE LABOUR STRUGGLE.

The Lords on Sweating.

After a long delay, the Lords' Sweating Commission have at last issued their report. In this they state that the sweating system is not the result of sub-contracting or the introduction of machinery and sub-division of labour or of foreign immigration. Well, let us admit it; but what, then, is the cause? The Lords are ready with the usual middle-class answer: "Oh, it is all the fault of the poor." It is "the inefficiency of many of the lower class of workers, early marriages, and the tendency of the residuum of the population of large towns to form a helpless community together with a low standard of life and the excessive supply of unskilled labour." Indeed? O that wicked "lower class of workers"! why will they marry early and be inefficient in their work? But still we do not think the Lords have dived to the bottom of the matter. Who, for instance, is responsible for the "excessive supply of unskilled labour"? We have always thought that the grasping landlords, who have ground the agricultural labourer down to such a depth of misery that he is glad to escape out of their hands into those of the sweater in the towns, had something to do with it. Do the noble lords agree with us? But the chief cause of the sweating system is certainly the greed of capitalists, who have forced the masses of the workers down to such miserable wages that the wretched workman, having so little money, buys the cheapest of goods. Cheap goods, that chief blessing of our commercial system, lauded to the skies by middle-class Liberals, are usually the product of starvation wages. Thus there is a lower depth still to the misery of the masses—i.e., by the misery of the people who produce goods for their consumption. The labour of married women working at unskilled trades in their homes and working "at what would be starvation wages to unmarried women," is another cause, according to the Lords. Quite so; but why are these women forced to work? Because the pay of their husbands is not sufficient to enable them to live without. Thus the mass of misery which makes sweating possible is merely the result of our commercial system, and as long as that system endures, so long will the sweater thrive and flourish. Instead of the petty tinkering remedies which the Lords recommend, but which surely not even they can expect will make much difference to the condition of the poor wretches who bear on their shoulders the crushing weight of the present system, they should have advocated the extinction of themselves and all other idlers who live upon rent, profit, and interest. We are convinced that this alone will end the tyranny of the sweater.

Strike of East-end Tailors.

Just as the report appeared, the East-end tailors, who are the chief sufferers from the white slavery of modern commercialism, turned out on strike because their masters have for the last six months deliberately broken the strike agreement of last autumn. The average hours of work, according to returns sent in to the Strike Committee, are about sixteen daily. One man, in one of these returns, thus describes his slavery: "For three days I work from eight to eleven, and the rest of the week from seven a.m. until two a.m. next morning; no time for meals." He works with a crust in one hand and an iron in the other, and his pathetic reason is "compulsion." This indeed is the answer in every case. Another wretched man writes: "Hours from eight a.m. to twelve p.m.; air is very foul, and one day a-week the small workshop is used as a laundry; the stench is overpowering." Will the remedies suggested by the House of Lords sweep away these horrors? Why, they will not even palliate them.

The men demand (1) that they shall work from eight a.m. to 8 p.m., one hour being allowed for dinner, and half an hour for tea; (2) four hours overtime only to be worked during the week—two hours only to be worked in one day; (3) the first two hours to be paid for at regular wages, the second two hours at time and a half. They insist upon the masters signing a document drawn up by the Strike Committee embodying these terms. Eighty-two masters have already surrendered. The sweaters resolved at a general meeting that they should join hands with the men against their common oppressor the shop-keeper. They have decided to open negotiations with the men to boycott the shops which will not pay sufficient for the keeping of proper hours. On the whole, it seems that the workers have now a good chance of winning.

Great Demonstration of Railway Men.

The railway-men held a large demonstration in Hyde Park, amid a heavy storm of rain, although they were cheered by a glimpse of the sun towards the end of the meeting. John Burns, Cunninghame Graham, Bernard Shaw, and George Bateman were the chief speakers. The men have issued a manifesto containing their demands, which are roughly as follows: That fifty-four hours constitute the maximum week's work for railway-men on day duty and forty-eight for those on night duty; that all time over ten hours any day be paid for as overtime at the rate of time and a half, and that a week's holiday in the year and pay be granted. For platelayers and permanent-way men nine and a half hours a-day, and for shunters in busy goods yards and signalmen in important boxes, eight hours shall be a day's work; and in shops fifty-one hours shall constitute the week's work. Sunday duty is to be paid as double time, unless a day off be given in lieu thereof. That a week's pay be guaranteed to all guards having to devote the whole of their time to the company employing them. For the railway carmen, they demand fifty-seven hours a-week; for all men whose wages do not exceed 21s. a-week they ask that a rise of 15 per cent. be granted; that for all not exceeding 28s., 10 per cent.; and for those above 28s., 5 per cent. To get these concessions the men have only to organise; and if the 400,000 men working on the railway would join the General Railway Workers' Union, they could obtain these very moderate demands in a week. They would not then be kept on continuous duty for forty-two hours, or be forced to work eighty, ninety, and a hundred hours a-week for starvation wages, as many have to do at the present time.

The Eight Hours Day.

The firm of Messrs. Green and McAllan, printers, have conceded the eight-hour working-day to their employes, without any reduction in wages. Report has it that several other firms in this trade will follow suit. Caslon's, the typefounders in Chiswell Street, are also among the converted. This is very kind of them, and shows that even demonstrations may do some good. By the bye, we have a suggestion to make to the Central Committee. Messrs. Shipton and Co. profess to be very eager to obtain the eight hours

day by organisation. But though this may deceive some people, most of us know that they are about as earnest in the matter as most capitalist Liberal M.P.'s. Why not take them at their word, and say, "Very well, we'll get it by organisation. We will have a general strike at an early date. Will you join us?" Strikes me that Shipton would even prefer a "legal" eight hours day to this dreadful prospect. N.

AN AUSTRALIAN LESSON.

[FROM THE BRISBANE 'WORKER.']

TOGETHER you are all-powerful, workers of Queensland, workers of Australia, workers of the world! Together you can be free men and women, citizens of a free land, never needing to crave from a fellow man permission to earn a bare living by making somebody else richer, never needing to fear the bitterness of unemployment, never needing to shrink at the thought that those you love may want. Together, by standing together, you can insure that your boys and girls will have opportunities now denied them—opportunities to be strong and learned, and honoured and happy; that in old age you and those who come after you will have enough; that in sickness or in death there will be no thought of destitution; that the workers will no longer squabble for the butter-milk of their wealth production, while the idle cunning glut themselves with the cream. All this you can do, and more if you will only stand together, and be patient and wise. You can take all social injustices and industrial inequalities and vested privileges, and strangle them one by one with your million-muscled hands, as Hercules strangled in his cradle the serpents of Juno. Not all at once, but gradually, patiently, slowly, by being thinking men working in harmony with each other for the good of all, and by ceasing to crouch in hopeless apathy within the prison-walls of competition, or to rise spasmodically and disconnectedly in impotent, because only partial, revolt.

Singly, individually, you are really as powerless, you workers of Queensland, as the slum-soaked slaves of modern Babylon, as the tenement house toilers of Paris and New York. Because there is sunshine here instead of fog, and fever instead of rheumatics, it does not follow that therefore the law of supply and demand—the divine law under which English women work for 1s. 6d. per week, finding themselves, while American miners fight for the tremendous privilege of earning 3½d. an hour—would reverse its invariable process here, and cover the worker with a blessing instead of with a curse. This is called an Eight-Hour country, but how many work eight hours? Twice as many wage-earners work Ten, and numbers Twelve, right here in Queensland. It is claimed that wages are high, but the average Queensland wage for all classes of labour, skilled and unskilled, is considerably under 30s. per week; and those who consider the pay exorbitant ought to be made to keep their families on it for a whole year—only, perhaps, the common worker isn't supposed to have a family or anything else that is luxurious. Companies and syndicates, and various other soulless forms of that Capitalism, which at its very best is little disposed to give to the worker more than it must of the wealth he produces, are forcing down wages on the mining fields and watching the maritime men for a moment of weakness, and tried only the other day to reduce rouseabouts' pay throughout the central district, and would have had it not been for the wholesome dread inspired in the Employers' Association by the Federation move. In Brisbane the tramway company used to outrage decency in its treatment of the workers whom necessity compelled to accept its terms, and the planters have been trying for years to kick out the white worker altogether, using every plea but the true one that there is more profit to be made out of kanaka, profit being the only recognised standard in the commercial morality of our Christian civilisation. And if more proof be wanted that if he stands alone the Australian worker will be driven into the gutter just like the European worker, the ridiculous wages often paid here to women-workers, and the arbitrary condition of their employment, should suffice the greediest. Women are thus compelled to work for an almost nominal wage because they do not stand together, but allow themselves to be treated individually and to be set off one against the other. If men allow themselves to be similarly dealt with, there can only be the same result, to their own sad loss and to the profit-monger's gain. This is why those who profit by the work of others object to solidarity; it is for their own pecuniary advantage that they endeavour to persuade the workers that it is far better to beg for enough to live on, cap in hand, than to march up like men and demand it.

Workers ask charity of nobody. They do not have to, for there is no wealth in existence which did not come from them, not a stick nor a stone, not a pound of wool nor a loaf of bread. They produced all that is in Queensland or the exchange value for it, which is the same thing, and the idlers who mainly "own" it, only do so because our civilisation is a ghastly failure which does not give the wealth to the worker, which needs a general overhauling in the interest of the robbed. And at this epoch, when from end to end of Australia the idea of nationality is in all men's mouths and fermenting in all men's brains, is the time for the workers to insist in their united strength, in their resistless solidarity that there shall be just such a general overhauling, that when this Australia of ours rises among the nations she shall rise as the land of free men, not as the land of slaves. For he is indeed a slave, whether he lives under a czar or a king or a president, whom circumstances force to beg for permission to work and live, who when his children are hungry and his wife in need, cannot satisfy them except by paying profit-toll to another.

It is against the conditions which have crushed down our brothers, the workers of Europe, that Australian labour is marshalling its legions; the Gospel of Organisation is only a form of the universal Gospel of Discontent. It is not good enough to drift on to the slums and the workhouse; it is not good enough to build here a nation whose head of gold shall be the private property of monopolists, and whose feet of clay shall be crimson with the blood of ill-paid toilers who suffer and die. It would be better to shake this civilisation to pieces as the Goths and Vandals shook the rotten civilisation of Rome, than to see in Brisbane and Townsville the sights one sees in English cities, than to see our bold, brave, dashing bushmen degraded to the helpless poverty of the once-hardy peasantry of the Atlantic lands. Yet the horrible sights have commenced and the degradation is not far off. On Queensland streets Australian girls sell themselves for bread just as English girls do in the Haymarket. . . . On the plains the bushmen whom no man needs are thickening; in the towns the unemployed gather; purse-proud plutocrats sneer at the complaints of the workers, and bid them be thankful if all their labouring gives them enough of bread. Are these the conditions which workers desire to see grafted in a new nationality? Will they even lift their finger on behalf of such a nationality? . . .

For an Australia that would do them justice, what would not the workers do in return? To an Australia that would earnestly endeavour to right their wrongs, and to give to each man work, and to every worker his fair share of the wealth produced, how the heart of millions would go out, how the love of a grateful people would encircle it like a wall of fire! This is the Australia that the workers seek, and that they dream of in their cheering for "The Federated Republic." But it is not this Australia that the politicians are after. Their Australia is to be an America of millionaires and misery, a republic of rent-robbery, a democracy of diamonds and destitution and despair; the workers are to be its beasts of burden, and the rich its aristocrats, and there is to be no thought for the helpless, and no sympathy for the poor. Few of them see, like Chief Justice Lilley, that the Australia which is coming must answer the industrial problems if it would root itself in the lives of the people. But they will see it soon if the workers only stand together, if to skilled and unskilled, to men and women, to all sorts and conditions and grades of the army of the workers, there comes a comprehension of the great issue at stake, and a realisation of the value of organisation.

THE SOCIALIST LEAGUE.

OFFICES: 24, GREAT QUEEN ST., LINCOLN'S INN FIELDS, W.C.

The Offices of the Socialist League will be open for the sale of *Commonweal* and all other Socialist publications from 8.30 a.m. to 9 p.m. every day except Sunday. The Secretary will be in attendance from 10 a.m. to 9 p.m. daily.

Annual Conference.—The Annual Conference of the Socialist League will take place on Whit Sunday, May 25th. All propositions from Branches should be sent in at once to allow of agenda being made up. Place of meeting and other particulars in future issue.

Branch Subscriptions Paid.—1888:—Oxford, to end of September.

1889:—Bradford and Hammersmith, to end of April. Norwich, Glasgow, and Yarmouth, to end of May. East London, to end of October. Mitcham, to end of November. St. Georges East, to end of December.

1890:—Manchester, to end of January. 'Commonweal' Branch, to end of February. Leicester and North London, to end of March. North Kensington, to end of April. Streatham, to end of December.

Notice.—All letters on League business, except those intended for Editors of *Commonweal*, to be addressed to me. No other person is authorised to sign any official communication. FRANK KITZ, Secretary.

REPORTS.

'COMMONWEAL.'—On Sunday, May 11th, G. B. Shaw lectured on "Socialism in Practice" to a small audience.

HAMMERSMITH.—Very good meeting at Bridge End in spite of rain; speakers were Bullock, Morris, C. Smith, A. J. Smith, Tarleton, Johnson, Tochatti, Sparling, and Frye; 43 'Weal' sold. Large meeting in the evening; speakers were Tarleton, Davis, Grant, A. J. Smith, and Clara Watt; 12 'Weal' sold.

STREATHAM.—We were disappointed that Parker was unable to be present, but good results sprang from the disappointment; the branch and the general public turned out in good numbers, Moore, Collins, and Smith speaking for upwards of an hour; 'Weals' sold out, and 1s. 8d. collected.—S.

NORTH KENSINGTON.—Good meeting held at Latimer Road; speakers were J. F. Lyne, Crouch, and Saint; fair sale of 'Weals.' At our rooms in the evening we had a discussion on "The Wastefulness of the Present System," which was opened by Crouch and taken up well by the audience; all 'Weals' sold and 1s. 6½d. collected.

NORTH LONDON.—On Saturday in Hyde Park, Cantwell and Nicoll held a good meeting for an hour and a quarter; good sale of 'Weal' and pamphlets. In Regent's Park on Sunday morning, Cantwell and Nicoll addressed a large audience; good sale of 'Weals' and 1s. 6d. collected. Sunday afternoon in Hyde Park, a splendid meeting was addressed by Cantwell, Saint, Mrs. Lahr, and another comrade; very good sale of pamphlets and 'Weal,' and 1s. 11d. collected.

ABERDEEN.—On Tuesday a special meeting was held to discuss "Eight Hours Day," on which subject Leatham read a paper. At Sunday night meeting, Gilray's paper—"The Problem of the Poor"—which appeared in *Kilmarnock Standard* as contribution for a competition, was read and discussed. A belated eight hours demonstration takes place on the 17th under auspices of Aberdeen Trades Council.—L.

GLASGOW.—On Sunday at 1 o'clock, Joe and Tim Burgoyne addressed a large and very sympathetic audience on Jail Square. At the same hour Glasier gave a lecture on "Socialism—what it means" to the Springburn Branch of the Irish National League; the lecture was received with entire approval. Our Paisley Road Toll meeting could not be held owing to the rain. As we must now remove from our present room in Ingram Street, we have arranged to co-operate with the Christian Socialist Society and the S.D.F. in securing a suitable hall for public lectures and private meetings.

NORWICH.—Sunday last, in the afternoon, a large open-air meeting was held. W. Moore opened, followed by F. Kitz (London), who delivered a very interesting address upon the present position of the workers. In the evening another open-air meeting was held, the speakers being Poynts and Kitz; owing to heavy rain, the audience was not so large. Kitz made special reference to Stanley, who is shortly to visit Norwich. Audience very attentive. *Commonweal* sold out, and 8s. 7½d. collected for propaganda; good sale of *Freedom*.

YARMOUTH.—On Sunday morning, on Priory Plain, comrade F. Kitz delivered a splendid address on the Labour Struggle from a Socialist's standpoint to a large and attentive audience. In the afternoon, near the London Boat Landing-stage, an attentive audience was addressed by F. Morley; several questions asked, and answered to the satisfaction of those present. In the evening, on Colman's Quay, Morley spoke at another large meeting. Ruffold assisted at each meeting. 18 *Commonweal* sold, several pamphlets, and 3s. 11d. collected towards defraying the expenses.—J. H.

LIVERPOOL SOCIALIST SOCIETY.—On Sunday we held two meetings at the Landing Stage—at 11.30 a.m. and 3 p.m. Comrades Mowbray (London), Reeves, Chapman, and Balfour spoke. Mowbray created a good impression, in spite of his hoarseness through speaking too often during his week's tour in Lancashire. Papers sold, 5s. 6d.; collection for *Commonweal*, 3s. 8d.

SHEFFIELD SOCIALIST CLUB.—We have now opened some fine and centrally situated premises at 63 Blunk Street, containing meeting room, reading room and library, smoke room for games, etc. Open every evening, and on Sunday all day. Membership, 1d. weekly. French Class, conducted by Ed. Carpenter, every Tuesday at 8.30 p.m.; terms, 3d. weekly, which goes towards club funds. Discussion every Wednesday at 8 p.m. We have a good assortment of Labour and Socialist papers from various parts of the world on our reading tables, but should be glad of any books for library. We are very sanguine of being able to accomplish grand propagands in Sheffield and district during the coming summer, and ask the earnest co-operation of all Socialists in this neighbourhood.

LECTURE DIARY.

LONDON.

Battersea.—All communications to E. Buteux, 45, Inwith Street, Battersea Park Road.

Commonweal Branch.—24 Great Queen Street, Holborn, W.C. Business meeting of members every Thursday evening at 8; Discussion Class at 9. Hall open every evening from 7 till 10.

East London.—A meeting of members will be held at the International Club, Berner Street, on Sunday May 18th, at 7.30. Comrades of St. George's-in-the-East Branch are requested to attend. Important business.

Hammersmith.—Kelmescott House, Upper Mall, W. Sunday May 18, at 8 p.m., Sydney Olivier (Fabian), "Emilé Zola—Studies of French Society under the Second Empire." French Class conducted by Mlle. Desroches on Friday evenings at 7.30.

Mitcham.—"Lord Napier," Fair Green. Meets every Sunday at 12.30, to enroll members, etc.

North Kensington.—Clarendon Coffee Palace, Clarendon Road. Meets every Wednesday at 8 p.m. The branch Band will have its first practice next Friday. All comrades wishing to join can give their names to the instructor at the above address.

North London.—6 Windmill Street, Tottenham Court Road. Meets every Wednesday evening at 8 o'clock.

Streatham.—Address secretary, R. Smith, 1 Natal Road, Streatham.

Whitechapel and St. Georges in the East.—Branch meetings at International Club, 40 Berner Street, Commercial Road. J. Turner, organising secretary.

PROVINCES.

Aberdeen.—Organiser, J. Leatham, 7 Jamaica Street. Branch meets in Hall, 9 Harriet Street, on Sunday evenings at 6.30. Singing practice, etc., in Odd-fellows' Small Hall, Crooked Lane, Mondays at 8 p.m.

Bradford.—Laycock's Temperance Hotel, Albion Court, Kirkgate. Meets every Tuesday at 7.30.

Glasgow.—Members are invited to meet on Thursday and Sunday evenings, at 8 o'clock, in the Secretary's house, 250 Crown Street, S.S. All communications to be sent to that address.

Halifax.—Socialists meet every Sunday at 6.30 p.m. at Helliwell's Temperance Hotel, Northgate.

Leeds.—Clarendon Buildings, Victoria Road, School Close. Open every evening. Business meeting Saturdays at 8 p.m.

Leicester.—Exchange Buildings, Rutland Street. Branch meets on Monday, Thursday, and Saturday at 8 p.m.

Manchester.—Socialist League Club, 60 Grovesnor Street, All Saints. Open every evening. Branch weekly meeting on Tuesdays at 8.

Norwich.—Members' meet at 23 Rose Yard, St. Augustines, Tuesday at 8.30.

Oxford.—Temperance Hall, 25½ Pembroke Street. First Friday in every month, at 8.30 p.m.

Walsall.—Socialist Club, 18 Goodall Street, Walsall. Meetings every night.

Yarmouth.—Socialist League Club, 56 Row, Market Place. Open every evening. Business Meeting Tuesdays at 8 p.m. Elocution Class Friday at 8.30 p.m. Discussion Class Sunday 3 p.m.

OPEN-AIR PROPAGANDA.

SATURDAY 17.

7 Hyde Park Nicoll and Cantwell

SUNDAY 18.

11 Latimer Road Station North Kensington Branch
11.30 Hammersmith Bridge Hammersmith Branch
11.30 Kilburn—"Old Plough," Kilburn Lane Mainwaring
11.30 Mitcham—Fair Green The Branch
11.30 Regent's Park Nicoll and Mowbray
3.30 Hyde Park—Marble Arch Branch
3.30 Victoria Park The Branch
7 Hammersmith Bridge Hammersmith Branch
7 Weltje Road, Ravenscourt Park Hammersmith Branch
7 Wormwood Scrubs North Kensington Branch
7.30 Mitcham Fair Green Mrs. Lahr and Davis
8 Streatham Green Branch

TUESDAY 20.

8 Walham Green—back of Church Hammersmith Branch

THURSDAY 22.

8.15 Hoxton Church Kitz and Davis

PROVINCES.

Glasgow.—Sunday: Jail Square at 2 o'clock; Paisley Road at 5 o'clock.

Leeds.—Sunday: Hunslet Moor, at 11 a.m.; Vicar's Croft, at 7 p.m.

Leicester.—Sunday: Russell Square at 11 a.m.; Humberstone Gate, at 8 p.m.

Liverpool.—Landing Stage, Sundays at 11.30 a.m. and 3 p.m.

Manchester.—Saturday: Middleton market ground, at 7 p.m. Sunday: Philips Park Gates, at 11; Stevenson Square, at 3.

Norwich.—Sunday: Market Place at 3 and 7.30. Addresses by Walter Neilson (London Freedom Group).

Sheffield.—Sunday: Monolith, Fargate, at 11.30 a.m.; Pump, West Bar, 8 p.m. Monday: Lady's Bridge Wicker, at 7 p.m. **Rotherham.**—Sunday: College Yard, at 3 p.m.

Yarmouth.—Sunday: Priory Plain, at 11; Bradwell, 11.30; Colman's Granary Quay, at 7.

ANARCHIST LEAGUE.—Sunday May 18, a meeting in Hyde Park, near Marble Arch, at 4 o'clock.

CLUB AUTONOMIE, 6 Windmill Street, Tottenham Court Road, W.—Sunday May 18, at 8.30, George Attersoll, "Economic Liberty."

NAT. FED. OF ALL TRADES AND INDUSTRIES. "The Bell," York Street, Lambeth.—Sunday May 18, J. B. Bucheridge, "Labour's Wrongs and how to Right Them."

EDINBURGH—SCOTTISH SOCIALIST FEDERATION.—Tuesdays, Reading and Discussion at 35 George IV. Bridge, at 8. Business meeting, same place and time. Sunday, meeting in Meadows at 4.30; local talent.

NEW MANHOOD SUFFRAGE LEAGUE, "Three Doves," Berwick St., Soho, W.—Sunday May 18, at 8.30 p.m., W. Townshend, "Hard Times: The Cause, Over-Production of Goods or Under-Production of Money?"

THE NORTH KENSINGTON BRANCH appeal to comrades and friends for their Band Fund. They have the offer of getting drums very cheap from a band that has become defunct, and want to raise about £2 4s. for this purpose. Please send subscriptions to Mrs. Fox, Clarendon Coffee Tavern, Clarendon Road.

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American Literature.

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The Reciter for Clubs and Social Gatherings ...	0 1

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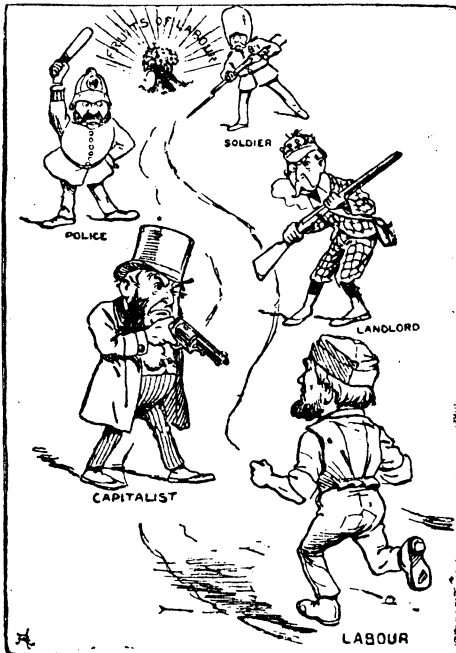
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STATEMENT OF PRINCIPLES.

THE Socialist League advocates International Revolutionary Socialism. That is to say the destruction of the present class society, which consists of one class who live by owning property and therefore need not work, and of another that has no property and therefore must work in order that they may live to keep the idlers by their labour. Revolutionary Socialism insists that this system of society, which is the modern form of slavery, should be changed to a system of Society which would give every man an opportunity of doing useful work, and not allow any man to live without so doing, which work could not be useful unless it were done for the whole body of workers instead of for do-nothing individuals. The result of this would be that livelihood would not be precarious nor labour burdensome. Labour would be employed in co-operation, and the struggle of man with man for bare subsistence would be supplanted by harmonious combination for the production of common wealth and the exchange of mutual services without the waste of labour or material.

Every man's needs would be satisfied from this common stock, but no man would be allowed to own anything which he could not use, and which consequently he must abuse by employing it as an instrument for forcing others to labour for him unpaid. Thus the land, the capital, machinery, and means of transit would cease to be private property, since they can only be used by the combination of labour to produce wealth.

Thus men would be free because they would no longer be dependent on idle property-owners for subsistence; thus they would be brothers, for the cause of strife, the struggle for subsistence at other people's expense, would have come to an end. Thus they would be equal, for if all men were doing useful work no man's labour could be dispensed with. Thus the motto of Liberty, Fraternity, and Equality, which is but an empty boast in a society that upholds the monopoly of the means of production, would at last be realised.

This Revolutionary Socialism must be International. The change which would put an end to the struggle between man and man, would destroy it also between nation and nation. One harmonious system of federation throughout the whole of civilisation would take the place of the old destructive rivalries. There would be no great centres breeding race hatred and commercial jealousy, but people would manage their own affairs in communities not too large to prevent all citizens from taking a part in the administration necessary for the conduct of life, so that party politics would come to an end.

Thus, while we abide by the old motto

Liberty, Fraternity, Equality,

we say that the existence of private property destroys Equality, and therefore under it there can be neither Liberty nor Fraternity.

We add to the first motto then this other one—

FROM EACH ACCORDING TO HIS CAPACITY, TO EACH ACCORDING TO HIS NEEDS.

When this is realised there will be a genuine Society; until it is realised, Society is nothing but a band of robbers. We must add that this change can only be brought about by combination amongst the workers themselves, and must embrace the whole of Society. The new life cannot be given to the workers by a class higher than they, but must be taken by them by means of the abolition of classes and the reorganisation of Society.

COUNCIL OF THE SOCIALIST LEAGUE.

NOTICE.

Subscribers who find a red wrapper round paper are thereby reminded that their subscriptions have expired and must be renewed immediately if they wish to continue to receive *Commonweal*.

Printed in the Socialist League Printery, and published in the name and on behalf of the Socialist League, by FRANK KITZ, at 24 Great Queen St., Lincoln's Inn Fields, London, W.C.

WANTED—To-Day for October 1884. Kindly communicate with G.F.S., 6 St. Kilda's Rd., Harrow.

THE COMMONWEAL

The Official Journal of the
SOCIALIST LEAGUE.

VOL. 6.—No. 228.

SATURDAY, MAY 24, 1890.

WEEKLY; ONE PENNY.

NEWS FROM NOWHERE:

OR, AN EPOCH OF REST.

BEING SOME CHAPTERS FROM A UTOPIAN ROMANCE.

CHAP. XVII. (continued).—How THE CHANGE CAME.

"WHAT stood in the way of this?" said I.

"Why, of course," said he, "just that instinct for freedom aforesaid. It is true that the slave-class could not conceive the happiness of a free life. Yet they grew to understand (and very speedily too) that they were oppressed by their masters, and they assumed, you see how justly, that they could do without them, though perhaps they scarce knew how; so that it came to this, that though they could not look forward to the happiness or the peace of the freeman, they did at least look forward to the war which should bring that peace about."

"Could you tell me rather more closely what actually took place?" said I; for I thought him rather vague here.

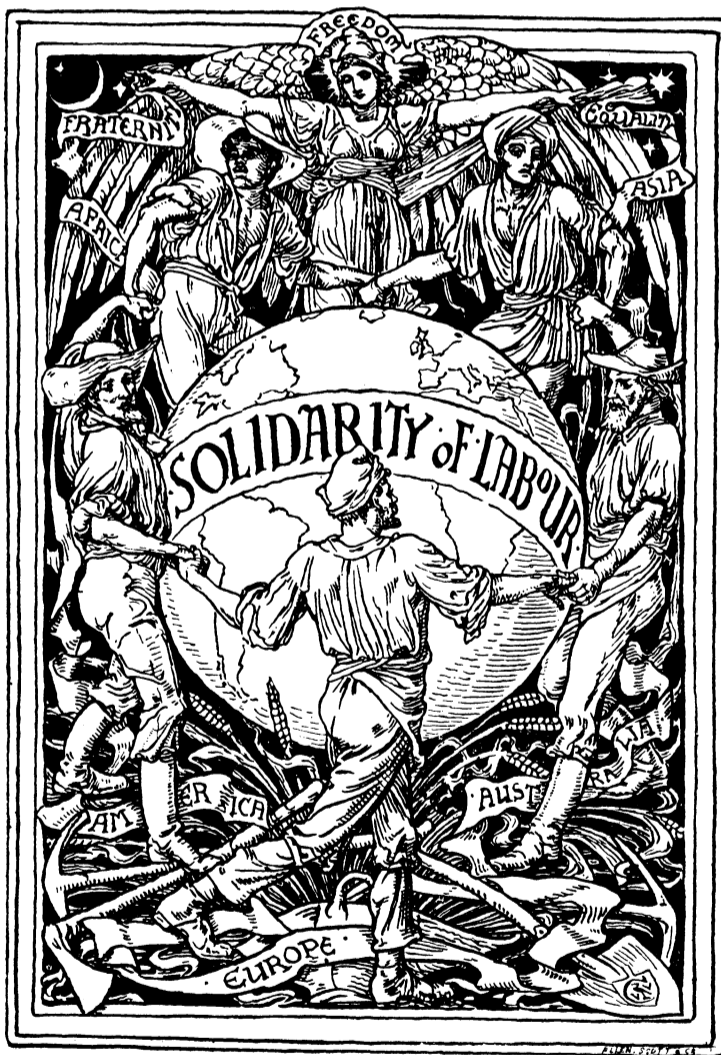
"Yes," he said, "I can. That machinery of life for the use of people who didn't know what they wanted of it, and which was known at the time as State Socialism, was partly put in motion, though in a very piecemeal way. But it did not work smoothly; it was, of course, resisted at every turn by the capitalists; and no wonder, for it tended more and more to upset the commercial system I have told you of, without providing anything really effective in its place. The result was growing confusion, great suffering amongst the working classes, and, as a consequence, great discontent. For a long time matters went on like this. The power of the upper classes had lessened as their command over wealth lessened, and they could not carry things wholly by the high hand as they had been used to in earlier days. On the other hand, the working classes were ill-organised, and growing poorer in reality, in spite of the gains (also real in the long run) which they had forced from the masters. Thus matters hung in the balance; the masters could not reduce their slaves to complete subjection, though they put down some feeble and partial riots easily enough. The workers forced their masters to grant them ameliorations, real or imaginary, of their condition, but could not force freedom from them. At last came a great crash. On some trifling occasion a great meeting was summoned by the workmen leaders to meet in Trafalgar Square (about the right to meet in which place there had for long been bickering). The civic bourgeois guard (called the police) attacked the said meeting with bludgeons, according to their custom; many people were hurt in the *mêlée*, of whom five in all died, either trampled to death on the spot, or from the effects of their cudgelling; the meeting was scattered, and some hundred of prisoners cast into gaol. A similar meeting had been treated in the same way a few days before at a place called Manchester, which has now disappeared. The whole country was

thrown into a ferment by this; meetings were held which attempted some rough organisation for the holding of another meeting to retort on the authorities. A huge crowd assembled in Trafalgar Square and the neighbourhood (then a place of crowded streets), and was too big for the bludgeon-armed police to cope with; there was a good deal of dry-blow fighting; three or four of the people were killed, and half a score of policemen were crushed to death in the throng, and the rest got away as they could. The next day all London (remember what it was in those days) was in a state of turmoil. Many of the rich fled into the country; the executive got together soldiery, but did not dare to use them; and the police could not be massed in any one place, because

riots or threats of riots were everywhere. But in Manchester, where the people were not so courageous or not so desperate as in London, several of the popular leaders were arrested. In London a convention of leaders was got together, and sat under the old revolutionary name of the Committee of Public Safety; but as they had no organised body of men to direct, they attempted no aggressive measures, but only placarded the walls with somewhat vague appeals to the workmen not to allow themselves to be trampled upon. However, they called a meeting in Trafalgar Square for the day fortnight of the last-mentioned skirmish.

"Meantime the town grew no quieter, and business came pretty much to an end. The newspapers—then, as always hitherto, almost entirely in the hands of the masters—clamoured to the Government for repressive measures; the rich citizens were enrolled as an extra body of police, and armed with bludgeons like them; many of these were strong, well-fed, full-blooded young men, and had plenty of stomach for fighting; but the government did not dare to use them, and contented itself with getting full powers voted to it by the Parliament for suppressing any revolt, and bringing up more and more soldiers to London. Thus passed the week after the great meeting; almost as large a one was held on the Sunday, which went off peaceably on the whole, as no opposition to it was offered. But on the Monday the people woke up to find that they were hungry. During the last few days there had been

groups of men parading the streets asking (or, if you please, demanding) money to buy food; and what for goodwill, what for fear, the richer people gave them a good deal. The authorities of the parishes also (I haven't time to explain that phrase at present) gave willy-nilly what provisions they could to wandering people; and the Government, which had by that time established some feeble national workshops, also fed a good number of half-starved folk. But in addition to this, several bakers' shops and other provision stores had been emptied without a great deal of disturbance. So far, so good. But on the Monday in question the Committee of Public Safety, on the one hand afraid of general unorganised pillage, and on the other emboldened by the wavering conduct of the authorities, sent a deputation provided with carts and all necessary gear to clear out two or three big provision stores in the centre of the town, leaving blank



LABOUR'S MAY DAY
DEDICATED TO THE WORKERS OF THE WORLD

papers promising to pay the price of them with the shop managers: and also in the part of the town where they were strongest they took possession of several bakers' shops and set men at work in them for the benefit of the people;—all of which was done with little or no disturbance, the police-assisting in keeping order at the sack of the stores as they would have done at a big fire.

"But at this last stroke the reactionaries were so alarmed that they were determined to force the executive into action. The newspapers next day all blazed into the fury of frightened people, and threatened the people, the government, and everybody they could think of, unless 'order were at once restored.' A deputation of leading commercial people waited on the government and told them that if they did not at once arrest the Committee of Public Safety, they themselves would gather a body of men, arm them, and fall on 'the incendiaries,' as they called them.

"They, together with a number of the newspaper editors, had a long interview with the heads of the government and two or three military men, the deftest in their art that the country could furnish. The deputation came away from that interview, says a contemporary eye-witness, smiling and satisfied, and said no more about raising an anti-popular army, but that afternoon left London with their families for their country seats or elsewhere.

"The next morning the Government proclaimed a state of siege in London,—a thing common enough amongst the absolutist governments on the Continent, but unheard-of in England in those days. They appointed the youngest and cleverest of their generals to command the proclaimed district; a man who had won a certain sort of reputation in the disgraceful wars in which the country had long engaged in from time to time. The newspapers were in ecstasies, and all the most fervent of the reactionaries now came to the front; men who in ordinary times were forced to keep their opinions to themselves or their immediate circle, but who now began to look forward to crushing once for all the Socialist, and even democratic tendencies, which, said they, had been treated with such indulgence for the last twenty years.

"But the clever general took no visible action; and yet only a few of the minor newspapers abused him; thoughtful men gathered from this that a plot was hatching. As for the Committee of Public Safety, whatever they thought of their position, they had now gone too far to draw back; and many of them, it seems, thought that the government would not act. They went on quietly organising their food supply, which was a miserable dribble when all is said; and also as a retort to the state of siege, they armed as many men as they could in the quarter where they were strongest, but did not attempt to drill or organise them, thinking, perhaps, that they could not at the best turn them into trained soldiers till they had some breathing space. The clever general, his soldiers, and the police did not meddle with all this in the least in the world; and things were quieter in London that week-end; though there were riots in many places of the provinces, which were quelled by the authorities without much trouble. The most serious of these were at Glasgow and Bristol.

WILLIAM MORRIS.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE CAUSE GOES MARCHING ON.

I HAVE often met with once active Socialists who bewailed the "utter indifference of the masses to the teaching of Socialism," and I have listened with feelings of contempt as they talked of being born 200 years or so too soon. They talked of the lull in the propaganda, and believed that prosperity in trade had made all the workers uncompromising Conservatives, and that the "march of economic events" had come to a sudden standstill.

That there is a lull in one phase of the propaganda few will deny—the work in the streets is almost a thing of the past; but this is because it has done its work. The most unskilled and thoughtless artisan has now some notion of the meaning of the word Socialism. The outdoor propaganda may still be of greatest importance in many towns yet, and I hope the "little bands" will stick enthusiastically together and preach the gospel, no matter what the obstacles may be. A few years has wrought a great change in the character of the movement. It is no longer confined to two or three small societies, but in some shape or form the ideas are part and parcel of almost every literary and political club in the kingdom, and form the *raison d'être* of the new trade unionism.

The attitude of the political parties towards social problems is a sufficient indication of the way in which the wind is blowing, and serves to show the growing strength of the movement towards Socialism. We find that cute politician, Randolph Churchill, dangling an Eight Hours' Bill before the eyes of the discontented workers, while other prominent politicians are fussing about the "housing of the poor," and other measures of an equally harmless import. While the "representatives of the people" are excited—or pretending to be excited—over the Parliamentary Game, nightly debating with seeming heat the most trifling incidents and measures, beneath it all lies a consciousness of coming danger and a feeling that the first note in the class-war has been clearly sounded.

Who sees and understands more clearly than the political parties the significance of Home Rule? The Gladstonians fear it just as much as the Tories, and will seek to give the Irish people the mere semblance

of the thing. Well do they know that the Irish are alive to the economic problem, and each day of the delay is hastening the doom of landlordism and the emancipation of Labour.

In England and Scotland the attitude of the workers towards each other has undergone an almost complete change; a feeling of confidence and solidarity is now springing up, and they know—or shall I say only half know yet?—that the cause of one is the cause of all. That this feeling has not yet found expression in the programme of any great body of workers, is not to be wondered at when we consider the causes that have crystallized their apathy and indifference towards each other.

In a time of degradation and social brutality like the present, when everything around us tends only to develop the meanest part of our nature and blot out the feeling of love, is it not inspiring to know that the cry of the "Brotherhood of Man" is becoming a living faith and a potent factor in so many young lives? While the political parties are tearing each other's eyes out for place and power, and "coming to terms" with the new labour party, or concocting charges against each other in the vain hope of diverting the attention of the workers from their material salvation, all the elements of a social conflagration are slowly but surely gathering. A few years back the most hopeful of Socialists would hardly have dreamt that the doctrine of equality and fraternity would have quickly taken such firm root, and found such ready advocates in so many unexpected quarters. Today we cannot open a magazine, or even an "obscure country paper," without seeing an article on Socialism or a lively debate being conducted in a spirit of fairness. Even the church magazines are being forced to solicit articles on the subject, and find it more profitable than the dispensing of spiritual chloroform. Instead of a few energetic souls preaching to "a lamp-post and policeman, and making both laugh," we have now quite an army of propagandists in every part of the country—in press and on platform—with attentive audience and readers.

The Docker's Strike has rung the death-knell of the old trades' unionism, and its leaders will soon take their departure and be heard of no more, for their occupation like Othello's will be gone. The skilled artisan, the "aristocrat of labour" and the darling of the politicians at election times, is beginning to learn through bitter experience the insecurity of his position, and to know that the morrow may see him in the swiftly swelling ranks of unskilled labour—and thus the march of events is with us and everything is full of hope.

A short time ago who would have dreamt of the Docker's Strike? Had any one predicted it he would simply have been laughed at and called that most horrible of names—a dreamer! The steady and patient work of our comrades at the dock-yard gates has not been in vain, and they who were once the despair of the revolutionists have shown by their devotion and unselfishness that the organisation of the workers in the near future will be a much easier task than most of us thought.

The next depression in trade will soon be upon us, and what with the growing intelligence of the workers and the higher ideal of comfort they now have, the work of the League and other kindred bodies will be much simpler in teaching the divineness of discontent and the hollowness and rottenness of our civilisation. Already the workers are gazing at each other across the Continent, and although they as yet see but dimly, they look into each other's eyes with friendlier feelings and learn that race-hatreds and jealousies have been the weapons their exploiters used to keep them so long divided. Woe to all kings, emperors, and oppressors of the weak when they clasp hands!

The recent speeches of the German Emperor, and the sops he has thrown to the workers with advice and threats to hold aloof from those horrid Socialists, show the deep-rooted feeling of discontent with the present order of things, in spite of all the coercive laws of Bismarck and his once master. That the German Emperor will "dish" the Socialists by such adroit movements no one need fear; for, prop up the rotten edifice as he may, it will all come tumbling down about his ears and bury him and his class out of sight for ever.

To Socialists who are isolated, I would say they have almost as much power as a society; a good word in season has often more real influence than many an applauded speech at a meeting. It is astonishing the work that one man can do when he has the Cause at heart. With tact and discretion he could influence a whole village; and here I would say that it is not by suppressing the name Socialist and masquerading as a sort of respectable advanced Radical that he will do much. Nothing can be done or ever could be done on those terms, and the sooner he learns the fact the better it will be for himself and the Cause he is anxious to serve.

J. M. B.

Readers of *Commonweal* and sympathisers generally in Fife, Forfar, and Perth, who are disposed to do their part in pushing forward the propaganda of Socialism, are asked to communicate with R. Dempster, care of Mrs. Scott, Colenswell Cottage, Burntisland, Fife, N.B.

PROSTITUTION.—Is there morally any difference, asks the *Journal of the Knights of Labour*, between the unfortunate woman who prostitutes her body for the means of existence and the educated, intelligent man who, as lawyer, politician, or editor, prostitutes his intellectual faculties for gain? If there is any difference, is not intellectual more degrading than physical harlotry, inasmuch as the functions of the mind are higher and nobler than those of the body? If the rule of even justice were applied, many a proud and wealthy political magnate and social leader who had risen by lending all his mental powers to the promotion of rotten causes and unjust schemes of spoliation would be more loathed and shunned than the wretched woman, more sinned against than sinning, who lives on the wages of vice.

¹ Our comrade is somewhat mistaken here. Speaking for London at least, and I believe many places in the country, we have never had better open-air meetings than those held within the last three months.—[EDITOR.]

NOTES FROM NOTTINGHAM.

PERHAPS, of all our workers, none have more to suffer from the pressure of capitalism than the girls and women who work in the warehouses and factories. Nominally protected by the Factory Acts, whenever the employer requires it they are forced to take work home and to slave nearly all night for the miserable pittance which will result. Those who, in the exercise of the "freedom of contract" which they possess, refuse to do this, find that there is no work for them when slack times arrive. Then there are all sorts of minor tyrannies imposed to break the spirit of the workers and render them docile serfs. The forewomen are selected specially for their ability to "nag" and to "drive" the hands, and the employers themselves are often not too choice in the language they address to an employé who has broken some rule of the factory. In one great Nottingham establishment, where a number of girls are employed, the manager occasionally strolls down the room, and if one of the workers should turn her head away from work to glance at the majestic passer-by, she is instantly dismissed. This gentleman is a prominent Liberal, and a churchwarden, and his master, a member of Parliament, who inherits the virtues of a pious father, is to be the Almighty's principal instrument in returning Mr. Gladstone to office at the general election. And yet a so-called labour paper, the *Factory Times*, a few weeks ago devoted a long paragraph to puffing this manager for his kindness to the workers, from among whom he has risen. In several large warehouses the girls are obliged to come half-an-hour earlier in the morning to hear some hired parson preach and pray at them. One of these sky-pilots had the impudence to denounce his hearers because of the few ribbons they had managed to obtain for self-adornment, but for once he had missed his mark. The girls in a body refused to attend service, and the pious employer had to get another tool.

The most unsatisfactory aspect of the case is the way in which managers, sub-managers, chief clerks, and others in authority, use their power to seduce girls, and then too often cast them adrift. The gilded youth of two counties make Nottingham their pleasure-house, and the army of despair which lounges round the "Clarendon," the "Three Crowns," or that glorified gin-palace known as the "Talbot," is recruited from the weaker sisters of the warehouse. The result is a social ulcer which permeates the bourgeoisie in spite of its efforts to conceal it. One hears of aldermen slipping up back streets to brothels, of others who appear with their *bona robas* at the theatre, of the disappearance of an inconvenient witness in a police prosecution, because her evidence might compromise members of the Town Council; of that Pillar of Society who is said to have kept a woman in almost every street, and who now turns up at missionary meetings. The funniest commentary on it all, however, was the recent declaration by a solemn local geologist that a salt lake once existed on the present site of Nottingham. The salt lake has gone; the capitalists remain; where is the fire and brimstone?

But why, says the moralist from "way back," do you elect such persons to rule you? But we don't, good friend moralist. They and their crowd of scalawags elect themselves. For instance, the other day a member of the Council, a lace manufacturer, displeased the trades unionists in his ward by his bitter opposition to them, and they managed with great difficulty to procure his rejection by the Liberal ward caucus. But it subsequently appeared that half of the members of the caucus were in the habit of receiving monthly or fortnightly presents of game, wine, cigars, etc., from their member, that they borrowed money from him, and that every year the whole Liberal Association went for a picnic at his expense. Naturally they thought no man could be more fitted to be *their* master—and perhaps they were right. In the same way the Conservatives are bossed by a few money-bags. Mr. John Robinson, bookmaker and brewer, has been the generous spring to which the Tories in the Eastern Division have gone, while Mr. E. Cope, lace manufacturer, has been the moneyed man in the Western Division. The natural result is that while the workers are fooled with the appearance of representation, the members of the different public bodies are as a rule a set of puppets to be pulled by strings. Thus the Town Council is bossed by the Town Clerk, the magisterial bench by the Chief Constable, the Board of Guardians and the School Board by their respective chairmen. The poor puppets have often a hard time of it when pulled in opposite directions, and I can fancy the typical marionette pondering, with a wet towel round his head and a cup of coffee in front of him, the great problem, "What shall it profit a man if he gain the trades unionist vote and lose W. H. Farmer's money?"

Our M.P.'s are a curious medley, worthy of their supporters. Broadhurst, who has sold and betrayed the workers like the Judas that he is; Morley, the superior person; and Smith-Wright, a Jingo banker. Not one has an idea above the level of the grocer's shop, and not one cares two pins for the welfare of the workers. P.

LIVERPOOL SOCIALIST SOCIETY.—On Sunday we held our meeting in the morning at the Landing Stage. Barton (Manchester) and Balfour addressed those present. In the afternoon the rain was too heavy to permit of another meeting. On our arrival in the morning at our usual stand, we found it occupied by a party of religionists from the Y.M.C.A., who coolly told us to find another stand. We determined to move them, so while Barton addressed the meeting, the rest of us made such a noise by selling the *Commonweal* and *Justice*, and reading from the former, that we eventually upset them. The police, who at one time interfered, expressed themselves strongly against us, declaring that the others had an equal right to the stand. So far as law goes this was true, but we determined to make our own law, and were successful. Thanks to the Christian intruders, we had the largest meeting yet held. 6s. of literature sold; collection 3s.—E. C. C.

IN THE UNITED STATES.

THE following telegram comes this morning from Chicago:

"CHICAGO, Ill., April 28.—Committees of the new bosses' association and the striking carpenters held a conference this afternoon, with a view to arranging for the resumption of work by as many of the strikers as can be employed by the new association. At its conclusion, both sides declined to make public the result until action thereon had been taken by the general bodies which they represent. This leads to the conclusion that they reached an agreement on the terms for a resumption of work."

The Executive Council of the American Federation of Labour met on April 28th in the afternoon in New York and discussed the conditions and the prospects of the eight hours movement. Samuel Gompers presided, and there were also present First Vice-President William Martin, Second Vice-President P. J. McGuire, Treasurer Henry Emrich, and Secretary Chris Evans. The discussion was secret, and lasted several hours. This appeal was issued:

"To the Toilers of America, greeting. The manifestation of determination on your part to hold the banner of the eight hour movement aloft and to carry it along until victory shall have been achieved, gives hope, encouragement, and rejoicing to the lovers of progress in our country, and finds a hearty and responsive chord in the hopes and aspirations of the down-trodden toilers of Europe. Already are seen emperors, kings, autocrats, and all the other enemies to the cause of labour and progress, palsied and paralysed with fear of the growing power and noble purposes of the toiling masses. The combined power of position and wealth seems not only about to be concentrated to antagonise the introduction of the simple, beneficial, and essential improvement consequent upon a reduction in the hours of labour, but seeks to provoke you into a furious contest. The encouragement our movement has implanted among our fellow working people, and the corresponding antagonism manifested on the part of our enemies, should convince us more than anything else that the policy we have thus far pursued is the one which should be followed without any deviation whatever.

"The advice and suggestions thus far given and made for the conduct of our movement having received your approval, I made so bold as to submit others which to my mind will lead us to a greater degree of success than could otherwise be obtained. The Executive Council of the American Federation of Labour has selected the United Brotherhood of Carpenters to make the demand for the enforcement of the eight hour work-day. I ask you to refrain from any sympathetic strikes. Rather remain at your work and aid the carpenters and joiners to win in the contest. To the carpenters and joiners my advice is to demand and insist upon the enforcement of the eight hour work-day. It is not a matter of theory, it is a fact, that the question of wages and conditions will regulate themselves to your benefit as soon as the eight hour work-day has been in operation. For that reason, if you cannot secure the eight hour work-day with other conditions, then allow them to remain open for further adjustment.

"In the demonstration to be made May 1, turn out in vast numbers, and by your presence manifest your unalterable determination to have the eight hour work-day enforced, though by one trade at a time, yet for all as the ultimate result. Allow no one to provoke you to a breach of the peace. Maintain order, refrain from all violence, engage in no riot. Let the watchword be the enforcement of the eight hour work-day. Firm, peaceful, and positive, with stout hearts and clear heads, let us concentrate all efforts for victory upon the carpenters and joiners. Men of labour, steady along the line to achievement of the eight hour work-day!—Fraternally, SAMUEL GOMPERS."

Sergius S. Shevitsch has taken the lead of the agitation in the eight hour question in New York. It must be confessed he works like a beaver, but I fear his, like all other action taken in this question, is merely so much wasted energy, which might be invested with more profit. The arrangements for the demonstration on the evening of May 1st in Union Square, New York City, are completed.

The programme of the Boston carpenters for their action will be announced to-day.

Gompers has said to a reporter: "The movement of 1886 was chaotic, disintegrated, unsystematic. To-day it is methodical, organised, prepared. We will secure the eight hour day for the workmen of the world—not if it takes all summer, but if it takes all of our lives."

In Chicago the newspapers are publishing the most sensational articles about the action which might be expected by the workers of that city on May 1st. The "scabs" in the carpenter trade of Chicago have already appealed to Jim Blaine, Secretary of State in Washington, to give them the protection of the United States Government, as the authorities of Chicago and of the State of Illinois are unable to protect them—so they say. "Much ado about nothing."

Fully 1,000 packing-house men of Chicago, by a unanimous vote, decided yesterday afternoon to strike unless their request for an eight hour day is complied with.

The 2,000 Milwaukee carpenters strike May 1 for the eight hour day, the contractors having refused to grant their request.

A meeting of carpenters' delegates, representing 1,900 union carpenters out of a total of 3,200 in Philadelphia, adopted resolutions Saturday night pledging themselves to maintain the demand for 35 cents, an hour and to insist upon the payment of that sum on and after May 1.

A big labour demonstration took place at Montreal Saturday night in favour of the eight hour movement. Between 3,000 and 4,000 representatives of the labour organisations assembled in Chaboiles Square and were addressed by their leaders. They were advised to combine to combat capital, which was daily driving the working-men to starvation. Resolutions in favour of eight hours were passed.

Hugh O. Pentecost is doing splendid service. He is just now publishing in the *Twentieth Century* a series of articles written by the recognised leaders of the different reform and economic schools. The last number contains an article by "Bob" Ingersoll, and articles of "Free Trade" and on "Protection." As this paper has a circulation of about 20,000 copies in the States, only good results can be expected from such an impartial display of the different views.

Boston, Mass., April 29, 1890.

HENRY F. CHARLES

BRAINTREE (Essex).—On Sunday, three large meetings were addressed by Geo. Cores (London) and W. Fuller (Norwich) in the Market Place. The audiences at all the meetings were unanimous in their approval of the Socialist ideas as explained by the speakers, and, without the least doubt, a strong branch of the S.L. will soon be established here. All our *Commonweal*, fifty-two in number, were rapidly sold, and a great many more could have been disposed of had we had them. Altogether, we have "broken the ice" very successfully, and made an opening for very good work in future. The next meetings are to be held on the second Sunday after Whitsunday; meanwhile, private propaganda work will be done. *Special notice*—The *Commonweal* can be obtained of Mr. Heywood, Manor Street, Braintree.—G. C.



OFFICES: 24 GREAT QUEEN STREET, LONDON, W.C.

HAVE YOU NOT HEARD HOW IT HAS GONE WITH MANY A CAUSE BEFORE NOW: FIRST, FEW MEN HEED IT; NEXT, MOST MEN CONTEMN IT; LASTLY, ALL MEN ACCEPT IT—AND THE CAUSE IS WON

The COMMONWEAL is the official organ of the Socialist League; but, unless definitely so announced by the Editors, no article is to be taken as expressing in more than a general way the views of the League as a body. In accordance with the Manifesto and Statement of Principles of the League, the COMMONWEAL is an exponent of International Revolutionary Socialism. On minor differences of opinion the widest freedom of discussion is maintained. As all articles are signed, no special significance attaches to their position in the paper.

Articles and letters dealing with any phase of the social problem are invited and will meet with earnest consideration. They must be written on one side of the paper only, and accompanied by the name and address of the writer, not necessarily for publication. MSS. can only be returned if a stamped directed envelope accompanies them.

Advertisements can only be inserted if unobjectionable in all particulars. Scale of charges and special quotations may be obtained from the Manager.

SUBSCRIPTIONS, including postage:—For British Islands, Europe, United States, and Canada, a year, 6s.; six months, 3s.; three months, 1s. 6d. For Australia, New Zealand, Cape of Good Hope, Natal, Transvaal, and the Argentine Republic, a year, 8s.; six months, 4s.; three months, 2s. For India, Ceylon, China, Hong Kong, and the Straits Settlements, a year, 10s.; six months, 5s.; three months, 2s. 6d.

Subscribers who receive a RED WRAPPER are thereby reminded that their subscriptions have expired and must be renewed immediately if they wish to continue to receive COMMONWEAL.

SPECIAL RECRUIT SUBSCRIPTIONS.—To aid in spreading our principles, the following largely reduced terms are offered to those who obtain new subscribers: Two new yearly subscriptions for British Islands, etc., 10s. 6d.; for Australia, etc., 15s.; for India, etc., 19s. Five new subscriptions: For British Islands, etc., 25s.; for Australia, etc., 37s. 6d.; for India, etc., 47s. 6d. Specimen copies will be sent on receipt of postage.

Remittances from abroad must be made by International Money Order.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

- R. W. B.—We regret to find your poem hardly up to publication standard.
- C. B. (Liverpool).—The photos of Chicago Anarchists can be obtained from comrade Lucy E. Parsons, Avondale Station, Chicago, Ill., U.S.A., at (we think) 50 c. each.
- L. H. (Salford).—We have something more important to do than to quarrel over details of future society. Most certainly no intelligent reader of the *Commonweal* could ever have suspected us of tenderness toward parliamentarism.
- J. H. WOOD (Detroit, Mich.).—Thanks for communication, which, however, we regret to be unable to utilise.
- "APPEAL TO THOSE WHO LABOUR."—We regret to find this poem unsuitable, even though it were not sent anonymously.

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Periodicals received during the week ending Wednesday May 21.

ENGLAND	Detroit—Der Arme Teufel	SWITZERLAND
Coming Times	Los Angeles—Cal. Nationalist	Arbeiterstimme
Justice	Philadelphia—United Labour	
Norwich—Daylight	San Francisco—Arbeiterzeitung	ITALY
People's Press	Pacific Union	Milan—Il Fascio Operaio
Railway Review	S.F. Coast Seamen's Journal	SPAIN
Seafaring	St. Louis (Mo.)—Die Parole	Madrid—El Socialista
Worker's Friend	Anarchist	PORTUGAL
QUEENSLAND		Lisbon—O Protesto Operario
Brisbane—Worker	FRANCE	AUSTRIA
	Paris—Bourse du Travail	Vienna—Arbeiter-Zeitung
INDIA	Le Proletariat	Trieste—Confeder. Operaia
Bankipore—Behar Herald	La Revue Socialiste	Brunn—Volksfreund
UNITED STATES	Le Parti ouvrier	Brunn—Arbeiterstimme
New York—Truthseeker	Charleville—L'Emancipation	HUNGARY
New York—Der Sozialist	Lille—Le Cri du Travailleur	Arbeiter-Wochen-Chronik
New York—Freiheit	Lyon—L'Action Sociale	DENMARK
Twentieth Century	Rouen—Le Salariat	Social-Demokraten
Volkszeitung	HOLLAND	Copenhagen—Arbejderen
Workmen's Advocate	Hague—Recht voor Allen	SWEDEN
Bakers' Journal	Anarchist	Stockholm, Social-Demokraten
Boston—Woman's Journal	BELGIUM	Malmö—Arbetet
Buffalo—Arbeiter-Zeitung	La Societe Nouvelle	ARGENTINE REPUBLIC
Chicago—Knights of Labour	Antwerp—De Werker	Buenos Ayres—Vorwarts
Vorbote	Brussels—La Reforme Sociale	
Cincinnati (O.) Volks-Anwalt	Ghent—Vooruit	

NOTES.

PROBABLY Mr. Stanley thought he was quite safe at the Guildhall the other night, when he fell foul of the Quakers. Unlike the honest tar in the Savoy opera, who thought the "hitting of a gal was a lubberly thing to do," Mr. Stanley likes fighting when there is no chance of

effective retaliation. Bullying a Quaker, he doubtless thought, was as safe and exciting as shooting down naked savages with an elephant gun or repeating rifle. He has now found out his mistake, and has made himself look a fool into the bargain.

Stanley's accusation against Mr. Pease of having attacked the East African Company for their employment of slaves was quite unfounded, and on Mr. Pease demanding a public apology, in the cool, quiet fashion peculiar to Quakers, the great explorer has had to eat the leek, though he has not accomplished the feat with a very good grace. It is rather amusing to see the fierce African butcher conquered by a mild, peaceable Quaker.

As to Stanley's other charge against the Quakers, of being indifferent to the suppression of the slave-trade, Mr. Pease has done well to leave Mr. Stanley contemptuously to "the judgment of the public." Not only have the Quakers done their utmost in this direction, but they have always been noted for their kind treatment of native races. They have been hungry for profit, it is true, but the blood of murdered savages does not cry from the ground against them. Elephant rifles and explosive bullets have not played their part in their commercial propaganda.

Mr. Pease, however, did ask a question about the employment of slaves in Africa, but it was not about the slaves of the East African Company, but concerning the slaves of Stanley. It appears that, according to the admissions of the Government in reply to a question of Mr. Pease in Parliament on Wednesday May 7, the virtuous Mr. Stanley has been "suppressing" the slave-trade by utilising slaves as porters for his expedition, and on his return to Zanzibar he handed the slaves back to their masters, who took half their wages. We can understand now why so much flogging, etc., goes on in Stanley's expeditions. No wonder Stanley was wild with Mr. Pease for showing him up as a hypocritical fraud, who is always talking about his anxiety to "suppress" the slave-trade, and yet finds his chief allies among the slave-hunting cut-throats, and provides them with a profitable market for their wares by employing slaves for his caravans. Is this what Stanley calls "suppressing the slave-trade"? It is more like encouraging it.

But Stanley has still another cause for anger against Mr. Pease, who, it appears, had also called attention to the "Christian" enterprise of Stanley's friend and patron, Leopold of Belgium, who has been exporting 400 slaves from Zanzibar for the Congo Railway. When we remember that this "noble and public-spirited" monarch was denounced some time ago by a religious periodical as a frequenter of Mrs. Jeffries' "fashionable establishment" in Pinlico, we confess we can sympathise with Stanley's indignation on his behalf. Like Mr. Stanley, this "noble" prince does good by stealth and blushes to find it fame. He is of course perfectly qualified as a model of virtuous respectability "to impregnate the dull minds of Africans . . . with the light of religious ideas."

But Stanley was truly "eloquent" when, amid an audience of Stock Exchange gamblers, turtle-fed aldermen, the most shameless collection of jobbers and robbers in existence, he declaimed upon the advantages of his civilising march—i.e., unlimited Bibles, bullets, and Christianity for the natives and a "hundred per cent." for investors. How Mr. Stanley's "Christian" friends from the *Daily Telegraph* must have rubbed their hands when they heard that eloquent sound fall from the lips of the inspired orator! We can fancy them exclaiming, "Vun hundred per shent! Vy, my tear, it ish petter as money-lending." No wonder the assemblage was enthusiastic when Stanley denounced his opponents, and called down upon them the rebuke of "every man in whose soul the divine feeling of Christian charity is not quite dead." If the divine feeling of Christian charity can only exist in the souls of those who make a hundred per cent. profit out of the sweat, blood, and agony of miserable slaves, we would rather be without it. Mr. Stanley's "piety" is like the "godliness" of Shylock.

"Mark you this, Bassanio, The devil can cite scripture to his purpose. An evil soul, producing holy witness, Is like a villair, with a smiling cheek, A goodly apple rotten at the heart."

We make Mr. Stanley and his congregation of city usurers a present of the quotation. D. N.

NOTICE.

The Picture on the front page is a reduced fac-simile of a beautiful full-page Cartoon, designed by our comrade Walter Crane, to commemorate the recent world-wide celebration of the Solidarity of Labour. Printed on fine paper for framing, it may be had from this office in cardboard protector, for 4d., post free, 2s. a dozen.

With the next number of COMMONWEAL we shall be enabled, by the kindness of the proprietor of CYNICUS, to give an outline reproduction of the cartoon "Capital and Labour," which attracted so much notice when published in that paper, and which we referred to with praise a few weeks ago.

THE SONG OF THE WORKERS.

BY PIERRE DUPONT.

(Translated in the original measure, to be sung to the original tune.)

LET us who hear the shrill voiced cack
With clarion blast disturb our slumbers,
Who to the mill and forge must flock
At early morn in countless numbers ;
Who for a scanty wage must sell
Our arms and limbs but to our sorrow,
The fear of want can ne'er dispel,
Nor make provision for the morrow.

Chorus—Be brothers, let our glasses clink
Together ; never more we'll sunder,
Though shot and shell around us thunder,
We'll drink
An end to avarice and plunder.

The jealous wave, the stubborn soil,
Yield up their treasure to our labours ;
Our arms are stiff with ceaseless toil
To pamper those whom fortune favours.
We gather from the hill and vale,
From sea and shore, from mine and meadow,
Those piles of wealth the eyes regale,
Yet die ourselves beneath their shadow.

Chorus—Be brothers, etc.

Poor sheep ! our backs rich garments give
The gilded few who scorn our station ;
In pride and luxury they live
While toil and want degrade the nation.
Machines are we ; we sweat and bend
To raise great buildings high as heaven ;
Without us soon the world would end
Yet from the hives like bees we're driven.

Chorus—Be brothers, etc.

The puny heir of some domain
Our wives oft nurse to health and vigour,
And yet with them this Son of Cain
At play or feast would blush to figure.
In olden days the lords might take
The bride from out her groom's embraces ;
Now cold and want our daughters make
The prey of such as deal in laces.

Chorus—Be brothers, etc.

Ill clothed, ill housed, in cellars foul,
Beneath the thatch, in ruins hoary,
We live companions of the owl
And thief—in truth a piteous story !
Yet the red blood within our veins
Impetuous runs in bounding measure—
Ah, could we sport upon the plains,
Or seek the green wood for our pleasure !

Chorus—Be brothers, etc.

And when, as oft, we shed our gore
In streams that all the wide world cover,
The tyrant only reaps the more
From fields o'er which the vultures hover.
We have been fools : henceforth our power
We'll spend in breaking slavery's fetter,
And fill with mirth the passing hour
That brings the world from good to better.

Chorus—Be brothers, etc.

Edinburgh.

J. G.

'COMMONWEAL' CONCERT AND DANCE.

MONDAY, May 12th, saw Revolutionary Socialists and their friends thoroughly enjoying themselves at the Athenæum Hall, Tottenham Court Road. The occasion was the Concert and Dance organised by the 'Commonweal' Branch of the S.L. for the benefit of the *Commonweal*. It was evident from the first that every one had come to enjoy themselves ; and so they did. The sketch, "The Duchess of Bayswater and Co.," in which our comrades Wm. Morris, May Morris, Sparling, Radford, Walker, and others took part, was highly appreciated, especially the little unrehearsed incident toward the end, which was so well performed that most of the audience thought it part of the play until they saw the actors laughing almost as heartily as themselves. After this the hall was cleared for dancing, which went on merrily to the music of W. H. Friswell's quadrille band, conducted by our friend E. C. Morgan. Our German comrades of the Central Männer Gesang Verein rendered some excellent singing between the dances, as did also the choir of the Hammersmith Branch, which greatly added to the evening's entertainment. Only one thing was wanting—it was that more of our male English comrades could dance. Under the circumstances it was largely one-sided, and many female comrades were somewhat disappointed at not being asked more frequently when there were so many in the room. However, those that could kept the ball rolling till the early hours, and when parting time came every one was surprised to find how quickly the time had flown, and broke up expressing the hope that it would not be long before another of a similar character was organised. It had brought comrades together who had never met before, and all agreed that a most enjoyable evening had been spent. It remains to be seen what the result will be so far as regards the object of the entertainment, the *Commonweal* benefit. Let us hope it will be a good one, and thus encourage comrades to get up another with even better results.

J. TURNER.

War makes thieves, Peace hangs them.

SCOTTISH NOTES.

"LABOUR DAY" was not celebrated in Scotland.

Our comrades of the Scottish Socialist Federation held a demonstration on Sunday the 4th—in Edinburgh. No other Labour Demonstration that I know of took place in Scotland.

In Glasgow a large demonstration might have been held on Sunday, but it would have required much money to have "organised" it so as to make it fairly representative of the sentiments of the workers, and neither the local Branch of the Socialist League nor the S.D.F. had funds available. The Glasgow Trades Council took no heed of the matter.

In Glasgow none of the Socialist bodies are so strong or so lively as they were a year or two ago. They have been deserted by many of their members, especially the well-to-do ones. Just when Socialist ideas are spreading rapidly among all sections of the people, active interest in propaganda has declined among many of those who in times past were energetic. Of course this is merely a temporary experience, nevertheless it is not an inspiring one. Many Socialists deserve severe reproach for their indifference. Their apathy seriously lessens the usefulness of the efforts of those who have unflinchingly stood to their posts of duty.

It must be recognised, however, that this apathy is common to all political and labour associations just now—except when a parliamentary election or a strike for an increase of sixpence a-day is on the field.

There are three Land Restoration (Henry George) Councillors in the Glasgow Town Council, yet not a single voice was raised against the proposal to confer the Freedom of the City on Mr. Stanley. One might have thought that men who vehemently assert that the land of a country belongs to the people who inhabit it, would have protested in some form against any honour, however unsubstantial, being bestowed on a man whose mission has been to confiscate territory by fraud and murder.

There has been a deal of excitement among Glasgow money-bags over the Railway Bills which have been before the Parliamentary Committees during the last two weeks. Westminster has been literally besieged with witnesses for and against the various proposals. Railway directors and officials, landlords, capitalists, lawyers, doctors, civil engineers, etc., have been there in legions delivering their testimonies in favour of their own and their clients' interests—but no working-man, and no one to represent the interest of the workers, has given evidence. Of course, working-men have no "interest" in railways, land, or vested rights of any description ; and the appearance of a representative of labour before the Committees would have been unseemly and ridiculous. Nevertheless, when Socialists venture to tell the workers this very apparent truth, politicians and editors grind their teeth in virtuous indignation and denounce Socialists as knaves and fools.

The Edinburgh police "are straining every nerve," we are told by the press, to catch the audacious thief who stole some £60 or £70 worth of the Duke and Duchess of Edinburgh's jewels from the hotel wherein the royal pair sojourned on the occasion of their opening the Edinburgh Exhibition. I wonder, indeed, when these vigilant thief-catchers will "strain every nerve" to catch the Duke and Duchess for stealing these jewels, as well as every particle of property which they possess—from the shirts upon their backs to the horses in their stables—from the starving tax-payers of this rich and enlightened country ?

Frank Sherman, aged 84, one of the oldest Freemasons in Scotland, who had reached the twenty-eighth degree, and was a Knight of the Holy Sepulchre, and who "stood next to the Prince of Wales at the ceremony of laying the foundation-stone of the Glasgow Post Office," died last week in extreme poverty at Castle-Douglas. He had been in receipt of pauper relief for many years. The "charity" and "brotherhood" of Freemasonry appear to be about as hollow shams as those of Christianity, in these days.

Some 500 tailors are on strike or lock-out in Glasgow, owing to the Master Tailors' Association insisting that garments hitherto paid first and second class shall in future be paid only third class. Some time ago the masters granted an advance in price for all the three classes ; and now, after having raised the selling price of clothes, they seek to rob the poor workers of their share by reducing the first and second classes to third class—a strategem which, if successful, will actually give their workers lower pay than before. Meanwhile, the work of the men on strike and lock-out is being done in notorious sweating dens. Now these master tailors are not Jews or Germans, they are Christians and Scotchmen. Many of them are elders and deacons in the kirk, and take a lively interest in evangelical and philanthropic missions at home and abroad. I don't think we should wish capital punishment just yet.

For several weeks past the Glasgow police have been diligently

honouring the Sabbath day and keeping it holy by making wholesale raids upon "shebeens." With their usual nice discrimination, they have made no attempt to disturb the Sunday merry-making in hotels, clubs, or mansions of the west-end; they have confined their virtuous efforts to the "illegal" retailing of drink in the slums. Up lanes and stairs in the most unwholesome parts of the city they have marched in martial array, seizing indiscriminately men, women, bottles of beer, and jars of whiskey.

And the temperance people have applauded. It is such good and noble work to prevent the poor, who cannot keep a magazine of champagne, wine, whiskey, and beer, all of the best quality, in their own homes, and get drunk comfortably, from going to places where they can only get raw whiskey and flat beer, and then lie down poisoned on the floor! It is comforting also to these reformers to think that the poor, who cannot afford to take a room in a hotel or hire a trap and drive to some neighbouring town, where they would be *bona fide* travellers, must in future be made to feel that among the many advantages of civilisation, besides having no chance of getting rich during the week days, they will have no opportunity of getting drunk on Sundays.

For downright blazing hypocrisy commend me to your average teetotal magistrates. Look at what they have done in Paisley. That town being only some six miles from Glasgow, many Glasgow people went there for a drink on Sundays, duly qualified as *bona fide* travellers. This the teetotal magistrates of Paisley determined to put an end to—and this is the way they have done it. Hotel-keepers in future are only to supply one drink to each traveller, and that one drink must be charged not less than one shilling! This sublime arrangement will of course shut out poor workmen and tramps—the only people likely to be *bona fide* travellers on Sundays nowadays—and it will keep the hotels "genteel" for the sporting men, commercial travellers, shopkeepers, and lawyers, who can hire a conveyance and have a drink in every hotel in the town; while the extra charge will recoup the hotel-keepers for the diminished custom!

The "Servant Girl" question is again up for discussion in the press here. The faults and follies of these domestic slaves are being eloquently exposed and denounced by one fine lady after another; and a proposal has been made that a "mistresses' defence association" should be formed. One energetic lady, in collaboration with her husband, has actually drawn up a form wherein may be duly entered all the faults and failings of servants, without which certificate from their last mistress no other mistress may engage them.

Servant girls are no doubt often very dirty, very lazy, very frivolous, and sometimes positively wicked; and little wonder that they are so; but in the mass they are superior in every degree of womanhood to their mistresses. Physically, mentally, and morally, they are better fitted to survive; and I should infinitely prefer that the coming race should be born of them than of their cold, artificial, enervated, and indolent mistresses.

But why should there be servants or mistresses at all? Why should one girl have to wash and dress and clean and cook for half a dozen grown-up women and men, who ought to be quite capable of doing all these things for themselves? Why should the daughters of the poor be compelled to leave their own homes and spend the best part of their lives in penal servitude, in the houses of those who exist by fleecing and toiling to death their fathers and brothers in workshops and factories? If these girls were retained in their own homes, how much lighter would be the burden of motherhood of their mothers and sisters? how much brighter and pleasanter in every way would be the dwellings of the toilers? Surely in the promise that Socialism gives of bringing back our sisters and daughters to our homes—bringing them back alike from the sunk flats of domestic servitude and from the noxious dens of warehouses and factories—there is enough to rouse every true and brave man to join resolutely in the struggle for the Social Revolution!

J. BRUCE GLASIER.

CORRESPONDENCE.

BLANKET-WEAVERS OF COURS.

COMRADES,—I must ask your indulgence once more, having recently received another letter from our French friends on strike at Cours. Two hundred workers are still actually out of employment, and have to be supported somehow by their fellows, who, to help them as far as their own means allow, have imposed on themselves a levy of 10 per cent. on their wages. This, however, does not suffice, and these strikers, after near upon ten months' endurance, have had no means of renewing clothes, shoes, etc., and besides the actual want of nourishment, find themselves in a most miserable condition. The blacklegs who have got their places in the workshops and who only make from 2 fr. 50 cents. to 3 francs a-day, when the masters had held out the bait of from 4 to 6 francs a-day, are not in a particularly enviable position, seeing that they have to be housed as in a barrack by their employer, and find the greatest difficulty in getting supplied with necessities, being boycotted by the tradespeople around.

Not to take up too much of your space, I will merely add to these few details of a foreign strike, which are always interesting to us Socialists, the fact that my subscription-list is not yet closed, and that I shall be glad to receive any further donations your readers are willing to spare to add to the funds of this strike.—Yours fraternally,

MAY MORRIS.

STRIKE FUND.

Amount already acknowledged	£28	9	4
Laun spach	0	9	6

THE LABOUR STRUGGLE.

London Postmen and the Police.

The beneficent State which is to give us a "legal" eight hours day and load us with blessings, has shown by its treatment of some of the workers who are sweated by it how likely it is to fulfil all the fond prophecies of its admirers. The London Postmen took advantage of the Jubilee of the Penny Post to hold a meeting on Clerkenwell Green to demand the right of meeting and combination, the proper enforcement of the eight hour day, and a minimum wage of 24s. a-week. The Postmaster-General issued a manifesto forbidding the men to attend the meeting upon pain of dismissal. This gentleman is deeply grieved in his heart because the postmen won't comply with official regulations, which stipulate that only postmen shall address meetings of postmen, and that there shall be an official shorthand reporter present who shall take down their speeches, so that any man who speaks out boldly may be sacked at the first convenient opportunity. Processions were to march to the meeting, but these were immediately forbidden by Mr. Munro. The East-end procession, which was to start from Mile-end Waste, was crushed at once by an overwhelming force of police. The postmen of the Western Division marched in procession in defiance of the Chief Commissioner. They were of course brutally attacked and broken up. But with dauntless courage they formed again and again, despite repeated police charges. But close to the Holborn Post-Office the police set upon the men with ruffianly fury—one sergeant setting the example to his men by striking one of the processionists with his fist. A short, sharp struggle, and the postmen were finally dispersed. Now, it is evident that the police are determined to put down all Socialist and trade-unionist processions during the week. Workmen who want to collect funds for hospitals, where experiments are carried out upon the bodies of the poor for the benefit of the rich, will of course be excepted. We have seen that done already in the case of the hospital demonstration of Saturday May 11th, which caused ten times more obstruction than trade-union or Socialist processions. Our boasted freedom of speech and meeting is rapidly disappearing. Trafalgar Square went first; now processions are prohibited on every day but Sunday. Soon Sunday processions will be stopped because they interfere with the comfort and repose of the middle classes upon that sacred day; and last of all, Sunday demonstrations will be put down on the same pretext. The time has come for workmen to make a firm stand upon this question by organising processions and demonstrations in all parts of London to protest against the increasing tyranny of the police authorities.

End of the Tailors' Strike.

The East-end strike concluded on Sunday by the masters accepting the terms proposed by the men. They have agreed to employ none but union men, and to combine with the workers to bring pressure to bear upon the shopkeepers by refusing to work for any firm that will not pay the union prices. All shops that refuse to pay these prices will be boycotted by both masters and men. A committee of masters and men has been formed to arrange details of united action. A great Government contractor, distinguished in the trade by paying only 2s. 3d. for making a policeman's coat, will be the first to be attacked. We hope the masters—who caused the present strike by refusing to carry out the terms they had agreed to—have been taught a useful lesson, and will not try any of their treacherous tricks again.

The Tram Men.

The tram-men have been very quiet for the last few months. Probably they have been waiting to see whether Mr. Sutherst's "Twelve Hours Bill" will get through the House of Commons. Some of them have got tired of waiting, and last week there was talk of a strike in Battersea. The tramway manager, Mr. Jacques, has set the union at defiance. He refuses to receive a deputation from the union, and treats it as a bogus body. The union at the last moment, on the advice of John Burns, has decided to try for another interview with the manager instead. Burns probably knows the strength of the union, but it is certainly a great pity that it should threaten a strike and then withdraw at the last moment. This is the third time this has been done. This kind of action is not likely to increase Mr. Jacques's respect for this weak-kneed association.

Another Trade Depression Coming.

Already there are signs that another trade depression is rapidly approaching. The last labour statistics from the Board of Trade, combined with the recent returns concerning exports and imports, point this out so strongly that even the middle-class press is beginning to admit it. The trade-unions report this month a percentage of 1.96 members out, as against 1.7 in April and 1.4 in March. The ship-building trade is very depressed; textile industries of Lancashire have not been in a very lively condition even during the recent brief period of prosperity, and certainly now show no signs of improvement. The depression in the iron trade, which began in Staffordshire, is now extending to the North. The iron and steel trades at Workington, in Cumberland, are in a critical condition. From Sheffield and Rotherham we hear that most of the iron and steel workers are working short time; and from Middlesboro, in Yorkshire, the centre of the iron trade, comes the same gloomy story of a rapid fall in prices. On the whole, it seems that the reckless gambling of our exploiters has had its usual result, and that the people are once more to be plunged into bitter misery through the avarice and greed of their masters. But I don't think they will suffer so quietly this time. Revolutionary ideas have spread far and wide since the last trade depression, and the people will not starve quietly this time to please their masters. If they have been discontented and restive during a period of prosperity, what will they be when they are face to face with starvation and despair?

SWEDEN.—The May Day demonstration has, in all industrial parts of Sweden, Norway, and Denmark, been a far greater success than the most hopeful Socialists dared predict. In all the larger towns enormous masses of workers came out with their banners and bands, and held meetings, where the claims for the limitation of the hours of work to eight was strongly put forward. A surprise to the Socialists of Stockholm was the very able and energetic support they got from some democratic papers and leaders. Two of the best speakers at the gigantic Stockholm demonstration were well-known democrats of high education. There is no doubt that the Scandinavian bourgeoisie has got a powerful impression of the grasp of Socialism upon "their" labourers. Who can doubt that this may be the real beginning of the end—if only agitators and leaders understand to develop this Labour Day idea in a truly revolutionary spirit?—STN.

THE SOCIALIST LEAGUE.

OFFICES: 24, GREAT QUEEN ST., LINCOLN'S INN FIELDS, W.C.

The Offices of the Socialist League will be open for the sale of *Commonweal* and all other Socialist publications from 8.30 a.m. to 9 p.m. every day except Sunday. The Secretary will be in attendance from 10 a.m. to 9 p.m. daily.

Propaganda Committee.—The Propaganda Committee meets on Tuesday, May 27, at 8.30 p.m. Special meeting; important business; all members of the League interested in the propaganda invited to attend.

Branch Subscriptions Paid.—1888:—Oxford, to end of September.

1889:—Bradford and Hammersmith, to end of April. Yarmouth, to end of May. Mitcham, to end of November. St. Georges East, to end of December.

1890:—'Commonweal' Branch, to end of February. East London, Manchester, and North London, to end of March. Leicester, and North Kensington, to end of April. Norwich, to end of May. Streatham, to end of December.

Notice.—All letters on League business, except those intended for Editors of *Commonweal*, to be addressed to me. No other person is authorised to sign any official communication.
FRANK KITZ, Secretary.

ANNUAL CONFERENCE.

The Annual Conference of the Socialist League will take place on Whit Sunday, May 25th, at the Communist Club, 49, Tottenham Street, Tottenham Court Road. Dinner provided at club.

NEW PREMISES FUND.

Collected at Council meeting, May 19th, 4s. 8½d.

"COMMONWEAL" GUARANTEE FUND.

The following further sums have been received towards this fund:—North London Branch (6 weeks), 18s.; Streatham Branch, 6s.; B. W., 6d.; H. R., 1s.; D. Nicoll, 6d.; Glasgow Branch (2 weeks), 10s.; Blatant, 6d.; C. Saunders, 2s.; Liverpool Socialist Society, 3s. 8d.; and Bines, 1s.

REPORTS.

HAMMERSMITH.—Good meeting at Bridge End on Sunday for over two hours; attentive audience; speakers were Morris, S. Grant, Johnson, Davis, Sparling, Bullock, Tarleton, and Catterson Smith; 41 'Weals' sold, and other literature 1s. 9d. In the evening fair meeting, Tarleton, Johnson, and S. Grant speaking; 10 'Weals' sold. Good meeting at Walham Green in the evening; speakers were Catterson Smith, Bullock, and Davis; 'Weals' and pamphlets sold, 1s. 7d. Good meeting at Starch Green, speakers being Mordhurst, Kitchin, and A. J. Smith.

NORTH KENSINGTON.—Fair meeting at Latimer Road; speakers were J. Lyne, Saint, Coulon, and Crouch. The branch held a very successful meeting on the Wormwood Scrubs, this being the first held there by the branch; speakers were Maughan, Crouch, W. H. Rogers, Dean, and Saint; fair sale of 'Weals' during the day.—M. SHARP, sec. pro. tem.

STREATHAM.—Streatham Common was opened up on Sunday morning by the Streatham branch, and considering there was no public notice of meeting a large audience assembled. Two or three hundred were induced to listen to the earnest address of comrade Collins, who preached Revolutionary Socialism pure and simple; 3s. 6d. collected, and 30 *Commonweal* and some pamphlets sold. In the evening a fairly good meeting was held, Collins and Smith being the speakers; the meeting was a prolonged one owing to the enthusiasm of the audience; good collection and 29 'Weals' sold.—S.

ABERDEEN.—On the afternoon of Saturday, 17th, an eight hours demonstration took place on the Aberdeen Links under the auspices of the Trades Council. With bright, sunny weather, about 10,000 persons attended—a procession of the trades with bands, banners, and men at work in lorries marching through the streets, which were blocked by enormous masses of people. There were three platforms, and among the speakers were Champion, Webster, and Leatham. A conference was held in the evening to discuss the policy of labour. Champion delivered a long address, and in the discussion which followed, amidst much vain enough talk about new political machinery, Socialism was not forgotten, any more than it was at the demonstration. Duncan, Semple, and Leatham were in evidence, and Champion declared himself, with obvious sincerity, as much of a Socialist as ever. At usual meeting on 18th, Morris's magnificent lecture, "Art and Socialism," delivered at Leicester, as long ago as 1884, was read and discussed.—L.

GLASGOW.—Sunday meeting on Jail Square not held. In the evening Glasier spoke at Paisley Road Toll, where the meeting (which was a very large one) was twice interrupted by a "thunder plump" of rain. We have not yet secured a new meeting-place.

LEEDS.—On Sunday the usual two meetings were held in the Croft, when Maguire, Roper, and Samuels spoke; a good collection was made on behalf of some labourers on strike; good sale of 'Weals'.

MANCHESTER.—A meeting was held at Middleton on Saturday night, when W. E. Strange, J. Strange, and Bailie spoke; a lively discussion followed, which terminated with a challenge to hold a public debate on Socialism between two of our opponents and two from the League, which is arranged to take place on Saturday, June 7th; 18 'Weals' sold. On Sunday morning at Philip's Park, Stockton, Strange and Charles (of Sheffield) addressed a good audience; 28 *Commonweal* sold. In the afternoon Charles spoke in Stevenson Square after the cabinet makers, now on strike, had held a meeting; 'Weals' sold out.

NORWICH.—On Sunday last a good meeting was held in the Market Place; Lenneying and comrade Neilson (London) spoke; good sale of *Commonweal* and pamphlets. In the evening, no meeting was held, owing to weather. At Colts-hall, in the afternoon, a good meeting was held, addressed by comrade Poynts and another; good impression made.

YARMOUTH.—On Sunday, on Priory Plain, comrades Neilson (Freedom Group), Darley, and Ruffold addressed a large and attentive audience. In the afternoon, in the Club-room, a discussion on Socialism by Brightwell and Ruffold. In the evening, on Colman's Quay, a meeting was addressed by Ruffold; many questions were asked, and answered by Headley and Ruffold to the satisfaction of the audience. 2s. 2d. collected; 17 *Commonweal* sold.—J. H.

BOLTON.—On Sunday evening last, May 18th, a meeting numbering upwards of 1,000 persons, on Town Hall Square, was addressed by Stockton (of Manchester) and Shufflebotham and Smith (of Bolton). Stockton kept the audience well together for an hour and a quarter, and when asked by Shufflebotham if they wished to hear any more speakers on Socialism, they answered "Yes." 5s. 4d. collected; *Commonweal* sold out. This should encourage other speakers to come down.—J. S.

ROCHDALE SOCIALISTS.—We had two open-air meetings on Sunday, afternoon and night. On the Town Hall Square comrade Bailie (S. L.), from Manchester, addressed an audience of 400; slight opposition. Collection, 6s.; papers, 1s. 4d.

EDINBURGH—SCOTTISH SOCIALIST FEDERATION.—A large meeting was held on the Meadows, at which the men on strike in the *Scottish Leader* office were present and made known their position publicly. A resolution was carried unanimously to give all possible support to the strikers, and to boycott the paper. Hamilton, Smith, Davidson, and Bell, and T. C. Smith (for the compositors) were the speakers.

LECTURE DIARY.

LONDON.

Battersea.—All communications to E. Buteux, 45, Inwith Street, Battersea Park Road.

Commonweal Branch.—24 Great Queen Street, Holborn, W.C. Business meeting of members every Thursday evening at 8; Discussion Class at 9. Hall open every evening from 7 till 10.

East London.—All branch communications to be addressed to H. M'Kenzie, 12 Basing Place, Kingsland Road.

Hammersmith.—Kelmecott House, Upper Mall, W. Sunday May 25, at 8 p.m., William Thompson, "Women and Citizenship." French Class conducted by Mdlle. Desroches on Friday evenings at 7.30.

Mitcham.—"Lord Napier," Fair Green. Meets every Sunday at 12.30, to enroll members, etc.

North Kensington.—Clarendon Coffee Palace, Clarendon Road. Meets every Wednesday at 8 p.m. The branch Band meets every Friday at 8 p.m. for practice. Comrades wishing to join to give in their names to the instructor at the above address.

North London.—6 Windmill Street, Tottenham Court Road. Meets every Wednesday evening at 8 o'clock.

Streatham.—Address secretary, R. Smith, 1 Natal Road, Streatham.

Whitechapel and St. Georges-in-the-East.—Branch meetings at International Club, 40 Berner Street, Commercial Road. J. Turner, organising secretary.

PROVINCES.

Aberdeen.—Organiser, J. Leatham, 7 Jamaica Street. Branch meets in Hall, 9 Harriet Street, on Sunday evenings at 6.30. Singing practice, etc., in Odd-fellows' Small Hall, Crooked Lane, Mondays at 8 p.m.

Glasgow.—Members are invited to meet on Thursday and Sunday evenings, at 8 o'clock, in the Secretary's house, 250 Crown Street, S.S. All communications to be sent to that address.

Halifax.—Socialists meet every Sunday at 6.30 p.m. at Helliwell's Temperance Hotel, Northgate.

Leeds.—Clarendon Buildings, Victoria Road, School Close. Open every evening. Business meeting Saturdays at 8 p.m.

Leicester.—Exchange Buildings, Rutland Street. Branch meets on Monday, Thursday, and Saturday at 8 p.m.

Manchester.—Socialist League Club, 60 Grovesnor Street, All Saints. Open every evening. Branch weekly meeting on Tuesdays at 8.

Norwich.—Members' meet at 23 Rose Yard, St. Augustines, Tuesday at 8.30.

Oxford.—Temperance Hall, 25½ Pembroke Street. First Friday in every month, at 8.30 p.m.

Walsall.—Socialist Club, 18 Goodall Street, Walsall. Meetings every night.

Yarmouth.—Socialist League Club, 56 Row, Market Place. Open every evening. Business Meeting Tuesdays at 8 p.m. Elocution Class Friday at 8.30 p.m. Discussion Class Sunday 3 p.m.

OPEN-AIR PROPAGANDA.

SATURDAY 24.

7 Hyde Park Nicoll and Cantwell

SUNDAY 25.

11 Latimer Road Station North Kensington Branch

11.30... Hammersmith Bridge Hammersmith Branch

11.30... Kilburn—"Old Plough," Kilburn Lane ... Mainwaring and Mrs. Lahr

11.30... Mitcham—Fair Green The Branch

11.30... Regent's Park The Branch

3.30... Hyde Park—Marble Arch Branch

3.30... Victoria Park The Branch

7 Hammersmith Bridge Hammersmith Branch

7 Weltje Road, Ravenscourt Park Hammersmith Branch

7 Wormwood Scrubs North Kensington Branch

7.30... Mitcham Fair Green The Branch

8 Streatham Green Branch

8 Walham Green—back of Church Hammersmith Branch

THURSDAY 29.

8.15... Hoxton Church Kitz and Davis

PROVINCES.

Glasgow.—Sunday: Jail Square at 2 o'clock; Paisley Road at 5 o'clock.

Leeds.—Sunday: Hunslet Moor, at 11 a.m.; Vicar's Croft, at 7 p.m.

Leicester.—Sunday: Russell Square at 11 a.m.; Humberstone Gate, at 8 p.m.

Liverpool.—Landing Stage, Sundays at 11.30 a.m. and 3 p.m.

Manchester.—Saturday: Middleton market ground, at 7 p.m. Sunday: Philips Park Gates, at 11; Stevenson Square, at 3.

Norwich.—Sunday: Market Place at 3 and 7.30.

Sheffield.—Sunday: Monolith, Fargate, at 11.30 a.m.; Pump, West Bar, 8 p.m.

Monday: Lady's Bridge Wicker, at 7 p.m. **Rotherham.**—Sunday: College Yard, at 3 p.m.

Yarmouth.—Sunday: Priory Plain, at 11; Bradwell, 11.30; Colman's Granary Quay, at 7.

Commonweal agent in Sloane Square, S. W.—
James Mitchener, 1 Earl-street, Sloane-square

ROCHDALE SOCIALISTS.—Meetings held every evening at 28 Blackwater Street, Rochdale.

EDINBURGH—SCOTTISH SOCIALIST FEDERATION.—Meeting in Meadows, Sunday at 6 p.m.

LIVERPOOL SOCIALIST SOCIETY.—1 Stanley Street, Dale Street.—Meets every Tuesday at 8 p.m.

NEW MANHOOD SUFFRAGE LEAGUE. "Three Doves," Berwick St., Soho, W.—Sunday May 25, at 8.30 p.m., Henry Green, "Mutual Banking."

NORWICH.—A great Socialist Demonstration will be held in July, when speakers are invited to take part. Communicate with A. Sutton, 23 Rose Yard, St. Augustines.

THE NORTH KENSINGTON BRANCH appeal to comrades and friends for their Band Fund. They have the offer of getting drums very cheap from a band that has become defunct, and want to raise about £2 4s. for this purpose. Please send subscriptions to Mrs. Fox, Clarendon Coffee Tavern, Clarendon Road.

SHEFFIELD SOCIALIST CLUB.—We have now opened some fine and centrally situated premises at 63 Blunk Street, containing meeting room, reading room and library, smoke room for games, etc. Open every evening, and on Sunday all day. Membership, 1d. weekly. French Class, conducted by Ed. Carpenter, every Tuesday at 8.30 p.m.; terms, 3d. weekly, which goes towards club funds. Discussion every Wednesday at 8 p.m. We have a good assortment of Labour and Socialist papers from various parts of the world on our reading tables, but should be glad of any books for library. We are very sanguine of being able to accomplish grand propagandas in Sheffield and district during the coming summer, and ask the earnest co-operation of all Socialists in this neighbourhood.

SOCIALIST LEAGUE PUBLICATIONS.

Leaflets.

The following are now on hand—Price per thousand :

Straight Talk to Working Men ...	4 0
Strikes and the Labour Struggle ...	3 0
Labour the source of all Wealth ...	3 0
To Working Women and Girls ...	3 0
What Socialists Want ...	3 0
Socialism and "Public Opinion" ...	2 0
Songs for the Workers (2 leaflets)—each	2 0
The Skeleton or Starvation Army ...	2 0

American Literature.

A few remainders—

Wealth Creation (Mongredein). Cloth ...	3 6
Problem of Labour and Education (Karoli). Cloth ...	1 6
Christian Missions. Cloth ...	1 0
Labour Capital (Kellogg) ...	1 0
Plutarch's Lives of Famous Men ...	1 0
A History of the Trial of the Chicago Anarchists (Dyer Lum) ...	1 0
Speeches of the Chicago Anarchists ...	1 0
Modern Christianity v. Heathenism ...	0 9
Scholar in a Republic (Wendell Philipps) ...	0 8
Socialism (by Starkweather and Wilson) ...	0 6
The Great Strike: the Irrepressible Conflict between Capital and Labour ...	0 4
What is Freedom? When am I Free? ...	0 4
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STATEMENT OF PRINCIPLES.

THE Socialist League advocates International Revolutionary Socialism. That is to say the destruction of the present class society, which consists of one class who live by owning property and therefore *need not work*, and of another that has no property and therefore *must work* in order that they may live to keep the idlers by their labour. Revolutionary Socialism insists that this system of society, which is the modern form of slavery, should be changed to a system of Society which would give every man an opportunity of doing useful work, and not allow any man to live without so doing, which work could not be useful unless it were done for the whole body of workers instead of for do-nothing individuals. The result of this would be that livelihood would not be precarious nor labour burdensome. Labour would be employed in co-operation, and the struggle of man with man for bare subsistence would be supplanted by harmonious combination for the production of common wealth and the exchange of mutual services without the waste of labour or material.

Every man's needs would be satisfied from this common stock, but no man would be allowed to own anything which he could not use, and which consequently he must *abuse* by employing it as an instrument for forcing others to labour for him unpaid. Thus the land, the capital, machinery, and means of transit would cease to be private property, since they can only be *used* by the combination of labour to produce wealth.

Thus men would be *free* because they would no longer be dependent on idle property-owners for subsistence; thus they would be *brothers*, for the cause of strife, the struggle for subsistence at other people's expense, would have come to an end. Thus they would be *equal*, for if all men were doing useful work no man's labour could be dispensed with. Thus the motto of Liberty, Fraternity, and Equality, which is but an empty boast in a society that upholds the monopoly of the means of production, would at last be realised.

This Revolutionary Socialism must be International. The change which would put an end to the struggle between man and man, would destroy it also between nation and nation. One harmonious system of federation throughout the whole of civilisation would take the place of the old destructive rivalries. There would be no great centres breeding race hatred and commercial jealousy, but people would manage their own affairs in communities not too large to prevent all citizens from taking a part in the administration necessary for the conduct of life, so that party politics would come to an end.

Thus, while we abide by the old motto

Liberty, Fraternity, Equality,

we say that the existence of private property destroys Equality, and therefore under it there can be neither Liberty nor Fraternity.

We add to the first motto then this other one—

FROM EACH ACCORDING TO HIS CAPACITY, TO EACH ACCORDING TO HIS NEEDS.

When this is realised there will be a genuine Society; until it is realised, Society is nothing but a band of robbers. We must add that this change can only be brought about by combination amongst the workers themselves, and must embrace the whole of Society. The new life cannot be *given* to the workers by a class higher than they, but must be *taken* by them by means of the abolition of classes and the reorganisation of Society.

COUNCIL OF THE SOCIALIST LEAGUE.

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THE COMMONWEAL

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SATURDAY, MAY 31, 1890.

WEEKLY; ONE PENNY.

NEWS FROM NOWHERE:

OR,

AN EPOCH OF REST.

BEING SOME CHAPTERS FROM A UTOPIAN ROMANCE.

CHAP. XVII. (*continued*).—HOW THE CHANGE CAME.

"WELL, the Sunday of the meeting came, and great crowds came to Trafalgar Square in procession, the greater part of the Committee amongst them, surrounded by their band of men armed somehow or other. The streets were quite peaceful and quiet, though there were many spectators to see the procession pass. Trafalgar Square had no body of police in it; the people took quiet possession of it, and the meeting began. The armed men stood round the principal platform, and there were a few others armed amidst the general crowd; but by far the greater part were unarmed.

"Most people thought the meeting would go off peaceably; but the members of the Committee had heard from various quarters that something would be attempted against them; but these rumours were vague, and they had no idea of what threatened. They soon found out.

"For before the streets about the Square were filled, a body of soldiers poured into it from the north-west corner and took up their places by the houses that stood on the west side. The people growled at the sight of the red-coats; the armed men of the Committee stood undecided, not knowing what to do; and indeed this new influx so jammed the crowd together that, unorganised as they were, they had little chance of working through it. They had scarcely grasped the fact of their enemies being there, when another column of soldiers, pouring out of the streets which led into the great southern road going down to the Parliament House (still existing, and called the Dung Market), and also from the embankment by the side of the Thames, marched up, pushing the crowd into a denser and denser mass, and formed along the south side of the Square. Then any of those who could see what was going on, could see at once that they were in a trap, and could only wonder what would be done with them.

"The closely-packed crowd would not or could not budge, except under the influence of the height of terror, which was soon to be supplied to them. A few of the armed men struggled to the front, or climbed up to the base of the monument which then stood there, that they might face the wall of hidden fire before them; and to most men (there were many women amongst them) it seemed as if the end of the world had come, and to-day seemed strangely different from yesterday. No sooner were the soldiers drawn up as aforesaid than, says an eye-witness, 'a glittering officer on horseback came prancing out from the ranks on the south, and read something from a paper which he held in his hand; which something very few heard; but I was told afterwards that it was an order for us to disperse, and a warning that he had legal right to fire on the crowd else, and that he would do so. The crowd took it as a challenge of some sort, and hoarse threatening roar went up from them; and after that there was comparative silence for a little, till the officer had got back into the ranks. I was near the edge of the crowd, toward the soldiers,' says this eye-witness, 'and I saw three little machines being wheeled out in front of the ranks, which I knew for mechanical guns. I cried out, "Throw yourselves down! they are going to fire!" But no one scarcely could throw himself down, so tight as the crowd were packed. I heard a sharp order given, and wondered where I should be the next minute; and then— It was as if the earth had opened, and hell had come up bodily amidst us. It is no use trying to describe the scene that followed. Deep lanes were mowed amidst the thick crowd; the dead and dying covered the ground, and the shrieks and wails and cries of horror filled all the air, till it seemed as if there were nothing else in the world but murder and death. Those of our men who were still unhurt cheered wildly and opened a scattered fire on the soldiers. One or two fell; and I saw the officers going up and down the ranks urging the men to fire again; but they received the orders in sullen silence, and let the butts of their guns fall. Only one sergeant ran to a machine-gun and began to set it going; but a tall young man, an officer too, ran out of the ranks and dragged him back by the collar; and the soldiers stood there motionless while the horror-stricken crowd,

nearly wholly unarmed (for most of the armed men had fallen in that first discharge), drifted out of the Square. I was told afterwards that the soldiers on the west side had fired also, and done their part of the slaughter. How I got out of the Square I scarcely know: I went, not feeling the ground under me, what with rage and terror and despair.'

"So says our eye-witness. The number of the slain on the side of the people in that shooting during a minute was prodigious; but it was not easy to come at the truth about it; it was probably between one and two thousand. Of the soldiers, six was killed outright, and a dozen wounded."

I listened, trembling with excitement. The old man's eyes glittered and his face flushed as he spoke, and told the tale of what I had often thought might happen. Yet I wondered that he should have got so elated about a mere massacre, and I said:

"How fearful! And I suppose that this massacre put an end to the whole revolution for that time?"

"No, no," cried old Hammond; "it began it!"

He filled his glass and mine, and stood up and cried out, "Drink this glass to the memory of those who died there, for indeed it would be a long tale to tell how much we owe them."

I drank, and he sat down again and went on.

"That massacre of Trafalgar Square began the civil war; though, like all such events, it gathered head slowly, and people scarcely knew what a crisis they were acting in.

"Terrible as the massacre was, and hideous and overpowering as the first terror had been, when the people had time to think about it, their feeling was one of anger rather than fear; although the military organisation of the state of siege was now carried out without shrinking by the clever young general. For though the ruling-classes when the news spread next morning felt one gasp of horror and even dread, yet the Government and their immediate backers felt that now the wine was drawn and must be drunk. However, even the most reactionary of the capitalist papers, with two exceptions, stunned by the tremendous news, simply gave an account of what had taken place, without making any comment upon it. The exceptions were one a so-called 'liberal' paper (the Government of the day was of that complexion), which, after a preamble in which it declared its undeviating sympathy with the cause of labour, proceeded to point out that in times of revolutionary disturbance it behoved the Government to be just but firm, and that by far the most merciful way of dealing with the poor madmen who were attacking the very foundations of society (which had made them mad and poor) was to shoot them at once, so as to stop others from drifting into a position in which they would run a chance of being shot. In short, it praised the determined action of the Government as the acmé of human wisdom and mercy, and exulted in the inauguration of an epoch of reasonable democracy free from the tyrannical fads of Socialism.

"The other exception was a paper thought to be one of the most violent opponents of democracy, and so it was; but the editor of it found his manhood, and spoke for himself and not for his paper. In a few simple, indignant words he asked people to consider what a society was worth which had to be defended by the massacre of unarmed citizens, and called on the Government to withdraw their state of siege and put the general and his officers who fired on the people on their trial for murder. He went further, and declared that whatever his opinion might be as to the doctrines of the Socialists, he for one should throw in his lot with the people, until the Government atoned for their atrocity by showing that they were prepared to listen to the demands of men who knew what they wanted and whom the decrepitude of society forced into pushing their demands.

"Of course, this editor was immediately arrested by the military power; but his bold words were already in the hands of the public and produced a great effect: so great an effect that the Government, after some vacillation, withdrew the state of siege, though at the same time it strengthened the military organisation and made it more stringent. Three of the Committee of Public Safety had been slain in Trafalgar Square: of the rest, the greater part went back to their old place of meeting and there awaited the event calmly. They were arrested there on the Monday morning, and would have been shot at once by the general, who was a mere military machine, if the Government had

not shrunk before the responsibility of killing men without any trial. There was at first a talk of trying them by a special commission of judges, as it was called—i.e., before a set of men bound to find them guilty, and whose business it was to do so. But with the Government the cold fit had succeeded to the hot one; and the prisoners were brought before a jury at the assizes. There a fresh blow awaited the Government; for in spite of the judge's charge, which distinctly instructed the jury to find the prisoners guilty, they were acquitted, and the jury added to their verdict a presentment, in which they condemned the action of the soldiery, in the queer phraseology of the day, as 'rash, unfortunate, and unnecessary.' The Committee of Public Safety renewed its sittings, and from thenceforth was a rallying-point in opposition to the Parliament. The Government now gave way on all sides, and yielded to the demands of the people; though there was a widespread plot for effecting a *coup d'état* set on foot between the leaders of the two so-called opposing parties. The well-meaning part of the public was overjoyed, and thought that all danger of a civil war was over. The victory of the people was celebrated by huge meetings held in the parks and elsewhere in memory of the victims of the great massacre."

WILLIAM MORRIS.

TO BE CONTINUED.]

PRINCIPLES OF NATIONALISM.

WE have been several times asked to explain the principles and methods of American "Nationalism." Rather than run the risk of misrepresenting a movement, which is at all events a sign of the way in which things are progressing over there, we print the authoritative statement of the *California Nationalist*, the foremost Western representative, edited by W. C. Owen, at one time an active Socialist in San Francisco:

1. The Principles of Nationalism. Nationalists maintain that man's struggle should be with nature alone and not with his brother man; that the way to fight successfully with nature is to join hands, to co-operate. Nationalists say that the proper function of a railroad is to distribute goods and passengers as expeditiously and conveniently as possible, and not to run the distribution of the country for the sole purpose of putting big dividends into a few pockets. They say that the sole object of farming is to supply the hungry with food, of cloth-making to clothe the naked backs, and so forth. In short, Nationalism teaches that production should be for general use, not for individual profit. They say that under the present system labour is bought just as it was in slavery, save that the purchaser has not even the obligation to provide for his "hands." They say that not only is the wage system worse than slavery in this respect, but also because the wage-slave has to beg for the privilege of selling himself. They say that this condition arises directly from the reduction to private ownership of the means of production. These private owners then compete with one another, which results in the more powerful reducing the weaker to bankruptcy. The method by which the rich become richer is by taking what is known as the "surplus value" of the labourer's work; that is to say, a labourer is only hired on the understanding that he produces more than he gets back in the shape of wages. This results in what is known as "over-production," the producer obviously not being paid enough to enable him to buy back the goods made. Apart from this, over-production naturally results from the planlessness of all modern production, each manufacturer working in the dark and being ignorant of the amount of goods his competitors are turning out. The Trusts have formed to regulate this planlessness, but they are regulating it from a purely selfish standpoint; that is to say—they produce just as much as it will suit their pockets to, not as much as the public really wants. Nationalists propose to remedy this by so regulating industry as that it shall perform, with the greatest nicety of execution, its true work, viz., that of supplying human wants—the necessities without which people CANNOT live first, the luxuries afterwards. It being clearly proven that our means of production are a long way ahead of our capacities for consuming, it follows that the putting those means at the disposal of all who are willing to work is equivalent to the abolition of involuntary poverty.

2. How do we propose to introduce Nationalism? Simply by following the natural development of affairs, as we see them now passing, to its logical conclusion. It is certain that we have long since left the day of small undertakings behind, and that the tendency of all modern invention is to produce and distribute on a larger and larger scale. The railroads in particular have rendered this possible, and there is no fact more clearly proved than that the larger the aggregate of capital employed and the greater the number of men co-operating in production and distribution, the greater the results in proportion to the effort put forth. The common sense of the race forbids its going back to the days of small production; the tendency to vaster combinations is a natural force that cannot be checked, and, as the individual grew into the partnership, the partnerships into the corporation, and the various corporations into the Trust, so the various Trusts must sooner or later merge into the great National Trust in which all citizens will be equal partners. We propose to frankly acknowledge, instead of obstinately opposing this tendency, by getting the people to absorb one after the other the leading industries of the country. This is in entire harmony with the laws of progress as we see them now working; the great National Trust swallows up one by one the smaller individual Trusts, as they in their turn swallowed the corporations, and as the corporations swallowed the small individual producers. It is probable that the two great distributing agencies—the railroad and the telegraph—will be the first to be absorbed, for distribution is to-day the most important part of production.

3. What are the best books on Nationalism? The two best are, we think, unquestionably "Looking Backward" and Gronlund's "Co-operative Commonwealth." We hope, however, to prepare a list of books upon the subject.

The *Nationalist*, of Boston, a monthly magazine which may be regarded as the most important periodical of the movement, of which Edward Bellamy will henceforth be editor, and to which Laurence

Gronlund is a regular contributor, prints in every number the following "Declaration of Principles":

The principle of the Brotherhood of Humanity is one of the eternal truths that govern the world's progress on lines that distinguish human nature from brute nature. The principle of competition is simply the application of the brutal law of the survival of the strongest and most cunning. Therefore, so long as competition continues to be the ruling factor in our industrial system, the highest development of the individual cannot be reached, the loftiest aims of humanity cannot be realised. No truth can avail unless practically applied. Therefore, those who seek the welfare of man must endeavour to suppress the system founded on the brutal principle of competition, and put in its place another based on the nobler principle of association. But in striving to apply this nobler and wiser principle to the complex conditions of modern life, we advocate no sudden or ill-considered changes; we make no war upon individuals; we do not censure those who have accumulated immense fortunes simply by carrying to a logical end the false principle on which business is now based. The combinations, trusts, and syndicates, of which the people at present complain, demonstrate the practicability of our basic principle of association. We merely seek to push this principle a little further, and have all industries operated in the interest of all by the nation—the people organised—the organic unity of the whole people. The present industrial system proves itself wrong by the immense wrongs it produces; it proves itself absurd by the immense waste of energy and material which is admitted to be its concomitant. Against this system we raise our protest; for the abolition of the slavery it has wrought and would perpetuate, we pledge our best efforts.

All this reads very well; but, when examined, it only comes to a rather crude State Socialism after all, and there seems but little need for the new name, and none for the tremendous fuss that is being made about it. Dr. J. W. Moliere, speaking before the First Nationalist Club of San Francisco the other day, was careful to point out how very respectable they were, and how little they had to do with mere vulgar Socialism and Communism:

Communists, said he, would make all property common property; while Nationalists will place only the materials of production, land, machinery, raw materials, etc., under collective control. Communism compels every man to do his share of labour and allows him to consume as he needs. Nationalism allows every man the privilege of working as much or as little as he pleases, but "makes his consumption exactly commensurate with his performance." The motto of Communism is, "Every man according to his needs;" that of Nationalism, "Every man according to his deeds." We acknowledge that the Communist motto is a very generous one, but our motto is more just—taking human nature as it is to-day—and we claim it as our peculiar merit that we take society just as it is and endeavour to deal by it justly and without false sentiment.

After reading what the Nationalists have to say for themselves, English Socialists will most likely conclude to stick to their unrespectable name and work on in their old way. We welcome the aid of anybody who will render it, and don't object to his doing it his own way, but we can't help our unbelief in the efficacy of rose-water and half-way revolutions. S.

WHO ARE "LABOURERS."

A COMMON objection of the hired apologists for capitalism to the labour movement is that the term "labour" is used in too restricted a sense. "We are all labourers," they tell us. "The man who works with his brain no less than the man who toils with his muscles—the editor, book-keeper, manufacturer, or merchant is just as much a labourer, works as hard and as long as the hod-carrier or blacksmith." This sounds very plausible, says the *Journal of the Knights of Labour*, and no doubt many are disposed to consider it valid reasoning. There is one sense, indeed, in which it is true. All who do needful and useful work can claim to be labourers, whether their work be that of superintendence or a subordinate order of brainwork. No one recognises this more fully, or wants to give it greater prominence, than the Order of the Knights of Labour. We wish, indeed, that the classes who live by brain labour would realise that they have a common interest and common rights with the manual workers. There is no bar which excludes them from co-operating as members in full standing with their brethren of the class more generally recognised as "labourers" in the noble work of emancipating toil from the clutches of the exploiting class. Our only regret is, that so few of them seem willing to sink caste distinctions and unite with the manual workers.

As to the other class, the brain workers, who are also employers or capitalists, they occupy a somewhat different position. Still, even against these we have no enmity, provided they are willing to unite with us in an honest effort to rectify the abuses of the industrial and economic system. We have no quarrel with them as workers; far from it. But most of them are in this position, that, although they do more or less work, perhaps a good deal of work, they draw most of their income, not from their work, but from the fact that they control the means and forces of production, and so are able to levy a tribute on the earnings of others. Obviously it is the shallowest sort of subterfuge to say that a millionaire landlord ought to be classed as a worker because he chooses to keep his own books and thereby saves perhaps what amounts to a cent on every dollar of his income, or that a bondholder can also claim to eat his bread in the sweat of his brow because he clips his own coupons and buys and sells securities personally.

But the singular part of the matter is, that in those comparatively rare instances in which brain workers of either class show their practical sympathy with their fellow-toilers of the forge and workshop, by taking part in the labour reform movement, these very same champions of capitalism turn round on them with the sneer that they do not represent the opinions of the honest toiler, with whom they have nothing in common. Then they are not "labourers"? Oh, dear, no. They are only demagogues and jaw-smiths!

It is really very hard to satisfy the literary hirelings and toadies of the moneybags. But fortunately there is no need of our trying to do so.

"Trade is always the harbinger of peace," says the prophet of San Francisco. Is it? retorts the *Bulletin*. Think again—what of Britain's little and big trading wars all over the world? With America, China, in Asia, in Africa, India, Egypt, Sumatra, everywhere.

IN THE UNITED STATES.

Mr. WILLIAM ROCKEFELLER [one of the "bosses" of the Standard Oil Trust], who is building a 3,000,000 dollar cottage at Tarrytown, N. Y., says it's only just an ordinary house, merely for his amusement. That's all.—Boston Herald.

The Boston Herald says:

"Of the 14,770 murders in this country during the past six years, 558 were avenged by hanging, and 975 by lynching. This rather goes to show that Judge Lynch is more expeditious in his methods than the regular courts of law, and that both are considerably behindhand in their work."

A pity we are living in the effete East. Montana would suit the temperament and the appetites of our newspaper-men—the newspaper-men of the hub of the universe—considerably better.

Brave E. H. Heywood, publisher of the *Word*, was arrested in Boston Saturday evening on a charge of circulating alleged obscene matter through the medium of his paper. He was locked up in the city prison, but was released on bail, his bondsmen being George W. Stevens and Marshall A. Warren. The complaint in this case was made by Henry Chase, agent of that contemptible, because hypocritical, society for the suppression of vice. In court yesterday he was held in 1,000 dollars to May 23. It seems to me that the greater the slavery in a country is to-day, the prouder its inhabitants are of their liberty.

Edward Bellamy said to a New York *Sun* reporter:

"Everything is, and has been, working in our direction. The inter-State commerce law I regard as a very important entering wedge. It is a manifestation of the tendency toward centralisation, which is another form of association. You will observe that since the War of Independence there has been a gradual but very noticeable decadence in the importance of State government. The State has been decreasing in dignity and power. It got a tremendous blow in the results of the civil war. This tendency will continue until you will finally see the functions of State government lapse into innocuous desuetude, as—oh—What's-his-name says. You have only to read the titles of bills introduced of late years into Congress to be convinced of this tendency."

Bellamy might be right if it were not for the fact that besides the centripetal forces, there are in the United States, as well as in all other so-called civilised countries, also strong centrifugal forces at work. It's not wise for novices to prophecy too much.

Burnette G. Haskell, once leader of the "Black" International, the ultra-radicals, now chief of the Nationalist movement in California, made the following remarks to the *Sun* reporter:

"We propose to win this next election here. And then this is our programme: Our Nationalist board of supervisors will, by municipal ordinances, declare that the city and county of San Francisco henceforth proposes to conduct its own affairs; that it will begin the immediate construction of its own water works, bakeries, abattoirs, street-car lines, bathing houses and laundries. It will pay for the construction and operation of these in scrip, and will receive this scrip for water, bread, meat, car fare, and washing, and eventually for taxation. This will give this scrip full currency as money, and at par—perhaps may place it at a premium. The scrip being received for the product and redeemed by it, and then destroyed, will constitute a circulating medium, subject to no fluctuation in value." Then follows a series of calculations as to the cost of municipal plants and the returns from them, of which this is a sample: "If an aqueduct is constructed bringing the water from the Sierras across the State (and sold to other towns and farmers on the route as well), it will produce a revenue of 1,500,000 dollars per year, and will cost 10,000,000 dollars, paying for itself in seven years." After figuring similarly for the other municipal enterprises, Mr. Haskell proceeds: "The very first year we would nearly pay for all our improvements. The second year we could buy up the outside lands and build homes for our workers. The third year we could establish other industries; and in ten years we could actually alone pay off the national debt. The point of attack is the municipality; the weapon is competition with municipal scrip receivable for the goods produced, and the road is a plain and easy highway."

Mr. T. V. Powderly has some nice views on immigration—specially nice, because he is the direct offspring of a couple of "scourings of Europe." He says:

"I am not animated by a spirit of hatred or animosity, or even prejudice, against those who seek our shores, nor would I do them an injury, but it is on higher grounds that I stand, when I say that the immigration to this country as it exists to day is damaging, unhealthy, and of undue proportions. There is but one thing that causes men to look down on the miner, the street cleaner, and the ordinary day labourer, and that is the ease with which the places can be filled from the scourings of Europe, and the result is that the immigrant in his ignorance drives away the American labourer and mechanic."

Mr. Powderly suggests:

"Every immigrant should, on landing, be sworn as to his intention to become a citizen of the United States, and he should be informed at the same time that at the end of five years he would be required to read the English language and take out full citizenship papers. He should be provided, free of charge, with a copy of the Declaration of Independence, the Constitution of the United States, a condensed history of the United States, all printed in his own language. His instructions should be to study them, so that when he learns to speak English he should know what they meant. Whenever an immigrant refused to comply he should be returned to his home."

The following proposal has been introduced into Congress:

"Whereas, it is the opinion of a large majority of the people of this country that the working classes should not be employed more than eight hours a day; and whereas, also, it is believed that by shortening the hours of labour, it would not only give employment to a greater number of people, but, by adding time to the hours of leisure and recreation, would improve the people mentally, physically, and morally; and whereas the uniform eight hour law is difficult to enforce, for reason of diversity of interest, and for the further reason that the manufacturers cannot well establish an eight hour system in their factories unless other manufacturers, in the same line of business, establish the same rule; therefore it is desirable that Congress should have full information on the subject, in order to proceed intelligently if possible to bring about at as early date as possible an eight hour law."

Nothing will come of it.

How dangerous it is to argue the labour question in the South from the following occurrence:

Mr. G. F. Rich, a Boston drummer, selling a patent smoothing iron for giving a gloss to laundried linen, was severely whipped by White Caps at Laurens, S. C. on Tuesday night. Mr. Rich was in Laurens selling his irons, which are principally purchased by negro washwomen. As a mode of advertising his patent, so as to reach the coloured people, it is customary for him to hire a church in each town he visits to address the people upon the merits of his chattels. On Monday evening, Mt. Pisgah Coloured Presbyterian Church at Laurens was rented by Mr. Rich, and the building was crowded with negroes. Before speak-

ing of the advantages of the iron Mr. Rich gave his audience a lecture on temperance and morality. On Tuesday morning a negro who attended the meeting told the white citizens that a man was preaching nightly at the church to negroes, advising them to strike for higher wages and to refuse to work on Sunday. The whites, after receiving this information, organised a party to take the drummer in charge, and on Tuesday night, after the address at the church, Mr. Rich was stopped on the streets while he was returning to the hotel by a band of about twenty masked men, who severely whipped him with switches.

The "Werner Printing and Lithographing Company" in Akron, Ohio, demands of the Attorney (Edmund Furthmann) and ex-Captain of Police (Mike Schaack) 1,000 dols., as well as the money for a bill of exchange amounting to 478 dols. 63 cents. The 1,000 dols. were lent in cash, and the 478 dols. 63 cents. were spent for printing Schaack's book on "Anarchy and Anarchists." Schaack and Furthmann are known for the part they took in the great Anarchist trial in Chicago in 1886.—Five years ago to-day Louis Riel, the leader of the half-breeds rebellion in Canada, was defeated at Batouche by the military under the command of General Sir Frederick Middleton. That Middleton stole everything he could lay his hands on during the suppression of the poor half-breeds' rising has long been well known. The ministry constantly refused to act in the matter. But the stink resulting from the brave general's doings became so great that something had to be done. A motion has been to-day accepted by the Canadian Parliament censuring the general, and condemning him to pay 4,500 dols.—Such are the pillars of our society; no wonder that it is tottering.

The organisation of the small bosses in Chicago has settled with the striking carpenters. The following agreement was arrived at:

1. The working day shall be eight hours.
2. The pay shall be by the hour, and the minimum rate of wages shall be 35 cents per hour until the 1st day of August next, and from and after that date 37½ cents per hour.
3. Each of the associations, the Boss Carpenters and Builders and the United Carpenters' Council, shall at its annual meeting elect a standing committee of arbitration, consisting of five members, to serve for one year. The two committees shall meet and proceed to organise into a joint committee on arbitration by electing an umpire who is neither a mechanic nor an employer of mechanics. The working year shall commence on the 1st of April of each year, and end on the 31st day of the next March.
4. All working foremen shall be selected by the contractors, and shall be their representatives.
5. The members of the Boss Carpenters' and Builders' Association are to retain all apprentices now under service. The term of apprenticeship to be three years.

This organisation can only employ 4,000 men; 3,000 strikers are yet without employment, as the big bosses desire to fight it out to the bitter end.

In New York all the bosses have given in. Here in Boston the carpenters are yet out. In most cities the carpenters continue to work nine and ten hours. On the whole it may be said that even the carpenter movement for an eight-hour day was a failure. Those who only work eight hours are allowed to work overtime "when business requires it."

Of the demand of the coal miners for eight hours, which is the next thing on the programme of the American Federation, Mr. Gompers said on the 8th inst., "I cannot tell whether the strike will occur before the fall or not, if there is to be a strike, which is extremely doubtful, for I believe the employers will consent. We will give them due notice, as we did in the case of the carpenters, and I believe the result will be just as gratifying."

Boston, Mass., May 13, 1890.

HENRY F. CHARLES.

GENERAL LABOUR NOTES.

By Associated Labour Press.

Washington (Pa.) plasterers won 3 dols. and nine hours.
Boston steam-fitters were granted nine hours; no cut in pay.
New Haven masons refused 43 cents. an hour; they want 45.
Railway street labourers at St. Paul won 1 dol. 50 cents. a day.
Bridgeport (Conn.) painters won nine hours, and ten hours pay.
Lowell building labourers won the demand for 22½ cents an hour.
The San Francisco brewers have an emergency fund of 6,000 dols.
Chicago dockmen want eight hours and 25 cents an hour, instead of 20.
St. Paul gutter-layers now get 30 cents per yard; last year only 18 cents.
Chicago terra-cotta workers and the stonemasons have worked eight hours since 1867.
Carpenters' Branch No. 291 will expel any member who works more than eight hours hereafter.
Furniture workers at San Francisco on outside work will be fined 5 dols. a day for working over eight hours.
West Superior (Wis.) coal-heavers struck for 50 cents. an hour for work in the hold and 2 dols. a day for dockmen.
Chicago painters have been working eight hours since 1886. They are organising to get from 30 to 35 cents an hour.
San Francisco brewers won 1 dol. a week advance and nine hours. In 1886 these men worked fourteen hours for less pay.
St. Louis harness makers struck for 15 per cent advance. They were making from 6 dols. to 15 dols. a week. One firm granted the advance at once.
During the month ending Saturday last, charters and supplies were issued by the General Secretary of the Knights of Labour to forty-nine local assemblies.
The Coal Shovelers' and Stone Handlers' Protective Union has ordered a strike against the Hurricane Isle Granite Company, for refusing to discharge a number of "scabs." About 150 men are on strike.

To Help the Paper.—There are several ways in which you can help to spread the *Weal*. Ask your newsagent to try and sell it. Get those who don't care to buy it week by week to subscribe direct. Arrange for the posting of contents bills anywhere you can. Any number of other plans will suggest themselves if you think about it.

Postal Propaganda.—Some who would like to do propaganda but dare not openly, or who cannot spare the time to do it personally, can find many ways in which it can be done quietly. Not the least useful among possible plans would be to order and pay for a number of copies to be sent to persons in whose hands they might do good. We will send six copies to six different addresses for 7d. Write the names and addresses legibly.



OFFICES: 24 GREAT QUEEN STREET, LONDON, W.C.

HAVE YOU NOT HEARD HOW IT HAS GONE WITH MANY A CAUSE BEFORE NOW: FIRST, FEW MEN HEED IT; NEXT, MOST MEN CONTEMN IT; LASTLY, ALL MEN ACCEPT IT—AND THE CAUSE IS WON

The COMMONWEAL is the official organ of the Socialist League; but, unless definitely so announced by the Editors, no article is to be taken as expressing in more than a general way the views of the League as a body. In accordance with the Manifesto and Statement of Principles of the League, the COMMONWEAL is an exponent of International Revolutionary Socialism. On minor differences of opinion the widest freedom of discussion is maintained. As all articles are signed, no special significance attaches to their position in the paper.

Articles and letters dealing with any phase of the social problem are invited and will meet with earnest consideration. They must be written on one side of the paper only, and accompanied by the name and address of the writer, not necessarily for publication. MSS. can only be returned if a stamped directed envelope accompanies them.

Advertisements can only be inserted if unobjectionable in all particulars. Scale of charges and special quotations may be obtained from the Manager.

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Periodicals received during the week ending Wednesday May 28.

ENGLAND	San Diego (Cal.)—Beacon Paterson Labour Standard	SPAIN Madrid—El Socialista
Justice London—Freie Presse Norwich—Daylight People's Press Railway Review Seafaring Worker's Friend	FRANCE Paris—Bourse du Travail Le Proletariat Charleville—L'Emancipation Lyon—L'Action Sociale Rouen—Le Salariat	PORTUGAL Lisbon—O Protesto Operario
UNITED STATES	HOLLAND Hague—Recht voor Allen Middelburg, Lichten Wahrheid	GERMANY Berlin—Volks Tribune
New York—Der Sozialist New York—Freiheit United Irishman Volkszeitung Workmen's Advocate Boston—Woman's Journal Chicago—Knights of Labour Detroit—Der Arme Teufel Philadelphia—United Labour S. F.—Coast Seamen's Journal St. Louis (Mo.)—Die Parole	BELGIUM Antwerp—De Werker Ghent—Vooruit	AUSTRIA Vienna—Arbeiter-Zeitung Brunn—Arbeiterstimme
	SWITZERLAND Arbeiterstimme Bulletin Continental	HUNGARY Arbeiter-Weekend-Chronik
	ITALY Rome—L'Emancipazione	DENMARK Social-Demokraten
		SWEDEN Stockholm, Social-Demokraten Malmo—Arbetet
		WEST INDIES Cuba—El Productor
		ARGENTINE REPUBLIC Buenos Ayres—Vorwarts

DO YOU AGREE?

Do you agree with us that the social awakening of the workers is a desirable end? Do you agree with us that we are working in the right way to achieve that end?

You do not? Then oppose us and prove us wrong on every platform and in every paper to which you can gain access!

You do agree? Then work with us and for us; help us to extend our circle of influence; let no day pass in which you have not interested some one in our propaganda!

There is no middle course for an honest man!

NOTES.

THE West End scandals have now been wound up to the satisfaction alike of the wealthy criminals most intimately concerned and their accomplices in the present Government. Newton the solicitor—who was charged with getting inconvenient witnesses out of the way and assisting the notorious Hammond to escape to America—has been let off with six week's imprisonment.

Some perverse people may call this "a shameful miscarriage of justice." But look at the services which Mr. Newton endeavoured to render "Society." As it is he has enabled some rich men to feel quite easy in their minds concerning the possibility of a police prosecution, and if he had been quite successful who knows but that Lord Arthur Somerset might have returned to bless a virtuous, pure, and immaculate Society with the delight of his aristocratic presence?

Please admire English "justice." Poor Parke is condemned to twelve months' hard labour, an even heavier doom than that of the vile wretches who were the tools of the real criminals, who escape all punishment because they are rich and hold a high position; while Newton, the smug solicitor, gets six weeks, which he will probably pass in the hospital on account of his "delicate health," with plenty of wine and nourishing food, because he has done his best to shield these "most respectable men."

What lesson do our governing classes mean to teach us by this? That all attempts to show up aristocrat and capitalist in their true colours will be punished with the utmost rigour of the law; but that if you cover up the crimes of wealthy criminals you will be let off with a trifling punishment for your "zeal and indiscretion"; while righteous magistrates, Liberal barristers, Conservative Attorney-Generals, and impartial judges will announce in a unanimous chorus their "high opinion of you in your professional character." Thus you will also become a "most respectable man," a "Pillar of Society." But let the "libeller" who tells the truth, that "Enemy of Society," beware. He shall feel the weight of that law which defends the rich and keeps the poor in their proper places.

The Government and the upper classes may rejoice in their triumph. The chief criminals have escaped. Those that were caught—much against the will of the officers of the law, who gave them plenty of time to clear out—are let off lightly, for fear they take a line of defence which might end in awkward disclosures. But despite every effort to hush up the hideous scandal, its details are proclaimed from the house tops. Although the names of all concerned are not known, yet this is known, that rich men, worn out with ordinary vice and depravity, have spent lavishly their ill-gotten wealth in a horrible vice which has only flourished in cities and empires when ruin or revolution was approaching. It was the vice which flourished in old Rome in her worst days of corruption, before the Goths and Huns swept down upon her, gave her palaces to the flames, and covered her streets with corpses; in Paris before the great Revolution, or in the closing days of the Second Empire. Everywhere it has announced that corruption has become putrescent, and that the end of that society draws near. Policemen, lawyers, magistrates, judges, and rulers may unite to whitewash the sepulchre, we can still smell the stench of the dead bones, and for the sake of all it may soon be necessary to make a clearance.

Before quitting the subject, I would like to point out the cowardly way in which Mr. Parke has been abandoned by the *Star*. There cannot be any doubt that his action concerning these scandals was endorsed, to say the least of it, by the editor of that paper, who probably didn't care to run the risk of prosecution himself. Yet the *Star* has not said a word concerning the scandalous contrast between the sentences passed upon Newton and Parke. Is this the result of fresh instructions from the heads of the Liberal party to their humble servant, T. P. O'Connor? Do these gentlemen recognise that the West-end scandals are quite as likely to ruin the present society as even the Tory Government? Probably this is the case, but one consolation is that the treason of the *Star* is being found out by the people, who do not love papers that are not only treacherous and cowardly, but carry toadyism to such an extent that they will abandon their own friends to please the official heads of the Liberal party.

Mr. Balfour has been at his old games again. Meetings held at Tipperary and Cashel have been dispersed by main force, and the people brutally bludgeoned. The Liberal press, especially the *Daily News*, is very indignant at these unheard-of atrocities. These things never occur in England—or at least we are never treated to journalistic indignation, at seven guineas a column, concerning them. It is true that lately a few processions may have been broken up in London by the police with a certain amount of violence. But these were only processions of English workmen, and the Liberal press has no costly indignation to throw away in their case. We suppose that won't prevent the English workmen cheering till he is hoarse at next general election for the very party which has agreed to systematically boycott all mention of his wrongs.

D. N.

CULTURE AND SOCIALISM.

At the close of a Socialist meeting the other evening, the word "culture" was mentioned, upon which a Socialist present declared that Socialism suffers from too much "culture" in some of its adherents. I was constrained to reply that, on the contrary, Socialism suffers from the want of "culture" in Socialists; and thinking it over, it seemed to me that this "culture" is a matter very well worth discussing. Hence this paper.

On my way home from the meeting, I tried to hit upon a figure which would put the subject of Socialism and Culture plainly; and this is what occurred to me. There are two men waiting at a railway-station where the line is blocked; they are both going to the same city, and are waiting until the way is clear. So far, they are in one and the same position. But these travellers have rather different ends to serve when they reach the city of their desire. The one, on his arrival, will make his way to a beautiful home he knows of, the inmates of which are handsome, well-conducted people, whom he will join in their useful and pleasant work, their spirited and good-tempered intercourse, their singing, music, and dancing, their literature and art. The other traveller's object is little more than to get away from where he is now. He has vague ideas of having a more or less idle time, varied with enjoyments such as commend themselves more particularly to the companions of the ale-bench.

In these two men we have represented two kinds of Socialists. The first is the Socialist whose desire to escape from the present social conditions is exceeded by his longing to enter a society where the noble life he has imagined would be lived in all its fulness. The second is the Socialist whose motive is nothing more than to avoid the restraints, privations, and humiliations he suffers at present, without much thought of how he is to live when once these are thrown off and he has his freedom.

Now, I want to make it clear that the first Socialist is a man who has culture, and that the second is a man who lacks culture. Also, that the condition of mind (intellect, soul—as you please) of the former is much more desirable than the condition of mind of the latter. Also, that it is not only desirable, but a pressing duty, for every Socialist to make himself, or herself, as much as possible a person of culture.

When we speak of anything being in a state of culture, we mean that Man has caused that thing to grow in a way that is more desirable to him, Man, than Nature's own unassisted way. Thus the little hard and sour crab, that sets the teeth on edge and produces colic, has, by cultivation, become the juicy and sweet apple, a common dainty and a valued food. This art of cultivation—an art with several names, such as breeding, training, etc.—this art of causing things to grow in a way more desirable than Nature's unassisted way, is, for his own ease and advancement, applied by Man in many and various ways. Wanting better food and clothing, and help in his labour, he cultivates plants, animals, and fishes, and for the same ends he utilises (we can hardly use the word "cultivates" here) natural forces, by diverting, developing, or accumulating them, and applying them in some desired direction. Man's aim in all this labour of cultivation is that he may live a fuller, securer, and happier life.

But there is one object above all which man finds that he is under the most absolute compulsion to cultivate—namely, himself. Nature, under cultivation, has provided abundance of fine wheat and cattle, of flax and wool, of excellent foods and materials; but man finds he has not the right capacity to appropriate and enjoy the plenty nature and himself have provided. "Man is parcelled out in man"; the individuals of the race, moved one and all by the same needs and desires, rush on the spoil, scrambling in such fashion that some get much too much, a wasteful superfluity; but the most get all too little. "The goods his soul lusted after are departed from him"; instead of ease and plenty, and that general happiness without which the individual cannot be truly happy, man finds he has attained only to riot and want, to uncertainty, to fear and hate between men and men. So, as we have said, man is driven to the cultivation of himself, to the endeavour to shape himself in a way that is more desirable than nature's own unassisted way. And he finds that the part of himself in which he must bring his power of cultivation to bear is his Conduct—his Way of Doing.

Therefore man sets himself this question: What must I aim at in my conduct? The best of men, the heart and brains of the race, give to this question but one, and that a very clear, answer; to this effect: that while the body, the animal part of man, requires certain attention, such as being fed, clothed, and satisfied, the true enjoyment of life lies not in attending to the body, but in developing, exercising, and delighting the mind (the intellect, or soul). This, then, is the aim of our conduct,—to have in a satisfied body, a free, active, and gratified mind.

Again, the teachings of these best of men, which are the ripe fruit of the race's experience, lay it down (and our own—consciences, shall we say?—confirm it) that such a state of mind is only possible to men who stand in right relations to their fellows. In short, there are certain modes of conduct which we call justice, love; which, unless a man observes and follows, he cannot be said to live his proper life.

The root-difference between the two kinds of Socialists may now be plainly pointed out; the one desires merely the satisfaction of the body, the other adds to that the supreme desire of developing, exercising, and delighting the mind (intellect, or soul), and seeks as a first condition the establishment of a new society that shall be just, harmonious, and peaceable. And it is only by, and for, such Socialists that a regenerated society is possible. The others, who wish merely

to escape from their present pains, are themselves not rid of the spirit which makes society what it now is.

I have spoken of "culture," using the term, as I believe, according to its noblest meaning. There is a cant misuse of the word, by which it is applied to the worthless accomplishments, bogus educations, and heartless courtesy which our present society affords. These are about as much the result of true "culture" as are dandelions, thistles, and rushes among plants. But a true culture is that of a spirit trained to justice and love, which makes itself beautifully manifest in all the acts of life.

JOHN C. KENWORTHY.

ALL WEALTH TO LABOUR DOTH BELONG.

AIR—"When Britain really Ruled the Waves" ('IOLANTHE').

LONG since, in every land on earth,
Through night of ages slow,
The Makers of the World have worn
The garb of shame, the crown of thorn,
Their heritage of woe;
Nor knew they yet that, spite of wrong,
All wealth to Labour doth belong.

But lo, the world is born anew,
The time is gone for tears;
New hopes within our bosoms rise,
New visions float before our eyes,
New voices fill our ears;
And this the burden of our song—
All wealth to Labour doth belong.

And when the Promised Land is won,
And Tyranny is banned,
And all are friends, and all are free,
And none so poor in soul to be
A burden in the land,
We shall not need to sing the song
All wealth to Labour doth belong.

C. W. BECKETT.

THE LOSS OF INDIVIDUALITY.

It is wonderful, says the *Journal of the Knights of Labour*, how solicitous the capitalistic press is, lest the labour movement and the measures leading to a more equitable system of social organisation should "destroy individuality" and ruin the worker's sense of "personal independence." When every economic argument against labour reform has been exhausted the advocates of letting things alone always fall back on this time-worn objection. They do not seem to understand that the economic changes now going on with such startling rapidity, that the people have not as yet had time to take stock of their position, have already deprived their argument of any validity it ever might have possessed by making "individuality" in the old-fashioned sense of the word a thing of the past. There is no such thing possible to-day for nine-tenths of labouring humanity. Individuals who are dependent on their exertions, either of body or mind, for a living, are becoming more and more parts of a great social and industrial machine. Their sphere of independent action and volition as bread-winners is becoming continually narrowed. Labourer, employer, trader, and professional man alike are becoming increasingly dependent on circumstances and conditions—more moulded by their surroundings and less able to make any independent headway or step outside the groove marked out for them. The man who does not get adjusted to his place in the social machine and work in harmony with its movement will be crushed out by it. Under these conditions it is nonsense to talk of "individualism" in the sense in which the term was used before these days of high-pressure organisation and concentrated capital. While the individualist Rip Van Winkles are deprecating the possibility of its destruction by labour organisations and "Socialist" legislation, it is being destroyed before their eyes by modern conditions of production and exchange. The absolute dependence of the great majority of mankind upon the social mechanism for the means of existence makes it clear that the masses must either control the machinery or become its slaves. Either we must have co-operation—international ownership of all the means of production—or the pressure will become greater, the competition among workers keener, and the monopolist will rule supreme.

What a mockery it is to prate of the blessings of "individuality" and the glories of personal liberty and independence to poor wretches who are the slaves of modern economic conditions, and are compelled by the ever-present dread of poverty to toil unremittingly for a mere pittance! The pictures drawn by capitalistic writers of the "tyranny of a majority"—"the new despotism," as Herbert Spencer calls it—have no terrors for men who are already virtually enslaved by conditions which enable the monopoliser of the means of employment to impose his own terms on the proletariat. The cant about "individuality" and "independence" has no meaning in the ears of the worker who realises that only through more perfect social adjustments, which will systematise production and let the whole people control all industrial enterprises, can a gleam of hope or an opportunity of real freedom come to the wage-slave.

IMPORTANT NOTICE.

To those who have obtained copies of the *Commonweal* through the propagandist work of our comrades, by free distribution in the streets and public conveyances, or by purchase at our outdoor stations, we ask if in agreement with our principles to help the sale of the *Commonweal* by ordering it of their newsagents, and sending on to us the names of newsagents willing to sell it; and still better, as our outdoor work is for the present reduced, by joining the local branches and helping on the work.

THE NORTH KENSINGTON BRANCH appeal to comrades and friends for their Band Fund. They have the offer of getting drums very cheap from a band that has become defunct, and want to raise about £2 4s. for this purpose. Please send subscriptions to Mrs. Fox, Clarendon Coffee Tavern, Clarendon Road.

THE LABOUR STRUGGLE.

The International Miners' Conference.

On of the best signs of the times for the working classes in all lands was the International Conference of Miners which met on Tuesday May 20th at Joliment in Belgium. The boldest, the noblest and best of workers, the men upon whose skill and courage the whole industry of the modern world depends, have joined together—disregarding frontiers, throwing aside those race prejudices which it is the aim of the capitalist classes in all countries to stir up between the peoples—and have determined to strive for their emancipation in the only way by which it can be obtained—by the united action of the workers of the world. It surely did not injure the meaning of the meeting that on this auspicious occasion the dying voice of old-fashioned trade-unionism should be heard giving its last feeble croak, when Mr. Burt, who had been elected to the presidency of the Congress, probably on account of his age and general harmlessness, delivered an oration which was certainly not of a militant description. Fancy the president of a Trade Union Congress saying that “he was not prepared to condemn strikes without qualification”!! I fail to see why a workman should “condemn” strikes at all, as they are practically the only weapon that the workman has to redress his wrongs. However, Mr. Burt recommends that before a strike the workmen should try “conciliation and arbitration.” Unfortunately, the English workman has tried it and he finds it don't pay. If “conciliation and arbitration” are such excellent things, how comes it that the report of the Miners Federation of Great Britain presented to the Conference states that “this Federation does not approve of sliding-scale boards of arbitration, and conciliation as at present understood and practised”? Arbitration and conciliation usually means calling in capitalists to decide between other capitalists and their men, and most of the miners have found out that rogue generally sticks by rogue, and that the men get the worst of it. It is true that in Durham and Northumberland, where Mr. Burt's association, the Miners' National Union, holds sway, the leaders of the union are so fond of arbitration and conciliation that according to their report to the Conference, they have allowed the boys employed to work ten and in some cases eleven hours a-day, while the men have only worked seven. We could not have a better illustration of the selfish individualism which is advocated by trade-union leaders of the old school. Each for himself and the devil take the hindmost is the motto of these gentlemen, and they have acted up to it in the most thorough manner.

Mr. Burt then proceeded to treat the Continental workers to a homily on the wickedness and violence, expressing at the same time a firm belief in the good intentions of the German Emperor. We can judge how much these “good intentions” are worth by the evidence of the German delegates at the Conference, who stated that their contingent was much smaller than it would have been but for the coercive laws in Germany. These laws did not allow of combination, and there had been great difficulty in raising voluntary subscriptions to send those who were present, owing to the fact that all who subscribed were liable to three months' imprisonment with hard labour. It would be heresy to doubt the “earnest desire” of the young despot “to improve the condition of the wealth producers” after this. As to Mr. Burt's objection to violence, all we can say is that such damnable tyranny justifies any means that may be used for its removal. Perhaps if it had not been for the courage and determination of the men who fought the battle of “free combination” in England years and years before the Miners' National Union was formed, and who didn't always use the most “constitutional means” considering that “outrage and riot” were the weapons that frequently brought the masters to their senses, Mr. Burt might not be preaching “law-'n'-order” to the Continental workers. No one loves “violence” for its own sake, but under such conditions as prevail in Continental countries it is the only resource left to the oppressed and downtrodden workmen. These men know their own business best, and they have no need of sleepy sermons from the friend of tyrannical despots and “Liberal” statesmen to teach them their duty.

We are glad to see that the Continental workers have taken up Keir Hardie's proposition of a universal strike of miners on May 1st, 1891, for the Eight Hours' Day so heartily. Of course, as we expected, the opposition came from the very gentlemen who are always so fond of telling the workers to get the eight hour day by their own action. Now the only practical way of obtaining eight hours by their own organisation is pointed out to them they shrink back. We leave the people to judge of the sincerity of the advice these gentlemen have so often given.

The Tram and Bus Men.

There is hope for these workers at last; John Burns is going to re-organise their union. We believe he is the best man for the work, and if the men show sufficient courage and determination, there is no doubt that in a few months they will be able to demand something more than a “Twelve Hour Day.” Let them join the union in every district in London, let there be no hanging back, and success is certain.

The Wood and Cardboard Box-Makers.

These workers have formed a trade union. The workmen employed in this trade number about 20,000. They complain of the employment of boys to perform the work of men, and also of the excessive use of machinery, which is tended by boys. The average number of hours worked by men in the trade is thirteen, and they are by no means overpaid. There are no fixed wages. The men claim shorter hours of labour, reduction of the working hours to fifty-four and a half a-week, and that improvement in their workshops which seems now to be a key-note in the demands of every workmen's organisation.

Trouble at Beckton.

It seems likely that there will be serious trouble at the Beckton Gas Works, S.E., where between 4,000 and 5,000 men are employed, consequent upon the introduction by the company of mechanical stokers, each one of which does the work of three men in charging and drawing the retorts, and which steam day and night without intermission. The strikers call the machine the “iron man.” There is a partial strike against the machine, and the places of the men who have struck have been taken by blacklegs. A strong force of police are upon the spot to protect these sneaks. The gas-stokers, as we all know, gained the eight hour day a year ago. It has not

taken the company long to take away the advantage gained by the men by the introduction of machines which will probably turn thousands of gas-stokers into the street. Yet if these men grew desperate and smashed the machinery, we suppose the respectable middle class would exclaim against their “wickedness and stupidity” in rebelling against the “benefits” which the present commercial age bestows upon the working classes. Surely this incident should teach us that the reduction of the hours of labour to eight a-day will not permanently benefit the working classes, and that their only salvation lies in laying hold of machinery and all the means of production, and using them for the good of all, and not for the profit of greedy capitalists. This is the only true remedy for the misery of the people.

Government Dockyard Men.

The agitation among Government dockyard men for better pay and hours has acquired very serious proportions at Pembroke Dock. All the skilled labourers, including riveters, painters, drillers, etc., on Wednesday marched up 400 strong to the Chief Constructor's office, and demanded to see the revised list of payment. They declined to leave the office until they knew the answer of the Chief Constructor, who said that the Admiralty had prevented him from complying with their request. Afterwards the men held a public meeting, under the auspices of the union, at which it was stated that the rivet boys in the dockyard were almost worked to death. They were hardly paid enough to buy bread. It was a difficult thing to find healthy boys in the yard. Most of them had some physical ailment or deformity. The secretary of the union has been severely reprimanded by the authorities for writing to papers about the dockyard men's grievances. He was told by these gentlemen that a workman is not allowed to make public anything relating to the dockyard. A resolution was ultimately passed urging the Government to form a select committee, who shall receive delegates from among various branches of workmen in the dockyards of the country to represent their grievances.

How to make Money.

There can be no doubt that the masters have made their pile during the last year or two. The *Labour Tribune* says: “The Ferndale Collieries are being transferred from their present owner to a limited liability company, with a capital of £775,000. In connection with the conversion, a statement of the profits for some years past has been made. It is officially stated that the average profits for some years past have been £65,000 annually, while those for the current year are about £100,000. A profit of £2,000 is a respectable return upon invested capital, and these collieries seem a kind of gold mine for their owners.” We should think so! And remember that though the men who work in this mine are wretchedly paid, yet directly the next trade depression arrives down will come their wages. They will have to starve on a scanty pittance, while the mine-owners feast luxuriously upon the wealth gained by the labour of the men during the past period of prosperity. How much longer will the workers bear this so patiently? N.

CORRESPONDENCE.

SIR,—I can heartily endorse the closing sentences of J. M. B.'s article in last week's *Commonweal*, where he commends the power of “isolated” Socialists, and that “a word in season has often more real influence than many an applauded speech at a public meeting,” and to that I can emphatically subscribe, as my own personal experience has shown. For instance, in the works where I am presently employed, a strike having taken place, a sympathetic notice of it appeared in the labour column of your paper; I bought a copy of it, and since then (about three years ago) I have always continued to do, and I have either read the various articles aloud to groups of my fellow-workmen or given them copies to take home and read themselves, and in that way have sown the good seed in a quiet way; and I am glad to say, seeing that we live in a very hotbed of Radicalism, with a considerable amount of success. I also see in the same number a note by J. B. Glasier, in which he regrets the apparent falling off in point of membership and energy of some of the members of the local branches. I trust that this note of mine will give him some heart of grace, and that, in the words of M. Reclus, “though hundreds by the hard necessities of life are hindered from openly avowing their opinions, still they listen from afar, and cherish your words in the treasury of their hearts.”—Yours, etc. W. L. M.

THE ANNUAL CONFERENCE.

OUR sixth Annual Conference took place last Sunday at the Communist Club, 49 Tottenham Street. Fourteen delegates represented the various metropolitan and provincial branches. Comrade E. C. Chapman, Liverpool Socialist Society, was elected to the chair, and comrades Becket and Brookes secretaries. The verification of credentials of the delegates and the taking of reports came next in the order of business. Comrade Morris then opened the discussion on *Commonweal* and the financial position of the League. The various points of the agenda then came under discussion; 1, 3, 4, and 6 were passed as submitted; 2 and 5 were somewhat modified. One notable feature of this Conference was that the delegates were saved the trouble of confirming any new rules, as the late Council had sense enough to make none. The election of Council, Editors, and Trustees, and other business, having been gone through, the comrades adjourned to tea, which was served to the entire satisfaction of all who sat down. When tea was over, Mrs. Tochatti sang a few revolutionary airs, which were rendered with great effect. Comrade Coulon gave “La Carmagnole” in French.

The new Council elected are:—Comrades Morris, J. Turner, Cantwell, Bullock, Brookes, Kitz, Nicoll, Webb, Wess, Tochatti, Mainwaring, Catterson Smith, Netlow, Tarleton, and Mowbray. Kitz and Nicoll were elected as Editors and Trustees.

In the evening, the Hall at 24, Great Queen Street, was filled with comrades, who passed a very agreeable social evening. The more enthusiastic carried on the festivities till the dawn of day. A. BROOKES.

SONG OF THE RESPECTABLES.

RESPECTABLES are we
And you presently shall see
Why we confidently claim to be respected ;
In well-ordered homes we dwell,
And discharge our duties well—
Well dressed, well fed, well mannered, well connected.

We detest the common cant
About poverty and want,
And all that is distressing and unhealthy :
Certain cases may be sad,
Yet the system can't be bad,
If it gives such satisfaction—to the wealthy.

As the *Times* each day we read,
We realise the need
Of more and more coercion for the masses ;
And we muse with wondering awe
On the sanctity of Law—
As administered and construed by the Classes.

We stigmatise Home Rule
As device of knave and fool,
And reform as but a cloak for revolution ;
Our concern is not for self,
Not for property nor pelf,
Oh, no—but for the British Constitution !

And in truth not all for that ;
For in sable coat and hat
We never fail to flock to church each Sunday,
That with renovated zest,
And conscience rocked to rest,
We may yield our hearts to Mammon on the Monday.

So our wealth, which grows apace,
Is the outward sign of grace,
As property goes step by step with piety ;
In the present world we thrive,
Then we save our souls alive,
And move for evermore in good society.

Thus on through life we march,
Stiff with decency and starch,
Well dressed, well fed, well mannered, well connected ;
For Respectables are we,
Yes, and now you all can see
Why we confidently claim to be respected.

H. S. S.

(Reprinted from the 'Pall Mall' of about two years ago.)

THE SOCIALIST LEAGUE.

OFFICES: 24, GREAT QUEEN ST., LINCOLN'S INN FIELDS, W.C.

The Offices of the Socialist League will be open for the sale of *Commonweal* and all other Socialist publications from 8.30 a.m. to 9 p.m. every day except Sunday. The Secretary will be in attendance from 10 a.m. to 9 p.m. daily.

London Members' Meeting.—The next monthly meeting of members will be held on Wednesday, 8.30 p.m., June 4th, at the North Kensington Branch, Clarendon Coffee Palace, Clarendon Road, near the Notting Hill Metropolitan Railway Station. Special meeting; important business. All members interested in the propaganda are asked to attend.

Branch Subscriptions Paid.—1888:—Oxford, to end of September. 1889:—Bradford and Hammersmith, to end of April. Yarmouth, to end of May. Mitcham, to end of November. St. Georges East, to end of December.

1890:—'Commonweal' Branch, to end of February. East London, Manchester, and North London, to end of March. Leicester, and North Kensington, to end of April. Norwich, to end of May. Streatham, to end of December.

Notice.—All letters on League business, except those intended for Editors of *Commonweal*, to be addressed to me. No other person is authorised to sign any official communication.

FRANK KITZ, Secretary.

REPORTS.

HAMMERSMITH.—Fair meeting at Bridge End on Sunday morning; speakers were Catterson Smith, Watt, H. Grant, Tochatti, A. J. Smith, and Kitchen; 34 *Weal* sold, other literature 11d. Fairly good meeting at Walham Green; speakers were Catterson Smith, Bullock, Davies, and S. Grant; our comrade J. Bruce Glasier (Glasgow) gave a spirited address, which was much appreciated; 17 *Weal* sold.

ABERDEEN.—At meeting on 25th the League Manifesto was read and very fully discussed—doubts having been expressed as to the orthodoxy of certain members. A series of trips are to be made by deputations from the League to the surrounding villages, commencing on Saturday first with Banchory.—L.

GLASGOW.—On Sunday at mid-day, Joe Burgoyne spoke to a good audience on Jail Square; in the evening at Paisley Road the same speaker addressed a large audience; *Weals* sold out.

EDINBURGH—SCOTTISH SOCIALIST FEDERATION.—We held a large meeting on Sunday on the Meadows, when the *Leader* strike was the principal matter dealt with. Excellent speeches were made by comrade Haddow (Glasgow), Hamilton, and Smith. A manifesto issued by the S.S.F. with reference to the strike, was distributed among the people.

FABIAN SOCIETY.—A course of seven lectures on SOCIALISM IN CONTEMPORARY LITERATURE will be given in the French Chamber, St. James's Restaurant, W. (entrance from Piccadilly), on Friday evenings, at 8 o'clock. June 6 (fourth lecture), Edward R. Pease, "Tolstoi, Tchernychevsky and the Russian School."

LECTURE DIARY.

LONDON.

Battersea.—All communications to E. Buteux, 45, Inwith Street, Battersea Park Road.

Commonweal Branch.—24 Great Queen Street, Holborn, W.C. Business meeting of members every Thursday evening at 8; Discussion Class at 9. Hall open every evening from 7 till 10. Sunday, June 1, at 8 p.m., Lothrop Withington, "Through the Smoke."

East London.—All branch communications to be addressed to H. M'Kenzie, 12 Basing Place, Kingsland Road.

Hammersmith.—Kelmescott House, Upper Mall, W. Sunday June 1, at 8 p.m., a Lecture. French Class conducted by Mdle. Desroches on Friday evenings at 7.30.

Mitcham.—"Lord Napier," Fair Green. Meets every Sunday at 12.30, to enroll members, etc.

North Kensington.—Clarendon Coffee Palace, Clarendon Road. Meets every Wednesday at 8 p.m. The branch Band meets every Friday at 8 p.m. for practice. Comrades wishing to join to give in their names to the instructor at the above address.

North London.—6 Windmill Street, Tottenham Court Road. Meets every Wednesday evening at 8 o'clock.

Streatham.—Address secretary, R. Smith, 1 Natal Road, Streatham.

Whitechapel and St. Georges-in-the-East.—Branch meetings at International Club, 40 Berner Street, Commercial Road. J. Turner, organising secretary.

PROVINCES.

Aberdeen.—Organiser, J. Leatham, 7 Jamaica Street. Branch meets in Hall, 9 Harriet Street, on Sunday evenings at 6.30. Singing practice, etc., in Odd-fellows' Small Hall, Crooked Lane, Mondays at 8 p.m.

Glasgow.—Members are invited to meet on Thursday and Sunday evenings, at 8 o'clock, in the Secretary's house, 250 Crown Street, S.S. All communications to be sent to that address.

Halifax.—Socialists meet every Sunday at 6.30 p.m. at Helliwell's Temperance Hotel, Northgate.

Leeds.—Clarendon Buildings, Victoria Road, School Close. Open every evening. Business meeting Saturdays at 8 p.m.

Leicester.—Exchange Buildings, Rutland Street. Branch meets on Monday, Thursday, and Saturday at 8 p.m.

Manchester.—Socialist League Club, 60 Grovesnor Street, All Saints. Open every evening. Branch weekly meeting on Tuesdays at 8.

Norwich.—Members' meet at 23 Rose Yard, St. Augustines, Tuesday at 8.30.

Oxford.—Temperance Hall, 25½ Pembroke Street. First Friday in every month, at 8.30 p.m.

Walsall.—Socialist Club, 18 Goodall Street, Walsall. Meetings every night.

Yarmouth.—Socialist League Club, 56 Row, Market Place. Open every evening. Business Meeting Tuesdays at 8 p.m. Elocution Class Friday at 8.30 p.m. Discussion Class Sunday 3 p.m.

OPEN-AIR PROPAGANDA.

SATURDAY 31.

7 Hyde Park Nicoll and Cantwell

SUNDAY 1.

11 Latimer Road Station North Kensington Branch
11.30 Hammersmith Bridge Hammersmith Branch
11.30 Kilburn—"Old Plough," Kilburn Lane ... Mainwaring and Mrs. Lahr
11.30 Mitcham—Fair Green The Branch
11.30 Regent's Park The Branch
3.30 Hyde Park—Marble Arch Branch
3.30 Victoria Park The Branch
7 Hammersmith Bridge Hammersmith Branch
7 Wormwood Scrubs North Kensington Branch
7.30 Mitcham Fair Green The Branch
8 Streatham Green Branch
8 Walham Green—back of Church Hammersmith Branch

THURSDAY 5.

8.15 Hoxton Church Kitz and Davis

PROVINCES.

Glasgow.—Sunday: Jail Square at 2 o'clock; Paisley Road at 5 o'clock.

Leeds.—Sunday: Hunslet Moor, at 11 a.m.; Vicar's Croft, at 7 p.m.

Leicester.—Sunday: Russell Square at 11 a.m.; Humberstone Gate, at 8 p.m.

Liverpool.—Landing Stage, Sundays at 11.30 a.m. and 3 p.m.

Manchester.—Saturday: Middleton market ground, at 7 p.m. Sunday: Philips Park Gates, at 11; Stevenson Square, at 3.

Norwich.—Sunday: Market Place at 3 and 7.30.

Sheffield.—Sunday: Monolith, Fargate, at 11.30 a.m.; Pump, West Bar, 8 p.m. Monday: Lady's Bridge Wicker, at 7 p.m. **Rotherham.**—Sunday: College Yard, at 3 p.m.

Yarmouth.—Sunday: Priory Plain, at 11; Bradwell, 11.30; Colman's Granary Quay, at 7.

EDINBURGH—SCOTTISH SOCIALIST FEDERATION.—Meeting in Meadows, Sunday at 6 p.m.

ROCHDALE SOCIALISTS.—Meetings held every evening at 28 Blackwater Street, Rochdale.

LIVERPOOL SOCIALIST SOCIETY.—1 Stanley Street, Dale Street.—Meets every Tuesday at 8 p.m.

NEW MANHOOD SUFFRAGE LEAGUE, "Three Doves," Berwick St., Soho, W.—Sunday June 1, at 8.30 p.m., H. Green, "Anarchism versus Social Democracy."

STICK AND CANE DRESSERS.—A special meeting of this society will be held on Sunday June 1st, at 6 p.m., at the "King's Arms," Fieldgate St., Whitechapel.

NORWICH.—A great Socialist Demonstration will be held in July, when speakers are invited to take part. Communicate with A. Sutton, 23 Rose Yard, St. Augustines.

SHEFFIELD SOCIALIST CLUB.—We have now opened some fine and centrally situated premises at 63 Blonk Street, containing meeting room, reading room and library, smoke room for games, etc. Open every evening, and on Sunday all day. Membership, 1d. weekly. French Class, conducted by Ed. Carpenter, every Tuesday at 8.30 p.m.; terms, 3d. weekly, which goes towards club funds. Discussion every Wednesday at 8 p.m. We have a good assortment of Labour and Socialist papers from various parts of the world on our reading tables, but should be glad of any books for library. We are very sanguine of being able to accomplish grand propaganda in Sheffield and district during the coming summer, and ask the earnest co-operation of all Socialists in this neighbourhood.

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The Skeleton or Starvation Army ...	2 0

American Literature.

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A History of the Trial of the Chicago Anarchists (Dyer Lum) ...	1 0
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The Reciter for Clubs and Social Gatherings ...	0 1

The above Leaflets, at prices given, can be had from the *Commonweal* manager in any quantities by Branches, members, or sympathisers, for distribution, 24, Great Queen Street, Lincoln's Inn Fields, London.

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STATEMENT OF PRINCIPLES.

THE Socialist League advocates International Revolutionary Socialism. That is to say the destruction of the present class society, which consists of one class who live by owning property and therefore *need not work*, and of another that has no property and therefore *must work* in order that they may live to keep the idlers by their labour. Revolutionary Socialism insists that this system of society, which is the modern form of slavery, should be changed to a system of Society which would give every man an opportunity of doing useful work, and not allow any man to live without so doing, which work could not be useful unless it were done for the whole body of workers instead of for do-nothing individuals. The result of this would be that livelihood would not be precarious nor labour burdensome. Labour would be employed in co-operation, and the struggle of man with man for bare subsistence would be supplanted by harmonious combination for the production of common wealth and the exchange of mutual services without the waste of labour or material.

Every man's needs would be satisfied from this common stock, but no man would be allowed to own anything which he could not use, and which consequently he must *abuse* by employing it as an instrument for forcing others to labour for him unpaid. Thus the land, the capital, machinery, and means of transit would cease to be private property, since they can only be *used* by the combination of labour to produce wealth.

Thus men would be *free* because they would no longer be dependent on idle property-owners for subsistence; thus they would be *brothers*, for the cause of strife, the struggle for subsistence at other people's expense, would have come to an end. Thus they would be *equal*, for if all men were doing useful work no man's labour could be dispensed with. Thus the motto of Liberty, Fraternity, and Equality, which is but an empty boast in a society that upholds the monopoly of the means of production, would at last be realised.

This Revolutionary Socialism must be International. The change which would put an end to the struggle between man and man, would destroy it also between nation and nation. One harmonious system of federation throughout the whole of civilisation would take the place of the old destructive rivalries. There would be no great centres breeding race hatred and commercial jealousy, but people would manage their own affairs in communities not too large to prevent all citizens from taking a part in the administration necessary for the conduct of life, so that party politics would come to an end.

Thus, while we abide by the old motto

Liberty, Fraternity, Equality,

we say that the existence of private property destroys Equality, and therefore under it there can be neither Liberty nor Fraternity.

We add to the first motto then this other one—

FROM EACH ACCORDING TO HIS CAPACITY, TO EACH ACCORDING TO HIS NEEDS.

When this is realised there will be a genuine Society; until it is realised, Society is nothing but a band of robbers. We must add that this change can only be brought about by combination amongst the workers themselves, and must embrace the whole of Society. The new life cannot be *given* to the workers by a class higher than they, but must be *taken* by them by means of the abolition of classes and the reorganisation of Society.

COUNCIL OF THE SOCIALIST LEAGUE.

NOTICE.

Subscribers who find a *red wrapper* round paper are thereby reminded that their subscriptions have expired and must be renewed immediately if they wish to continue to receive *Commonweal*.

Printed in the Socialist League Printery, and published in the name and on behalf of the Socialist League, by FRANK KITZ, at 24 Great Queen St., Lincoln's Inn Fields, London, W.C.

THE COMMONWEAL

The Official Journal of the SOCIALIST LEAGUE.

VOL. 6.—No. 230.

SATURDAY, JUNE 7, 1890.

WEEKLY; ONE PENNY.

NOTES ON NEWS.

No Compensation! is becoming a popular watchword. No Compensation to Irish landlords! No Compensation to English publicans! are both cries with which you are certain to stir the people.

"Why should we compensate the publican? Why should we reward a man for spreading misery, disease, prostitution, and death broadcast among the people?" say our temperance friends. Quite right, too. We certainly should not reward any person for doing mischief. In fact, our obvious duty to society is to stop him at his evil work by every means in our power. But is the publican the only person who is engaged in cheating, starving, poisoning, degrading, and murdering the people? Look around you and see.

Think of our friend the Irish landlord, and what has been his work. Living idly on the rack rents wrung mainly from a starving peasantry, who starve not because they are idle, oh dear no! If starvation always followed idleness how would the landlord get on? No, they starve because they are industrious; and though they toil like slaves upon the soil yet they only get a bare existence, while the wealth produced from the land goes into the pockets of the landlord, who grows fat and flourishing upon pillage and plunder.

But the Irish landlord is not the only robber, is not the only tyrant. In England, Ireland, Scotland, and throughout the civilised world, peasants and agricultural labourers alike are ground down to the lowest depths of misery, ground down to such wretchedness that everywhere they flock into the towns to escape from it, to fall into the hands of the sweater, or to be used as blacklegs by a Norwood or a Livesey to cut the throats of their brother workmen in the towns. Those who read the papers will remember that at the time of the gas strike an agricultural labourer, who had been brought up to London as a blackleg, was asked by one of the pickets "Why he came to take the places of men who were only struggling for their rights?" What did he reply, "At the place I have just left I was earning 2s. a day; my place is open now, and you can go there and take it, if you like!" Such is the enviable condition of the workers on the soil, who slaves his heart out for this scanty wage, that the wealth he produces may yield rent to an idle land thief.

Let us think now, have we named all those who live upon the plunder of the poor? Some of the very people who are rich and respectable, and who are ready enough to lead crusades against landlord or publican, are not in such a very sinless condition themselves that they can afford to cast stones at others. Pious philanthropists like the late Samuel Morley, for instance, who are foremost in "temperance and gospel work," and yet who pay their workwomen such wretched wages that they are driven upon the street to sell their bodies to get bread. These people, at least, have no right to exclaim against landlord or publican.

After all, is the publican alone responsible for drunkenness and the miseries that sometimes flow from it? In the case, for instance, of girls driven upon streets by pious and philanthropic capitalists like Samuel Morley and Messrs. Bryant and May? These poor girls drink to forget the horrors of the horrible and unnatural life into which they have been forced by "pious and godly men"; and strange as it may appear, perhaps the drink after all is perhaps a better friend to them than the good men above mentioned. It is the beneficent spirit which makes tolerable for a few moments the hell into which these girls have been thrust by these sublime moralists in the struggle for fortune.

I wonder, also, if the sweated worker, doomed to a long lingering life of hopeless toil, slaving fourteen hours a-day in a close, unwholesome garret, is much to blame, after all, if he reawakens his exhausted vitality by drinking long and hard. If the lives of the slaves of the present system could be made bright and happy, without exhausting toil, with cheerful homes, and those rational pleasures which are now

denied them, and with enough to eat and drink would not the vice of drunkenness gradually disappear? But how could they gain all this? There is but one way—to sweep away the idlers who live upon the plunder of labour. This is the remedy for the poverty which creates the drunkard and the prostitute.

Let us consider the whole social question. Look upon those splendid mansions, those gorgeous palaces that surround Hyde Park on all sides. Who live in them? The workers who built them? Are they for the only useful part of society? No, they are built for grinding landlords and sweating capitalists by the workers, in the same way as the workers pile up their fortunes for them, leaving for themselves only misery, squalor, wretchedness, and hunger. And when workers and idlers stand face to face; when the people, as they will surely do, demand their own, the land and the wealth which they have produced, will they talk of "compensation" to these idle rich thieves? No, they will not. They will say, "No compensation! Down with the plunderers of the poor! If they want compensation they shall be paid with steel and lead. That is the only compensation they will get from us."
D. N.

DOWN A COAL PIT.

FIVE o'clock in the morning! If we are to catch the "Paddy Mail" we must turn out quickly, for it will leave the station in half an hour. So we hasten up, snatch a mouthful of breakfast, and sally forth into the chill morning air. We are soon mingling in a crowd of men and boys hurrying in the same direction as ourselves, and carrying with them their grub in all manner of tins, baskets, or handkerchiefs. The clatter of their clogs, or ironshod boots, echoes through the silent streets with a hollow sound; and the disturbed sleeper curls himself up snugly again, with a feeling of satisfaction that he will not need to put in an appearance until the streets "have been aired a little." Arrived at the station we all pack into the workman's train, or "Paddy Mail" as it is mostly called, presumably on account of the number of Erin's sons who patronise it. Our compartment has evidently not seen a paint brush for many years, and we sit on rough boards, which doubtless once were cushioned—but that was long ago, when the carriage moved amongst the aristocratic rolling-stock on the main line; it has gone down in the world since then, and is now serving its last purpose before being broken up for fire-wood. We also become conscious of a scarcity of glass in the windows, which is only poorly compensated for by a piece of flapping "brattis cloth," that is doing its best to keep out the cold wind. After half-an-hour's ride we arrive at the colliery which is our destination, and find that the men who live hard by have already commenced to go down.

While the rest are being lowered and getting to work, we go to look at some of the machinery on the surface. We see the smoothly running fan-engine exhausting the foul air from the pit, and causing a constant fresh supply to rush down the other shaft. It never stops except for repairs; night and day it drives the great forty foot fan, the beating of whose blades makes the air dither with a curious vibration. We go on past the long nest of boilers, which the firemen are feeding with coal, into the winding-engine house. There we stand some time watching the great engines with their iron arms turning away at the large drum, upon one side of which the steel wire rope is steadily coiling, while from the other it is uncoiling. One turn of the drum raises or lowers the rope twenty yards or more, and half a turn too much would send the cage full of men up into the head-gear; if the safety hook was to hold good there they would hang, but if not—well, it would be four hundred and twenty yards to the bottom! We look with some interest at the engine-man, to whom we shall presently entrust our lives, and are astonished at the easy and apparently careless way he handles the massive engines. The bell rings; with one hand he puts down the reversing lever, with the other he gives a jerk at the throttle valve, and off she goes; he sits unconcernedly watching the finger on the dial. As it approaches the end he gently raises the lever and steadies her a bit, then clang goes the indicator bell—only one more turn; the lever is raised a little more; clang again, another slight jerk of the lever, a whiff of steam against

her, and she comes to a stop within an inch or two; all done with the reversing lever, the brake is never touched except in case of emergency. Then the driver turns round with a casual remark about the weather, showing a kindly face with a bushy beard and a quiet self-possessed look, which inspires confidence at once.

But it is time for us to be going below; so we bid the engine-man good-morning, and getting each a safety-lamp we soon stand by the pit ready for descending. The banksman rings three to the onsetter below, that means there are men to go down; he replies, one, two, three, and will keep the other cage empty; a few seconds and we get the signal one, "All right," and are allowed to step into the cage, an iron structure about 9 ft. by 3 ft. with two decks; there is just room to stand upright in the deck we enter. The signal is given to the engine-man, we are raised an inch or two to free the props on which the cage has been resting, then drop. Down we go into the darkness, faster and faster, while the air rushes upwards past us and we feel as if our hearts were rapidly rising into our mouths; we begin to wonder whether we are not falling loose, certainly we cannot feel our feet! Still faster we go; then, like a flash, past goes the other cage at the speed of an express train; two or three seconds more and we begin to have a sense of standing on our feet again; in fact, so great is the contrast that we seem to be going up! But no, the light on the side shows us that we are still descending; then for the first time we really feel that we are hanging, and as we steady down we feel every check of the engine by a sort of elastic pull on the rope, until a faint light appears and we gently rest on the bottom, having dropped four hundred and twenty yards in 35 seconds. It seems very dark, and we are led into a little cabin to collect our senses, and get our eyes accommodated to the dim light of the safety lamps; and a poor dim light it is after the morning sunshine which we have just left! Small wonder that the men would rather run the risk of working with a naked tallow dip than use a safety lamp.

We are each provided with a little leather cap to protect our heads from bumps, and a short stick to walk with, and then we set out towards the face, which lies nearly half a mile away. For the first few yards there is plenty of head room, and the roof is nicely arched with brick; but that soon ends, and we have to look out both above and below, which, with the dim light of our lamps, is not so easy. We have not gone far before one of our party collides with a beam a little lower than the rest, and finds himself sitting on the ground rather mixed up with a wire hauling rope which is creeping along between the little tram-lines.

It may be well to explain here that it is usual to cut all roads as far as possible in the coal, partly because it is more easily worked, and partly because the coal got helps to pay for the cutting of the road. The height depends upon the thickness of the seam and the nature of the roof. If a good solid rock comes immediately above the coal that will form a roof, and the road will be cut just the depth of the coal, which in these parts runs generally from four to six feet, though in different districts seams vary from eighteen inches upwards. Very often a thin layer of clod or loose hind lies between the coal and the solid rock, in which case it is cut away too, leaving the rock still for a roof. But in many places there is no safe rock to be come at, then the roof has to be timbered. To do this props of larch are put up on each side with bars of the same wood across the top resting on them, and if necessary rough slabs or planks across these again. Where the roof is bad it is marvellous how these bars, ten or eleven inches thick, will be bent and broken in roads only five or seven feet wide. One may walk for hundreds of yards and see nearly all the bars bent down in the centre, and many of them already splitting in two. Men accustomed to inspect the roads—deputies and underviewers—get to know from the look of the beams and the nature of the roof when they become unsafe; but to a stranger they look rather dangerous, and no doubt very often the line is not drawn far "on the safe side"!

Much has been done by the Mines Regulation Act to make coal pits safer, probably nearly all that can be done in that direction, for already many of the hard-and-fast regulations, by means of which alone a law can be operative, are being resented by the men; and it is often easy to raise in them a spirit of antagonism to the inspectors only less keen than that of the colliery owners. While the profits of the pits, or the earnings of the men, in any way depend on the greater or less margin of safety allowed—which practically means while pits are worked for a profit at all,—it cannot be but that many lives will be lost which might have been saved, and many limbs unnecessarily broken!

We have not travelled far down the plane—the coal is dipping a little here—before we find out the meaning of the wire rope. We hear a great rumbling coming towards us, and hasten to get into one of the refuge holes which are left at intervals along the route; then presently there emerges out of the darkness a long train of thirty tubs, full of coal, being drawn into the pit bottom there to be wound up to the surface. The rope is worked by an engine on the top, and comes down the shaft. When this full train reaches the pit bottom a train of empties will be attached to the rope, and they, running down the incline, will carry the end out ready to draw another full train up. Sometimes, if the roads are nearly level, an endless rope is used which is kept always running; then the tubs are attached to either side, according as they are going out or in, and slipped off again when they reach their destination. Presently we see a light coming towards us, the first we have met since we set off from the little cabin at the bottom of the shaft. It turns out to be a deputy; he is leading a little lad who is crying, his pony has crushed him against the side of the road. He seems but young to be working down in such a place; he may have to go several hundred yards alone with the pony, taking

the tubs down to the plane for the rope to haul them out, a mere child twelve or thirteen years old perhaps! Many of them having passed their standards go into the pit at that age; and when they are men some of them will go to night-school to learn again to read and write! Such is British economy.

Resuming our tramp we soon arrive at the bottom of the plane. Here lads are hurrying to and fro with their ponies, bringing the loaded tubs out of the various banks and taking back empties to be filled. We make our way up one of the gates, and are soon at the face watching the actual working of the coal. By this time we are almost accustomed to the dim light of our lamps, and are getting skilled at clearing beams above or rollers and sleepers below; but we find it very trying to our backs to have to walk so much in a half-stooping position, and cease to wonder that so many of the older men look nearly doubled up. Coal-getting is all contract work. A stall, *i.e.*, a part of the face from twenty to forty yards long, is allotted to one or more coal getters, who are paid at so much per ton for all they send out. Under them will be working one or two, and sometimes three or four fillers, who will be paid by the day. The ponies and pony drivers are generally provided and paid directly by the employers. There are a few places, however, where it is customary for a sort of contractor to take a district, comprising several stalls, and to find men, ponies, and everything. But the most usual way is for the colliery owners to provide ponies and lads and pay them directly, while the stall men pay their fillers. But here there is a curious division of authority. The stall men are responsible for, and have to pay their fillers; they have entire control of them while at their work; but generally they have no power either to engage or to get rid of them. A sort of custom in each pit mostly settles the details of the arrangement, as, for instance, how many fillers there shall be in each stall, what they shall be paid, and how much notice shall be taken of complaints about them from the stall men. But in case of any dispute, all authority lies with the manager or his deputies. The manager will settle what the filler shall be paid—though he has not got to pay him. He can send as many fillers into the stall as he thinks well—though the men who have to work it, and who will have to find their wages, may not want so many! So long as custom is sufficiently strong in any pit to regulate these little details, things go on fairly well in spite of the muddle, but a great deal of friction is often caused by it. And probably the arrangement is partly responsible for the abominable way in which some of the stall men nigger-drive their fillers. To the ordinary mind, drilled in modern commercial ideas, to be obliged to employ a man chosen by another, and whose wages are fixed by another, must seem quite a sufficient justification for nigger-driving!

As to wages it must be understood that there is a good deal of variation from district to district, and even between pits comparatively near together. But as things are now, with a total rise of 35 per cent. over the wages which were current a while back, the pony drivers and other lads will get from 1s. 8d. to about 2s. 6d. per day, according to their age, strength, etc., and their ages will vary from twelve to twenty. The fillers may be any age over eighteen, and their wages will run from 4s. 6d. or 4s. 8d. per day upwards; the top wage for old experienced hands, men who have been or could be stall men, is about 5s. 9d. The filler, according to the Act, must work two years at the face before he can take charge of a stall.

R. U.

(To be concluded.)

THE "STAR" ON CO-OPERATION.

THE *Star* is greatly charmed at the progress of co-operation. In speaking of Lord Rosebery's speech at the recent congress at Glasgow, it says: "Lord Rosebery had a remarkable tale to tell of the progress of co-operation. A capital of four hundred and ninety-one millions realised in twenty-six years profits amounting to thirty-nine millions, and annual sales of two millions. These are healthy figures. . . . Accumulated capital was pushing co-operators forward; they did not go to the State whining for assistance; and they worked out their own salvation. This is a really noble record of self-help. When Socialists can show results like these, it will be time for them to appeal to the sympathy of the British public."

The profit of thirty-nine millions naturally catches the commercial eye of the editor of the *Star*. Perhaps it reminds him of the thirty pieces of silver, the price which Judas received for his treason. What was the amount of the subsidy which the *Star* received from Messrs. Gladstone and Morley for selling the Christ of modern Labour, the mocked, despised, and tortured? Or was it the promise of a free advertisement in Sir William Harcourt's speeches, or the prospect of a nice little sinecure, with a few hundreds yearly, in the next Liberal Government? We should like to know: will T. P. explain in his next issue? It might impart a little interest to a paper which is now as dull, stupid and respectable as the *Daily News* or the *Times*.

But let us return to our friends the co-operators. It is perfectly true that we cannot show high profits as the result of our work; but we can at least say we have not taught workmen to sweat their brothers. Can the co-operators say as much? Unlike Mr. T. P. O'Connor, we do not believe that the salvation of the people is to be obtained by the creation of a mass of small tyrants in the shape of peasant proprietors or small shareholders in co-operative factories or stores. And we regret to see a movement which was started by a noble and disinterested Socialist, Robert Owen, should sink into the petty greed of grasping traders or the cold cruel slavery of the infamous sweater. If the present system of co-operation really benefited the people, Lord Rosebery would not preside at these conferences; nor would they have the *apostolic* benediction of the editor of the *Star*.

As to the taunt concerning whining to the State for assistance, we leave that to a certain "able editor" in search of a "job." Whatever may be the opinion of the namby-pamby politicians who once pinned their faith to the coat-tails of T. P. O'Connor, we do not believe in State assistance. Nay, some day we may show capacities for "self help" which will considerably astonish capitalist Liberals and the traitorous pa.s.s.i.e.s., who fawn upon them and do their dirty work.

N.

NEWS FROM NOWHERE:

OR,

AN EPOCH OF REST.

BEING SOME CHAPTERS FROM A UTOPIAN ROMANCE.

CHAP. XVII. (continued).—HOW THE CHANGE CAME.

"BUT the measures passed for the relief of the workers, though to the upper classes they seemed ruinously revolutionary, were not thorough enough to give the people food and a decent life, and they had to be supplemented by unwritten enactments without legality to back them. Although the Government and Parliament had the law-courts, the army and "society" at their backs, the Committee of Public Safety began to be a force in the country, and really represented the producing classes. It began to improve immensely in the days which followed on the acquittal of its members. Its old members had little administrative capacity, though with the exception of a few self-seekers and traitors, they were honest, courageous men, and many of them endowed with considerable talent. But now that the times called for immediate action, came forward the men capable of setting it on foot; and a great network of workmen's associations grew up very speedily, whose avowed object was the tiding over of the ship of the community into a simple condition of Communism; and as they practically undertook also the management of the ordinary labour war, they soon became the mouthpiece and intermediary of the whole of the working classes, and the manufacturing profit-grinders now found themselves powerless before this combination: unless *their* committee, Parliament, plucked up courage to begin the civil war again, and to shoot right and left, they were bound to yield to the demands of the men whom they employed, and pay higher and higher wages for shorter and shorter day's work. Yet one ally they had, and that was the rapidly approaching breakdown of the whole system founded on the world-market and its supply; which now became so clear to all people that the middle classes, shocked for the moment into condemnation of the Government for the great massacre, turned round nearly in a mass, and called on the Government to look to matters and put an end to the tyranny of the Socialist leaders.

"Thus stimulated, the reactionist plot exploded probably before it was ripe; but this time the people and their leaders were forewarned, and before the reactionaries could get under way had taken the steps they thought necessary.

"The Liberal Government (clearly by collusion) was beaten by the Conservatives, though the latter were nominally much in the minority. The popular representatives in the House understood pretty well what this meant, and after an attempt to fight the matter out by divisions in the House of Commons, they made a protest, left the House, and came in a body to the Committee of Public Safety: and the civil war began again in good earnest.

"Yet its first act was not one of mere fighting. The new Tory Government determined to act, yet durst not re-enact the state of siege, but it sent a body of soldiers and police to arrest the Committee of Public Safety in the lump. They made no resistance, though they might have done so, as they had now a considerable body of men who were quite prepared for extremities. But they were determined to try first a weapon which they thought stronger than street fighting.

"The members of the Committee went off quietly to prison; but they had left their soul and their organisation behind them. For they depended not on a carefully arranged centre with all kinds of checks and counter checks about it, but on a huge mass of people in thorough sympathy with the movement, officered by a great number of links of small centres with very simple instructions. These instructions were now carried out.

"The next morning, when the leaders of the reaction were chuckling at the effect which the report in the newspapers of their stroke would have upon the public—no newspapers appeared; and it was only towards noon that a few straggling sheets, about the size of the gazettes of the seventeenth century, worked by policemen, soldiers, managers, and press-writers, were dribbled through the streets. They were greedily seized on and read; but by this time the serious part of their news was stale, and people did not need to be told that the GENERAL STRIKE had begun. The railways did not run, the telegraph-wires were unserved; flesh, fish, and green stuff brought to market was allowed to lie there still packed and perishing; the thousands of middle-class families, who were utterly dependent for the next meal on the workers, made frantic efforts through their more energetic members to cater for the needs of the day, and amongst those of them who could throw off the fear of what was to follow, there was, I am told, a certain enjoyment of this unexpected picnic—a forecast of the days to come, in which all labour grew pleasant.

"So passed the first day, and towards evening the Government grew quite distracted. They had but one resource for putting down any popular movement—to wit, mere brute-force; but there was nothing for them against which to use their army and police: no armed bodies appeared in the streets; the offices of the federated workmen were now, in appearance at least, turned into places for the relief of people thrown out of work, and under the circumstances they durst not arrest the men engaged in such work; all the more, as even that night many quite respectable people applied at these offices for relief, and swallowed down the charity of the revolutionists along with their supper. So the Government massed soldiers and police here and there—and sat still for that night, fully expecting on the morrow some manifesto from 'the rebels,' as they now began to be called, which would give them an

opportunity of acting in some way or another. They were disappointed. The ordinary newspapers gave up the struggle that morning, and only one very violent reactionary paper (called the *Daily Telegraph*) attempted an appearance, and rated the 'rebels' in good set terms for their folly and ingratitude in tearing out the bowels of their 'common mother,' the English Nation, for the benefit of a few greedy paid agitators and the fools whom they were deluding. On the other hand, the Socialist papers (of which three only, representing somewhat different schools, were published in London) came out full to the throat of well-printed matter. They were greedily bought by the whole public, who, of course, like the Government, expected a manifesto in them. But they found no word of reference to the great subject. It seemed as if their editors had ransacked their drawers for articles which would have been in place forty years before, under the technical name of educational articles. Most of these were admirable and straightforward expositions of the doctrines and practice of Socialism, free from haste and spite and hard words, and came upon the public with a kind of May-day freshness, amidst the worry and terror of the moment; and though the knowing well understood that the meaning of this move in the game was mere defiance, and a token of irreconcilable hostility to the then rulers of society, and though, also, they were meant for nothing else by the rebels, yet they really had their effect as 'educational articles.' However, 'education' of another kind was acting upon them with irresistible power, and probably cleared their heads a little.

"As to the Government, they were absolutely terrified by the act of 'boycotting' (the slang word then current for such acts of abstention). Their counsels became wild and vacillating to the last degree: one hour they were for giving way for the present till they could hatch another plot; the next they all but sent an order for the arrest in the lump of all the workmen's committees; the next they were on the point of ordering their brisk young general to take any excuse that offered for another massacre. But when they called to mind that the soldiery in that 'Battle' of Trafalgar Square were so daunted by the slaughter which they had made that they could not be got to fire a second volley, they shrank back again from the dreadful courage necessary for carrying out another massacre. Meantime the prisoners, brought the second time before the magistrates under a strong escort of soldiers, were the second time remanded.

"The strike went on this day also. The workmen's committees were extended, and gave relief to great numbers of people, for they had organised a considerable amount of production of food by men whom they could depend upon. Quite a number of well-to-do people were now compelled to seek relief of them. But another curious thing happened: a band of young men of the upper classes armed themselves, and coolly went marauding in the streets, taking what suited them of such eatables and portables they came across in the shops which had ventured to open. This operation they carried out in Oxford Street, then a great street of shops of all kinds. The Government, being at that hour in one of their yielding moods, thought this a fine opportunity for showing their impartiality in the maintenance of 'order,' and sent to arrest these hungry rich youths; who, however, surprised the police by a valiant resistance, so that all but three escaped. The Government did not gain the reputation for impartiality which they expected from this move; for they forgot that there were no evening papers; and the account of the skirmish spread wide indeed, but in a distorted form, for it was mostly told simply as an exploit of the starving people from the East-end; and everybody thought it was but natural for the Government to put them down when and where they could."

WILLIAM MORRIS.

TO BE CONTINUED.]

(This Story began in No. 209, January 11, 1890. A few sets of Back Numbers can still be had.)

5TH ANNIVERSARY OF THE INTERNATIONAL WORKING MEN'S CLUB, BERNER STREET, E.

THE 5th Anniversary of the above Club will be celebrated on Sunday, June 8th, 1890, on which occasion a Tea, Concert, and Ball will take place. Wm. Morris will preside, and among others who will address the gathering will be P. Kropotkin, Stepniak, J. Turner, Janovsky, H. Sparling, and Feigénbaum; C. Graham, M.P., and John Burns are also expected. The Hammer-smith choir will render revolutionary songs. To begin at 4 p.m.

Cours Fund.—Amount already acknowledged—£28 18s. 10d. Received—And. Scheu, 5s.; A Friend, 1s. 6d.; Etudiant en Médecine, 2s.; J. Tochatti, 5s.

ERRATUM.—Comrade W. H. Chapman presided over the Annual Conference, not E. C. Chapman, as stated in last week's issue.

SHEFFIELD.—Our comrade Bruce Glasier of Glasgow has been with us during Saturday and Sunday, and gave us some stirring addresses. We held two meetings on Saturday, three on Sunday, and one on Monday, at which about 230 *Commonweal* were sold, and many more could have been sold had we not sold quite out of the first six quires early on Sunday. A quantity of other literature was sold. Next week we open a campaign in the mining districts; and generally must report splendid progress; fine meetings, growing interest taken in our propaganda by all sections of workers, and a largely increased sale of literature. R. Bingham, J. Bingham, Bullas, and Charles addressed these various meetings, and were opposed at Rotherham by a typical Mr. Stiggins in the shape of a local Methodist parson, who told us we should have equality in heaven, but it was wicked to strive for it here. He further told us that he preached fifty-two Sundays in the year for no payment, but after being pressed by Glasier, he admitted that he received some £100 or so for the other six days in the week for attending to the secular work of the church.—F. CHARLES.



OFFICES: 24 GREAT QUEEN STREET, LONDON, W.C.

HAVE YOU NOT HEARD HOW IT HAS GONE WITH MANY A CAUSE BEFORE NOW: FIRST, FEW MEN HEED IT; NEXT, MOST MEN CONTEMN IT; LASTLY, ALL MEN ACCEPT IT—AND THE CAUSE IS WON

The COMMONWEAL is the official organ of the Socialist League; but, unless definitely so announced by the Editors, no article is to be taken as expressing in more than a general way the views of the League as a body. In accordance with the Manifesto and Statement of Principles of the League, the COMMONWEAL is an exponent of International Revolutionary Socialism. On minor differences of opinion the widest freedom of discussion is maintained. As all articles are signed, no special significance attaches to their position in the paper.

Articles and letters dealing with any phase of the social problem are invited and will meet with earnest consideration. They must be written on one side of the paper only, and accompanied by the name and address of the writer, not necessarily for publication. MSS. can only be returned if a stamped directed envelope accompanies them.

Advertisements can only be inserted if unobjectionable in all particulars. Scale of charges and special quotations may be obtained from the Manager.

SUBSCRIPTIONS, including postage:—For British Islands, Europe, United States, and Canada, a year, 6s.; six months, 3s.; three months, 1s. 6d. For Australia, New Zealand, Cape of Good Hope, Natal, Transvaal, and the Argentine Republic, a year, 8s.; six months, 4s.; three months, 2s. For India, Ceylon, China, Hong Kong, and the Straits Settlements, a year, 10s.; six months, 5s.; three months, 2s. 6d.

Subscribers who receive a RED WRAPPER are thereby reminded that their subscriptions have expired and must be renewed immediately if they wish to continue to receive COMMONWEAL.

SPECIAL RECRUIT SUBSCRIPTIONS.—To aid in spreading our principles, the following largely reduced terms are offered to those who obtain new subscribers: Two new yearly subscriptions for British Islands, etc., 10s. 6d.; for Australia, etc., 15s.; for India, etc., 19s. Five new subscriptions: For British Islands, etc., 25s.; for Australia, etc., 37s. 6d.; for India, etc., 47s. 6d. Specimen copies will be sent on receipt of postage.

Remittances from abroad must be made by International Money Order.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

CORRESPONDENTS who order literature should prepay postage, or state if they wish their parcels to be sent per rail or carrier, "carriage forward." To prevent inconvenience, subscribers and friends will please note that the following pamphlets are out of print:—Useful Work v. Useless Toil—Aims of Art—Address to Trades Unions—Organised Labour. These will shortly be reprinted. Speeches of the Chicago Anarchists now in the press. L. H. (Manchester).—'Socialism in England,' by Sydney Webb (Sonnenschein, 12, Paternoster Square; price 2s. 6d.) is probably the work you want.

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Periodicals received during the week ending Wednesday June 4.

ENGLAND	Boston—Woman's Journal Investigator Nationalist	HOLLAND
Justice	Buffalo—Arbeiter-Zeitung	Hague—Recht voor Allen
London—Freie Presse	Chicago (Ill)—Vorboten	Middelburg, Lichten Waarheid
Labour Tribune	Cincinnati (O.) Volks-Anwalt	BELGIUM
Norwich—Daylight	Detroit—Der Arme Teufel	Antwerp—De Werker
Railway Review	Philadelphia—United Labour	Ghent—Vooruit
Rochdale Observer	S.F. Coast Seamen's Journal	ITALY
Sozial Demokrat	Paterson Labour Standard	Milan—Il Fascio Operaio
Unity	Anarchist	GERMANY
Worker's Friend		Berlin—Volks Tribune
INDIA		AUSTRIA
Bankipore—Behar Herald		Brunn—Volksfreund
UNITED STATES	FRANCE	DENMARK
New York—Truthseeker	Paris—La Revolte	Social-Demokraten
New York—Der Sozialist	Paris—Bourse du Travail	Copenhagen—Arbejderen
New York—Freiheit	Le Parti ouvrier	SWEDEN
Labour Advocate	Le Proletariat	Stockholm, Social-Demokraten
Twentieth Century	Lille—Le Cri du Travailleur	Malmö—Arbetet
Volkszeitung	Lyon—L'Action Sociale	

ANTI-PARLIAMENTARY.

Most of those into whose hands this paper will fall know that as the organ of the Socialist League the *Commonweal* advocates abstention from Parliamentary action; that the Socialist League neither puts forward candidates, nor advises its members to vote for this that or the other candidate; that the readers of these columns will indeed find Parliament mentioned in them, but never with respect, and most commonly only to point the moral of the corruption of these latter days of capitalism. Our policy is, in short, abstention from all attempts at using the constitutional machinery of government, whereas

to some Socialists this seems the only means of bringing us to the verge of the Social Revolution. Now this policy of abstention seems to some mere folly, and perhaps to others seems inexplicable. Let us, then, try to explain it, and leave others to call us fools if they needs must after having listened to our explanation.

What is the purpose of Socialist propaganda? Surely it intends to make it clear to all the working-classes that society (so-called) as it exists to-day, is founded on the robbery of the "lower" classes by the "upper," of the useful by the useless, of the many by the few; that so long as this privileged robbery goes on, those who do all the useful work that is done will be constantly deprived of the refinements of life which are supposed to make the difference between the civilised man and the savage; while their lives will be much more laborious and much more pleasureless than the lives of most savages. In short, thorough discontent with their position and a sense of its unfairness is the first thing we want to impress on the minds of the workers.

Next, we want to make it clear to them that this position of slavery, this unfairness which makes them so wretched and so bitter, is not a necessary condition for those who live by producing the wealth of the country (that is, the only people in it who have a chance of being honest); that these working-men and women could still work, live, and be useful if they were working for each other, that is to say, for their friends and not for their privileged masters, i.e., their enemies.

Again, we have to make it clear to the workers that this privilege of a few to compel the many to live miserably, is merely an explanation of the phrase, *The institution of private property*; that he who declares that he wishes to abolish privilege means to say that he wishes to abolish the Institution of private property; that he who defends the Institution of private property defends privilege, the gross inequality of rich and poor, the consequent misery of all genuine workers, and the consequent degradation of people of all classes. Let it be clearly understood that only two systems of society are possible, SLAVERY and COMMUNISM; all who know the A B C of Socialism know that this is so. Communism or the abolition of the individual ownership of property is our aim, the aim of all real Socialists.

Will Parliament help us towards the accomplishment of this aim? Take another question as an answer to that first question. What is the aim of Parliament? The upholding of privilege; the society of rich and poor; the society of inequality, and the consequent misery of the workers and the degradation of all classes.

Clearly if this is its aim, its reason for existence, it will only exchange its aim for ours if it be compelled to do so, or deluded into doing so.

Can it be forced? Well, Parliament is the master of the Executive; that is to say, of the brute force which compels the useful classes to live miserably; it will use that brute force to compel those classes into submission as long as it dares. When it no longer dares, it will practically no longer exist. Now I, for my part, say as I have always said, that in the last act of the Revolution the Socialists may be obliged to use the form of Parliament in order to cripple the resistance of the reactionists by making it formally illegal, and so destroying the power of the armed men on whom the power of the parliament and the law-courts really rests. But this can only come in the last act; when the Socialists are strong enough to capture the parliament in order to put an end to it, and the privilege whose protection is its object, the revolution will have come, or all but come. Meantime, it is clear that we cannot compel Parliament to put an end to its own existence; or, indeed, to do anything which it does not believe will conduce to the stability of Privilege, or the slavery of the workers.

Well, then, can we jockey Parliament into Socialism, into Communism? It seems to me a most hopeless enterprise. We shall not find it difficult, perhaps, to put so much pressure upon it as to make it pass measures for "the amelioration of the lot of the working classes." But what will that mean save the "dishing" of the Socialists?—who, if they do not take care, will find that instead of using Parliament, they will be used by it. Let us remember, too, that the knowledge of Socialism is growing with tremendous rapidity, and that even M.P.'s and their wirepullers will soon get to know what it means, and will then strain their ingenuity to take the sting out of any measures that look Socialistic on the outside; or at last, and perhaps before long, will stiffen themselves up into mere rejection of anything that looks like Socialism. The failure of the attempt to capture the *Star* for the parliamentary Socialists ought to be a sufficient lesson to them of the power of the reactionists, Liberal as well as Conservative, and the way in which they will refuse to be driven into a corner.

Well, then, if we cannot force Parliament to declare its function of safeguarding privilege at an end, when it is obviously in vigorous life; if we cannot jockey it into furthering the very thing which it hates most, and has most reason to hate—Socialism, to wit—what can we do? "Nothing," say our parliamentary friends. I cannot see that. Is it nothing to keep alive and increase discontent with the vile slavery of to-day? Is it nothing to show the discontented that they can themselves destroy that slavery? Is it nothing to point out to them what lies beyond the period of struggle, and how workers can be happy when they are not robbed of all the pleasure of life by the idlers that live upon their labour?

Moreover, the events of the last twelve months are producing a different spirit in the mass of the workers, and they are now beginning to learn how to combine in earnest. It is now far more hopeful than it was five years ago to turn their attention from the Parliament of their masters to their own organisation. In short, the true weapon of the workers as against Parliament is not the ballot-box but the *Boycott*. Ignore Parliament; let it alone, and strengthen your own

organisations to deal directly with your masters in the present, and to learn how to manage your own affairs both now and for the future, and keep steadily in mind, and work for, the day when you will have to use the great weapon which your own wretched position of unrewarded toil puts into your hands, the weapon of the *general strike*. See to this, and let politicians elect politicians; let the upper and middle classes by themselves choose for themselves members of the Committee for the Continuance of Slavery, which should be the name of the House of Commons, and you will see what terror you will inspire in the hearts of the canting hypocrites who call themselves statesmen. A terror which will be fully warranted by events; for such an anti-parliamentary boycott will show your determination to be free, and will give you the instrument of attaining your freedom.

WILLIAM MORRIS.

INTERNATIONAL NOTES.

FRANCE.

Republican France has rendered to despotic Russia the service of arresting a number of Russian Socialists who were engaged, as it appears, in some scientific experiments destined to advance the progress of chemistry. The Czar and his Government don't like chemistry, and the pseudo-republican ministry of democratic France must, of course, now and then do something, however contemptible it may be, to preserve their alliance with autocratic czardom. Hence the arrest of comrades Reichstein (man and wife), Feodorovna, Bromberg, Nakatchiz, Stepanoff, Katchinzen, Peploff, Wolgrine, Lavremius, Atschiazzi, Diemski, and Mendelsohn. The police have also searched the apartments of our esteemed comrade Peter Lavroff, but without success. According to French law, the possession of such engines as those found in the lodgings of some of the arrested Socialists would bring them within the power of the criminal code. It is very strange indeed that people should not be allowed to study chemistry as much as they like.

The French Possibilists have sustained a great loss through the death of their most prominent leader, the veteran Chabert, member of the Municipal Council of Paris, who died a few days ago, at the age of seventy-two. He took an active part in the revolutionary movements of February and June 1848, June 1849, December 1851, and of the Commune of 1871.

The fifth issue of the monthly review, *L'Idee nouvelle* (The New Idea) has appeared at Paris, and we are requested by the editors to note the contents of the May number. Here they are: The First of May; The German Bully, by Chirac; The Relativist Altruist Socialists, by Jac; The Victims of Work, by J. Dormoy; Gambling, by Caron; The Social Republic; Socialist Ephemerides; Evolution and Darwinism, by Rendoz; Economic and Social Enquiry, by Bopartz; Literary Review, by Lefebvre; Belgian Correspondence, by Herriou; Ascanio, by Gervaise; International Socialist Gallery: Edouard Vaillant, by Pasquin.

Comrades August Chirac, one of the editors of *L'Egalité*, and Chaumien, publisher of the same paper, who had been sentenced to six months' imprisonment and a heavy fine for having incited to rebellion, have now been acquitted by a superior court.

GERMANY.

The Socialist muzzle-laws are not to be renewed, as our readers know, but it seems that the magistrates are inclined to replace them, as well as they possibly can, by increasing the dose of "jail" for those who happen to fall within the power of the penal code. A fortnight ago Karl Schulze, editor of the *Thüringer Tribune*, was sentenced to four months' imprisonment for having "offended" the Director of the Royal Gun-manufacture at Erfurt, by saying that he had reduced the wages of his workers. At Zwickau, a labourer was found guilty of having libelled a director of a coal-pit by asserting that he had committed a breach of confidence, and he got one year's imprisonment for it!

The strike funds of the lightermen at Hamburg, together with the whole of the papers of their committee, have been seized by the police. The money found only amounted to some two hundred marks. The strike is now regarded as at an end.

Through combination of the manufacturers of Maingau, ten thousand workers, engaged in the shoe-materials trade, have been thrown out of work, and relief is badly wanted. Friedrich Weinreich, Herronstrasse, 46, Offenbach on the Main, has volunteered to receive any assistance that may be sent. At Gera, three thousand weavers have also received notice to quit the works, because they refused to submit to new regulations which they considered as being unfair and oppressive. Fifteen thousand of their fellow-workers in the town and neighbourhood have resolved to stop work "on principle."

AUSTRIA-HUNGARY.

On the 28th of last month the first issue of a weekly Socialist organ, entitled *Dělnický Listy*, has appeared at Vienna, under the editorship of comrade Joseph Tobola. The offices of the paper are: VI, Gumperdorferstrasse, 79, Vienna.

From the 1st of June appears, also at Vienna, another working-men's paper, under the title of *Arbeiterschütz* (Protection of Workers), which will be published fortnightly by the Central Committee of the Austrian Relief Societies. The editors intend to deal chiefly with insurance and labour legislation questions. Offices: VI, Gumperdorferstrasse, 64.

BELGIUM.

Several conferences have of late taken place in Belgium. The International Miners' Conference at Jolimont, Province of Hainault, has so far resulted in a considerable success. It has been resolved that a general strike shall be set on foot next May Day. This decision, if the miners stick to it, is certainly a very important one.

Another congress, that of the Belgian Relief Societies, has been held at Ghent, under the auspices of the Executive of the Belgian *Parti ouvrier*. Twenty delegates represented some seventy thousand confederates. It has been decided to create a Federation of all the Relief Societies working under Socialistic principles, and also to hold another conference in September next, for the purpose of examining and discussing the rules and regulations of the new Federation.

A new Socialist paper has appeared at Brussels, under the title of *La*

Réforme Sociale (the Social Reform), and will be issued weekly, with comrade Octave Berger as chief editor. The offices of the paper are: 15, rue des Petits-Carmes. The new venture intends to do popular and conciliatory work in the field of revolutionary, independent, and scientific Socialism. We hope that comrade Berger, who is an acute thinker, will succeed in his task. At any rate, he has our best wishes.

DENMARK.

The stonemasons of Copenhagen are still out on strike, and their energy in the battle has from the very beginning been really astounding. They claim a workday of nine hours and wages at the rate of 34 cents an hour. Five hundred masons have already left Copenhagen, in order to work elsewhere, and so to relieve their fellow-labourers on strike. The committee of the strike, however, finding that outside assistance has become necessary, have issued an appeal for help and solidarity, and ask that all subscriptions may be sent to P. C. Olsen, 22, Romersgade, Copenhagen.

Our friends of the *Fedraheimen* have issued a very good pamphlet of sixty-four pages, entitled "Kann politikken hjelpe oss?" (Can Politics Help Us?), and, of course, the question is answered in the negative. The author of the pamphlet is our comrade R. Steinsvik, one of the editors of the *Fedraheimen*.

ENGLAND.

The East London Communist-Anarchist Group have started the monthly issue of a paper, entitled *The Anarchist Labour Leaf*. The first number contains three articles very well written indeed, and we have no hesitation in saying that this *Leaf* of our East-end comrades deserves to be encouraged and spread as widely as possible. I understand that some three or four thousand copies have been sent *gratis*, and that in future a larger number still will be circulated in the same way, but for that purpose money is of course urgently needed. Those who feel inclined to help the little paper, can enter into communication with comrade H. McKenzie, 12, Basing Place, Kingsland Road, London, E.C.

This week appears, also in London, the first issue of a 20 pp. journal, called *Free Russia*, which contains information for Western Europe concerning the atrocities of Czardom. V. D.

IN AUSTRALIA.

HENRY GEORGE has been here, as you already know, and the visit has done us good in many ways. Not that the profit-hunter of San Francisco is any more on our side now than for a long while past. Oh no! he is even more decorous and modestly but firmly respectable than ever before. But he has been troubling the waters, and we have been fishing therein. Before he came, there had been a good deal of talk about his double-posing campaign as a quick-change artiste, appearing alternately as a Free Trade hack and the "inspiring influence" of the Single Tax, and there were several controversies in the papers, of which we duly took all the advantage we were allowed to. While he was here we heckled him all we could, and the result was that his "arguments" against us got worn too smooth by constant use to pass current any more, and he finally refused to answer us anywhere, or to meet any of us in debate. However, we still managed to keep up a scattering fire of correspondence in different papers, and have also held lectures and debates upon his alleged panacea. I don't think he will ever have much of a following here, whatever he may have elsewhere; not that I should imagine it likely that the Single Tax would ever arouse much enthusiasm in the most eager and soulful breast—it is such a queer and undefined halting-place that those who have once started on the road of progress are not likely to stop short there; for there is nothing to stick to or hold by, and if they didn't go further on they would soon find themselves sliding down again on the back-track. We have published a pamphlet on the subject, which has been having a great run at George's meetings.

On Sunday last (Easter Sunday, April 6th), W. H. McNamara lectured at our rooms on "Henry George and Charles Bradlaugh: their attitude on the Labour Question," and the lecture was well reported in Friday's *Australian Star*. There was a right good audience, as there usually is now, both in numbers and in attention and enthusiasm, who punctuated the various points made by the lecturer with cheers and laughter. After referring to the action of the Trades and Labour Council of New South Wales, in refusing to take any part in the reception of Henry George as "he was no friend of labour," our comrade went on to detail the various phases of "the prophet's" picturesque and varied career, giving chapter and verse for most of his statements, and in all the large audience there wasn't a hand or a heart for George when the record was closed. That is only one meeting, of which I tell you as a sample, because it happens to be the last; the same sort of thing has been going on pretty widely, and has had, and will still more have, far-reaching effects. Bradlaugh was also handled without gloves. I will say there for Australians, that Bradlaugh began to be seen through here even before you on that side woke up to what he was.

But beating Henry George has not been our only work; we have only used him and the stir he made as a means of increasing our propaganda. We have to thank our chief enemy for helping us, at second-hand and reflectively as it were, by helping him. The *Sydney Daily Telegraph*, like its name-sake over your way, a snuffing compound of hollow cant, self-seeking hypocrisy, and ready prostitution for profit's sake, started correspondences on George and the Single-tax, and, following the example of its notorious name-sake, hired penny-a-liners to fight as gladiators on either side in the arena of its correspondence columns. So that it worked up quite a boom, and "everybody" talked of its conversion to the Single-tax. But the *Telegraph* was only playing a game, and it played it pretty low down too. The *Bulletin* comments on the affair in words that some of you at home might think of with profit as well as us:

"The Single-taxers now realise that they have been tricked and deceived. We are not sorry for them. Had their aggregated *crania* contained one grain of common-sense they would not have expected any other result. What—the *Telegraph* go straight for confiscation? What would become of Chairman Carey's mortgages? of Director Robert Sands' land-boom money? of largest Shareholder Gorman's enormous real-property-sales commissions? of Shareholder Walter Hall's Mount Morgan dividends? Did the cranks ever dream that a journal of which Bruce Smith, of the British Liberty and Property Defence League, is a reputed, and land-auctioneer Mills, a certain stockholder, would ever yell boldly for plunder by Act of Parliament, and shriek for legislative sanction to grasp it and smash at one swoop both the major source of its advertising income—land-sale "ads."—and the chief element of its subscription revenue—the pennies of Bill Jones and Tom Smith, who have sunk a life-time's hard-earned savings in a suburban allotment? If they did they are crankier than even we considered them. The Single-taxers merit no sympathy. They

may be clothed with the ashes of humiliation and in the sackcloth of despair, and the popular verdict is 'Serve 'em right.' They sought to use the *Telegraph*, and it has used them."

But the *Telegraph* helped to make the boom, and though it has euhred the Georgites it hasn't hurt us, and as I said before we have been getting a good deal out of the stir.

The labour movement in general here is moving along at a great rate. Of course, the bulk of it takes trade-union form as yet; but one instructive sign of the times is the dislike for isolation that the different unions all show. Big or little, they are all on the track for federation—first of all local trades, then of the same trade inter-colonially, and then of all trades the same way; presently we shall see a federation of trades that means the organised labour of a continent; "the days of labour clans are nearly at an end." Here in Sydney there is a Trades and Labour Council of New South Wales, which, though one might well wish it would use its power better and go further on the right road, I am glad to say is getting stronger continually. Of course, they are still under the parliamentary superstition, and have drawn up a programme and will support candidates. If a "labour candidate" runs he must be a member of and accepted by his trade union; but if no labour candidate is running in any constituency, whichever of the ordinary candidates accepts the programme will get the support. The platform is as follows:

1. Abolition of plural voting.
2. Free and compulsory education.
3. Legislation on eight hours system.
4. A beneficial factories act.
5. Greater protection of persons engaged in the mining industry.
6. Extension of the franchise to seamen.
7. Extension to seamen of the benefit of the Employers' Liability Act.
8. Supervision of land and boilers, and the protection of persons engaged in such pursuits.
9. An elective Upper House.
10. Any measure that will secure for the wage-earner a fair and equitable return for his or her labour.
11. Amendment of the Masters and Servants Act.
12. Amendment of the Masters and Apprentices Act.
13. Amendment of the Trades Union Act.

Our great want is a labour paper. W. A. Higgs, who started the *Labour Advocate*, which broke down after two or three good numbers, has still two libel actions hanging over his head, and nobody seems inclined to take on the job after him. Up in Queensland they have the *Worker*, of which you will have seen two numbers already. It's about the brightest and best thing we've had on this continent—meaning no disrespect to the *Boomerang* or *Bulletin*. This is a sample of its doctrine:

"Henry George is one of those American reformers who are running frantic on the 'Australian method of voting,' which is being fought for across the Pacific as enthusiastically as Prohibition ever was. That seems funny, at this distance. To Australian workers, who know only that here in Queensland a square foot can vote in every electorate, while a square man can wander voteless from one end of the country to the other, it is a huge joke."

The bakers here have struck, and are still on strike, for eight hours. They are slowly but surely gaining a victory, as shop after shop is giving in and taking on union hands. The Sydney millers have decided to federate with them and also with Victorian millers and bakers. This is the sort of thing I spoke of above. The Inter-colonial Wharf Labourers' Conference, which has been sitting here, also agreed to federate all the wharf labourers' societies right throughout Australasia. Thursday fortnight (March 27) the Dunedin (N.Z.) tramway men had a midnight meeting and resolved to form a union; they have been working quite as long hours as in London.

Sydney, N.S.W., Sunday April 13, 1890.

CORNSTALK.

THE LABOUR STRUGGLE.

The International Miners' Conference.

The most important resolution passed at the Conference of Miners is the following; that "The Congress declares itself in principle in favour of an international strike of miners, so as to bring about the triumph of the movement in favour of an eight-hours working day, and resolves that a second Congress shall assemble in April, 1891, to examine this question." This resolution, although it does not necessarily mean that a general strike will take place on May 1st, 1891, at least pledges the miners to the strike as a question of principle. This is in every way a step in the right direction. When we remember that the Congress was not a revolutionary one, for the Continental miners represented there were mainly Social Democrats, and yet they united with English trade-unionists to pass a resolution which they would have looked upon a little time back as dangerous and revolutionary. This would once have been thought impossible; but it has come to pass. How long will it take us now to permeate the workers of the world to go in for a general strike not only for the eight hours, but for the Social Revolution? Even that seems at present within "a measurable distance."

The Congress has been in every way encouraging. English and Continental miners seem to have in their hearts that feeling of international solidarity which is rather lacking among "British" delegates of the Shipton and Broadhurst school. The only note of sadness in the Congress was the description by the Continental delegates of the horrible tyranny exercised by the capitalists upon the wretched workers. Let me give a few instances. The report for the Charleroi district in Belgium (the country of that most Christian king who wants to "civilise" the Africans with the aid of Mr. Stanley) said that there were 18,000 union men in the district. Many women worked in the mines as hewers, working twelve to sixteen hours per day for 1s. 6d. to 1s. 9d. We wonder if this is the kind of Christian civilisation Leopold would like to extend among the "heathen." Another delegate, M. Fauvian, reporting for the Boninage district of Belgium, said the men worked from twelve to thirteen hours per day, the wages being from 3s. 2d. to 3s. 4d. per day; those who looked after the woodwork getting 1s. 8d. to 2s. 6d. per day. Women worked in the mines, and also on the pit bank. Children were allowed to work at fourteen year old. When the women got to be sixteen years of age, many of them filled per day seventy trucks of fifty hectolitres capacity. The Bohemian delegate reported that the average hours per day in Bohemia was about twelve; but if the masters required, they had to work longer, and sometimes they were in the mine more than twenty-four hours (cries of "Shame"). Children began work at fourteen years of age. The men earned 50s. to 58s. per month. The children got about 10d. per day.

And yet Mr. Burt is surprised at Continental workmen being "violent." Besides the resolution concerning the general strike, the miners have decided to form an International Federation Committee, each country to send two delegates; and a resolution was passed condemning the tyranny of Con-

tinental despots. On the whole, the Congress was wonderfully successful, and the international union of the miners is now no longer a dream.

The Beckton Gas Stokers.

Matters are growing worse and worse at Beckton. The Gas-light and Coke Company are not content with turning the men out by the help of "the iron man," but want to reduce their wages from 5s. 9d. a day (the rate of payment which the men have received from Nov. 16th, 1889) to 5s. 4d. They also want to play the Livesey game by tying the men down to a monthly agreement, while they shall be able to discharge workmen at a moment's notice and confiscate their wages. If the company persist in their present tyranny, it seems by no means improbable that a strike may break out, which will spread to all the gas-works of the Gas-light and Coke Company. If the men strike they must make it a general one, and must leave without notice. It won't do to give the company time to bring up blacklegs, and it certainly won't do to allow them to beat the union in detail. Chivalry is a mistake with these huge corporations, they have no consideration for their men. Let the gas stokers remember how the South London men were beaten, and how the company trampled on them when they were down, simply because of the men's moderation.

The Postmen.

More coercion. The Postmaster-General is determined to smash the Union. Thirty postmen have had the following form sent to them. It says: "You are requested to give an immediate explanation why you attended a meeting on the 16th instant, in contravention of the special instructions given in the printed notice issued by the Postmaster-General." This of course refers to the postmen's meeting held on Clerkenwell Green on the same night as the Postal Jubilee celebration at the Guildhall. It was on their way to this meeting that the postmen's processions were broken up by the police with such brutality. The spirit of revolt is strong among the postmen, and the proclamations forbidding them to go to the meeting had to be guarded in the post offices to prevent them being torn or defaced.

Pity the Poor Police.

We confess that our hearts are not deeply stirred at the sad case of the unfortunate policeman. It is true that 24s. a-week, with a small pension at the end of your career, is a not tempting prospect, but still it is better than that of many unskilled labourers, who earn but 20s., and have the workhouse as a refuge after toiling all their lives to make profit for others. Still, it is an ominous sign of the times for the middle classes that the police should be so discontented that they should be talking of striking. We are afraid, however, that it is only talk. We should sooner expect a strike of flunkies than a strike of dastardly bullies who have bludgeoned old men, women, and children at the command of the despot of Scotland Yard. Some may consider this very unkind. But we can't help it. We have not forgotten Trafalgar Square. We are willing, however, to give the police a chance of repentance. *Let them begin their strike next time they are called upon to bludgeon a peaceable procession.* Then we shall believe them in earnest, and will treat them as brothers. But so long as they are only "courageous" in attacking poor, half-starved London workmen, we own we cannot feel very fraternally towards them. Still, the agitation has frightened the chiefs of the force. At the meeting on Clerkenwell Green a police superintendent was very conspicuous in urging upon the men not to listen to the "agitators."

Police Spies at Workmen's Meetings.

Throughout the Miners' Congress in Belgium some police spies were present, and were denounced by some of the delegates. The editor of the *Labour Tribune* seized the opportunity to sing "Rule Britannia," and pointed out that in this matter "how peculiarly blest we are above the French and German." Cunninghame Graham wrote and replied that the editor is labouring under a slight delusion. Police spies are present at public meetings in England. He says:

"All through the unemployed agitation three years ago in London, police spies disguised as reporters were present at every meeting. During the recent strike in Liverpool the same thing happened. It happens at every large meeting in London. Now, though I agree with you that in some things we are in advance of the "blasted furriner," still it is not well to assume that we entirely leave him behind in all things. This is, I take it, the position of affairs. In most foreign countries (United States included) the hatred of employers and employed is open and not disguised. The employer relies on his Maxim gun, like a Ben Benjeers as he is; the employed relies on the force of his numbers, and watches his opportunity. It is war to the knife, as Chicago and Paris know. Here in England the employers are not so stupid. Whilst relying on the Gatling gun (the great aid to law-'n'-order) as a last resource, and not in the least hesitating to use it if required, they see that humbug is still stronger and more potent. So they pretend to be the friends of the workers, and as Whig, Tory, or Radical, shoot them down with the bullets of cant, and damn it (Yes, must print me a damn), the workers fall into the trap, and, instead of laying down their lives as on the Continent, lay down their independence and become the dupes of those who pretend to be their friends. The friend of the working-classes is not and cannot be Gladstone, Salisbury, Parnell, Chamberlain, Churchill, nor even Cunninghame Graham. All these folks live off rent interest and surplus value. Therefore the friends of the workers are those who do not live off these things, i.e., themselves. However, to our police spies. They are as common in England as blackberries, as thieves on the Stock Exchange, or as duffers in the House of Commons. At least, the foreigner knows his enemy. Here in Merry England he too often hugs him to his breast and raises three cheers for him." The editor does not like Graham's criticism, with which I think all Socialists will agree. The editor says all he meant to say was that police spies are not present at Trade Conferences. Possibly not, because up till now trade unionists have been so very fond of law-'n'-order. But I think that if the English miners decide to join in the General Strike, they will not be able to boast much longer of their freedom from police supervision.

International Labour League and Federation.

A special delegate meeting is called by this organisation for Saturday June 7th, 1890, at 4 p.m., at the East Finsbury Radical Club, 134 City Road, James Macdonald in the chair. All organisations interested in the spreading of international combination are invited to send delegates to attend. The following manifesto has been issued by the Provisional Executive Committee:

"FELLOW WORKING MEN,—The great cause of the recent May Demonstrations all over the civilised world was the principle of the international solidarity of all workers. Capitalism is international, and international therefore must be the

efforts of the awakening proletariat. And to strengthen the spirit of internationalism in this country, there is necessary a lasting strong organisation of the workers of all nationalities, slaving on these islands for the benefit of the capitalist classes. The recently-formed International Labour League and Federation, which already comprises fifteen different organisations, aims to become such an organisation, the following being its objects: 1. The wider and better organisation of all workers, skilled and unskilled, male and female, of all nationalities. 2. To give assistance in case of dispute in any of the affiliated organisations. 3. The diffusion of sound information on all questions affecting labour. 4. The agitation and organisation among the workers who are outside all present organisations. 5. International exchanges, preventing the supply of foreign labour during trade disputes. 6. And finally to take all possible steps to bring about the federation of all workers in all countries."

The Provisional Executive Committee is composed of delegates of the following societies, from whom further information may be obtained: M. Eagle (International Working Men's Educational Club); S. Fischbein (United Capmakers' Society); J. Land (International Labour League and Federation); S. Levy (Amalgamated Boot and Shoe Lasters' Society); M. Lightman (International Stick and Cane Dressers' Union); J. Macdonald (Amalgamated Society of Tailors, and L.T.C.); A. Siegel (Amalgamated Society of Tailors); J. Skitten (Vice-President, London Clothing Machinists' Union), *Treasurer pro tem.*; Ferdinand Gilles (Communist Working Men's Club), 26 Robert Street, Hampstead Road, N.W., *Joint Secretary pro tem.*; F. Verhoeven (United Stick and Cane Dressers', Umbrella Makers' and Mounters' Trade Union), 9 Nelson Street, Hackney Road, N.E., *Joint Secretary pro tem.*

We think that this is an excellent movement, and from what we know of the honesty and integrity of its promoters, we recommend all trade organisations to take part. The committee is thoroughly international, and trade unions by sending their delegates to the meeting will do much to bring about, not only the federation of workers in this country, but will do much to realise the grand aim of all Socialists, the international solidarity of the workers of the world.

THE SOCIALIST LEAGUE.

OFFICES: 24, GREAT QUEEN ST., LINCOLN'S INN FIELDS, W.C.

The Offices of the Socialist League will be open for the sale of *Commonweal* and all other Socialist publications from 8.30 a.m. to 9 p.m. every day except Sunday. The Secretary will be in attendance from 10 a.m. to 9 p.m. daily.

Executive.—We wish to draw the attention of Branches to the decision of the Conference re Branch Reports, viz., "That monthly records of the work done, condition of the workers, etc., be, where practicable, substituted for the short weekly reports."

Branch Subscriptions Paid.—1889:—Bradford, to end of April. Yarmouth, to end of May. Mitcham, to end of November. St. Georges East, to end of December.

1890:—Leicester and North Kensington, to end of April. Glasgow, Oxford, Hammersmith, North London, East London, 'Commonweal' Branch, Manchester, and Norwich, to end of May. Streatham, to end of December.

(Branch Secretaries will please send with remittances for Capitations the number of their membership.)

Notice.—All letters on League business, except those intended for Editors of *Commonweal*, to be addressed to me. No other person is authorised to sign any official communication.
FRANK KITZ, Secretary.

NEW PREMISES FUND.

Collected at Council meeting, June 2nd, 5s. 4½d.

"COMMONWEAL" GUARANTEE FUND.

The following further sums have been received towards this fund:—North London Branch, 6s.; B. W., 1s.; H. R. (2 weeks), 2s.; 'Commonweal' Branch, 16s. 10½d.; P. Webb (3 weeks), 3s.; J. Bines, 1s.; Burnie, 10s.; C. Saunders, 2s.; A. F. H., 5s.; Glasgow Branch, 5s.; W. M., 14s.; and G. C. B., 4s.

REPORTS.

HAMMERSMITH.—On Sunday morning at Bridge End, an excellent meeting; speakers were Morris, Davis, Tochatti, A. J. Smith, and H. Grant; 48 *Weals* sold. In the evening at Walham Green splendid meeting, H. H. Sparling speaking for upwards of three-quarters of an hour; Bullock and S. Grant also spoke; 19 *Weals* sold.—W.

KILBURN.—A very large gathering was addressed here by Mrs. Lahr on Sunday morning; 54 *Weals* sold. Many more could have been disposed of if a larger stock had been provided.

NORTH LONDON.—We have been holding some very successful meetings during the past three weeks. At our Saturday meetings in Hyde Park we sell about 40 *Weals*. At Regent's Park last Sunday we sold 80 *Commonweal* and collected 4s. 4½d., Cantwell, Nicoll, and Mowbray being the speakers. In Hyde Park on Sunday afternoon, the speakers were Cantwell, Parker, Miss Lupton, Mrs. Lahr, and Mainwaring; 78 *Commonweal* sold and 4s. 4d. collected.

GLASGOW.—On Sunday at mid-day on Jail Square, a fine meeting, addressed by Joe Burgoyne, was broken up before we had got right under way by a heavy downpour of rain. In the evening at Paisley Road, Joe and Tim Burgoyne spoke to a very large audience; *Weals* sold out.—J. B.

EDINBURGH—SCOTTISH SOCIALIST FEDERATION.—We had a very successful meeting on the Meadows on Sunday; Mackenzie, Hamilton, Davidson, Smith, and Bell all spoke well. There was slight opposition. *Commonweal* sold out.

LIVERPOOL SOCIALIST SOCIETY.—We held two meetings on Sunday. The morning attendance was excellent, owing to the Y.M.C.A. people again occupying our usual stand. We, however, took up our position back to back with them. While they sang hymns we sang the "Marseillaise" and other songs with considerable vigour, the audience giving three hearty cheers for the social revolution. In the afternoon we had a quiet meeting. Thanks to our Christian opponents, we sold 11s. 5d. worth of literature, and collected 3s.

CHESTERFIELD.—A good meeting was held last Sunday morning on Brimington Common; Andrew Hall spoke. In the evening a large audience assembled in the Market Place, and in spite of the rain, kept together and listened attentively to the addresses given by comrades Hall and Edward Carpenter. Shortland, of Sheffield, sang two songs. Three quires of *Commonweal* sold, and some pamphlets. The collection amounted to 5s. 8½d.

ROCHDALE SOCIALISTS.—Meetings held every evening at 28 Blackwater Street, Rochdale.

LECTURE DIARY.

LONDON.

- Battersea.**—All communications to E. Buteux, 45, Inwith Street, Battersea Park Road.
- Commonweal Branch.**—24 Great Queen Street, Holborn, W.C. Tuesdays, Singing Practice. Thursdays, Business meeting. Saturdays, Social Gathering. On Sunday June 8, at 8 p.m., A. Brookes, "Order without Law."
- East London.**—A meeting of members will take place at 12 Basing Place, Kingsland Road, at 7.30. Comrades of St. George's-in-the-East are requested to attend.
- Hammersmith.**—Kelmescott House, Upper Mall, W. Sunday June 8, at 8 p.m., a Lecture. French Class conducted by Mde. Desroches on Friday evenings at 7.30.
- Mitcham.**—"Lord Napier," Fair Green. Meets every Sunday at 12.30, to enroll members, etc.
- North Kensington.**—Clarendon Coffee Palace, Clarendon Road. Meets every Wednesday at 8 p.m. The branch Band meets every Friday at 8 p.m. for practice. Comrades wishing to join to give in their names to the instructor at the above address.
- North London.**—6 Windmill Street, Tottenham Court Road. Meets every Wednesday evening at 8 o'clock.
- Streatham.**—Address secretary, R. Smith, 1 Natal Road, Streatham.
- Whitechapel and St. Georges-in-the-East.**—Branch meetings at International Club, 40 Berner Street, Commercial Road. J. Turner, organising secretary.

PROVINCES.

- Aberdeen.**—Organiser, J. Leatham, 7 Jamaica Street. Branch meets in Hall, 9 Harriet Street, on Sunday evenings at 6.30. Singing practice, etc., in Odd-fellows' Small Hall, Crooked Lane, Mondays at 8 p.m.
- Glasgow.**—Members are invited to meet on Thursday and Sunday evenings, at 8 o'clock, in the Secretary's house, 250 Crown Street, S.S. All communications to be sent to that address.
- Halifax.**—Socialists meet every Sunday at 6.30 p.m. at Helliwell's Temperance Hotel, Northgate.
- Leeds.**—Clarendon Buildings, Victoria Road, School Close. Open every evening. Business meeting Saturdays at 8 p.m.
- Leicester.**—Exchange Buildings, Rutland Street. Branch meets on Monday, Thursday, and Saturday at 8 p.m.
- Manchester.**—Socialist League Club, 60 Grovesnor Street, All Saints. Open every evening. Branch weekly meeting on Tuesdays at 8.
- Norwich.**—Members' meet at 23 Rose Yard, St. Augustines, Tuesday at 8.30.
- Oxford.**—Temperance Hall, 25½ Pembroke Street. First Friday in every month, at 8.30 p.m.
- Walsall.**—Socialist Club, 18 Goodall Street, Walsall. Meetings every night.
- Yarmouth.**—Socialist League Club, 56 Row, Market Place. Open every evening. Business Meeting Tuesdays at 8 p.m. Elocution Class Friday at 8.30 p.m. Discussion Class Sunday 3 p.m.

OPEN-AIR PROPAGANDA.

SATURDAY 7.

- 7 Hyde Park Nicoll and Cantwell
7 Stratford—back of Church..... Cores and Mrs. Lahr

SUNDAY 8.

- 11 Commercial Road—Union Street Davis and Brookes
11 Latimer Road Station North Kensington Branch
11.30 Hammersmith Bridge Hammersmith Branch
11.30 Kilburn—"Old Plough," Kilburn Lane..... Mrs. Lahr
11.30 Mitcham—Fair Green The Branch
11.30 Regent's Park Nicoll and Marsh
3.30 Hyde Park—Marble Arch Branch
3.30 Streatham Common Mowbray
3.30 Victoria Park Davis and Mrs. Lahr
7 Hammersmith Bridge Hammersmith Branch
7 Wormwood Scrubs North Kensington Branch
7.30 Mitcham Fair Green..... The Branch
8 Walham Green—back of Church Hammersmith Branch

THURSDAY 12.

- 8.15 Hoxton Church Kitz and Davis

PROVINCES.

- Glasgow.**—Sunday: Jail Square at 2 o'clock; Paisley Road at 5 o'clock.
- Leeds.**—Sunday: Hunslet Moor, at 11 a.m.; Vicar's Croft, at 7 p.m.
- Leicester.**—Sunday: Russell Square at 11 a.m.; Humberstone Gate, at 8 p.m.
- Liverpool.**—Landing Stage, Sundays at 11.30 a.m. and 3 p.m.
- Manchester.**—Saturday: Middleton market ground, at 7 p.m. Sunday: Philips Park Gates, at 11; Stevenson Square, at 3.
- Norwich.**—Sunday: Market Place at 3 and 7.30.
- Sheffield.**—Sunday: Monolith, Fargate, at 11.30 a.m.; Pump, West Bar, 8 p.m. Monday: Lady's Bridge Wicker, at 7 p.m. Rotherham—Sunday: College Yard, at 3 p.m.
- Yarmouth.**—Sunday: Priory Plain, at 11; Bradwell, 11.30; Colman's Granary Quay, at 7.

LIVERPOOL SOCIALIST SOCIETY.—1 Stanley Street, Dale Street.—Meets every Tuesday at 8 p.m.

NORWICH.—A great Socialist Demonstration will be held in July, when speakers are invited to take part. Communicate with A. Sutton, 23 Rose Yard, St. Augustines.

NEW MANHOOD SUFFRAGE LEAGUE, "Three Doves," Berwick St., Soho, W.—Sunday June 8, at 8.30 p.m., George R. Cox, "Other Lips and Other Hearts"; or Fifty Years After."

EDINBURGH—SCOTTISH SOCIALIST FEDERATION.—Labour Hall, 50 South Bridge. Business meeting every Friday at 8 o'clock. Communications, etc., to be addressed there. Meeting on Meadows, Sunday at 6 p.m.

SHEFFIELD SOCIALIST CLUB.—We have now opened some fine and centrally situated premises at 63 Blonk Street, containing meeting room, reading room and library, smoke room for games, etc. Open every evening, and on Sunday all day. Membership, 1d. weekly. French Class, conducted by Ed. Carpenter, every Tuesday at 8.30 p.m.; terms, 3d. weekly, which goes towards club funds. Discussion every Wednesday at 8 p.m. We have a good assortment of Labour and Socialist papers from various parts of the world on our reading tables, but should be glad of any books for library. We are very sanguine of being able to accomplish grand propaganda in Sheffield and district during the coming summer, and ask the earnest co-operation of all Socialists in this neighbourhood.

SOCIALIST LEAGUE PUBLICATIONS.

Leaflets.

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Socialism and "Public Opinion" ...	2	0
Songs for the Workers (2 leaflets)—each	2	0
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The Reciter for Clubs and Social Gatherings ...	0	1

The above Leaflets, at prices given, can be had from the *Commonweal* manager in any quantities by Branches, members, or sympathisers, for distribution, 24, Great Queen Street, Lincoln's Inn Fields, London.

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STATEMENT OF PRINCIPLES.

THE Socialist League advocates International Revolutionary Socialism. That is to say the destruction of the present class society, which consists of one class who live by owning property and therefore need not work, and of another that has no property and therefore must work in order that they may live to keep the idlers by their labour. Revolutionary Socialism insists that this system of society, which is the modern form of slavery, should be changed to a system of Society which would give every man an opportunity of doing useful work, and not allow any man to live without so doing, which work could not be useful unless it were done for the whole body of workers instead of for do-nothing individuals. The result of this would be that livelihood would not be precarious nor labour burdensome. Labour would be employed in co-operation, and the struggle of man with man for bare subsistence would be supplanted by harmonious combination for the production of common wealth and the exchange of mutual services without the waste of labour or material.

Every man's needs would be satisfied from this common stock, but no man would be allowed to own anything which he could not use, and which consequently he must abuse by employing it as an instrument for forcing others to labour for him unpaid. Thus the land, the capital, machinery, and means of transit would cease to be private property, since they can only be used by the combination of labour to produce wealth.

Thus men would be free because they would no longer be dependent on idle property-owners for subsistence; thus they would be brothers, for the cause of strife, the struggle for subsistence at other people's expense, would have come to an end. Thus they would be equal, for if all men were doing useful work no man's labour could be dispensed with. Thus the motto of Liberty, Fraternity, and Equality, which is but an empty boast in a society that upholds the monopoly of the means of production, would at last be realised.

This Revolutionary Socialism must be International. The change which would put an end to the struggle between man and man, would destroy it also between nation and nation. One harmonious system of federation throughout the whole of civilisation would take the place of the old destructive rivalries. There would be no great centres breeding race hatred and commercial jealousy, but people would manage their own affairs in communities not too large to prevent all citizens from taking a part in the administration necessary for the conduct of life, so that party politics would come to an end.

Thus, while we abide by the old motto

Liberty, Fraternity, Equality,

we say that the existence of private property destroys Equality, and therefore under it there can be neither Liberty nor Fraternity.

We add to the first motto then this other one—

FROM EACH ACCORDING TO HIS CAPACITY, TO EACH ACCORDING TO HIS NEEDS.

When this is realised there will be a genuine Society; until it is realised, Society is nothing but a band of robbers. We must add that this change can only be brought about by combination amongst the workers themselves, and must embrace the whole of Society. The new life cannot be given to the workers by a class higher than they, but must be taken by them by means of the abolition of classes and the reorganisation of Society.

COUNCIL OF THE SOCIALIST LEAGUE.

NOTICE.

Subscribers who find a red wrapper round paper are thereby reminded that their subscriptions have expired and must be renewed immediately if they wish to continue to receive *Commonweal*.

Printed in the Socialist League Printery, and published in the name and on behalf of the Socialist League, by FRANK KITZ, at 24 Great Queen St., Lincoln's Inn Fields, London, W.C.

THE COMMONWEAL

The Official Journal of the
SOCIALIST LEAGUE.

VOL. 6.—No. 231.

SATURDAY, JUNE 14, 1890.

WEEKLY; ONE PENNY.

POLICE, PUBLICANS, AND SINNERS.

WHY do the heathen beg pardon and the Christians rage so loudly? When, in the early days of the Socialist revival, our propagandists were arrested and our meetings broken up, what help did we receive from the red-hot Gospellers and Apostles of "pure" cold water? On the contrary, they then, as in the present case, put themselves forward as the friends of law-and-order, and took full advantage of the partiality shown them at that time by the police authorities to occupy the stations forbidden to us. It was not until a militant policy was adopted by our comrades in forestalling them at their stations, that they perceived there was a public question involved in the persecution of the Socialists. To-day they are in antagonism to the government. Judging from their antecedents one need not hesitate to aver that were the occasion one in which Socialists instead of the temperance party were interested, they would look calmly on whilst the Socialists were bludgeoned and their meetings suppressed.

"Our followers," say they, "are of the most law-abiding and order-loving section of the community!" What a pity that such and a law-'n'-order government should be at logger-heads! They might echo with Cæsar, "Et tu Brute!" Nothing demonstrates more clearly the power of the bung and gin-mill interest, than the fact that the government can afford to offend a large and influential section of the people, and perhaps force a proportion of that section to make common cause with ourselves upon the question of the right of public processions.

A word in relation to the proposals of the government, which have set the whole family of Stiggenses in motion. The Tories propose to compensate their friends the publicans, who may, in view of a diminution by local action of the number of licenses, be forced to "evacuate." Of course, this simply means an increase of trade to the remaining houses, and probably also an increase of drunkenness.

Landlords and publicans are the especial care of a government composed of land thieves, and hence we have compensatory legislation on their behalf. It is superfluous to point out that the worn-out wreckage of society, the over-driven slaves, who, through old age, sickness, or supercession by machinery, are pushed down in the battle of life, are never compensated by the nation—except in those pillars of British society, the prison or the workhouse. The government will not even compensate by full wages its own over-worked employes, but set their police upon them when they attempt to organise for the redress of their grievances.

As to the publican, reader. Have you ever noticed the bland beaming rubicundity of Boniface, as he rakes in the shekels from the sweltering crowds who on Saturdays and holidays are crushed in the boxes which compose his "bar"? If you wish to see a cloud settle upon that placid face, discuss Socialism, strikes, and clubs, and he will pause as he is drawing the vile decoction he calls beer, to assure you that "They 'ort to be all put down, sir, they 'ort, sir!" He is a Conservative and stands to the government, and in this case the government stand by him.

And what about his mortal enemies, the Gospel Temperance Band, the cohorts of Sion and Little Bethel, now so deeply agitated? And the Sons of the Cross? who are now so cross. And the total abstinence force, who would vend you weak adulterated aperients to wean you from beer, and who, moreover, enliven your sojourn in this vale of tears with the startling information that "He who believeth not as they believe shall be damned!" and are ever anxious about the growth of their numerous sick and burial funds, of which, judging from their lugubrious aspect, they stand in continual need.

"We are the missionaries against strong drink, and all the evils which flow from the drink curse. From drink, and drink alone, flows poverty, crime, and attendant evils! We are the party who by legislative measures will curb and finally destroy the drink fiend!" Pshaw! This narrow proposition, put forward with leather lungs and forty-parson power, seeks to amplify the powers of the policeman, and, arming him with fresh coercive powers, obtrude him upon the people in a matter of conduct that should rest upon sentiment and liberty of action.

It is the irony of fate that such a party should now be at issue with the chief of police. The total ignoring of the root cause of intem-

perance, Poverty, and their placing it as a consequence instead of a cause, is exasperating to the Socialist and those who study the social question. It is the growth of large towns, the fierce fight for existence, which exhausts the mental and physical faculties and drives the poor to resort to artificial stimulants. Overcrowding, and breathing impure air, and adulteration, and the ogre Poverty, are responsible for drinking habits. If one wishes to search out the most flaring gin-palaces, they are found in the most fetid slums. And so the drink statistics of England are, in short, so far as they refer to the poor, a sufficient although not complete criterion of its economic slavery.

The Socialist can find no rest for the sole of his foot upon the ground now being fought over by publican and abstainer. The publican bedecks his gin-palace, and eliminates all the comfortable features of the old inn, in order that his customers shall consume quickly and constantly. The teetotallers seek to allure you from the publican into halls, where the afore-mentioned aperients are vended with a *souppçon* of Christian cant. Behind their coercive proposals for the cure of an evil of which they ignore the root-cause, there hides grim Puritanism and social tyranny. Wherever their peddling proposals have had any sort of enforced practice, they have been conspicuous failures.

Small wonder that the men of advanced thought who have adopted the temperance idea as a rule of conduct resolutely refuse to enter their narrow conventicles or be enrolled upon their membership. Let the fight for existence be replaced by fraternal co-operation; the homes and surroundings of the people will be in accord with these principles, and then the drink question, so far as excess is concerned, will be solved. To achieve this we must be in conflict with Law-'n'-order as represented by Privilege. To-day the teetotallers respect Law-'n'-order. Just now they and it have a temporary tiff. There is not the least doubt that if a conflict had occurred the truncheons of the police would have received the greatest injury. A plague upon both their houses!

The clerical element, now so actively in opposition to the publican, are ordinarily hard at work to persuade people to look above for happiness. In narrow courts and alleys, where children are born and reared amid sights and sounds which foredooms them to the workhouse, jail, and hospital—where, in short, humanity swelters—they pursue their way, giving their paltry charity, patching with presents of soup-tickets and blankets the hideous social cancer they are too cowardly to denounce the causes of. Ringing the changes upon the keyboard of their particular phase of superstition, they gather the wretched victims of Mammon within the narrow walls of mission-halls, and dose them with religious cant as a soporific for their present sufferings. In this wise they do the work of their employers, the rich, who pay them deliberately to the end that the poor may be cajoled into enduring the horrors of their surroundings by a belief in beatitude hereafter.

When, under the Empire, an English female evangelist sought to reclaim the wicked Parisians from their frivolous ways, she called upon the prefect of the district and sought the usual permit to open a mission-hall. "Certainly," said he, in giving permission. "Open your hall; such places are as good as police-stations." It argues a want of astuteness on the part of the governing classes that they should offend so valuable an adjunct to the police force as are the Gospel Brigade.

And as to governmental policy, it is clear that the thin end of the wedge, apparent when Trafalgar Square became a prohibited spot for public meetings, is being driven home, and we shall presently be treated to practical illustrations of Law-'n'-order in a wider sense than heretofore. The police—those brutal servants of the propertied classes—are becoming more arrogant every day; and the right of public meeting will follow the right of procession to the limbo of other extinguished rights; and this will happen, in the glib language of Monro, "in the interests of the public at large." We are only at the outset of conflicts with the police; and until working-men consider that *something harder than a policeman's skull* is a necessary aid to pedestrian exercise when engaged in demonstrating, they must expect to be the victims of the unrestrained brutality of the hirelings of the classes.

As to processions, it is questionable whether in the growing heat of the social conflict it is politic for bodies of unarmed men to gather into the middle of the thoroughfares as a ready point of attack and dispersal by the bludgeoners. Our friend the enemy, in the shape of that sinister organ the *Daily Telegraph*, said recently, in relation to the Paris demonstration, that the chief difficulty of the police lay in

distinguishing Socialists from the ordinary public when mixed up with them, and that processions helped them in attack. If a change of tactics should result disastrously to the *clients* of Monro, whom he designates "the people at large," they will have that official and Home Secretary Matthews to thank for their troubles.

F. KITZ.

NEWS FROM NOWHERE:

OR,

AN EPOCH OF REST.

BEING SOME CHAPTERS FROM A UTOPIAN ROMANCE.

CHAP. XVII. (continued).—HOW THE CHANGE CAME.

"THAT evening the rebel prisoners were visited in their cells by *very* polite and sympathetic persons, who pointed out to them what a suicidal course they were following, and how dangerous these extreme courses were for the popular cause. Says one of the prisoners: 'It was great sport comparing notes when we came out anent the attempt of the Government to "get at" us separately in prison, and how we answered the blandishments of the highly "intelligent and refined" persons set on to pump us. One laughed; another told extravagant long-bow stories to the envoy; a third held a sulky silence; a fourth dammed the polite spy and bade him hold his jaw—and that was all they got out of us.'

"So passed the second day of the great strike. It was clear to all thinking people that the third day would bring on the crisis; for the present suspense and ill-concealed terror was unendurable. The ruling classes, and the middle-class non-politicians who had been their real strength and support, were as sheep lacking a shepherd; they literally did not know what to do.

"One thing they found they had to do: try to get the 'rebels' to do something. So the next morning, the morning of the third day of the strike, when the members of the Committee of Public Safety appeared again before the magistrate, they found themselves treated with the greatest possible courtesy—in fact, rather as envoys and ambassadors than prisoners. In short, the magistrate had received his orders; and with no more to do than might come of a long stupid speech, which might have been written by Dickens in mockery, he discharged the prisoners, who went back to their meeting-place and at once began a due sitting.

"It was high time. For this third day the mass was fermenting indeed. There was, of course, a vast number of working people who were not organised in the least in the world; men who had been used to act as their masters drove them, or rather as the system drove, of which their masters were a part. That system was now falling to pieces, and the old pressure of the master having been taken off these poor men, it seemed likely that nothing but the mere animal necessities and passions of men would have any hold on them, and that mere general overturn would be the result. Doubtless this would have happened if it had not been that the huge mass had been leavened by Socialist opinion in the first place, and in the second by actual contact with declared Socialists, many or indeed most of whom were members of those bodies of workmen above said.

"If anything of this kind had happened some years before, when the masters of labour were still looked upon as the natural rulers of the people, and even the poorest and most ignorant men leaned upon them for support, while they submitted to their fleecing, the entire break-up of all society would have followed. But the long series of years during which the workmen had learned to despise their rulers had done away with their dependence upon them, and they were now beginning to trust (somewhat dangerously, as events proved) in the non-legal leaders whom events had thrust forward; and though most of these were now become mere figure-heads, their names and reputations were useful in this crisis as a stop-gap.

"The effect of the news, therefore, of the release of the Committee gave the Government some breathing time: for it was received with the greatest joy by the workers, and even the well-to-do saw in it a respite from the mere destruction which they had begun to dread, and the fear of which most of them attributed to the weakness of the Government. As far as the passing hour went, perhaps they were right in this."

"How do you mean?" said I. "What could the Government have done? I often used to think that they would be helpless in such a crisis."

Said old Hammond: "Of course I don't doubt that in the long run matters would have come about as they did. But if the Government could have treated their army as a real army, and used them strategically as a general would have done, looking on the people as a mere open enemy to be shot at and dispersed wherever they turned up, they would probably have gained the victory at the time."

"But would the soldiers have acted against the people in this way?" said I.

Said he: "I think from all I have heard that they would have done so if they had met bodies of men armed however badly, and however badly they had been organised. It seems also as if before the Trafalgar Square massacre they might as a whole have been depended upon to fire upon an unarmed crowd, though they were much honeycombed by Socialism. The reason for this was that they dreaded the use by apparently unarmed men of an explosive called dynamite, of which many loud boasts were made by the workers on the eve of these events;

and of course the officers of the soldiers fanned this fear to the utmost, so that the rank and file probably thought on that occasion that they were being led into a desperate battle with men who were really armed, and whose weapon was the more dreadful, because it was concealed. After that massacre, however, it was at all times doubtful if the regular soldiers would fire upon an unarmed or half-armed crowd."

Said I: "The regular soldiers? Then there were other combatants against the people?"

"Yes," said he, "we shall come to that presently."

"Certainly," I said, "you had better go on straight with your story. I see that time is wearing."

Said Hammond: "The Government lost no time in coming to terms with the Committee of Public Safety; for indeed they could think of nothing else than the danger of the moment. They sent a duly accredited envoy to treat with these men, who somehow had obtained dominion over people's minds, while the formal rulers had no hold except over their bodies. There is no need at present to go into the details of the truce (for such it was) between these high contracting parties, the Government of the empire of Great Britain and a handful of working-men (as they were called in scorn in those days), amongst whom, indeed, were some very capable and 'square-headed' persons. The upshot of it was that all the definite claims of the people had to be granted. We can now see that most of these claims were of themselves not worth either demanding or resisting; but they were looked on at that time as most important, and they were at least tokens of revolt against the miserable system of life which was then beginning to tumble to pieces. One claim, however, was of the utmost immediate importance, and this the Government tried hard to evade; but as they were not dealing with fools, they had to yield at last. This was the claim of recognition and formal status for the Committee of Public Safety, and all the associations which it fostered under its wing. This it is clear meant two things: first, amnesty for the 'rebels,' great and small, who, without a distinct act of civil war, could no longer be attacked; and next, a continuance of the organised revolution. Only one point the Government could gain, and that was a name. The dreadful revolutionary title was dropped, and the body, with its branches, acted under the respectable name of the 'Board of Conciliation and its local offices.' Carrying this name, it became the leader of the people in the civil war which soon followed."

"O," said I, somewhat startled, "so the civil war went on, in spite of all that had happened?"

"So it was," said he. "In fact, it was this very legal recognition which made the civil war possible in the ordinary sense of war; it took the struggle out of the element of mere massacres on one side, and endurance plus strikes on the other."

"And can you tell me in what kind of way the war was carried on?" said I.

"Yes," he said; "we have records and to spare of all that; and the essence of them I can give you in a few words. As I told you, the rank and file of the army was not to be trusted by the reactionists; but the officers generally were prepared for anything, for they were mostly the very stupidest men in the country. Whatever the Government might do, a great part of the upper and middle classes were determined to set on foot a counter revolution; for the Communism which now loomed ahead seemed quite unendurable to them. Bands of young men, like the marauders in the great strike of whom I told you just now, armed themselves and drilled, and began on any opportunity or pretence to skirmish with the people in the streets. The Government neither helped them nor put them down, but stood by, hoping that something might come of it. These "Friends of Order," as they were called, had some successes at first, and grew bolder; they got many of the officers of the regular army to help them, and by their means laid hold of munitions of war of all kinds. One part of their tactics consisted in their guarding and even garrisoning the big factories of the period: they held at one time, for instance, the whole of that place called Manchester which I spoke of just now. A sort of irregular war was carried on with varied success all over the country; and at last the Government, which had at first pretended to ignore the struggle, or treat it as mere rioting, definitely declared for 'the Friends of Order,' and joined to their bands whatsoever of the regular army they could get together; and made a desperate effort to overwhelm 'the rebels,' as they were now once more called, and as indeed they called themselves.

"It was too late. All ideas of peace on a basis of compromise had disappeared on either side. The end, it was seen clearly, must be either absolute slavery for all but the privileged, or a system of life founded on equality and Communism. The sloth, the hopelessness, and if I may say so, the cowardice of the last century, had given place to the eager, restless heroism of a declared revolutionary period. I will not say that the people of that time foresaw the life we are leading now, but there was a general instinct amongst them towards the essential part of that life, and many men saw clearly beyond the desperate struggle of the day into the peace which it was to bring about. The men of that day who were on the side of freedom were not unhappy, I think, though they were harassed by hopes and fears, and sometimes torn by doubts, and the conflict of duties hard to reconcile."

"But how did the people, the revolutionists, carry on the war? What were the elements of success on their side?"

I put this question, because I wanted to bring the old man back to the definite history, and take him out of the musing mood so natural to an old man.

He answered: "Well, they did not lack organisers; for the very

conflict itself, in days when, as I told you, men of any strength of mind cast away all consideration for the ordinary business of life, developed the necessary talent amongst them. Indeed, from all I have read and heard, I much doubt whether, without this seemingly dreadful civil war, the due talent for administration would have been developed amongst the working men. Anyhow, it was there, and they had leaders far more than equal to the best men amongst the reactionaries. For the rest, they had no difficulty about the material of their army: for that revolutionary instinct so acted on the ordinary soldier in the ranks that the greater part, certainly the best part, of the soldiers joined the side of the people. But the main element of their success was this, that wherever the working people were not coerced, they worked, not for the reactionists, but for 'the rebels.' The reactionists could get no work done for them outside the districts where they were all-powerful; and even in those districts they were harassed by continual risings; and in all cases and everywhere got nothing done without obstruction and black looks and sulkiness; so that not only were their armies quite worn out with the difficulties which they had to meet, but the non-combatants who were on their side were so worried and beset with hatred and a thousand little troubles and annoyances that life became almost unendurable to them on those terms. Not a few of them actually died of the worry; many committed suicide. Of course, a vast number of them joined actively in the cause of reaction, and found some solace to their misery in the eagerness of conflict. Lastly, many thousands gave way and submitted to the rebels; and as the numbers of these latter increased, it at last became clear to all men that the cause which was once hopeless was now triumphant, and that the hopeless cause was that of slavery and privilege.

WILLIAM MORRIS.

TO BE CONTINUED.]

CORRESPONDENCE.

HOW TO WIN LANCASHIRE.

DEAR COMRADES,—If Lancashire is to take its proper place in the ranks of Socialism, we must be up and doing, and to do our work properly we must have a system, or else our efforts will be very materially depreciated, and the Cause will suffer. It has been dinned into our ears many times during elections, and especially by the party which has secured a majority of the seats, that "what Lancashire says to-day England will say to-morrow." If this be an axiom, then we must work to get Socialism in the ascendancy; and with an educated working class we ought and can do it. In this county we have at least nineteen towns with populations numbering over 20,000 without a single recognised place of meeting, either indoors or outside. These towns are: Oldham, 152,511; Preston, 93,707; Bury, 49,746; Burnley, 69,110; Wigan, 48,916; Warrington, 45,275; Ashton, 43,389; Accrington, 31,435; Bacup, 25,033; Hyde, 28,629; Heywood, 23,050; Lancaster, 20,724; Chorley, 22,792; Widnes, 24,919; Tottington, 20,324; Worsley, 23,787; Barrow in Furness, 47,276; Staleybridge and Duckinfield, 56,614; Todmorden and Nelson, 34,242; Leigh and Redford, 21,733; Gorton 33,096; St. Helens, 57,234; Southport, 32,191; and another score of towns just on the borders of these big towns, with populations from 8,000 to 20,000. They are all big enough to establish branches and provide speakers of their own. These are Atherton, Blackpool, Clitheroe, Colne, Crumpsall, Droyloden, Earlstown Junction, Eccles, Failsworth, Haslingden, Hindley, Newton-le-Willows, Padiham, Prestwich, Radcliffe, Rawtenstall, Sowerbybridge, Stretford, Westhoughton, and Whitefield.

Let every branch in Lancashire see to it. Let them determine which place is the easiest to attack, and make the attack at once. Let the branch send two or more members for some time. Let the meetings be held once a week, be punctual, and ask for enquirers to be seen after meeting. Don't make meetings too long; you may educate, but it is just as desirable to organise. Get a corresponding secretary; and you may rely upon it that a branch will be formed and you will not require to send more than one speaker afterwards. You should always take *Commonweal* and leaflets and pamphlets. Let us work hard, pull well together, and victory will be ours.—Yours fraternally,

E. H. P.

P. S.—A collection should be made at all meetings for the local propaganda fund to pay travelling expenses for speakers. We want the best talent procurable. All Socialists are enthusiastic enough, but not always rich enough to travel further than they can walk.—E. H. P.

A SOCIAL MEETING

WILL BE HELD

AT THE INTERNATIONAL CLUB,
40 BERNER STREET, E.,

On Tuesday, June 24th, at 8.30 p.m.

All Revolutionary Socialists are invited. The position of the *Commonweal*, and the best means of advancing the Revolutionary Propaganda will be discussed. To be followed by a Concert. Admission free. Further particulars next week.

SHEFFIELD SOCIALISTS.—We have a very encouraging report to make of the work accomplished here during the past week. To us in Sheffield the "Rev." is getting sensibly nearer. Had our usual meetings at Monolith, Westbar, and Rotherham. We are also holding open-air meetings on week nights as follows: Monday at Handsworth Woodhouse, a mining village about five miles out; Wednesday night in the Wicker; and Thursday, Bramall Lane. We sold last week 270 *Commonweal*, and a quantity of pamphlets and *Freedom*; we expect to equal it this week. The attendance at all our meetings has greatly increased, and the interest is getting almost intense. The members are one and all working with a will, and in the heartiest comradeship. Our comrade Andrew Hall, of Chesterfield, visits us on Sunday next, and we are expecting record audiences.

A VISION OF HELL;

OR, A PEEP INTO THE REALMS BELOW.

HEAVENS! what a list!—what shoals on shoals
Of sinners sentenced, on hell's rolls,
To scorpion-whips and brimstone-coals!
Tremble, ye lords of funds and acres!
Now is the time to save your souls,
Ye money-grubbing Jews and Quakers,
Bow your stiff wills unto your Maker's,
Ere death calls in your undertakers!

Foremost in sinful guilt and pride
Scowled land-usurpers, money-changers—
'Twixt these the world is crucified;
Authors of all its woes and dangers,
To which men otherwise were strangers.

What streams flow from this fountain-head!
What myriads tangled in their toils!
What countless hosts these monsters lead!
Who share their crimes, to share their spoils,
Filling the earth with woes and broils!

Loan-mongers, landlords, millionaires,
Contractors, usurers, speculators,
Stockjobbers, brokers, bulls, and bears,
Blacklegs, monopolists, regraters,
Dealers in spiritual wares;
And House of Commons' sham debaters,
Yea, the whole tribe of legislators,
Who cater for these depredators,
Most of them rotten fornicators,
All of them licensed spoliators,
Tramplers on right, and people-haters,
Rogues every man, and all first-raters;
With swarms of hunters after place—
A hungry, servile, graceless race.

Discounters, notaries, lawyers, proctors,
The scum of gluttonous corporations,
Of bubble-company concoctors,
Fit tools for rank abominations,
Attorneys gorg'd by litigations;
Managers drown'd in peculations,
Pauls, Redpaths, Robsons, of all stations,
Steep'd to their chins in malversations,
The produce of their incubations,
And scandal of corrupted nations.

Land-factors, merchants, bankers, brewers,
Proprietors of "hells" and stews,
Forestallers, turf-men, hired reviewers,
And fabricators of false news,
With smooth-fac'd Quakers, "saints," and Jews,

Such as pious thieves would choose
For missions to back slums and mews,
To coddle thieves, on their acquittals,
With sermons, tracts, and broken victuals,
Which they would gladly leave for skittles,
Or "swag" to earn them fresh committals.
Conscious their blots would bear the light,
Compared with their's who'd washed them white.

Legions there were of cotton lords,
And manufacturers, whom free trade
Make candidates for hell's rewards,
Through blood-stain'd fortunes wrung, not made,
From famished serfs in graves soon laid.

No devils were half so hypocritical
As these close-fisted, grinding skin-a-flints,
Most brazen-faced, yet parasitical,
With falsehood traced in all their lineaments;
Bullies to serfs, to tyrants, sycophants,
And primed with purse-proud, upstart insolence,
Which swell'd them out to huge dimensions,
Based only on their own pretensions.

Though "*Lib'rals*" styled, none e'er can love them,
So opposite their actions show them;
Take all they can from those above them,
And nothing give to those below them.
Behold the shibboleth to know them!
For never yet was Liberal known
To let the poor have even their own.

By J. BRONTERRE O'BRIEN.

An infamous sentence has been passed upon Moses Harman, the editor of *Lucifer*. He is a very plain-spoken sexual reformer, and did not shrink from printing an unusually strong letter from one of his correspondents. For this offence he has actually been sentenced to five years' imprisonment and a fine of three hundred dollars, which he is never likely to pay. Such a sentence makes one gape with wonder. Would any judge who was not a wretched bigot pass it, or would it be tolerated by any people not eaten out with hypocrisy? The wife-beaters and woman-outragers are at large, and this well-meaning, if mistaken, man is treated as a criminal of the deepest dye. Even if society—God bless its sweet, pure soul!—felt obliged to discountenance such a publication as *Lucifer*, one would think that a week's imprisonment would suffice, at least to begin with. But five years! It takes one's breath away. Yet this happens in America, where they are holding meetings to protest against the Czar's treatment of political prisoners. "Frailty, thy name is woman," says Hamlet. That's a mistake. But this is true—Hypocrisy, thy name is Christian civilisation.—*Free-thinker*



OFFICES: 24 GREAT QUEEN STREET, LONDON, W.C.

HAVE YOU NOT HEARD HOW IT HAS GONE WITH MANY A CAUSE BEFORE NOW: FIRST, FEW MEN HEED IT; NEXT, MOST MEN CONTEMN IT; LASTLY, ALL MEN ACCEPT IT—AND THE CAUSE IS WON

The COMMONWEAL is the official organ of the Socialist League; but, unless definitely so announced by the Editors, no article is to be taken as expressing in more than a general way the views of the League as a body. In accordance with the Manifesto and Statement of Principles of the League, the COMMONWEAL is an exponent of International Revolutionary Socialism. On minor differences of opinion the widest freedom of discussion is maintained. As all articles are signed, no special significance attaches to their position in the paper.

Articles and letters dealing with any phase of the social problem are invited and will meet with earnest consideration. They must be written on one side of the paper only, and accompanied by the name and address of the writer, not necessarily for publication. MSS. can only be returned if a stamped directed envelope accompanies them.

Advertisements can only be inserted if unobjectionable in all particulars. Scale of charges and special quotations may be obtained from the Manager.

SUBSCRIPTIONS, including postage:—For British Islands, Europe, United States, and Canada, a year, 6s.; six months, 3s.; three months, 1s. 6d. For Australia, New Zealand, Cape of Good Hope, Natal, Transvaal, and the Argentine Republic, a year, 8s.; six months, 4s.; three months, 2s. For India, Ceylon, China, Hong Kong, and the Straits Settlements, a year, 10s.; six months, 5s.; three months, 2s. 6d.

Subscribers who receive a RED WRAPPER are thereby reminded that their subscriptions have expired and must be renewed immediately if they wish to continue to receive COMMONWEAL.

SPECIAL RECRUIT SUBSCRIPTIONS.—To aid in spreading our principles, the following largely reduced terms are offered to those who obtain new subscribers: Two new yearly subscriptions for British Islands, etc., 10s. 6d.; for Australia, etc., 15s.; for India, etc., 19s. Five new subscriptions: For British Islands, etc., 25s.; for Australia, etc., 37s. 6d.; for India, etc., 47s. 6d. Specimen copies will be sent on receipt of postage.

Remittances from abroad must be made by International Money Order.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

W. M., De C. (Hampton, Va.)—Letter and book received.
 J. M. B. (Beith).—Notice of strike arrived too late for insertion.
 To CONTRIBUTORS—Workmen could help us greatly by sending in accounts of capitalist tyranny and sweating in London and the provinces. We want the names of the sweaters. Those who write must send us their name and address, not necessarily for publication, but as a guarantee of good faith. We shall not fear to publish the truth.

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Periodicals received during the week ending Wednesday June 11.

ENGLAND	FRANCE	HOLLAND
Die Autonomie	Chicago (Ill.)—Vorbote	Hague—Recht voor Allen
Freedom	Chicago—Rights of Labour	Middelburg, Lichten Wahrheid
Justice	Cincinnati (O.) Volks-Anwalt	BRUXELLES
London—Freie Presse	Detroit—Der Arme Teufel	Antwerp—De Werker
Labour Tribune	Los Angeles—Cal. Nationalist	Ghent—Vooruit
Norwich—Daylight	S. F. Coast Seamen's Journal	ITALY
Railway Review	San Francisco Arbeiter Zeitung	Milan—Il Fascio Operaio
Sozial Demokrat	Paterson Labour Standard	Rome—L'Emancipazione
Seafaring	Phladel.—Knights of Labour	SPAIN
Unity	St. Louis (Mo.)—Die Parole	Madrid—El Socialista
Worker's Friend	Anarchist	PORTUGAL
New SOUTH WALES		Lisbon—O Protesto Operario
Sydney—Bulletin		GERMANY
INDIA		Berlin—Volks Tribune
Bankipore—Behar Herald		Deutsche Backer Zeitung
UNITED STATES		DENMARK
New York—Der Sozialist		Social-Demokraten
New York—Freiheit		Copenhagen—Arbejderen
Twentieth Century		SWEDEN
Volkzeitung		Goteborg—Folkets Rost
New York—Truthseeker		Stockholm, Social-Demokraten
Boston—Woman's Journal		Malmö—Arbetet
Investigator		WEST INDIES
Nationalist		Cuba—El Productor
Boston—Liberty		CAPE COLONY
Buffalo—Arbeiter-Zeitung		Cape Times
	AUSTRIA	
	Arbeiterschutz	
	Vienna—Arbeiter-Zeitung	
	Brunn—Arbeiterstimme	

NOTICE.

Letters should be addressed as under—
 Editorial matter for insertion in 'Commonweal,' address "The Editors."
 Business letters address "Commonweal' Manager."
 Letters containing Reports should be marked "Report" on the envelope, and if intended for next issue should reach the Office not later than Tuesday morning.

DOWN A COAL PIT.

(Concluded from p. 178.)

THE stall man is responsible for the safety of his bank; he has to see that the requisite props and sprags are fixed, and that nothing is left in a dangerous condition. His wages are even more difficult to fix with exactitude, depending as they do on so many varying circumstances. The tonnage price will mostly lie between 1s. 8d. and 2s. 2d., subject to the 35 per cent. rise, though both more and less may be met with. Of course 1s. 8d. in one stall may be much better than 2s. 2d. in another, so much depends on the nature of the coal, the thickness of the seam, and the character of the roof. But for a full week's work most of the stall-men will now make from 30s. to 40s., and some men as much as 50s. or 60s., and for an odd week in exceptional cases possibly even a higher figure might be touched. But, on the other hand, it is quite possible for men to work a whole week for nothing! If they come across a fault in the coal, or if the roof falls in and buries the stall, it may take them all their time to earn enough to pay the day-men. It is seldom that a stall will be worked for many weeks together without getting a poor one in for some reason or other. I have before me two pay tickets taken from the same stall for succeeding weeks; in both cases there were two stall men and one filler, and in both weeks there were only five days worked:

FIRST WEEK.		£	s.	d.
33 Tons 18 Cwt. at 2s. 4d. ...		3	19	1
Advance 25 per cent. ...		0	19	9
Total ...		4	18	10
Sick and Accident Clubs, stopped ...		0	1	10
		4	17	0
SECOND WEEK.		£	s.	d.
24 Tons 7 Cwt. at 2s. 4d. ...		2	16	10
4 Yards "Ripping" at 1s. 9d. ...		0	7	0
Advance 25 per cent. ...		0	15	11
Total ...		3	19	9
Clubs, etc. ...		0	1	10
		3	17	11

It will be noticed that in this case 10 per cent. of the rise had been added to the price, making it 2s. 4d.; but as successive rises were gained they were calculated on the old basis. Out of the money paid to these stall men as above, they had to pay their filler for five days at 4s. 11d, viz., £1 4s. 7d., leaving them in the first week £1 16s. 2½d. each for themselves, and in the second £1 6s. 6d. A deduction of 6d. a-week each would have to be made for powder, and wear and tear of tools, probably rather more than that would be needed. Pits are considered to be working well when they make five days a week regularly. Most of the house and gas coal-pits will not work that during the summer, though some of the hard coal ones may make six days most weeks. Only clean lump coal must be loaded by the men in the pit; for slack they will get only 9d. or 1s. per ton. The ton consists of 21 cwt. for all kinds of coal. There are fixed rates for various extras which occur, such as "ripping," or "heading," but a great deal is expected to be included in the tonnage rates, and when faults and slips occur the men have to trust very largely to the generosity of the employer for any extra payment. The pit we are examining is one of the more generously managed in many ways; a good deal of work is done by day-men employed by the owners to clear and secure the travelling roads, etc., and nowhere have we noticed the ponies rubbing against the roof, which in some pits may be frequently seen, though, of course, contrary to the provisions of the Act.

We were fortunate enough to see the whole process of coal-getting in the different stalls as we went through, but it will be more easily explained in the order in which it is done. In the first district we pass through the hard rock comes immediately over the coal, so here they "hole" the coal underneath and wedge it down. The "holing" consists in cutting a sort of groove about one foot high and four or five deep all along the face of the stall; this the miner does with his pick, lying on his side; as he goes along he will put short sprags at intervals to keep the coal from breaking down, until the whole length is holed. He then draws two or three of the little sprags and drives the end of a long steel bar between the rock roof and the coal, and so wedges down a huge block weighing often many tons. This his filler will break up and load into tubs, each tub being marked with chalk, or having a small leather ticket attached bearing the number of the stall. This will go on until all the bank is wedged down; then a fresh row of props must be fixed to keep the roof safe, and afterwards the back row will be withdrawn and the roof left to drop in at its leisure. This it does, now and then, with greater energy than is required, burying the whole stall up to the face; and as we pass from bank to bank we have to crawl through more than one small ugly-looking hole that has been cleared through such a slip to allow the air to pass. Sometimes if the coal is lively it takes little or no wedging down, but splits off without any assistance. Nothing makes one realise so vividly the immense pressure to which the coal has been subjected by the weight of the superincumbent ground—in this case 400 yards thick—as to hear it hissing and crackling when first laid bare! The men like the coal to be lively as it takes so much less

winning, though of course there is a little more danger of getting caught by unexpected falls. Where there is a layer of soft clod above the coal, between it and the rock, the holing is done in this, and then shot holes are drilled near the bottom and it is broken up by blasting. The shots are fired with flameless powder by one of the deputies, they only being allowed to fire them, in dangerous pits, after making an examination to see that there is no gas about. Should the charge fail to go off the stall would be shut up until it is considered by one of the officials that all risk of its explosion will have passed.

It will be easily imagined that, even where the utmost precautions are taken, accidents cannot be entirely prevented; and there is no doubt that the present system often leads to unnecessary risks being run. For instance, the eagerness of the men to get as many tons of coal as possible—and so as large a wage—makes them run into danger in order to save time; they neglect to put enough props in, or draw too many out at once, so letting the coal down too suddenly, and in many ways they run extra risk in order to increase their earnings. On the other hand, risks are run to save expense to the owner. There is a standard of safety which varies, and which is undoubtedly influenced by the wealth of the pit and the disposition of the manager or owner. The men are held responsible for the loss of props which the officials consider it safe to recover; sometimes it turns out that they could not safely be got out, and a man is injured in the attempt. Mistakes of judgment there must always be in these things, but there is no doubt that the standard of safety is kept down a good deal by the basis of profit upon which the whole system is worked.

We pass on through many stalls, getting considerably hot and dusty, until at length we turn out once more into the travelling road. Here we find quite a cool breeze, and one is glad to button up. We at once realise the work that is being done by the fan which we saw at the surface. The air is so guided by doors, brattis cloths, etc., that it is always circulating through every part of the roads or workings, which are many miles in extent. We are now trudging along up some old roads, which were made twenty or thirty years ago, towards the shaft of another pit which is working a seam below ours. For hundreds of yards this old road is arched with brick, and altogether gives one the impression that progress during the last score of years has not in every case brought improvement! Evidently a more generous use of brickwork was common in those times. Presently we come to an old furnace, once used for ventilation, but long since superseded by a fan. Furnaces are still used in some of the more old-fashioned pits. A huge fire used to be kept burning in these furnaces, and a large volume of heated air discharged into a shaft, which, acting like a very tall chimney, caused a great draught, sufficient in fact to draw the fresh air down the other shaft and through the workings. We now pass through double doors, and find ourselves in a small cavity half way up the shaft. We watch for a while the two cages spinning past us, one up and one down; then we ring five to the banksman, which tells him that there are men waiting at this seam. Again the cages fly past us, and then ding, ding, ding, goes our bell; we know that next time one of them will call for us. A few seconds and here it comes slowly down, stopping exactly at the right level; again our bell rings one, and we get into the cage—carefully, for there is another hundred yards below us, and plenty of chance to slip down, as this is not a regular landing-stage. When we are all on, the last reaches and gives a final signal to the engine-man, and up we go. This is pleasanter than going down, one's feet seem to feel the cage well under them, except just for a few seconds when the engine first steadies, then a feeling creeps over one that the cage has begun to go down again, and one has just time to wonder, with a slight pang of horror, whether the rope has given way when the first glimpse of daylight casts a reassuring ray on the side of the shaft! Slowly we emerge into the full dazzling light, and as we glance at our lamps we wonder how we can possibly have got accustomed to walk by such slender illumination.

However, here we are, come out a mile and a-half from where we went in, and we are not at all sorry to be able to walk upright again, free from any misgivings about the roof coming down or the sides closing in on us!

It remains for us to follow the coal from the pit bank to the wagon, and see it screened and sorted. As the cage comes up two empty tubs are pushed in on one side sending out the two full ones on the other. These are run off to a weighing machine beside a little cabin, in which a clerk and check-weighman are rapidly booking the weight—of the latter of these we shall have more to say presently. From the machine the tubs are run to a tippler, which turns them over, discharging the coal on to a sloping screen, down which it slips. The small, falling through the bars, glides down a shoot on to a travelling belt underground, which conveys it away to be further sifted into nuts and slack, the latter going forward through a washer and crusher finally lands in the coke ovens, and is there converted into coke by being burned to a red heat and then slacked with water. The larger coal slips over the screen bars on to a wide belt, which slowly creeps along carrying the coal with it. On each side of the belt lads are stationed to pick out any lumps of dirt or bad coal; being stimulated by a bonus on the quantity of dirt they pick out, there is not much escapes them. At the end of the belt the coal slides down another screen into the wagons, which will carry it up to London to cook many people's dinners or warm their toes.

As we walk away from the pit towards the station, we ask our conductor about the checkweighman. It seems that he is a most important person, and holds a position almost unique. He is appointed by the men in the first instance to check the weights of the coal which they send out, to see that the weighing machines are true and that the

correct weight is booked. His position is established by Act of Parliament, which authorises the majority of men who are paid by weight to elect him, and compels all so paid to contribute their share towards his remuneration, which share is stopped from their wages. But his actual sphere is much larger. Being a servant of the men, independent of the employers, he has got to be a sort of general secretary to them. He presides at their meetings, is spokesman for them in disputes, makes collections at the pit-top for strikes or other purposes, posts up any general union notices, and in fact does all the work for doing which an ordinary man would be in danger of being discharged. It will be easily seen what an immense advantage it is to the miners to have such a man, appointed by them, independent of the employers, but still holding an acknowledged official position on the pit bank. His legalisation is in fact one of the most distinct benefits conferred on the men by the Mines Regulation Acts.

Perhaps a coal pit illustrates better than anything else the advantages and disadvantages of Government regulation—grandmotherly legislation, as some like to call it. There can be little doubt that, while the relations of employers and employed remain as they are, Government regulation is the most direct and effectual means of carrying out any measure for the benefit of the men. The present standard of safety in pits, low as it still is, would not have been reached had not the law come to the aid of the men's combinations. But on the other hand, one is made to feel that the law is a poor and clumsy way of enforcing regulations which should be adopted voluntarily and carried out loyally, without the need of enforcing. And why are they not so adopted? Simply because the pits are worked for profit, and because the interests of the men and masters are all across. It is the masters' interest to bring to bank as large a quantity of coal as possible with the smallest expenditure on labour and safety precautions. It is the men's interest to get as large a payment as possible in wages for every ton they send up, and to get as much as possible out of the employers in the shape of safety precautions. At the same time, the tonnage price being fixed, they are tempted to get all the coal they can and to spend as little time as they dare in making their stalls safe. While this system of working continues, there will always be discontent, distrust, and friction of all sorts between men and their employers, between the employers and the inspectors, and even between the men and the inspectors sometimes.

Only when the pits come to be worked by free men, not goaded on by a scanty tonnage price, but secure of their fair share of life's comforts, and at liberty to make what provision for their safety they may think fit,—only then will it be possible for the miner's life to be a decent one, and for rational organisation to take the place of arbitrary regulation, with its endless friction and discontent.

R. U.

SCENES IN THE PARK.

A TEMPERANCE demonstration does not, as a rule, fill me with great enthusiasm, but there were some sights in the Park on Saturday which made my heart beat a little quicker than usual. You have read in the papers about the size of the demonstration, and the way it was broken up into minute fractions by police. That I shall not trouble you with. My purpose is to relate as briefly as possible the attitude of the people towards the idle scoundrels who live upon their labour, and who have the insolence to ride them down like dogs whenever they enter the Park to vent their complaints in a more or less futile demonstration. I am glad to say these gentry got a warm reception on Saturday. They were hooted all along the line, and in fact had to run the gauntlet amid a storm of jeers and chaff. "Sweaters" was the popular name for them; and the general sentiment was well expressed by one workman, who, addressing a particularly fat and over-fed capitalist, said, "All right old man. Wait till another five years is over; we'll have you out of that blooming carriage." Not only this, but despite the efforts of the police, carriages were repeatedly stopped by a furious crowd, so as to allow the procession to pass; and a coachman who endeavoured to drive over the people was sternly warned to be careful, or the carriage would be overturned. We all know how a "gallant" baronet and an M.P. had to ride for his life, amid a volley of sticks and stones, for insulting the workmen. All these are signs that should tell us that our propaganda is taking effect, and that the people will not stand the insolent tyranny of aristocrat and plutocrat much longer. Nor will they be bludgeoned into a meek and quiet submission by an irresponsible police despot like James Monro with his horde of murderous police bullies. These gentlemen and their chief had better let processions alone for the future, or it may be the worse for them. N.

A WORD TO THE PRACTICAL MAN.—It is not a lucky word, this same impossible: no good comes of it. Who is he that says, there is a lion in the path? Sluggard, thou must slay the lion then; the way has to be travelled. In Art, in Practice, innumerable critics will henceforth demonstrate that most things are impossible; that we have got once for all into the region of perennial commonplace, and must contentedly continue there. Let such critics demonstrate; it is the nature of them; what harm is there in it? Poetry once well demonstrated to be impossible, arises the Burns, arises the Goethe. Unheroic commonplace being now clearly all we have to look for, comes the Napoleon, comes the conquest of the world. It was proved by fluxionary calculus that steamships could never get across from the farthest point of Ireland to the nearest of Newfoundland: impelling force, resisting force, maximum here minimum there; by law of nature, and geometric demonstration:—what could be done? The Great Western could weigh anchor from Bristol Port; that could be done. The Great Western, bounding safe through the gullets of the Hudson, threw her cable out on the capstan of New York, and left our still moist paper demonstration to dry itself at leisure. "Impossible?" cried Mirabeau to his secretary; "*Ne me dites jamais ce bête de mot!*" Never name to me that blockhead of a word.—*Carlyle: 'Chartism.'*

THE LABOUR STRUGGLE.

Shipton Triumphant.

So Shipton has gained the secretaryship of the London Trades Council and beaten the new trade unions after all. The wily old fox is not to be caught napping. Mr. Shipton is a man whom every trade-unionist you meet admits ought to have been kicked out long ago, yet he contrives, though attacked by young and vigorous men, to defeat them by sheer force of cunning, and his knowledge of all the tricks which are the capital of an old hand at electioneering. The first dodge was to prevent the most popular candidate, Mr. Parnell, from standing for election by procuring a "mysterious vote" from his society, withdrawing him as a delegate from the Trades Council. Then with a bogus majority of people who represent small and reactionary trade unions, Shipton gained the victory, by 61 to 46, against Hammil of the Engineers, a comparatively young and untried man. The new trade unions, who joined the Council to turn him out, will now have the pleasure of paying Shipton's salary for some considerable time. Would it not be a wiser plan for these bodies to boycott that effete and rotten institution, the London Trades Council, and form a federation of their own? A rival organisation set up beside the Trades Council would certainly attract all that was young and healthy in trade-unionism, and Mr. Shipton's bogus societies would then be left to stew in their own juice along with their respectable secretary. We fear it will take the new trade unions some time to beat Shipton on his own ground.

Mr. Burt and the German Emperor.

Mr. Burt's firm belief in the good intentions of the German Emperor ought to be considerably shaken by this time. Here is a copy of the proclamation issued by an official of that most benevolent and best of princes just before the International Miners' Conference:

"In virtue of section 16 of the Socialist law passed in October 1878, we prohibit herewith the collection of subscriptions having for its object to send delegates to the forthcoming International Miners' Congress at Jolimont, in Belgium. And in particular we warn you herewith not to supply any means whatever to enable any delegate to attend this said congress. Any public announcement asking for funds for this purpose is likewise prohibited. Any person acting contrary to this notice will be prosecuted, and is liable to a penalty not exceeding £20, or three months' imprisonment. Any monies so collected will be confiscated and handed over to the poor-box of the district. This notice will take effect from the day of its publication.

"Gelsenkirchen, 30 April, 1890."

"DR. BALTZ, Sub-Prefect.

This proclamation is quoted from an article on the Congress by Mr. Abrahams (Mabon) in a South Wales paper. Mabon, besides commenting on this edict, gives some other facts which show what a sham is William's "earnest desire to improve the condition of the wealth-producers." Mabon says:

"This most extraordinary notice was posted in all mining districts, and also published in the newspapers. Is not this tyrannical edict in striking contrast to the solicitude recently expressed by the Emperor William on behalf of the labouring classes? . . . In point of fact, however, proclamations notwithstanding, no country was more ably represented than Germany, one of the representatives being one of the men that recently appeared before the Emperor. These men reported that one of their comrades, who, at a public meeting recently, dared to denounce a large colliery director who had artfully and wrongfully broken a pledge given by him to them on strike in order to induce them to return to work, had been sent to gaol for twelve months. When asked why they did not take part in the question of a general strike if the eight hours day was not conceded, they said, 'that they dare not,' for if they did, they would, upon their return to their own country, be prosecuted, and placed in prison. But they knew their countrymen and their sufferings so well, that when the time agreed upon arrived they would rise to a man and 'strike the blow.'"

We wonder what the miners think of that old humbug Burt after this. It is quite evident that a reactionary Government knew what it was about when it sent him as a delegate to the Berlin Conference. But surely it will be impossible for any body of workmen to have any confidence in him in future. Has "Tory money" got anything to do with Mr. Burt's sudden zeal in the cause of reaction? Or is it the weakness and childish imbecility of advancing age? Let us charitably conclude that it is the latter. In that case the Miners' National Union had better pension him off: "Superfluous lags the veteran on the stage."

Livesey Hooted.

Livesey had quite an ovation at the Victoria Hall on Friday night. This gentleman, who drenched his blacklegs with beer and brandy during the recent strike, had the impudence to appear on the platform as chairman of a meeting to protest against "compensation to publicans." The audience were so delighted, that if they could have got hold of Livesey they would have probably "compensated" him. What Livesey's great exemplar, Mr. Pecksniff, would have called "forcible and hilarious suggestions" for Livesey's removal were made by a numerous and savage audience. "Chuck him out," "Break his neck," "Throw him off the platform," were among the yells which assailed him. So furious was the hooting, that Livesey, after vainly endeavouring to speak, had to "gracefully" retire, like Sir Charles Warren at the Oxford Music Hall. We believe Mr. Livesey professes to be "a sincere and earnest Christian" as well as a "temperance advocate," and we want to give him an opportunity of proving his Christian beneficence. If anyone will send us his private address, we will be happy to publish it for the information of some hundreds of starving gas-stokers, who are anxious to call upon him to show their "gratitude and respect" for his late "kindness" towards them, and also to "solicit a voluntary contribution" for the support of their wives and families.

International Labour League and Federation.

This organisation held a very successful meeting at the East Finsbury Radical Club on Saturday, June 7th. Thirty-five organisations were represented by sixty delegates from all parts of London. An attempt was made by the State Socialists to get the federation formed upon a "legal and constitutional basis." But most of the delegates were not authorised to pledge their organisations to this programme, and the question is held over till the 13th of July, when another conference will be held. We hope that the workers will steer clear of legality, and decide as the miners and other Socialist workmen on the Continent have done, not to wait for Governments or Parliaments to give them the eight hours day, but to obtain it for themselves by a general strike of workmen in every trade. N.

INTERNATIONAL NOTES.

GERMANY.

The German Socialist Publishing Company have issued the second volume of a most interesting work, entitled *Nach Zehn Jahren* (After Ten Years), being the history of the working of the muzzle-laws in Germany for the last decade. We say an interesting work, and regret not being able to add an impartial one, but we have no room here to deal at any length with the contents of the book. We want only to say that 15,000 copies of the first volume, and already 12,000 copies of the second volume have found their way in *Germany alone*, and after such a widespread circulation the Berlin police have thought it necessary now to prohibit the entry on German territory of this Socialist publication.

A German Socialist, comrade Janisverski, who was the opponent of Professor Virchow at the recent election for the Reichstag, has been ordered to leave Berlin.

The police have arrested at Wiesenbach, in Saxe-Weimar, comrade Steuzleit, who recently returned to that town from America. A domiciliary visit to his house resulted in the discovery of various appliances for making explosive shells.

It is expected that comrade Bebel will become the chief editor of the daily *Berliner Volksblatt*, the principal Socialistic organ now issued in Germany, after the 30th of September next, when the muzzle-laws will cease to be in force. It is also stated that comrade Auer, who for the present is expelled from Berlin, will be the sub-editor of the paper.

The government of Saxony have asked that the Bundesrath may prolong the state of siege which is proclaimed over Leipzig, that would otherwise cease to exist under normal circumstances after the 28th of this month. The authorities in Saxony have always been the most ardent adversaries of the Socialists; the Draconian laws of 1878 have nowhere been applied more vigorously than in Saxony. The papers of that part of Germany are especially reactionary; they issue just now scores of articles of a most alarming nature, describing under the most sombre light the situation which will be created by the abrogation of the muzzle-laws. Another paper issued at Hamburg goes still further, and says "The government are placed in an awkward position; they cannot aggravate the general penal legislation without restraining at the same time the political freedom of all other parties; on the other hand, if they abrogate simply and purely the anti-Socialist law an insurrection becomes inevitable, and when the guns will have interfered God knows what may then happen! It is possible that a good strong bleeding following the revolt may have a salutary influence on the social organisation, but on one condition only: that this bleeding be implacable and merciless; otherwise there will be no end of troubles and revolts, and Socialism, like a cankerous disease, will permeate society at large."

There are still a considerable number of partial strikes going on all over Germany. At Altenburg, the sculptors, carpenters, and turners have won their cause. The sculptors of Erfenschlag, near Chemnitz, have also obtained an increase of 25 per cent. The cabinet makers at Gorlitz are still out of work, as well as the millers of Leipzig and neighbourhood. The cigar-makers at Brunswick have succeeded, after a strike which lasted for several months and cost over 50,000 marks, in getting rid of a tyrannical foreman. The strikers at Fleusburg have now resumed work after having won their demands. The carpenters of Leipzig and at Hamburg are still out of work, and intend to stick to their guns as long as they possibly can. Numerous other strikes, which cannot all be recorded here, are in progress, and make at the present time the German soil rather hot for the capitalist class of that country. Everywhere, in fact, all over the world, we seem to approach the beginning of the end!

RUSSIA.

The paper of the "Society of Friends of Russian Freedom" has now appeared, and we can only say that this venture is well worth of meeting with the sympathies of all true-hearted men and women. In "A Free Platform for Russian Reformers," Dr. R. Spence Watson, speaking of the Russophile movement in England, says: "The actual task which we contemplate is the wide dissemination from time to time of accurate information upon the political position of Russia in domestic affairs, the condition of the people, the treatment of political exiles, and all the action of authorities in suppressing all aspirations for freedom. From time to time news appears in the French or English papers casting a lurid light upon the darkness which surrounds Russian life, but that light and the interest it awakens speedily die away. We wish to prevent this, and to preserve the interest by ensuring that authentic information shall be regularly forthcoming. In spite of many difficulties, such information will be provided; and although in the nature of things the source from whence it is obtained cannot be disclosed, every pains will be taken to assure that everything we publish shall be so guaranteed as to stand the test of the severest investigation." *Free Russia*, having so stated the nature of its publication, enters at once into Russian affairs. Madame Tzebrikova's Letter to the Tzar is reprinted, and we fully agree with the commentator when he says that her letter is a most important and perhaps historical event in the record of Russian liberation. The Siberian atrocities are dealt with in an exhaustive manner, and it is clearly shown that the life of the whole mass of people exiled and imprisoned in Siberia has been made unendurable by the new rules and recent events.

Another good feature of *Free Russia* is the "Bibliography of the Russian Question," and we hope it may be made as complete as possible, for the benefit of those who want to become more acquainted with the history and details of the Russian question.

The paper may be had from the publisher (Reeves, Fleet Street) at 1d. a copy. Every subscriber to the fund of the Society from 1s. and upwards will receive all its publications that shall be forthcoming, free of charge till further notice.

All of us—revolutionary Socialists, Anarchists, Social Democrats—who are engaged in the battle of freedom against tyranny and oppression, must feel deeply interested in the fate of these heroic Russian men and women who, by hundreds and thousands, are willing to give up their lives as the vanguard of the army of social justice and human liberty.

DENMARK.

We have already spoken last week about the stonemasons and bricklayers strike of Copenhagen. We are now requested to reproduce the appeal launched by our Danish friends. It runs as follows: "Comrades, the bricklayers of Copenhagen, at this moment, are struggling to bring about a nine-hours working day and a payment of 50 ore (6½d.) an hour. The strike broke out on the 12th of May, after we had negotiated for about two years with the masters about this matter. But they have always opposed our

claim, although want of employment increased year after year in such a manner that about 500 have been obliged to leave Copenhagen and a great number of others have been forced to seek work abroad. Under these circumstances, we had no other resource than to ask for a reduction of hours, and the masters persistently refusing to yield to this, about 1,200 bricklayers have struck work, whereby 800 unskilled workmen and a number of carpenters have also got out of work. The masters' corporation is engaged in struggling against us; they have associated with the building-speculators, the carriers and constructors, to prevent those of the masters who would be willing to accede to our demands to go on working. Thus we are at war against our whole capitalist class, and the battle will be a hard one. As the question of reduced hours is for us of great importance, we are ready to hold out until we have won our cause. Therefore, comrades and brethren, we do beg you instantly not to come to Copenhagen before the strike has ended, and we also entreat to send us your support. Remember that, owing to the strike, about 2,500 families are without bread. We also request you to let us know whether work is abundant enough with you to allow some of our striking comrades to get employment in England." Signed H. Rasmussen, chairman of the Bricklayers' Union of Denmark. Treasurer: P. C. Olsen, 22, Romersgade str., Copenhagen, K. Denmark. V. D.

THE SOCIALIST LEAGUE.

OFFICES: 24, GREAT QUEEN ST., LINCOLN'S INN FIELDS, W.C.

The Offices of the Socialist League will be open for the sale of *Commonweal* and all other Socialist publications from 8.30 a.m. to 9 p.m. every day except Sunday. The Secretary will be in attendance from 10 a.m. to 9 p.m. daily.

Executive.—We wish to draw the attention of Branches to the decision of the Conference re Branch Reports, viz., "That monthly records of the work done, condition of the workers, etc., be, where practicable, substituted for the short weekly reports."

Propaganda Committee.—The Propaganda Committee meets on Tuesday, June 17, at 8.30 p.m. Special meeting; important business; all members of the League interested in the propaganda invited to attend.

Branch Subscriptions Paid.—1890:—Leicester and North Kensington, to end of April. Glasgow, Oxford, Hammersmith, North London, East London, 'Commonweal' Branch, Manchester, and Norwich, to end of May. Streatham, to end of December.

(Branch Secretaries will please send with remittances for Capitations the number of their membership.)

NEW PREMISES FUND.

Collected at Council meeting, June 9th, 3s. 6d.

"COMMONWEAL" GUARANTEE FUND.

The following further sums have been received towards this fund:—East London Branch, 3s.; B. W. 1s.; H. R., 1s.; 'Commonweal' Branch, 16s. 4d.; Deakin (Walsall), 10s.; A. H. (Norwich), 5s.; D. Nicoll (2 weeks), 1s.; P. Webb, 1s.; Hammersmith Branch, 2s.; Mrs. Edwards, 1s.; C. Saunders, 2s.; and Glasgow Branch, 5s.

REPORTS.

EAST LONDON.—We are trying hard to push Revolutionary Socialism among the workers in the East-end, and are very hopeful. We intend in future to make it a feature at our meetings to have female comrades open with revolutionary songs; Mrs. Morgan has been very active in this respect for weeks past. We held four meetings last week, viz., at Hoxton Church on Friday night, at Union Street on Sunday morning, and Victoria Park and Hoxton Church in the afternoon; literature sold well. At Union Street we have had the pleasure of hearing two comrades, Wright and Marsh, make a start as speakers, and we hope in future to spur on other comrades to take an active part in spreading our ideas. At Stratford Church, Mrs. Lahr and Cores tried to hold a meeting, but were driven away by the police. The following speakers have addressed meetings during the week—Blundell, Parker, Cores, Hicks, Davis, Brookes, Mowbray, Mrs. Lahr, Wright, and Marsh.

NORTH LONDON.—After the demonstration on Saturday, we endeavoured to enlighten the teetotallers as to the errors of their ways, which started a brisk discussion; one said that among the many advantages of total abstinence it enabled him to live on a pound a week and bring up a wife and family of ten respectably; our speakers were Cantwell, Moore, and Parker. In Regent's Park, Cantwell and Nicoll spoke to an attentive audience; collected 1s. 8d., and 6s. worth of literature sold.—T. C.

ABERDEEN.—Open-air work was resumed here in Castle Street on the evening of Saturday the 7th,—the first meeting (which had been announced by handbills) taking the form of a demonstration to protest against the freedom of the city being presented to Stanley, who pays us a visit in about a fortnight. Before the singing commenced we were surrounded by some hundreds of people, who had gathered there to hear us. Comrades Duncan, W. Cooper, and Leatham were listened to with close attention—a number of damaging extracts, read from Stanley's own books and letters, creating a marked impression. When a hope was expressed at the close that those who had learned what manner of man Mr. Stanley was, and what kind of work he had been doing, would show their disapproval when the celebrations came on, the large crowd responded with unanimous applause. At the indoor meeting on the night following, at which there was a large attendance of non-members, Nicoll's article on "Stanley's Exploits" was read and discussed.—L.

GLASGOW.—On Sunday we held two very successful meetings; one on Jail Square, which was addressed by Joe Burgoyne; and one at Paisley Road Toll, which was addressed by Glasier. At the latter meeting Morris's idea of how the Revolution may be achieved, as given in "News from Nowhere" in last week's *Weal*, much impressed the audience; all our *Weals* were sold out.

DUBLIN.—At the Dublin Branch of the Theosophical Society, on Wednesday, June 4th, Mr. E. A. Neale read a paper on "Socialism and Theosophy," in which he accepted the doctrines of Socialism. The opposition was of the usual thrift, reward of industry, etc., kind; Fitzpatrick, King, Hamilton, Mr. F. J. Allen, and others took part in a highly interesting discussion.

EDINBURGH—SCOTTISH SOCIALIST FEDERATION.—We held a very good meeting on the Meadows on Sunday, and although it rained somewhat heavily, the good speeches of Mackenzie, Hamilton, Smith, Bell, and Davidson kept the crowd together till a late hour. Some statements about the Trades Council roused the ire of Purdie, the bookbinders' representative, and other unionists, and a sharp exchange of questions and answers was the only result, but perhaps the last has not been heard on the subject. Our new hall is opened, and is ready to be let for trades and other meetings. No one need fail to find us, as our name may be read at a considerable distance—large white letters on a vermillion ground.—T.

EDINBURGH—SCOTTISH SOCIALIST FEDERATION.—Labour Hall, 50 South Bridge. Business meeting every Friday at 8 o'clock. Communications, etc., to be addressed there. Meeting on Meadows, Sunday at 4 p.m.

LECTURE DIARY.

LONDON.

- Battersea.**—All communications to E. Buteux, 45, Inwith Street, Battersea Park Road.
- Commonweal Branch.**—24 Great Queen Street, Holborn, W.C. Tuesdays, Singing Practice. Thursdays, Business meeting. Saturdays, Social Gathering. On Sunday June 15, at 8 p.m., a Free Concert.
- East London.**—All branch communications to be addressed to H. M'Kenzie, 12 Basing Place, Kingsland Road.
- Hammersmith.**—Kelmescott House, Upper Mall, W. Sunday June 15, at 8 p.m., a Lecture. French Class conducted by Mdlle. Desroches on Friday evenings at 7.30.
- Mitcham.**—"Lord Napier," Fair Green. Meets every Sunday at 12.30, to enroll members, etc.
- North Kensington.**—Clarendon Coffee Palace, Clarendon Road. Meets every Wednesday at 8 p.m. The branch Band meets every Friday at 8 p.m. for practice. Comrades wishing to join to give in their names to the instructor at the above address.
- North London.**—6 Windmill Street, Tottenham Court Road. Meets every Wednesday evening at 8 o'clock.
- Streatham.**—Address secretary, R. Smith, 1 Natal Road, Streatham.
- Whitechapel and St. Georges-in-the-East.**—Branch meetings at International Club, 40 Berner Street, Commercial Road. J. Turner, organising secretary.

PROVINCES.

- Aberdeen.**—Organiser, J. Leatham, 7 Jamaica Street. Branch meets in Hall, 9 Harriet Street, on Sunday evenings at 6.30. Singing practice, etc., in Odd-fellows' Small Hall, Crooked Lane, Mondays at 8 p.m.
- Glasgow.**—Members are invited to meet on Thursday and Sunday evenings, at 8 o'clock, in the Secretary's house, 250 Crown Street, S.S. All communications to be sent to that address.
- Halifax.**—Socialists meet every Sunday at 6.30 p.m. at Helliwell's Temperance Hotel, Northgate.
- Leeds.**—Clarendon Buildings, Victoria Road, School Close. Open every evening. Business meeting Saturdays at 8 p.m.
- Leicester.**—Exchange Buildings, Rutland Street. Branch meets on Monday, Thursday, and Saturday at 8 p.m.
- Manchester.**—Socialist League Club, 60 Grovesnor Street, All Saints. Open every evening. Branch weekly meeting on Tuesdays at 8.
- Norwich.**—Members meet at 23 Rose Yard, St. Augustines, Tuesday at 8.30.
- Oxford.**—Temperance Hall, 25½ Pembroke Street. First Friday in every month, at 8.30 p.m.
- Sheffield.**—Socialist Club, 63 Blonk Street. French Class, Tuesday at 8.30. Discussion Class, Wednesday at 8.30. Open-air meetings are held as follows:—Sunday: Monolith, at 11.30; College Yard, Rotherham, at 3; Westbar Pump, at 8. Monday: The Cross, at 7; Handsworth Woodhouse, at 7. Wednesday: Corner of Nursery Street, at 7.30. Thursday: Corner of Bramall Lane and Hereford Street, at 7.30.
- Walsall.**—Socialist Club, 18 Goodall Street, Walsall. Meetings every night.
- Yarmouth.**—Socialist League Club, 56 Row, Market Place. Open every evening. Business Meeting Tuesdays at 8 p.m. Elocution Class Friday at 8.30 p.m. Discussion Class Sunday 3 p.m.

OPEN-AIR PROPAGANDA.

- SATURDAY 14.
- 7 Hyde Park Nicoll and Cantwell
 - 7 Stratford—back of Church Cores and Mrs. Lahr
- SUNDAY 15.
- 11 Commercial Road—Union Street Leggett and Mrs. Lahr
 - 11 Latimer Road Station North Kensington Branch
 - 11.30 Hammersmith Bridge Hammersmith Branch
 - 11.30 Hoxton Church Davis, Marsh, and Brookes
 - 11.30 Kilburn—"Old Plough," Kilburn Lane Mainwaring and Coulson
 - 11.30 Mitcham—Fair Green The Branch
 - 11.30 New Cut—Short Street Casey and Wright
 - 11.30 Regent's Park Mrs. Shack and Nicoll
 - 3.30 Hyde Park—Marble Arch Mrs. Lahr and Miss Lupton
 - 3.30 Streatham Common Smith and Wright
 - 3.30 Victoria Park Davis
 - 7 Hammersmith Bridge Hammersmith Branch
 - 7 Wormwood Scrubs North Kensington Branch
 - 7.30 Mitcham Fair Green The Branch
 - 8 Walham Green—back of Church Hammersmith Branch

WEDNESDAY 18.

- 8 New Cut—Short Street Miss Lupton, Casey, and Mrs. Lahr

FRIDAY 20.

- 8.15 Hoxton Church Kitz and Davis

PROVINCES.

- Glasgow.**—Sunday: Jail Square at 2 o'clock; Paisley Road at 5 o'clock.
- Leeds.**—Sunday: Hunslet Moor, at 11 a.m.; Vicar's Croft, at 7 p.m.
- Leicester.**—Sunday: Russell Square at 11 a.m.; Humberstone Gate, at 8 p.m.
- Liverpool.**—Landing Stage, Sundays at 11.30 a.m. and 3 p.m.
- Manchester.**—Saturday: Middleton market ground, at 7 p.m. Sunday: Philips Park Gates, at 11; Stevenson Square, at 3. Monday: Market Street, Blackley, at 8.
- Norwich.**—Sunday: Market Place at 3 and 7.30.
- Yarmouth.**—Sunday: Priory Plain, at 11; Bradwell, 11.30; Colman's Granary Quay, at 7.

Commonweal agent in Lambeth.—Newsagent, 80 Princes-road, Lambeth

CLUB AUTONOMIE, 6 Windmill Street, Tottenham Court Road, W.—Sunday June 15, at 8.30, Lothrop Withington, "Through the Smoke."

NEW MANHOOD SUFFRAGE LEAGUE, "Three Doves," Berwick St., Soho, W.—Sunday June 15, at 8.30 p.m., George R. Cox, "Other Lips and Other Hearts"; or Fifty Years After."

MANCHESTER.—A Demonstration, to protest against the freedom of the city being conferred on H. M. Stanley, will be held on Sunday June 15, in Stevenson Square. Frank Kitz (London) will be the principal speaker.

SOUTH LONDON.—All Revolutionary Socialists in South London willing to form a Branch of the S. L. are requested to send their names to W. Wright, 18 Ward Street, Lambeth, or turn up at the open-air meetings at Short Street, New Cut, on Sunday mornings and Wednesday evenings.

FABIAN SOCIETY.—A course of seven lectures on SOCIALISM IN CONTEMPORARY LITERATURE will be given in the French Chamber, St. James's Restaurant, W. (entrance from Piccadilly), on Friday evenings, at 8 o'clock. June 20 (fifth lecture), William Boulting, "Edward Carpenter and Karl Pearson."

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STATEMENT OF PRINCIPLES.

THE Socialist League advocates International Revolutionary Socialism. That is to say the destruction of the present class society, which consists of one class who live by owning property and therefore need not work, and of another that has no property and therefore must work in order that they may live to keep the idlers by their labour. Revolutionary Socialism insists that this system of society, which is the modern form of slavery, should be changed to a system of Society which would give every man an opportunity of doing useful work, and not allow any man to live without so doing, which work could not be useful unless it were done for the whole body of workers instead of for do-nothing individuals. The result of this would be that livelihood would not be precarious nor labour burdensome. Labour would be employed in co-operation, and the struggle of man with man for bare subsistence would be supplanted by harmonious combination for the production of common wealth and the exchange of mutual services without the waste of labour or material.

Every man's needs would be satisfied from this common stock, but no man would be allowed to own anything which he could not use, and which consequently he must abuse by employing it as an instrument for forcing others to labour for him unpaid. Thus the land, the capital, machinery, and means of transit would cease to be private property, since they can only be used by the combination of labour to produce wealth.

Thus men would be free because they would no longer be dependent on idle property-owners for subsistence; thus they would be brothers, for the cause of strife, the struggle for subsistence at other people's expense, would have come to an end. Thus they would be equal, for if all men were doing useful work no man's labour could be dispensed with. Thus the motto of Liberty, Fraternity, and Equality, which is but an empty boast in a society that upholds the monopoly of the means of production, would at last be realised.

This Revolutionary Socialism must be International. The change which would put an end to the struggle between man and man, would destroy it also between nation and nation. One harmonious system of federation throughout the whole of civilisation would take the place of the old destructive rivalries. There would be no great centres breeding race hatred and commercial jealousy, but people would manage their own affairs in communities not too large to prevent all citizens from taking a part in the administration necessary for the conduct of life, so that party politics would come to an end.

Thus, while we abide by the old motto

Liberty, Fraternity, Equality,

we say that the existence of private property destroys Equality, and therefore under it there can be neither Liberty nor Fraternity.

We add to the first motto then this other one—

FROM EACH ACCORDING TO HIS CAPACITY, TO EACH ACCORDING TO HIS NEEDS.

When this is realised there will be a genuine Society; until it is realised, Society is nothing but a band of robbers. We must add that this change can only be brought about by combination amongst the workers themselves, and must embrace the whole of Society. The new life cannot be given to the workers by a class higher than they, but must be taken by them by means of the abolition of classes and the reorganisation of Society.

COUNCIL OF THE SOCIALIST LEAGUE.

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THE COMMONWEAL

The Official Journal of the SOCIALIST LEAGUE.

VOL. 6.—No. 232.

SATURDAY, JUNE 21, 1890.

WEEKLY; ONE PENNY.

NOTES ON NEWS.

A LITTLE too previous. Our friend the *Star* announces to its readers that there has been "another" split in the S. L.; and *Reynolds*, misled probably by the false news of the delectable evening print, comes out with a note wherein we are informed we are "waking up," and we are dividing ourselves into still minuter sections. The *Star*, with characteristic unfairness, refused insertion until the last moment to a contradiction sent by comrade Morris. No enemy is more virulent than a renegade; and if the *Star* really wishes for reliable information as to what is going on within the ranks of the Socialists, it should seek cleaner channels of obtaining it than the individual it uses now for the purpose. Presently we shall have something to say about the erstwhile Socialist press gang which will make them wince.

"Dodo" in *Reynolds* has disclosed the particular sect to which he belongs, by the puff he gives it as having done "all the practical work." The wish is father to the thought *re* the alleged split in the S.L. No doubt the existence of an International Organisation is a thorn to those who are continually abusing foreigners, and Germans in particular, because the English Royal Collar is made of German silver. We may be "somnolent," but we think that the preaching of International Solidarity is preferable to the national prejudices and continual laudation of Sham Republics like France and America, of which "Dodo," in common with the staff of *Reynolds*, seems to be lost in rapt admiration.

EDITORS.

The *Daily News* the other day had an elaborate congratulatory article on the progress of Italy, which was once nothing at all, and is now a great nation courted and flattered by all the great powers. I do not know nor care how much the Italian bourgeois patriot likes this "condescension" of the English ditto, but I cannot help feeling that all this glorification of the progress of the commercial class in the country (for that is what it comes to) is little better than an insult to the general humanity of Italy.

All this glory of the nation to which he has the honour to belong, what will it do for the Italian peasant, the Italian labourer, the Italian town-workman? The Lombard field-labourer driven to his toil in a gang, dying by inches of *pellagra* (in English, starvation) in the very garden of Europe, I wonder what touch of national vanity (which is what people mean by "patriotism") his master's grinding has left in him. The town workman in whom even trades' unionism is a crime, I wonder whether he thinks that his nation has done all they can for him in driving out the Germans and leaving the capitalists to fatten on his labour?

Italy is like other "civilised" nations, she keeps her successes, her progress, her civilisation for a class of masters. Who could venture to say that Italy has "progressed" who thinks of the condition of those that alone make Italy, the workers, the useful part of the country? Those who write flattering articles about Italy's progress, do in truth think of nothing human in Italy except the middle-class; to them the rest are not men and women, but parts of the huge machine which grinds the masters' sweet idle life. But how if the machine should one day *burst*?

W. M.

The Earl of Wemyss was kind enough in the House of Lords the other night, in a debate on the sweating system, to lay down a few rules of conduct for the people, and which he told them would be excellent remedies for their poverty. He said:

"True statesmanship consisted in telling the people the truth that to a great extent the cure rested with themselves. They must practise temperance and thrift, and must, like the upper classes, avoid marriage until they were able to support their wives and families in comfort. They must be taught not to regard emigration as banishment, but to accept it as a means of reducing the surplus population of this country."

It is quite true that the "cure" does rest with the people, but we doubt whether that remedy is one that Earl Wemyss would relish.

As to the noble lord's humbugging cant about "temperance and thrift," we should have thought that it was scarcely possible for an East-end workman, earning from 15s. to 20s. a-week, to be anything but "temperate and thrifty" upon it. If Lord Wemyss doubts this he is welcome to try the experiment of living upon this sum, and he will then be able to tell us whether it leaves him a very ample margin for expenditure in champagne, cigars, and other luxuries which the noble lord, thanks to the "temperance and thrift" of other people, is now able to enjoy.

The poor must "avoid marriage." Must they! What excellent advice from a "Christian and moral" peer! At that rate the Mile End Road would soon be as full of prostitutes as Piccadilly, and the aristocracy would not be able even to claim a monopoly of immorality. Why, we might even have an East-end Cleveland Street, if the poor "like the upper classes avoid marriage." What splendid morality and "manly virtues" the great Earl Wemyss endeavours to spread among the people! Perhaps they might reply that in these things they are not anxious to emulate the "upper classes."

But the people have still another lesson to learn, and that is, "not to regard emigration as banishment, but to accept it as a means of reducing the surplus population of the country." It strikes me that it will take the people some time to swallow this pill. Why are people forced to emigrate? Because the Earl of Wemyss and his brother thieves, the landlords and capitalists, cannot make rent or profit out of their labour, and so the workmen are forced by starvation to "emigrate." And thus, owing to the monopoly of the land and the means of production by Wemyss and Co., they cannot live in the land of their birth. Earl Wemyss may not consider this "banishment," but the people hold a different opinion.

Supposing, some day the workmen get tired of supplying idle scoundrels with wealth to spend in every form of vice and profligacy which it is possible for the most diseased and depraved mind to imagine; suppose that they rise in revolt, and hunt Wemyss and Co. out of the country, like the French peasants hunted their lords a hundred years ago. Would Earl Wemyss consider that "banishment"? It was called "emigration" then.

Some people might, however, be content "to accept it as a means of reducing the 'surplus' population of the country." Like the countryman in the story, we think that "emigration" is an excellent thing properly applied, and that in England we could very well spare "a few landlords." Earl Wemyss might with advantage set the example, and go first. The unemployed could make a good use of his acres, when they had not got to keep him into the bargain.

D. N.

SCENES FROM THE FRENCH REVOLUTION.

III.

THE REVOLT OF THE WOMEN.

THE 5th of October, 1789, dawns—a dull, desolate morning—and the great city of Paris is waking to life again. Already the idea is afloat among the women that the National Guards will surely not fire upon them, and at the markets and in the bakers' queues there is excited talk. "The men are cowards, and will not act; then let the women act. Forward to the Hôtel de Ville, to Versailles! Down with the fore-stallers of bread! Death to murderous aristocrats and their black cockades!"

A woman in one of these excited groups in the Quartier St. Eustace snatches a drum from a guardhouse, rushing through the adjacent streets beating it and raising cries concerning the scarcity of bread. A crowd of women gather round her, and increase in number as they approach the Hôtel de Ville. At the same time a host of women sweep in a surging flood from St. Antoine, the East-end of Paris, and pour like a torrent through the streets, pulling into their ranks every woman they can lay hold of—even breaking into houses and dragging

them out. Thus the crowd rushes on—roaring, shouting, brandishing weapons of every kind—and streams into the open space, the Grève, in front of the Town Hall, raising fearful cries of "Bread! bread!" and demanding to speak with the representatives of the Commune. Lafayette, Bailly, and the other representatives are not there. The Municipal Council sat late into the night, discussing the troubled condition of Paris, and there are now only at the Town Hall a few clerks, with a slender guard of Nationals, under the command of M. de Gouvion, a major-general who has served with Lafayette in America. Just before the crowd enters upon the place in front of the Hotel de Ville, a baker who has been selling bread with short weights is brought there in custody by some National Guards. The furious crowd already gathering rush upon him with fearful shouts, but he is dragged from their hands by National Guards, taken into the Town Hall, and smuggled out of the back door. M. de Gouvion, alarmed at the vast crowd of women now covering the place, sends round to the districts for reinforcements. Meanwhile, on come the women. In front of the Town Hall are a body of mounted Nationals. These the women set upon with showers of stones, and they are forced to retreat before the desperate crowd. And now for the Town Hall. On they come in one long wave. The National Guards form on the stone stairs outside, and receive them with a hedge of glittering steel. But the crowd rushes on madly; stones begin to fly from behind; it is impossible to fire on these starving, desperate women; the guards give way; and the crowd dashes on, surging, thundering through the halls and passages of the Hôtel de Ville. List to their savage shouts—Bread! bread! Bread and arms! The men are cowards! We will show them what courage means! Others cry that the municipal councillors, especially Lafayette and Bailly, deserve hanging. Some of the women batter at the door of the magazine of arms, but cannot force it. Fierce and ragged men, armed with axes and crowbars, come to their aid; the door is broken open, and eight hundred stand of arms are pulled out, with two pieces of cannon. Here they also lay hands on three bags of gold, one of which is promptly annexed by someone, but the others are rescued.

Meanwhile, another troop have swept up to the belfry, looking for Lafayette and Bailly, whom they do not find, but find instead only one member of the Municipal Council, an unfortunate Abbé Lefevre, who was very busy distributing powder on the Bastille day, but has since ranked among the moderates. He is soon hanging out of the belfry with a rope round his neck. The rope, however, is cut, or breaks, and he tumbles down upon the leads, and lives for years afterwards, though always with "a trembling in the limbs." But below they are piling up heaps of paper, which two ladies with blazing torches announce their intention of setting on fire, when suddenly their hands are seized by a gigantic man dressed in sombre black. It is Usher Maillard, prominent in the assault upon the Bastille, now sergeant in the Bastille Volunteers, composed of men who distinguished themselves in the assault on that fortress.

Maillard had arrived at the Town Hall before the women arrived, with complaints from his volunteers. On the arrival of the women, he rushed forth and returned with the company of the Bastille heroes, arriving just in time to prevent the Town Hall from being burnt down. For the moment the women are inclined to turn their wrath on to him; but he tells them who he is, and is then received with joy. He says that he will lead them to Versailles, and entering the room where the officials are clustered in confused terror, he informs them there is only one thing to do, and that is to take the women to Versailles. The officials, half beside themselves, will not sanction this step, so Maillard takes it without them, seizes a drum, and beating on it loudly, runs down the stairs, the women rushing after him. Downstairs eight thousand women have rallied in the Place de Grève, armed with every species of weapon—pikes, guns, pitchforks, ironshod bludgeons, and several pieces of cannon, dragged by horses taken from carriages. Seated on one of these cannon is Théroigne de Mericourt, once a beautiful courtesan, but who now, moved by the enthusiasm of revolution, had given up her trade, and declared that she would have no more lovers except the great constitution-maker, the Abbé de Sieyes, noted for his coldness and his hatred for women. Thus with drums beating at the head of this motley multitude Maillard starts for Versailles, and the Place de Grève and the Hôtel de Ville are left empty as the human sea sweeps on.

On they march through the West End of Paris past the Louvre and the Tuileries, men crowding to the windows to gaze in astonishment, but no women showing their faces for fear they should be pressed. It is not pleasant weather for a march through the country to Versailles this dull dank October day, for rain is falling and they splash in mud and water as they go. In the Elysian Fields, the Parisian Hyde Park, there is a halt, and there Maillard harangues them; he is met with shouts that they wish to march to the Arsenal for arms, but he declares that there are no arms in the Arsenal, and recommends that they march without arms peacefully and petition the National Assembly. Then, forming them in somewhat like military order they march on, the Bastille volunteers bringing up the rear. Through the villages on the road they tramp, at some of which the peasants are glad to yield a supply of bread to prevent their houses being pillaged by the hungry crowd. Any woman they can lay hands on is forced to join them. Fine carriage ladies in their dainty vehicles are forced to descend, though with shrieks and hysterics, and to march on. Carriages and travellers of all kinds are stopped, especially any that come from Paris, so that news cannot be carried to Versailles. Among others is Deputy Lechappelier, who explains very nervously "That he is a good patriot, and presided in the Assembly on the famous 4th of August." This announcement is met with a shout of "Vive Lechap-

pelier!" and several people spring up behind and before to escort him.

But, meanwhile, rumours do reach Versailles, despite the stopping of couriers and passengers. The National Assembly is in very bad spirits at the sight of royalism becoming so rampant; the king, too, has refused to accept the famous 'Rights of Man,' which has just been passed as part of the new constitution by the Assembly, and altogether the Court has taken a very defiant attitude. When the news of the march of the women reaches Versailles, Mirabeau, one of the first to hear it, crosses to Mounier, the President of the day, and informs him that Paris is marching upon Versailles, and that he must fall suddenly unwell and go to the palace and tell them. Mounier, who though a very mild constitutionalist, has been much irritated by recent events, and replies, "Paris marches on us! Well, so much the better; we shall sooner be a Republic!"

But Paris is marching; scarcely had the women departed than an immense crowd fills the Place de Grève, Nationals summoned by M. de Gouvion, the work-people from St. Antoine, and last but not least, the famous Garde Français, whose appearance caused the Bastille to fall, now known as the Centre Grenadiers of the National Guard. These are loudly cheered, but they reply "It is not cheers we want; the nation has been insulted! To arms! and come to us for orders!" A deputation of these brave soldiers enter the Hôtel de Ville, where the frightened Municipals have already assembled. They see Lafayette and speak to him in blunt soldier fashion, "My General, we are deputed by the six companies of Grenadiers. We do not think you a traitor, but we think the Government betrays you. We cannot turn our bayonets against women crying to us for bread. The people are miserable, the source of their misery is at Versailles; we must go and seek the King and bring him to Paris. We must exterminate the Flanders regiment and the body-guard, who have dared to trample on the National Cockade. If the King be too weak to wear a crown let him lay it down. You will crown his son, you will name a council of regency and all will go better!" Poor Lafayette could only reply, "What! would you make war upon the King?" But all his pleading was in vain. "The King must come to Paris; all the people wish it!" Lafayette and Bailly then try their eloquence outside, but it is lost among cries of "Bread! Bread! To Versailles! To Versailles!" Lafayette mounts his white charger and speaks from that; but it is all in vain. "To Versailles! To Versailles!" Finding eloquence and white charger useless, he tries to bolt, but is stopped by the Centre Grenadiers. "My General, you will not leave us." What is to be done? Half the day has been wasted in unavailing speech! And now from St. Antoine there come cries of "To the Lanterne!" St. Antoine has some idea of settling the difficulty by hanging the general. Lafayette sends in word to the very much frightened Municipals, to ask whether he is to go, and receives an order to do so. He informs the crowd that he will go. The decision is received with shouts of rapture, and they march for Versailles, all Paris shouting and applauding as the troops march by. The people from the suburb of St. Antoine have already marched, and the huge host pours on, covering the country roads that lead to Versailles. The drunken orgie at the Opera House has done its work. Paris throngs in tumultuous crowds, and marches in military order upon Versailles.

D. J. NICOLL.

(The first two "Scenes from the French Revolution" appeared in Nos. 208 and 214, January 4th and February 15th, 1890. These Numbers can still be had.)

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

CORRESPONDENTS who order literature should prepay postage, or state if they wish their parcels to be sent per rail or carrier, "carriage forward."

C. COBLEY.—This correspondent sends in a letter asking "why we Socialists have never dealt with the question of foreign immigration into this country," and then proceeds to advocate the imposition of a heavy tax upon such poor foreigners as emigrate here. "It would at least," says he, "prevent those without visible means of subsistence from landing here and working for any mean wage that is offered to them." But he doubts the efficacy of his own specific, for a little further on he says that "he believes that it is the importation of cheap foreign goods 'free of duty' rather than foreign immigration which injures the English workman." In the first place the letter should not have been addressed to us, as we attach only a conventional meaning to the word "foreigner," and recognise in our working comrades of other lands as members of the Army of Labour, whose emancipation is fast approaching. We expect that the number of persons who label themselves as Socialists and wave the red flag over every crochet, are responsible for the confusion in our correspondent's mind, and which has led him to address us. He would put a heavy fine upon foreigners, which would be a bagatelle upon such as the Rothschilds, in order to keep out poor foreigners. Very large-minded and generous indeed. From this to the re-erection of the toll-gates, which fined people for locomotion from one place to another, is but a step. Our friend has given us no indication that he objects in any way to the International Capitalistic System, which preys upon all without regard to clime: and, therefore, we would like to know whether he objects to accept the results of foreign genius simply because it is not native? Many of those who have sought refuge upon these shores have enriched Literature, Art, and Science in this country, who upon landing could not have paid a pecuniary fine. We have not yet come across the Englishman who refused to make a profit out of an invention, or take advantage of scientific discoveries when made by foreigners; in fact, hundreds of Englishmen have employment in this way. As to a "mean" wage: the strikes going on around us are not complicated by the foreigner but by the native blackleg, and certainly it is not the possibility of getting foreigners as substitutes which makes British slaves of bus, tram, and railway employes. In conclusion, we would advise our correspondent to leave the labyrinthian ways of narrow national prejudices, and strike out upon the high road of International Solidarity.—[EDS.]

NEWS FROM NOWHERE:

OR,

AN EPOCH OF REST.

BEING SOME CHAPTERS FROM A UTOPIAN ROMANCE.

CHAP. XVIII.—THE BEGINNING OF THE NEW LIFE.

"WELL," said I, "so you got clear out of all your troubles. Were people satisfied with the new order of things when it came?"

"People?" he said. "Well, surely almost all must have been glad of peace when it came; especially when they found, as they must have found, that after all, they—even the once-rich—were not living very badly. As to those who had been poor, all through the war, which lasted about two years, their condition had been bettering, in spite of the struggle; and when peace came at last, in a very short time they made great strides towards a decent life. The great difficulty was that the once-poor had such a feeble conception of the real pleasure of life: so to say, they did not ask enough, did not know how to ask enough, from the new state of things. It was perhaps rather a good than an evil thing that the necessity for restoring the wealth destroyed during the war forced them into working at first almost as hard as they had been used to before the Revolution. For all historians are agreed that there never was a war in which there was so much destruction of wares and instruments for making them as in this civil war."

"I am rather surprised at that," said I.

"Are you? I don't see why," said Hammond.

"Why," I said, "because the party of order would surely look upon the wealth as their own property, no share of which, if they could help it, should go to their slaves, supposing they conquered. And on the other hand, it was just for the possession of that wealth that the 'rebels' were fighting, and I should have thought, especially when they saw that they were winning, that they would have been careful to destroy as little as possible of what was so soon to be their own."

"It was as I have told you, however," said he. "The party of order, when they recovered from their first cowardice of surprise—or, if you please, when they fairly saw that, whatever happened, they would be ruined, fought with great bitterness, and cared little what they did, so long as they injured the enemies who had destroyed the sweets of life for them. As to the rebels, I have told you that the outbreak of actual war made them careless of trying to save the wretched scraps of wealth that they had. It was a common saying amongst them, Let the country be cleared of everything except valiant living men, rather than that we fall into slavery again!"

He sat silently thinking a while, and then said: "Don't you see what it means? In the times which you are thinking of, and of which you seem to know so much, there was no hope; nothing but the dull jog of the mill-horse under compulsion of collar and whip; but in that fighting-time that followed, all was hope: the rebels at least felt themselves strong enough to build up the world again from its dry bones,—and they did it too!" said the old man, his eyes glittering under his beetling brows. He went on: "And their opponents at least and at last learned something about the reality of life, and its sorrows, which they—their class, I mean—had once known nothing of. In short, the two combatants, the workman and the gentleman, between them—"

"Between them," said I, quickly, "they destroyed commercialism!"

"Yes, yes, YES," said he; "that is it. Nor could it have been destroyed otherwise; except, perhaps, by the whole of society gradually falling into lower depths, till it should at last reach a condition as rude as barbarism, but lacking both the hope and the pleasures of barbarism. Surely the sharper, shorter remedy was the happiest."

"Most surely," said I.

"Yes," said the old man, "the world was being brought to its second birth; how could that take place without a tragedy. Moreover, think of it. The spirit of the new days, of our days, was to be delight in the life of the world; intense and almost overweening love of the very skin and surface of the earth on which man dwells, such as a lover has in the fair flesh of the woman he loves; this, I say, was to be the new spirit of the time. All other moods save this had been exhausted: the unceasing criticism, the boundless curiosity in the ways and thoughts of man, which was the mood of the ancient Greek, to whom these things were not so much a means, as an end, was gone past recovery; nor had there been really any shadow of it in the so-called science of the nineteenth century, which, as you must know, was in the main an appendage to the commercial system; nay, not seldom an appendage to the police of that system. In spite of appearances, it was limited and cowardly, because it did not really believe in itself. It was the outcome, as it was the sole relief, of the unhappiness of the period which made life so bitter even to the rich, and which, as you may see with your bodily eyes, the great change has swept away. More akin to our way of looking at life is the spirit of the Middle Ages, to whom heaven and the life of the next world was such a reality, that it became to them a part of the life upon the earth; which accordingly they loved and adorned, in spite of the ascetic doctrines of their creed, which bade them contemn it.

"But that also, with its assured belief in heaven and hell as two countries in which to live, has gone, and now we do, both in word and in deed, believe in the continuous life of the world of men, and as it were, add every day of that common life to the little stock of days which our own mere individual experience wins for us: and consequently we are happy. Do you wonder at it? In times past, indeed, men were told to love their kind, to believe in the religion of humanity,

and so forth. But look you, just in the degree that a man had elevation of mind and refinement enough to be able to value this idea, was he repelled by the obvious aspect of the individuals composing the mass which he was to worship, and could only evade that repulsion by making a conventional abstraction of mankind that had little actual or historical relation to the race, which to his eyes was divided into blind tyrants on the one hand and apathetic degraded slaves on the other. But now, where is the difficulty in accepting the religion of humanity when the men and women who go to make up humanity are free, happy, and energetic at least, and most commonly beautiful of body also, and surrounded by beautiful things of their own fashioning, and a nature bettered and not worsened by contact with mankind. This is what this age of the world has reserved for us."

"It seems true," said I, "or ought to be, if what my eyes have seen is a token of the general life you lead. Can you now tell me anything of your progress after the years of the struggle?"

Said he: "I could easily tell you more than you have time to listen to; but I can at least hint at one of the chief difficulties which had to be met: and that was, that when men began to settle down after the war, and their labour had pretty much filled up the gap in wealth caused by the destruction of that war, a kind of disappointment seemed coming over us, and the prophecies of some of the reactionists of past times seemed as if they would come true, and a dull level of utilitarian comfort be the end for a while of our aspirations and success. The loss of the competitive spur to exertion had not, indeed, done anything to interfere with the necessary production of the community, but how if it should make men dull by giving them too much time for thought or idle musing. But, after all, this dull thunder-cloud only threatened us, and then passed over. Probably, from what I have told you before, you will have a guess at the remedy for such a disaster; remembering always that many of the things which used to be produced—slave-wares for the poor and mere wealth-wasting wares for the rich—ceased to be made. That remedy was, in short, the production of what used to be called art, but which has no name amongst us now, because it has become a necessary part of the labour of every man who produces."

Said I: "What! had men any time or opportunity for cultivating the fine arts amidst the desperate struggle for life and freedom that you have told me of?"

Said Hammond: "You must not suppose that the new form of art was founded chiefly on the memory of the art of the past; although, strange to say, the civil war was much less destructive of art than of other things, and although what of art existed under the old forms revived in a wonderful way during the latter part of the struggle, especially as regards music and poetry. The art or work-pleasure, as one ought to call it, of which I am now speaking, sprung up almost spontaneously, it seems, from a kind of instinct amongst people, no longer driven desperately to painful and terrible over-work, to do the best they could with the work in hand—to make it excellent of its kind; and when that had gone on for a little, a craving for beauty seemed to awaken in men's minds, and they began rudely and awkwardly to ornament the wares which they made; and when they had once set to work at that, it soon began to grow. All this was much helped by the abolition of the squalor our immediate ancestors put up with so coolly; and by the leisurely but not stupid country-life which now grew (as I told you before) to be common amongst us. Thus at last and by slow degrees we got pleasure into our work; then we became conscious of that pleasure, and cultivated it, and took care that we had our fill of it; and then all was gained, and we were happy. So may it be for ages and ages!"

The old man fell into a reverie, not altogether without melancholy, I thought; but I would not break it. Suddenly he started, and said: "Well, dear guest, here are come Dick and Clara to fetch you away, and there is an end of my talk; which I daresay you will not be sorry for; the long day is coming to an end, and you will have a pleasant ride back to Hammersmith."

WILLIAM MORRIS.

TO BE CONTINUED.]

(This Story began in No. 209, January 11, 1890. A few sets of Back Numbers can still be had.)

A SOCIAL MEETING

AND CONFERENCE OF LONDON REVOLUTIONISTS

WILL BE HELD

AT THE INTERNATIONAL CLUB,

40 BERNER STREET, E.,

On Tuesday, June 24th, at 8.30 p.m.

All Revolutionary Socialists are invited, whether members of societies, clubs, or groups, or working as independent propagandists. Comrades of international clubs specially invited.

The position of the Revolutionary Organs, and the best means of extending their circulation, will be discussed.

The great object of the meeting is, the consolidation of our forces and the extension of the revolutionary and Anarchist-Communist propaganda.

A good number of well known comrades and societies have already promised to take part in the proceedings.

A Concert and Dancing will follow the conference. Admission free. All anti-parliamentary Socialists are urged to attend.

THE ORGANISING COMMITTEE.

(Appointed by the S.L. Propaganda Committee.)



OFFICES: 24 GREAT QUEEN STREET, LONDON, W.C.

HAVE YOU NOT HEARD HOW IT HAS GONE WITH MANY A CAUSE BEFORE NOW: FIRST, FEW MEN HEDD IT; NEXT, MOST MEN CONTEMN IT; LASTLY, ALL MEN ACCEPT IT—AND THE CAUSE IS WON

The COMMONWEAL is the official organ of the Socialist League; but, unless definitely so announced by the Editors, no article is to be taken as expressing in more than a general way the views of the League as a body. In accordance with the Manifesto and Statement of Principles of the League, the COMMONWEAL is an exponent of International Revolutionary Socialism. On minor differences of opinion the widest freedom of discussion is maintained. As all articles are signed, no special significance attaches to their position in the paper.

Articles and letters dealing with any phase of the social problem are invited and will meet with earnest consideration. They must be written on one side of the paper only, and accompanied by the name and address of the writer, not necessarily for publication. MSS. can only be returned if a stamped directed envelope accompanies them.

Advertisements can only be inserted if unobjectionable in all particulars. Scale of charges and special quotations may be obtained from the Manager.

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Subscribers who receive a RED WRAPPER are thereby reminded that their subscriptions have expired and must be renewed immediately if they wish to continue to receive COMMONWEAL.

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Remittances from abroad must be made by International Money Order.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

G. W. (Bristol).—Verses sent in unsuitable.

To CONTRIBUTORS.—Workmen could help us greatly by sending in accounts of capitalist tyranny and sweating in London and the provinces. We want the names of the sweaters. Those who write must send us their name and address, not necessarily for publication, but as a guarantee of good faith. We shall not fear to publish the truth.

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Periodicals received during the week ending Wednesday June 18.

ENGLAND	FRANCE	GERMANY	ITALY
Brotherhood	Paris—La Revolte	Berlin—Volks Tribune	Milan—Il Fascio Operaio
London—Freie Presse	Le Parti ouvrier	Berlin—Arbeiterstimme	Rome—L'Emancipazione
Labour Tribune	Le Proletariat	Brunn—Volksfreund	
Norwich—Daylight	La Revue Socialiste		
People's Press	Paris—Bourse du Travail		
Personal Rights Journal	Charleville—L'Emancipation		
Railway Review			
Social Demokrat			
Seafaring			
Worker's Friend			
UNITED STATES	HOLLAND	SPAIN	ARGENTINE REPUBLIC
New York—Der Sozialist	Hague—Recht voor Allen	Madrid—El Socialista	Buenos Ayres—Vorwarts
New York—Freiheit	Middelburg, Licht en Waarheid		
Twentieth Century			
Labour Advocate			
Volkszeitung			
New York—Truthseeker			
Chicago—Rights of Labour			
Cincinnati (O.) Volks-Anwalt			
Detroit—Der Arme Teufel			
S. F.—Coast Seamen's Journal			
	BELGIUM	DENMARK	WEST INDIES
	Antwerp—De Werker	Copenhagen—Arbejderen	Cuba—El Productor
	Ghent—Vooruit		
	Brussels—La Question Sociale		

NOTICE.

Letters should be addressed as under—

Editorial matter for insertion in 'Commonweal' address "The Editors."

Business letters address "'Commonweal' Manager."

Letters containing Reports should be marked "Report" on the envelope, and if intended for next issue should reach the Office not later than Tuesday morning.

SHAM SOCIALISM.

"WE are all Socialists now," remarked that Liberal leviathan, Sir William Harcourt, and though the phrase was ludicrously *mal apropos* in view of the row of complacent mediocrities for whom he spoke, it has become historic. Nor is there anything surprising in this. Apart entirely from the prominence which the speaker occupied in the adjacent fields of phrase-making and political somersault-throwing, it had a bearing on current thought. Of course there were some misguided enthusiasts who, like the patriarch's spouse, were inclined to cast back a glance of regret on the Gomorrah of Liberalism from which they had just managed to tear themselves. To them the spectacle of Sir William, the heavy father of the stock company which Mr. Gladstone manages, paternally opening his arms with a melodramatic "me che-ild," had an affecting side, and it apparently needed but little to make some of these "Radical Socialists" (so the cant phrase goes, I think) fall sobbing upon that expansive bosom. To those of us who are of a less confiding nature than the gentlemen who supply the bait for Mr. T. P. O'Connor's man-traps, the incident was interesting because it was typical of a certain popular feeling which one discerns to be in the air. In a period of transition like ours, when thought (or the brain contortion that passes for it) on industrial and social questions is in a state of flux, minds which lack stamina are driven hither and thither by its tides. What Carlyle called the "Universal Stygian Quagmire" is to be satisfactorily bridged over by a few tons of resolutions, and all the Mrs. Jellabys who tire of the fascinating Polynesian cannibal are busy regenerating mankind at home. But no expenditure of either money or wind ever converted that which is in its essence a No-Thing into any semblance of a Thing, and while it is certainly not unwise for the Socialist to review the situation, he may do so with confidence that the coffin-ships that surround his bark are too water-logged to long remain athwart his course.

The clerical imitation of Socialism is a very wide-spread species of wooden ham with which the worker's stomach is to be filled. "Socialism *plus* the Ten Commandments" shouts that sentimentalist preaching friar, Mr. W. T. Stead, and straightway the black police of capitalism supply us with an article which is "the Ten Commandments *minus* Socialism." Brought face to face with the gravest social problems these gentry content themselves with shouting "Great is Diana of the Ephesians!" (keeping the while a sharp look-out for the interests of the craft of the silversmiths), or else come out as political "cheap-jacks" with working-men's clubs, friendly societies, and greatest boon of all, free pews in their own particular tabernacle. All these shoddy wares are branded with the magic trade-mark "Socialism," and with the impudence of their profession they occasionally explain that this is "true" Socialism as distinguished from the "false" which you and I are preaching. Until somebody in the national jaw-shop at Westminster extends the false-marking clauses of the Merchandise Marks Act to clerical "cheap-jackery" of this nature, many unsuspecting working-men will share the fate of the Vicar of Wakefield's son at the fair.

Fabianism is one of the most recent counterfeits which have to be nailed to the Socialist counter. Its propaganda can, of course, be most effectively pursued while the Liberal party are out of office, for it preaches a policy of moralising Liberal associations and members—a thing that no one is likely to attempt to do while the Liberals are in power. The professors of this party protest that the noble hearts of Gladstone, Harcourt, Brunner, Morley, and Co. are ready to pant with affection for the workman, provided the necessary votes are supplied. It is the principle of the automatic chocolate provider applied to politics—put a majority of votes in the slot and you get the municipalisation of gas-works. "Eat, drink, and be merry" at this Barmecide feast; but above all, my proletarian friend, don't forget the munificent providers thereof. The game of promising a Socialist millenium with the advent of Sir William Harcourt to office has the additional advantage that that politician's elastic conscience will not be likely to impel him to fulfil the promises made for him by his henchmen; and thus the wealthy men who now remain—being assured that all this "playing at the barricades" is only meant for the gallery—will continue to adorn the Liberal benches. Sir William Harcourt and Mr. T. P. O'Connor (worthy colleagues in a noble cause) may be likened to the Walrus and the Carpenter of Mr. Carroll's verses, and the end of their promises may be prophesied by quoting the finale of that partnership:

"I weep for you," the Walrus said:
 "I deeply sympathise."
 With sobs and tears he sorted out
 Those of the largest size,
 Holding his pocket handkerchief
 Before his streaming eyes.

There is another species of bogus Socialism which is beginning to show its head here—the Bismarckian State Socialism with which the Man of Blood and Iron tried to stop the march of the Socialists to the ballot-boxes. The large crowd of faddists are imploring the Government to impose their pet panaceas upon the community willy-nilly, and they complacently puff their peddling "isms" as a complete substitute for the Socialist demands.

I have even met misguided enthusiasts who thought that compulsory national insurance was a step to Socialism. The idea of stripping the worker's bones still barer in order to provide for an old age, which he never reaches, is to us too unscrupulous for the comic side of the claim

to be fully apparent, but the mental twist which is responsible for this counterfeit is curious enough to warrant its mention.

With so many trumpery imitations around us, there is the more need to keep steadily before us the ideal of a Socialist commonwealth, and meanwhile to denounce these shams as shams on every suitable opportunity. Many of them are but shadows, and with the coming of the light they will be dispersed. Let us therefore "spread the light." X.

AN IMPOSTOR DEPARTS.

"Mr. T. P. O'CONNOR, parasite of the Liberal party and editor of the *Star*." That is how this eloquent and enterprising political privateer was spoken of in the *Weal* a couple of years ago. We in Liverpool have been afflicted with him as the mis-representative of one of our Parliamentary divisions, and you in London have suffered from him as editor of the *Star*—editor as defined by Mark Twain, a man appointed and highly paid to keep truth out of his paper. Not that his unclean sheet was ever likely to be otherwise than it is, being a cross between a hired party bravo and a commercial advertising medium; for, to quote Mark Twain again, "that kind of a paper is just as well off with a sick editor as a well one, and better off with a dead editor than either."

There is a rumour going around that Mr. T. P. is not coming here for re-election any more; that a "safe" Liberal seat is to be found for him somewhere else in England, where he can "ease off" on his violent Irish-ness as he has done already on the small, cheap, and sneaking Socialism of the "London programme." There is also a rumour that reaches us to the effect that Mr. T. P. may after all not manage to carry over the *Star* into the orthodox Liberal camp, and trade off its gleams to John Morley for a place on the Treasury bench, but will find that it breaks away into the more useful, even if more erratic, courses it pursued awhile back.

So that it is likely that Mr. Thomas Power O'Connor, M.P., L.P.H., and S.S.,¹ will soon depart from two spheres of obtrusive and immodest uselessness, which he has filled for some time with discredit to himself and damage to the people at large.

But, you will say, what have we to do with the Scotland division of Liverpool and its representation in Parliament? Not much, indeed; but we all have some interest in the wavering *Star*, whose uncertain rays have a misleading and dangerous effect upon those who try to read current events by their light. In several ways we are responsible for the *Star*—for its coming into existence that is—not for anything else, thank goodness! And it may be worth while to call up the record and think over the history of the *Star*, from the time when we all, or a lot of us, anyhow, thought a new sun had arisen and was going to shine on a re-illuminated world.

For years London had been having a good rake-up by Socialist speakers and agitators. For more years still it had been a "Tory stronghold" and the despair of the Liberal wire-pullers. The "franchise" had been "widened," which is to say, more of the geese had been given a chance of choosing what kind of sauce they would be cooked with. But, to the disgust of the Liberal *chefs-de-cuisine*, the geese didn't come readily up to be cooked; they had lent their ears to those who had taught them they needn't be cooked at all. The proletarian voters, who had been relied on as tools for turning out the Tories, were found to have a pretty strong opinion as to the family likeness between all politicians, and a carelessness as to party cries, and a callousness toward party appeals, that were appalling to the old-fashioned machine-made and caucus-managed Liberal. Besides, the Tories were coquetting with the social question; there was talk of secret conferences between Tory members and the leaders of the unemployed; flying rumours that London was to be secured for ever to the Tory interest by immense bribes in the way of "bread and circuses."

The parting of the ways between the "Grand Old Party" and the party of progress had come; what was to be done? Why, of course, save the Party (with a big P) at all costs! Let Plunder flourish though the People fall! But the split was so very obvious, that something bold and striking and original must be done. The staid and respectable brigadiers of the Liberal front bench, trained in the scientific and red-tape methods of party warfare, were obviously out of it. Their juniors, those of them who were not mere cogs in the party machine, were too much tainted with the dangerous new ideas to be reliable. But there was one man who filled the bill; others could have been found, no doubt, but he was ready to hand. Ready in all senses; a swashbuckler who had fleshed his sword in many a quarrel; a soldier of fortune who had fought so long on "either which side" that he was case-hardened and conscience-less; whose warfare had always been guerilla-like and irregular, full of ambushes, surprises, and night attacks. Was the plan his, or that of some more astute and far-seeing general who stood behind and prompted him?

However that may be, the plan was entrusted to him to be carried out; and here it is. The assumption underlying all the moves on the political field of battle is that nobody believes anything; except, perhaps, the poor voters, who are never thought of except as mere food for powder, raw material for glory-making, fill-ditches over whose prostrate bodies their astute managers may march to victory. A consequence of that assumption is another, that nothing is real, no movement need mean anything; even if it chance to have any truth and

reality underlying it, one can always manage and manœuvre that out of existence.

The parting of the ways had come; but could not the ways be brought together again? If only a "leader" could be got, vociferous enough to deafen the crowd and drown the voices of the dangerous men who were leading them away from the Liberal path of political salvation, could not he do a sort of loop-line dodge? Couldn't he tear off at full cry on the line of the "New Departure," howl hosannahs to the "New Radicalism," work up the speed until he had the whole crowd of malcontents hurraing at his heels, and then gradually work around until, before they knew where they were, he had brought them back into the ranks of the Liberal party, and he and they had fallen into line behind the renovated banners of Free Contract and Moralised Capitalism?

He could, and he did—up to the point of bringing them back. Enough time was not allowed for the work. It was getting on beautifully, but there was the threat of a general election being near at hand, and the New Radicalism was still far away from where it was wanted; the loop-line had not yet swung nearly far enough in for the plan to work as it was expected to do. So the curve was prematurely made more acute, and the return hastened too suddenly, with the natural result that there has been a considerable mix—the New Radical train has run off the rails and is churning up the gravel at a great rate—the New Radical crowd is falling all over itself in the effort of some to get on and some to turn aside—you can take your choice of similes, and invent a few more if you like. There is the situation: a Liberal trick to turn the work of the Socialists into material for their own profit and advantage, a trick which has failed and turned upon its authors.

But what of the clever and dashing filibuster who headed the attempt? What of the able editor whose one aim in life was to add another lump of sugar to the washerwoman's tea; who flourished his pen-shillelagh and asked for reactionary skulls to crack; who set up an inky guillotine in the columns of the *Star*, and clamoured for the front-bench heads in a basket; who entreated Oligarchy to come on and be wiped from off the face of the earth; who was ready—in a Pickwickian sense—to go through fire and blood and mud, and several other things, to the rescue of the Democracy; who posed, in short, as a regular old jabberwock of a New Radical, and ranted and raved and tore around like all possessed? Well! of course he is too valuable a tool to be thrown aside because of his one failure. He will still be a big man among Liberals, and sit in the high seat of an elected representative of property and plunder. But his power for evil over the party of the advance has gone. T. P. as the New Radical has departed, after demonstrating once more for our benefit the ingrained treachery and baseness of Parliamentary methods, the hopelessness of expecting anything but evil from political parties, and the paramount necessity of pushing forward the propaganda of principle with all the energy we possess.

DICKY SAM.

CORRESPONDENCE.

MORE BOYCOTTING.

Comrade Edward Leggatt writes as follows: I have been discharged from the firm of Browne and Eagle, wool-warehousemen, of Great Alie Street, Whitechapel, for leaving off work at six o'clock on Saturday night. I had previously worked from five o'clock in the morning till eleven o'clock at night on two nights in the week; from six o'clock till ten, two nights; and from eight o'clock till six the Saturday, when we left off work. They wanted us to work till ten; and about twenty men out of a hundred refused to work after six, and paid themselves off. On going to work on the following Monday, I was told I was the leader and the sole cause of the other men knocking off, though I took no active part in it. The result is that I am not to be employed at any of the three warehouses, because I am, as the manager describes me, "a Socialist agitator."

I also was discharged from E. Smith and Co., Princes Square, for advising men not to load while the strike was on at Hay's Wharf. This makes the fourth time I have been discharged for preaching Socialism.

[We know comrade Leggatt to be a brave, honest, and sturdy worker in the Socialist cause. His treatment is only another illustration of what the "freedom of labour" is worth.—Eds.]

Great Strike in the Shoe Trade at Norwich.

A strike commenced here on Wednesday. Several thousand hands turned out. A conference between manufacturers and employes has been sitting for some time past to consider the men's demands for a uniform statement of wages as compared with other towns. On Tuesday last was the final sitting of the conference, when the masters agreed to send a list to the men to meet their demands. A large public meeting of the men was held the same evening, the list was read and refused, a resolution calling on all hands to strike work was carried unanimously, and the men have been turning out each day as they finished up their work, the non-union hands turning out as well as the union hands. From the first outset there was every prospect of a prolonged strike, the employers being stubborn and the men feeling thoroughly equal to a long struggle. Meetings of the men have been held since, and on Saturday last a large meeting was held, when one of the bosses of the union from Leicester, Mr. Inskip, suggested to the men arbitration as a means of settlement, thus making a half-hearted fight and very little gained. To this the men foolishly agreed, except one individual, who had the courage of his convictions to vote against this proposal. Such is the work of trade-union officialism. It remains for us to see what the result will be. Sunday afternoon a large meeting was held in the Market Place; our comrade Mrs. Lahr was present, and spoke from the platform of the local Gas Union Workers. Our comrade pointed out the inefficiency of trade unions, and urged them to go in for taking from the capitalists and landlord class what they had been robbed of, and to be no longer content with submitting to the present system of robbery. A large quantity of literature has been distributed. S.

¹ Much Palaverer, Liberal Party Hack, and Self Seeker.

THE LABOUR STRUGGLE.

Shameful Tyranny in the Post Office.

Government officials are doing their best to introduce Russian despotism into "free and happy England." The last offender is Mr. Raikes, the Postmaster-General. Some time ago one hundred of the men who had attended the meeting of May 16th, were called upon to explain their conduct. They answered unanimously that they considered that, when not on duty, they had exactly the same rights as other citizens. On Wednesday, June 11th, after four weeks' delay, the reply came that they must give a written apology, and undertake not to attend meetings in future. With one accord the men flatly refused. Thereupon sentences were pronounced and put into execution. Some senior men, who have been from twenty-five to thirty years in the service, were deprived of their good conduct stripes, which means a loss of 3s. a-week, and 2s. in addition deducted from their weekly wages, so that 5s. a-week is the total of their loss; some had from three to six days' pay confiscated, and others were suspended and fined, and are to remain suspended until they sign the apology and undertaking as requested. Mr. Raikes acted with suddenness. At the Western and Eastern Central District Offices men were summoned by telegram within a few minutes of the instructions being received by the district postmasters, and within an hour men were being suspended and having the stripes torn off their uniforms. Great excitement ensued. As each victim appeared amongst his fellows he was loudly cheered. So great was the indignation among the men at this cowardly tyranny, that at one post-office at least there was very nearly a strike. We hear, however, from the capitalist press that the "officers of the Postmen's Union" were equal to the occasion, and greatly assisted the Postmaster-General by restoring "order." Work, however, was delayed, and it seemed very probable that at one time there would be a very serious block in the business of the post-office. On Thursday, letters were so delayed in the E.C. district through the irritation of the men, that the general post, which should have left the General Post Office at a quarter past seven to be sent to the district post-office to be delivered by the last post at night, was not sent away till Friday morning. At a meeting held on Sunday night, another "leader" (!), C. A. V. Conybeare, M.P., recommended the men to do the extra duty imposed upon them through the suspension of their comrades, so that "public sympathy" should be alienated from them. By this Mr. Conybeare means middle-class sympathy, but we do not know that the middle-class have shown any yet, judging by the way in which the men have been boycotted in middle-class papers like the *Daily News*. A strike would bring these people to their senses. If the men in the South Dock had listened to their "leader," Mr. Ben Tillett, the great dock strike would never have come off, and I think that if the postmen give too much attention to their "leaders," the moment for action may go by, and they may find themselves in the same position as the tram men, who are now hopeless and helpless slaves beneath the iron yoke of their tyrants.

Sneaking Livesey.

Livesey has once more given the public to understand that there is no depth of meanness to which he is not prepared to descend. The other day this model commercial gentleman was called before the House of Commons Committee, which is hearing evidence with regard to the Bill which has recently been introduced into the House of Capitalists in order to abolish the Watermen's Guild—that is, the lightermen's trade union. This Watermen's Guild is the only one of the mediæval trade unions that is still composed of working men, and it secures to its members the monopoly of navigation upon the river Thames. A large number of capitalists wish to deprive the lightermen of these privileges, to punish them for helping the dockers in the great strike. So they have introduced a Bill into the House of Commons for this purpose. In the gas-stokers' strike the lightermen did not help the strikers, but stood by Livesey, and Livesey admits that if it had not been for their aid he would have certainly been beaten. But how does this mean hound reward them for their help? Why, he recommends the House of Commons to take their privileges away. Now, I have not much sympathy for the lightermen, who deserted the gas-stokers in their hour of trouble, and who have only got the reward they might have expected. But what are we to say of that hypocritical sneak Livesey, who has basely betrayed the men who helped him in his hour of need? Why, that is a disgrace to our common humanity, that such a base, mean, treacherous and cowardly cur is allowed to crawl upon the face of the earth; and the only meaner things than Livesey are those capitalists who make a hero of that kind of vermin which a decent working-man would kick into the kennel. Let Livesey's treachery to the lightermen be a warning to all workmen who may be inclined to fight on the side of the capitalists in future labour battles. Those who are traitors to their brethren may only expect treachery from the rich whom they serve by their treason. They may see now how they will be rewarded for their pains.

"Our Dear Friends the Police."

Monro's resignation is not of much consequence to Socialists. Chief commissioners may come and chief commissioners may go, but police tyranny goes on for ever. Whoever takes Monro's place, it is quite certain that he will be quite as ready to suppress public meetings and processions. But it is certain that Monro's resignation has greatly increased the discontent within the force. Monro has fallen in defence of good pensions for policemen, and the grateful peelers will not forget him. Therefore the agitation among the force is likely to greatly increase, and talk of a strike will grow louder during the next few weeks. Whether it will come to much, remains to be seen. N.

Liverpool Tailoresses.

These workers came out on strike on June 10th, their demand for two hours per day less work not having been granted by the sweaters. It is only a few weeks ago since the women formed a trades union, so they are largely dependent on outside assistance. Our Liverpool comrades have been among them, contributing both funds and encouragement. By Saturday, seventeen out of fifty-six of the masters had given way, but some five or six of these have gone back on their word. There is every possibility of the women organising themselves into a co-operative society, thereby dispensing with the sweater altogether. In this they are promised assistance from the Liverpool Socialist Society and other organisations. We think this an excellent way of proving to these workers that they can do without their "employers." H. C.

INTERNATIONAL NOTES.

POLAND.

Whilst the Russian movement directed its chief attention to the Socialist propaganda among the peasants—although a certain amount of propaganda was and is being made among the industrial workers of St. Petersburg, Odessa, etc.—the Polish Socialist movement was based since its beginning on the industrial workers who crowd the growing factory towns of Poland, which is much in advance of Russia in its industrial development. So far as the organised movement is concerned, it underwent great difficulties by the prosecutions of 1884 and 1885, which led to the famous trial of the Socialist party, called the Proletariate, the execution of Bardowski, Kunicki, Pietrusinski, and Ossowski, on Jan. 28, 1886, and the burial of so many others in the Siberian mines and icy deserts. The secret printing presses of the paper *Proletaryjat* were then confiscated. It has only just now been possible to establish a new secret press, on which proclamations on the 1st of May and the first number of a paper were printed—namely, *Walka Klas* (The Class Struggle), the organ of the Warsaw Working-men's Committee. We understand that this paper deals with the eight hours and other questions from the Social-Democratic standpoint. Arrests have been made in connection with this mild propaganda. Surely things could not get worse if it took a more revolutionary turn, and told the plain truth instead of bolstering up palliatives. The same may be said of the Marxist propaganda in Russia, too; in spite of the horrors we daily hear about, the palliative and stepping-stones agitation goes on.

NETHERLANDS.

The widow of Multatuli (Douwes Dekker), the author of "Max Havelaar," has just published the first part of the "Letters and Memoirs" of her late husband (155 pp.). Douwes Dekker, it is known, exposed the shameless exploitation and oppression of the Javanese by the Dutch government in his great novel, "Max Havelaar," and in other writings. He was a Socialist, and sacrificed his position to his convictions, living for years in exile; he died in 1887.

AUSTRIA.

All over this country outrageous sentences have been passed on workers who took part in the riots—following the strikes and demonstrations of April and May. In Wadowice (Galicia), thirty-two were sentenced to prison and penal servitude up to two years for taking part in the Biala disturbances, where, as the papers stated with great satisfaction at the time the newly-introduced Mannlicher rifles were tried on the bodies of the workers, quite a number of whom were killed. The middle-class press declared that these rifles acted "splendidly." Other trials took place in Troppau and Olmütz; forty fresh arrests were made at Nürschau.

SPAIN.

We have received the first part of *Segundo Certamen Socialista* (Second Socialist Prize Competition), Barcelona, 1890. In 1885 the society Centro de Amigos of Reus started a competition for Socialist essays, which were printed in a volume of 580 pages. Last year the Anarchist group "the Eleventh of November," of Barcelona, took the initiative by the circular of June 10, 1889. Seventeen subjects were proposed by various groups of Spain and the Argentine Republic. We note a few: Anarchy, its origin, progress, evolution, etc.; Can human passions be of a detrimental influence in a society which is really free or Anarchist? Advantages or disadvantages to humanity of free love; A novel describing Anarchy or future society (six competed for this prize, and two stories—of R. M. of Seville and M. Burques of Sabadell—will be printed); On the production and reward of artistic and scientific work under Socialism; Is it necessary that the intellectual revolution should precede the material revolution? Production and consumption under Anarchy; The mission of machinery in future society; The scientific bases of Collectivism; The present duties of the workers; etc. Sixty-three essays were sent in, from Spain, Italy, and Brazil. The prizes were awarded at the 11th of November meeting last year, before an audience of 10,000 workers. The publication of the essay on Anarchy is begun in the part before us. * *

SWEDEN.

The northern section of the Swedish Socialist party has lately had a Congress at Stockholm. Political tactics was one of the chief debating points, and the result was resolutions in favour of parliamentary action and compromises with advanced bourgeois parties. It sounds hard, but there was really *very little* of Socialism and revolutionary spirit in the whole proceeding. There seems to be a real lack of independent and advanced thinking among the Stockholm "leaders."

There has been a great strike of mechanics in Stockholm. Though it ended with defeat for the workers it was a most important and gratifying event, because the men went out not for higher wages or shorter hours, but solely because they have been haughtily and arbitrarily treated by their master. From Malmö there is still better news. There was a strike in the building trade, the masters imported blacklegs from another province, and the authorities of Malmö took up the defence of masters and blacklegs in the most outrageous manner. This was too much for the people of Malmö, and they began a series of very energetic demonstrations, ending in violent collisions between the military and police on one side and the unarmed people on the other. Sweden has not witnessed anything similar for the last ten or fifteen years. The workers of Malmö have showed themselves capable of an insurrection, and the world is reminded that the Swedish proletarian, though he may be starved bodily and intellectually, is not enervated by "East-end civilisation." His anger may be slow to rise, but when once aroused it is not likely to cool off before he has destroyed his enemy or been crushed in the attempt. STR.

SOUTH AMERICA.

On the 20th of February last a small number of Italian Anarchists, who have been joined by a family of Spanish workers from Gibraltar, started for Porto Alegre, rio Grande do Sul, Brazil, with Dr. Giovanni Rossi, in order to establish there an Anarchist colony, with a view of giving to the propagandists of the cause a practical demonstration of the soundness of Anarchist ideas, and even of aiding the revolutionary agitation in Europe with financial means. These Italian friends have studied for several years, at home, the advantages and the dangers of such an undertaking, and after careful consideration, they resolved to set to work at once. They have promised to give from time to time to our contemporary *La Révolte* a report of their work and progress. We need hardly say that our friends have our best wishes in their bold enterprise.

At Buenos Ayres, on the 2nd of May, the Socialists, answering an invitation of the German revolutionists residing in that city, met in the great hall called "Prado Espanol" and decided, after a long discussion, in which Italian, French, Spanish, and German comrades took part, to constitute, under the name of "Partido operaio Argentino," an international revolutionary Socialist league. The cities of La Plata, Rosario, and Santa Fé have joined in the movement, which shows already signs of certain progress and prosperity.

Besides this general association, the Flemish and Dutch Socialists residing at Buenos Ayres have founded a society for revolutionary propaganda among Flemish and Dutch speaking workers, under the title of "Nederduitsche Arbeiterclub" (Netherlandish Working-men's Club). V. D.

THE SOCIALIST LEAGUE.

OFFICES: 24, GREAT QUEEN ST., LINCOLN'S INN FIELDS, W.C.

The Offices of the Socialist League will be open for the sale of *Commonweal* and all other Socialist publications from 8.30 a.m. to 9 p.m. every day except Sunday. The Secretary will be in attendance from 10 a.m. to 9 p.m. daily.

Branch Subscriptions Paid.—1890:—Leicester and North Kensington, to end of April. Glasgow, Oxford, Hammersmith, North London, East London, 'Commonweal' Branch, Manchester, and Norwich, to end of May. Streatham, to end of December.
(Branch Secretaries will please send with remittances for Capitations the number of their membership.)

NEW PREMISES FUND.

Collected at Council meeting, June 16th, 3s. 10d.

"COMMONWEAL" GUARANTEE FUND.

The following further sums have been received towards this fund:—North London Branch (2 weeks), 8s.; B. W., 1s.; H. R., 1s.; 'Commonweal' Branch, 6s. 7d.; A. H. (Norwich), 5s.; D. Nicoll, 6d.; P. Webb, 1s.; Hammersmith Branch, 2s.; C. W. (Ashwell) 1s.; Bines, 1s.; Short Street Meeting, 2s.; W., 6d.; and Glasgow Branch, 5s.

REPORTS.

EAST LONDON.—We held four good meetings this week, but we want more assistance from comrades. At Hoxton Church on Friday night we had opposition, which is a rarity to-day; a workman of the Rip Van Winkle type wanted to know how we manage to exist without the help of our enemy, the capitalist. At Union Street on Sunday, we have to record with satisfaction additions to our list of speakers in comrades Leach and Leggatt, who held an enthusiastic meeting; collected 2s. for 'Anarchist Labour Leaf'; sold 18 'Weals and some pamphlets. At Hoxton Church on Sunday morning and Victoria Park in the afternoon, comrades Marsh and Davis held excellent meetings; 36 'Weals sold.—H. McK.

NORTH KENSINGTON.—Sunday morning we held a good meeting at Latimer Road; speakers were Dean, Crouch, and Saint; fair sale of 'Weals. On Sunday afternoon we had an excursion to Kingston-on-Thames, where we held a big meeting at the Market Place; speakers were Coulon, Crouch, Tochatti, and several members of the Shop Assistant's Union; good sale of 'Weals and of Morris's pamphlet 'Monopoly.'—M. S.

NORTH LONDON.—At Hyde Park on Saturday, Nicoll, Cantwell, and Stevenson spoke; many questions and some opposition, which so excited our audience that they formed groups all around the place and discussed Socialism with great vigour. On Sunday morning we held a splendid meeting, addressed by Cantwell, Nicoll, Mrs. Schack, and Edwards; the speakers were all in good form, and the audience showed their appreciation by subscribing 7s. 1d. and purchasing 65 'Weals and 3s. worth of pamphlets. In Hyde Park Sunday afternoon, Cantwell and Miss Lupton addressed a good meeting; 'Weals sold out. We have sold 120 'Weals this week.—T. C.

SOUTH LONDON.—Last week we had two splendid meetings. On Wednesday, at Short Street, New Cut, which is as bad as any slum in the East-end, addressed by Cores, Miss Lupton, and Casey (Freedom Group). On Sunday we had another splendid meeting, addressed by Wright, Miss Lupton, and Casey. Great enthusiasm shown by the people at both meetings; good sale of 'Weals.

ABERDEEN.—At Castle Street on Saturday night a large meeting was addressed by comrades Aiken, Rennie, W. Cooper, and Leatham—the latter replying to quite a shoal of intelligent questions at the close. At indoor meeting on Sunday night Leatham delivered the first of a series of lectures by him on "Sweetness and Light"—being an expository criticism of the Gospel According to Matthew Arnold: there was an excellent attendance, especially of strangers.—L.

BRAINTREE (Essex).—Comrade Mowbray visited this district on Saturday and Sunday last, and met with a splendid reception. Good meetings were held on Saturday night and on Sunday morning and afternoon; large audiences at each meeting. 89 *Commonweal*, 3s. 9d. worth of pamphlets, and 13s. 2d. collected for propaganda—this I am sure all comrades will admit is marvellous for so small a place, and does great credit to the efforts of comrade Fuller, who intends to open up Halstead, Bocking, Witham, and other towns in the district. The branch now numbers 22 already. F. Kitz will visit Braintree on Sunday week.

GLASGOW.—We had a visit last Sunday from comrade John Smith, of Edinburgh, whose sturdy vernacular addresses at Jail Square and Paisley Road Toll kept us good audiences, despite the rain. Joe Burgoyne and Glasier also spoke. *Commonweals* sold out.

EDINBURGH—SCOTTISH SOCIALIST FEDERATION.—We held a good meeting on Sunday afternoon at Leith; comrades Hamilton, Bell, and Pearson were the speakers. In the evening we encountered opposition, for the first time on the Meadows, from a member of the Trades Council, who ridiculed Socialism and was cock-sure it would never be realised. Comrade Hamilton very soon disposed of him. Bell, Davidson, and Mackenzie also spoke.

LIVERPOOL SOCIALIST SOCIETY.—On Sunday we held two meetings at the Landing Stage, there being a good attendance at both. Reeves, Chapman, and Balfour addressed those present; some weak opposition from the Christian Evidence Society. A large meeting was held on Monday in the Haymarket; comrades Chapman, junr., and Parker, of London, were the speakers. Good sale of *Commonweal* and literature at all meetings.

NOTTINGHAM SOCIALIST CLUB.—On Sunday, June 8, Frank Kitz, of London, addressed two open-air meetings for the Club; they were the largest meetings we have held in Nottingham for some time. On June 15th our comrade Raymond Unwin, of Chesterfield, gave two open-air addresses to good audiences. The members of the club are arranging for the conference of Midland Socialists, which takes place at this club on Sunday June 29th. There is a desire to form a Midland Socialist Federation, for the interchange of speakers and for spreading Socialism in the midland districts where there are not any recognised Socialist societies. Comrades will be present from Sheffield, Chesterfield, Clay Cross, Derby, Newark, Long Eaton, Leicester, Walsall. The Nottingham Branch S.D.F. will also be present. Good work may be done in the midlands if we can arrange a good plan of organisation. We shall hold a large demonstration in the Market Place in the evening on Sunday next, June 22; comrade Carless, of Walsall will give two open-air addresses.

LECTURE DIARY

LONDON.

Battersea.—All communications to E. Buteux, 45, Inwith Street, Battersea Park Road.

Commonweal Branch.—24 Great Queen Street, Holborn, W.C. Tuesdays, Singing Practice. Thursdays, Business meeting. Saturdays, Social Gathering. Sunday June 22, at 8, Comrade Neilson (Freedom Group), a Lecture.

East London.—Meeting of members will be held at 12 Basing Place, Kingsland Road, at 7.30 p.m., on Sunday June 22nd.

Hammersmith.—Kelmecott House, Upper Mall, W. Sunday June 22, at 8 p.m., a Lecture. French Class conducted by Mde. Desroches on Friday evenings at 7.30.

Mitcham.—"Lord Napier," Fair Green. Meets every Sunday at 12.30, to entertain members, etc.

North Kensington.—Clarendon Coffee Palace, Clarendon Road. Meets every Wednesday at 8 p.m. The branch Band meets every Friday at 8 p.m. for practice. Comrades wishing to join to give in their names to the instructor at the above address.

North London.—6 Windmill Street, Tottenham Court Road. Meets every Wednesday evening at 8 o'clock.

Streatham.—Address secretary, R. Smith, 1 Natal Road, Streatham.

Whitechapel and St. Georges-in-the-East.—Branch meetings at International Club, 40 Berner Street, Commercial Road. J. Turner, organising secretary.

PROVINCES.

Aberdeen.—Organiser, J. Leatham, 7 Jamaica Street. Branch meets in Hall, 9 Harriet Street, on Sunday evenings at 6.30. Singing practice, etc., in Odd-fellows' Small Hall, Crooked Lane, Mondays at 8 p.m.

Braintree.—Meetings held alternate Saturdays, at 8 p.m., and Sundays, 11 and 2.30, at the fountain, Market Place. Business meetings, Wednesdays at 8. All communications to W. Fuller, 74 Manor Street. Saturday and Sunday, June 28 and 29, F. Kitz will speak.

Glasgow.—Members are invited to meet on Thursday and Sunday evenings, at 8 o'clock, in the Secretary's house, 250 Crown Street, S.S. All communications to be sent to that address.

Halifax.—Socialists meet every Sunday at 6.30 p.m. at Helliwell's Temperance Hotel, Northgate.

Leeds.—Clarendon Buildings, Victoria Road, School Close. Open every evening. Business meeting Saturdays at 8 p.m.

Leicester.—Exchange Buildings, Rutland Street. Branch meets on Monday, Thursday, and Saturday at 8 p.m.

Manchester.—Socialist League Club, 60 Grovesnor Street, All Saints. Open every evening. Branch weekly meeting on Tuesdays at 8.

Norwich.—Members meet at 23 Rose Yard, St. Augustines, Tuesday at 8.30.

Oxford.—Temperance Hall, 25½ Pembroke Street. First Friday in every month, at 8.30 p.m.

Sheffield.—Socialist Club, 63 Blonk Street. French Class, Tuesday at 8.30. Discussion Class, Wednesday at 8.30. Open-air meetings are held as follows:—Sunday: Monolith, at 11.30; College Yard, Rotherham, at 3; Westbar Pump, at 8. Monday: The Cross, at 7; Handsworth Woodhouse, at 7. Wednesday: Corner of Nursery Street, at 7.30. Thursday: Corner of Bramall Lane and Hereford Street, at 7.30.

Walsall.—Socialist Club, 18 Goodall Street, Walsall. Meetings every night.
Yarmouth.—Socialist League Club, 56 Row, Market Place. Open every evening. Business Meeting Tuesdays at 8 p.m. Elocution Class Friday at 8.30 p.m. Discussion Class Sunday 3 p.m.

OPEN-AIR PROPAGANDA.

SATURDAY 21.

7 Hyde Park Kitz
7 Mile-end Waste Brookes and Leggatt
7 Stratford—back of Church Cores and Mrs. Lahr

SUNDAY 22.

11 Commercial Road—Union Street Leggatt and Mrs. Lahr
11 Latimer Road Station North Kensington Branch
11.30 Hammersmith Bridge Hammersmith Branch
11.30 Hoxton Church Davis
11.30 Kilburn—"Old Plough," Kilburn Lane Kitz
11.30 Mitcham—Fair Green The Branch
11.30 New Cut—Short Street Holloway and Miss Lupton
11.30 Regent's Park Brookes and Nicoll
3.30 Hyde Park—Marble Arch The Branch
3.30 Streatham Common The Branch
3.30 Victoria Park The Branch
7 Hammersmith Bridge Hammersmith Branch
7 Wormwood Scrubs North Kensington Branch
7.30 Mitcham Fair Green The Branch
8 Walham Green—back of Church Hammersmith Branch

WEDNESDAY 25.

8 New Cut—Short Street Cores and Holloway

FRIDAY 27.

8 Camden Town—Cobden Statue Nicoll and Cantwell
8.15 Hoxton Church Kitz and Mowbray

PROVINCES.

Glasgow.—Sunday: Jail Square at 2 o'clock; Paisley Road at 5 o'clock.

Leeds.—Sunday: Hunslet Moor, at 11 a.m.; Vicar's Croft, at 7 p.m.

Leicester.—Sunday: Russell Square at 11 a.m.; Hummerstone Gate, at 8 p.m.

Liverpool.—Landing Stage, Sundays at 11.30 a.m. and 3 p.m.

Manchester.—Saturday: Middleton market ground, at 7 p.m. Sunday: Philips Park Gates, at 11; Stevenson Square, at 3. Monday: Market Street, Blackley, at 8.

Norwich.—Sunday: Market Place at 3 and 7.30.

Yarmouth.—Sunday: Priory Plain, at 11; Bradwell, 11.30; Colman's Granary Quay, at 7.

NATIONAL FEDERATION OF ALL TRADES.—The Hammersmith branch will hold a meeting at Hammersmith Bridge on Sunday June 22, at 11.30.

THE ANNUAL EXCURSION of United Socialist Bodies of London to Epping Forest (Robin Hood) will take place on Sunday, July 20. Particulars next week.

NOTTINGHAM SOCIALIST CLUB.—Woodland Place, Upper Parliament Street. Open-air meetings held every Sunday—Sneinton Market at 11, and Great Market Place at 7.

NEW MANHOOD SUFFRAGE LEAGUE, "Three Doves," Berwick St., Soho, W.—Lectures discontinued until August. Public Meeting on Sunday July 6, at 8.30 p.m. Speeches by members.

EDINBURGH—SCOTTISH SOCIALIST FEDERATION.—Labour Hall, 50 South Bridge. Business meeting every Friday at 8 o'clock. Communications, etc., to be addressed there. Meeting at foot of Leith Walk, Sunday at 3 p.m., and on the Meadows, at 6 p.m.

SOCIALIST LEAGUE PUBLICATIONS.

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To Working Women and Girls	3 0
What Socialists Want	3 0
Socialism and "Public Opinion"	2 0
Songs for the Workers (2 leaflets)—each	2 0
The Skeleton or Starvation Army	2 0

American Literature.

A few remainders—

Wealth Creation (Mongreidin). Cloth ...	3 6
Problem of Labour and Education (Karoli). Cloth	1 6
Christian Missions. Cloth	1 0
Labour Capital (Kellogg)	1 0
Plutarch's Lives of Famous Men	1 0
A History of the Trial of the Chicago Anarchists (Dyer Lum)	1 0
Speeches of the Chicago Anarchists	1 0
Modern Christianity v. Heathenism	0 9
Scholar in a Republic (Wendell Philipps)	0 8
Socialism (by Starkweather and Wilson)	0 6
The Great Strike: the Irrepressible Conflict between Capital and Labour	0 4
What is Freedom? When am I Free?	0 4
The Railway Kings and an American Empire	0 2
Object of the Labour Movement	0 2

MISCELLANEOUS.

Spaziergänge eines Atheisten. Bei Ferdinand Heigl	0 8
The Reciter for Clubs and Social Gatherings	0 1

The above Leaflets, at prices given, can be had from the *Commonweal* manager in any quantities by Branches, members, or sympathisers, for distribution, 24, Great Queen Street, Lincoln's Inn Fields, London.

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STATEMENT OF PRINCIPLES.

THE Socialist League advocates International Revolutionary Socialism. That is to say the destruction of the present class society, which consists of one class who live by owning property and therefore need not work, and of another that has no property and therefore must work in order that they may live to keep the idlers by their labour. Revolutionary Socialism insists that this system of society, which is the modern form of slavery, should be changed to a system of Society which would give every man an opportunity of doing useful work, and not allow any man to live without so doing, which work could not be useful unless it were done for the whole body of workers instead of for do-nothing individuals. The result of this would be that livelihood would not be precarious nor labour burdensome. Labour would be employed in co-operation, and the struggle of man with man for bare subsistence would be supplanted by harmonious combination for the production of common wealth and the exchange of mutual services without the waste of labour or material.

Every man's needs would be satisfied from this common stock, but no man would be allowed to own anything which he could not use, and which consequently he must abuse by employing it as an instrument for forcing others to labour for him unpaid. Thus the land, the capital, machinery, and means of transit would cease to be private property, since they can only be used by the combination of labour to produce wealth.

Thus men would be free because they would no longer be dependent on idle property-owners for subsistence; thus they would be brothers, for the cause of strife, the struggle for subsistence at other people's expense, would have come to an end. Thus they would be equal, for if all men were doing useful work no man's labour could be dispensed with. Thus the motto of Liberty, Fraternity, and Equality, which is but an empty boast in a society that upholds the monopoly of the means of production, would at last be realised.

This Revolutionary Socialism must be International. The change which would put an end to the struggle between man and man, would destroy it also between nation and nation. One harmonious system of federation throughout the whole of civilisation would take the place of the old destructive rivalries. There would be no great centres breeding race hatred and commercial jealousy, but people would manage their own affairs in communities not too large to prevent all citizens from taking a part in the administration necessary for the conduct of life, so that party politics would come to an end.

Thus, while we abide by the old motto

Liberty, Fraternity, Equality,

we say that the existence of private property destroys Equality, and therefore under it there can be neither Liberty nor Fraternity.

We add to the first motto then this other one—

FROM EACH ACCORDING TO HIS CAPACITY, TO EACH ACCORDING TO HIS NEEDS.

When this is realised there will be a genuine Society; until it is realised, Society is nothing but a band of robbers. We must add that this change can only be brought about by combination amongst the workers themselves, and must embrace the whole of Society. The new life cannot be given to the workers by a class higher than they, but must be taken by them by means of the abolition of classes and the reorganisation of Society.

COUNCIL OF THE SOCIALIST LEAGUE.

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THE COMMONWEAL

The Official Journal of the SOCIALIST LEAGUE.

VOL. 6.—No. 233.

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WEEKLY; ONE PENNY.

SOCIALISM TO-DAY.

Six years ago we could not foretell how Socialist propaganda would fare in this country—whether it would at the outset provoke fierce antagonism and repressive measures from the privileged classes against us, or whether it would be reckoned as of no little account, or of such visionary aim, that few would care to trouble themselves about us.

It is pleasant now to know that our propaganda has so far escaped both those fates, and that in quite a marvellous way it has converted men and women of all classes, and has become a formidable and threatening power against the existing order of things almost without encountering serious resistance or repression. Useless conflict with the authorities over trivial matters of tactics, the wholesale discharge of workmen for participating in propaganda work, general ostracism in social and commercial life—those and many other pains and penalties, which most of us then in the movement expected would be rife if our cause achieved much success or publicity, have been comparatively rare.

It is true that several tragic incidents, such as the Trafalgar Square murders and a goodly number of fine and imprisonment cases, have accompanied our efforts; but considering the extreme character of our teaching, its total and unequivocal subversiveness of every existing privilege and power, and remembering also the brutal treatment meted to our comrades in Continental countries, we must frankly admit that our career has been singularly free from many of the difficulties and dangers which we beforehand considered we would have to face and overcome. We are not, of course, out of the wood yet—far indeed from it—so we must not holloa; but we have, at least, passed almost unscathed one of its most perilous thickets. So far as we have yet gone we have had more fun than fighting, and have spilt more money than blood. Our enemies, too conceited perhaps of their own strength and our weakness, and too busily engaged in over-reaching and plundering each other, have allowed us to pass into and establish ourselves in a portion of their territory which they can never regain, and draw a vast number of their followers to our banner who will never desert us.

But a danger lies ahead, which, if we be not wary, will mar our further progress, and probably make all our efforts of no avail for long years. It is: that our enemies, seeing they cannot now undo our success, affect to favour it, and are attempting to so magnify the advantages of our triumph that we and their own disaffected followers may rest satisfied with the little that has been done, or is about to be done, and cease striving for more. They are, in fact, attempting to exploit Socialism as they exploit all other useful and good effort. This is apparent from the drift of all recent political utterances. Socialists are being patted on the back, and told that they are not altogether bad fellows, that they mean well, and that many of their ideas can be put into practice with advantage to everybody. Politicians are vying with each other in hastening to legalise the scraps and fringes of Socialistic propaganda; and as things are at present going on we shall have at no distant date a Parliament of Socialist-Radicals, with Sir William Harcourt or John Morley at its head, using the blessed name of Socialism to cover a mass of ill-reasoned and utterly futile legislation.

Never, therefore, was it more imperative than it is now that the true and complete aim of Socialism should be held before the people's eyes. Never was it more the bounden duty of Socialists to refuse to identify their principles with any mere passing political or mere trades union struggle. Loudly and more loudly should it be proclaimed that Socialism is not peace but war to Capitalism and class ascendancy, and that by no conceivable jugglery of names or masking of features can any form of Capitalism be made tolerable to us.

Perhaps in our anxiety to win the sympathy of timorous and unimaginative people, we have too frequently associated our ideal with the proposals of those who desire to make the existing system less patently brutal and less unendurable, and may be our teaching in future will appear somewhat vindictive in these people's eyes. Perhaps, also, many Opportunist Socialists, strong in the confidence of their own faithfulness and in their conviction that Socialism cannot be kept back, will regard us as somewhat doctrinaire and intolerant. But, surely, it is sufficient for us to say that our vision becomes clearer

with the dawn, and that the nearer we approach the time of achievement the more certain and definite should be our aim. We do not say that all men are knaves or fools who do not see as we see; but we do say that we certainly would be knaves or fools if we said we saw otherwise than we do. And we see now that everything that tends to appease the people's discontent, everything that entices them aside from direct revolutionary effort, is wrong, and it is our duty at all times to say that it is wrong. We are not compelled to equivocate; we have no "authorisation," divine or human, to teach what we do not believe; and it is the most repulsive egotism on our part to assume that we can better serve the cause by becoming hypocrites than remaining honest men.

The seaman who knew from his chart that a certain land lay not far distant across the mid-ocean, and who from fear of the ignorance and cowardice of his fellows pretended it lay by some circuitous and apparently pleasanter route, but where he knew were many hazardous straits and barren and pestilent islands, would not be more culpable than we, who, seeing Communism certain of attainment right ahead of us, if we go forward bravely and patiently, should yet pretend that it would be better to turn aside to innumerable Parliamentary devices, and that we ought to rest awhile on this and that little barren measure of reform, losing uselessly many valuable years and countless lives.

There is no dearth of Opportunists in the world, and there is little likelihood of a dearth in the immediate future. We shall always have more than enough of "practical men" eager to perform the duty of camp-followers to our movement—pretty far in the rear. We know, too, that these people will reap the first fruits of our efforts, just as the crows that follow the ploughshare alight on the furrows and feast on the fresh upturning of the soil. Let them do so—perhaps they are fulfilling some humble function in the eternal economy of human progress; but let us, regardless of all these little things, do what alone we can do honestly and without misgiving, preach Socialism, and endeavour to achieve *it and nothing else*. The chief difficulty we have to overcome is the cowardice of the people, and if we would teach them to act bravely we must act bravely ourselves. We can only hasten the Revolution by marching boldly towards it.

J. BRUCE GLASIER.

SCENES FROM THE FRENCH REVOLUTION.

IV.

THE WOMEN AT VERSAILLES.

It is about three in the afternoon as the women climb the last hill on the road to Versailles. Before them lie the town and the royal chateau and its splendid grounds, the glories of which are dimmed and obscured in the mist and rain of the drizzling day. Here Maillard halts and harangues them once again. The burden of his oration is still the same, the necessity for a pacific attitude, for from the town of Versailles comes the sound of tumult and alarm; drums are beating loudly the troops and Nationals together, and it is evident that they are mustering to repel the advancing army of female insurrectionists. "Let us, then," says the wise Maillard, "advance peacefully; let our cannon be put to the rear, and as we march forward singing Royalist songs and shouting 'Live the King!'" His advice is acted upon, and soon all the people of Versailles, who crowd to see, behold these women drenched to the skin by rain and worn out by their long and weary march, advancing and singing "Vive la Henri Quatre" (Live Henry the IV.), varying the singing of this Royalist air by shouts of "Live the King!" The Versailles people reply by shouts of "Vivent les Parisiennes!" (The Paris women for ever).

But all is hurry and bustle in Versailles. Body guards, dragoons, the Flanders regiment, and Versailles National Guards are drawn up outside the palace gates. The Royalist officers are very nervous and very repentant concerning the Opera House orgie. The Versailles National Guards have lost a commander, for royalist Count de Estaing has gone; other Royalists, who are rallying round the chateau, are plotting flight and civil war. Major Lecointre now commands, a linen-draper by trade, a valiant man for all that, and who has already

run the risk of assassination at the hands of a Royalist bully on account of his devotion to the popular cause. The members in the Assembly are indeed very uncomfortable; the debate drags wearily, for rumour is growing more like reality. And now sounds of disorder, shouts, and cries are heard at the doors, and in burst a crowd of women, some fifteen in number, Maillard having great difficulty in persuading the others to stop back. Maillard then addresses the Assembly concerning the plots of the Royalists and the scarcity of bread, which he declares is kept from Paris by greedy monopolists and intriguing aristocrats. It is decided at last by the Assembly to send a deputation, headed by President Mounier, to represent to the King the "afflicting condition of Paris," and also to demand the acceptance of the "Rights of Man" which the King has refused to sanction.

When Mounier gets out he finds the broad open space between the Assembly and palace is covered by a hungry and desperate crowd, armed with rusty pikes and muskets, and ironshod clubs with swords and knife-blades bound upon them, altogether a formidable assemblage. The Body-guards are busy doing their utmost to irritate the people by spurring up and down, dispersing groups in true Trafalgar Square fashion, and are followed everywhere by hissing and hooting. Directly Mounier gets outside he is immediately surrounded by women, who all want to form a deputation to the King. Twelve are selected, and Mounier marches on, a respectable man in a very uncomfortable position, for the fierce haggard pikemen of St. Antoine insist upon escorting him, and he runs a risk of being taken for a leader of advancing insurrection. Nay, this really happens; for the Body-guards charge upon them and scatter or upset them in the mud.

The deputation at last get together and enter the palace. Five women are even graciously admitted to the royal presence. They are received very courteously by His Majesty. The spokeswoman of the deputation, Louison Chabray, a flower-girl of the Palais Royal, faints away and is caught in the royal arms. The deputation are sent back with gracious "promises" that the King will do his utmost to make bread plentiful. They return to the crowd shouting "Live the King and his house!" But the crowd does not credit the glowing promises; they are wet, cold, and hungry, and have not been admitted to the royal presence. The messengers are accused of treason, especially Louison Chabray, who has been reclining in the King's arms. She is seized by two desperate Amazons, very nearly strangled with their garters, twisted into a rope for the purpose, and is rescued with difficulty by the several bystanders. The others are sent back for a written order which shall secure a plentiful supply of bread in Paris.

Scarcely have they gone when another deputation is formed, probably to look after the last, with Brunout, a Parisian National Guard at their head. They advance to the gates of the chateau, but are immediately set upon by the Body-guards, headed by a lieutenant, M. de Savonnières, and are dispersed with great brutality. Brunout is pursued with drawn sabres by the lieutenant and two others, who evidently mean to murder him. Savonnières is just raising a sabre to cut him down, but the Versailles National Guard can stand it no longer; shots are fired at the Royalist murderer, and his right arm falls broken with a musket ball. Brunout is saved, but fierce cries go up from the crowd. The three pieces of cannon brought from Paris stand loaded with grape, and pointed towards the palace gates; lit matches are applied to them, but the touch-holes are wet with rain, and they will not go off. At the same moment voices are heard to cry, "Stop! it is not yet time!" The Body-guards fall back upon the gates of the chateau, and venture no more among the crowd.

And now Théroigne de Mericourt and the prettiest among the women are busy among the dragoons and Flanders regiment, and with soft words, embraces, and kisses, get them to promise they will be good patriots and will not fire upon the people; in proof of which good intentions they exchange cartridges with the National Guards.

But darkness is creeping over the agitated scene. Major Lecointre, who has been busy receiving professions of friendship for the popular cause from the Flanders regiment, the dragoons, Swiss, and even the body-guards, now approaches the Parisians, and is met by twelve delegates standing by their levelled cannon, the mouths of the cannon pointing towards Lecointre, while burning matches, ready for firing, light up the gloom. Lecointre asks them in the name of their brothers of Versailles what they desire. One unanimous shout greets him of "Bread and the end of these troubles!" He inquires how many there are of them. They reply "Six hundred." "Well, will six hundred loaves be enough for their most pressing needs?" They reply "Yes." Lecointre then goes to the municipality, which is an unreformed one, with monarchical leanings, and the municipality replies "That it cannot furnish the bread, but will two tons of rice do?" To this Lecointre agrees; but he receives from the municipality an hour or so after—the reply that it cannot find the rice and has dissolved itself, and Major Lecointre had better do what he can.

While these exciting scenes occur outside, there is panic and confusion in the court. Mounier is kicking his heels there waiting for the King to accept the articles of constitution concerning the rights of man; while the King does not know whether to accept or to take the advice of the court party, headed by her majesty the Queen, and fly. Experiments are tried in this direction; some carriages are sent out, but are always driven back by Lecointre's Nationals.

The night increases in gloom, and the rain is falling in heavier showers. The wet and weary Nationals receive orders from their commander, the Count d'Estaing, who has come out from the chateau on purpose. This is done with a view to clear them out of the way for the King's escape; but they sturdily refuse to go till the Body-guards retreat. Orders are then sent to the Body-guards to retire, which order

they obey, but the people throng upon them, hooting and hissing. They respond by firing upon both people and National Guards, which firing is replied to by a smart volley from the other side; and, the Body-guards retreat confusedly behind the palace gates, out of the reach of the bullets of the people and the Nationals.

But the National Guard is unfortunately short of ammunition, and dreads more treacherous attacks from these traitorous Royalists. Ammunition must be had somehow, and a lieutenant of Nationals in desperation clutches the commandant of artillery, and, putting a pistol at his head, threatens to blow his brains out, if no ammunition is forthcoming. They are then supplied with powder and ball in abundance.

In the meantime, the people have got hold of a Body-guard, M. de Moucheton of the Scotch company, whom they are handling very roughly, and are about to submit to summary execution, when he is rescued by some Nationals. His horse, however, killed by a musket-shot, is roasted at a huge fire; but the people are so hungry that they cannot wait till it is done, and they tear the nearly raw flesh from the bones and devour it greedily.

But the rain, which is now falling in torrents, drives away the crowd. The troops and Nationals are also withdrawn, but not till Lecointre has posted strong patrols at every gate of the palace, who during the night again prevent the royal carriages from escaping. As for the people, they seek shelter in barracks and stables, and many of them, with the mass of the women, in the hall of the Assembly. Here they occasionally interrupt the proceedings of that august assembly with shouts of "Bread! bread! Not so many long speeches!" The Assembly is waiting for Mounier—who is waiting for the King to make up his mind—as to whether he will accept the articles of the constitution or run away. But the waiting is a long job, and the Assembly, finding Mounier does not come, adjourns and leaves the people in possession of the parliament house. Soon after they adjourn, the King, finding that escape is impossible, owing to the vigilance of Lecointre's patrols, signs the articles, and Mounier returns in triumph, to find a new parliament installed. For the women have started one of their own. A big fish-woman has possession of the bell and president's chair, and they are passing decrees which send the whole assembly into roars of laughter. They give way to Mounier quietly enough, though some want to know whether the acceptance of the rights of man will give bread to the poor folks in Paris. Others cry piteously, "We have eaten nothing; we are very hungry." Mounier orders provisions to be fetched from the bakehouses, and at the same time convokes the Assembly by beat of drum.

Provisions are brought, and the women feast merrily. While they eat they chat familiarly with Mounier. "My dear president," says one, "why did you defend that villainous veto? Mind the lanterne!" A word of warning which Mounier took to heart by getting out of the country soon after this insurrection. While the feasting is going on, honourable members come flocking in. News has now arrived that Lafayette is coming, and in order to fill up the time till his arrival, they start a discussion on the penal code: a discussion that is not very interesting, and is frequently interrupted by the women with cries of "Make that chatterbox hold his tongue! That is not the question: what we want is bread. Let's hear our little darling Mirabeau." But Mirabeau was sulky and would not speak. The revolution was going too far; as a moderate politician, he did not approve of feminine insurrections.

But Lafayette is steadily approaching. The march is slow, for the fat shopkeepers who form the bulk of the force, do not get along very rapidly. Lafayette also wastes time in halting for continual harangues, and the administration of oaths of fidelity to the King. At last, however, he reaches Versailles, glances at the Assembly, and is then ushered into the chateau and sees the King, to whom he presents the demands of the Parisians, which are as follows: That bread be found for Paris; that the King be guarded by the French Guards; that political prisoners have judges sent them; and finally, that his majesty come and live in Paris. The King agrees to all but the latter point, on which he reserves his decision. Lafayette withdraws, stationing guards for the night. The National Guards are left to the hospitality of Versailles, and seek shelter and sleep where they can, in spare beds, churches, barracks, and coffee-houses. Quiet settles in Versailles, and it seems likely to Lafayette and his friends, who retire to bed about five o'clock in the morning, that all may end well.

D. J. NICOLL.

(The following is a complete list of articles which have appeared in the 'Commonweal' on the French Revolution during 1889-90—
 "Storming the Bastille," No. 183, July 13th; "Foulon to the Lanterne," No. 184, July 20th; "The Chateau in Flames," Nos. 187 and 188, Aug. 10th and 17th.—"The Men of the Revolution":—1. Mirabeau and Robespierre; 2. Danton and Marat; Nos. 203 and 204, Nov. 30th and Dec. 7th.—
 "Scenes from the French Revolution":—1. Paris after the Fall of the Bastille—The Veto; 2. The Black Cockades; 3. The Revolt of the Women—have appeared in Nos. 208, 214, and 232; January 4th, February 15th, and June 21. All these Numbers can still be had.)

EDINBURGH—SCOTTISH SOCIALIST FEDERATION.—We held a good meeting on the Meadows on Sunday; comrades Leslie, Smith, Hamilton, Davidson, and Mackenzie all spoke.—W. D. T.

CORRESPONDENCE.

"HOW TO WIN LANCASHIRE."

COMRADES,—The surpassing *naivete* of "E. H. P." on this subject is too delicious. I wouldn't like to be guilty of damping his enthusiasm or shocking his simple faith, but it is evident our comrade is too much in earnest to make it fair that he should continue under a stupendous hallucination like his, as to the child's-play of provincial organisation. It is as easy to establish branches as to catch birds—by salting their tails. I should know somewhat of the *modus operandi* in general, and of organising in the Cotton County in particular. In the Lancaster district, for instance, we forced affiliations some years ago—when my splendid friend, Rev. E. P. Hall, and our late lamented comrade Rev. Sharman, led the van—like mushrooms, precisely on the programme sketched by "E. H. P." And the length of their existence carried out the simile. For weeks and weeks, hard running, last year, our hearty young comrades of the Manchester Branch of the League pegged heroically away at Middleton, etc. But never a sign of a branch. The Social Democratic Federation is, of course, far stronger in Lancashire than the League; their best efforts have been addressed to nearly every one of the towns mentioned by "E. H. P." I formed a branch on my first visit to Barrow-in-Furness of thirty strong, out of a sympathetic meeting of over two thousand strikers, etc. Never been heard of since. I left a couple of embryo Internationals behind at Hastings and Bechill; result ditto. Corresponding secretaries and collections for expenses are invariably and alike precarious matters. The amount of propaganda, and the extent of self-denial continually made by our Lancashire friends, would stupefy "E. H. P." The harvest is great, but the labourers are few and not always happy at their work. I find that the only stability, even in existing branches, is absolutely owing to the strong personality and energy of one or two of their members. The principles are soaking slowly through our Palatinate; but the masses fight shy of organisation. Possibly the main secrets of our indifferent progress in Lancashire are our lack of a local "gradely" Labour paper, and our distance from the revolutionary centre. Lately two of the Manchester papers—*Examiner* (Unionist Liberal) and the *Pendleton Reporter* (Independent)—have opened their columns to Socialistic correspondence. "Nunquam," of the *Sunday Chronicle*, has also for the last year or two nobly played the part of Socialist Messiah hereabouts, and he is widely read; but, of course, his Socialism is philosophic and sentimental—not "practical," don't you know. What we want—a want that is *not* local—is, of course, sinews of war, plenty of advertisement, and a few smart speakers whose livelihood could be secured them while touring the shire, and against victimisation; which, after all, is the fox at our vitals.

Yours, etc.,

LEONARD HALL.

4, West Craven Street, Salford, June 14, 1890.

COMRADE,—In your issue of June 14, a correspondent, "E. H. P.," furnishes some statistical information with a view to showing "how to win Lancashire" for the Cause. By way of reply, I shall give some particulars of what the Manchester Branch is doing to accomplish that most desirable object. I may state that it has been in existence now about eighteen months, and is the only S. L. organisation in Lancashire. It is more easy to draw up a system and explain how it *may* be carried out than to take one's coat off and settle down to the work of putting it in practice. To work all the towns in this district would require a very large array of speakers, competent to popularise our principles, which unfortunately have yet to be found or manufactured. But not being so equipped, the best thing to do is to make the best possible use of the few we have got. This the Manchester Branch is doing to the utmost. The usual meetings, which are kept up in season and out of season, are three each week. Some time ago, Blackley, a small manufacturing town of about 10,000, has been visited on Monday nights by our speakers. To all appearance the people are as full of hopeless ignorance, as we know them to be, of State Churchism and Toryism. On each occasion a rather boisterous opposition was developed, and a local paper has given copious reports of what has taken place. We are determined on fighting out the opposition and getting a firm hold on the place. Many sympathisers we have already, and our visits furnish the inhabitants with matter for discussion in factory, workshop, and tavern till the next meeting. On Saturday nights, Middleton, another factory town, is visited, and a very attentive hearing is obtained, whilst lengthy discussions, arising out of questions put to the speakers, form a feature of the propaganda in this place. The chief difficulty in the way of forming a branch is the fear of being marked or losing their job which people in these small towns display.

Bolton, a rather large centre of the cotton industry, where a branch of Socialists once flourished, has also been taken in hand. Meetings are now held every evening, which a speaker from Manchester goes over to address. *Commonweal* here sells well, and great interest is taken in the propaganda by the people who attend. There are four S.D.F. Branches in Lancashire, which work these meetings mostly among themselves, though of late our speakers have been invited and spoken at Rochdale, and arrangements are being made with the branches at Darwen and Blackburn. The Liverpool Socialists, who are making great progress, interchange speakers regularly with Manchester. We are now arranging with some comrades at Heywood and at Hyde, each about ten miles off, to start weekly meetings.

With more workers, it would be easy to largely extend the propaganda. Truly, the harvest is ready, but the labourers are few.

When anyone at all likely to be able to assist in the work is found or comes amongst us, he does not remain idle for want of asking; and if "E. H. P." wishes to give a hand in carrying out his ideas, which we have all along been working at, we shall be gladly welcomed. The Manchester Club is easily found.

Now to what was done last week. A large and most enthusiastic meeting was held on Sunday, June 15, in Manchester, at which Parker (of London), Parkinson, Bailie, Strange, and Stockton spoke. It was organised by our Branch in view of the forthcoming Stanley visit. The following resolution was unanimously passed: "That we, citizens of Manchester, in mass meeting assembled, recognising that H. M. Stanley's invasion of Central Africa has brought death and destruction upon the natives, and that the object of his mission is to introduce into those regions the system of commercialism, which means the economic slavery of the workers of this country, the only benefit of which will be to the speculating capitalists, who can no longer make large profits out of British labour, hereby indignantly protest against the action of the City Council in offering the freedom of our city and paying honour at our expense to this modern hero of Christianity and Commercialism, whose

civilising agents have been fire and murder, the elephant rifle and the gallows." Twelve shillings was collected and a large quantity of *Commonweal* sold. The meeting terminated by singing the "Marseillaise," and giving three hearty cheers for the Social Revolution and three groans for Stanley, in which the audience heartily joined, to the astonishment of the liveried peace-preservers, who stood amazed and open-mouthed at the whole proceeding.

Good meetings were held in the morning at Philips Park and at night at a new station lately opened, at which Parker spoke.

I hope this account of our work will enlighten your correspondent as to what is being done in Lancashire.—Fraternally yours,
W. B.
Socialist League, 60 Grosvenor Street, Manchester.

IN THE UNITED STATES.

THE rather amusing story of a sham dynamite sensation, instigated by the police of the good city of Chicago, forms the news of this week. On Sunday morning, May 24th, all the inhabitants of the United States were startled to read in the newspapers the following telegram from the city of Chicago:

"The night of May 4, 1886, the date of the Anarchist riot, was recalled to mind this morning with startling vividness by the discovery of unmistakable traces of an attempt to blow up the Haymarket monument and the surrounding buildings with a gigantic charge of dynamite. A policeman passing near the monument saw at its base what appeared to be a roll of black cloth, tied with a small rope. He reached through the railing and pulled on the supposed rope. It parted in his fingers, and easily crumbled, as though charred by fire. He then climbed over the fence and found tied up in a piece of black cloth, a tin can about twelve inches long and four inches in diameter. The can and its contents weighed about ten pounds. In the top of the can was a small hole about three-eighths of an inch in size, from which he had pulled the 'rope.' Beside the can lay several pieces of the string, which crumbled beneath the touch. It was the fuse. The powder within had burned out, leaving the outer covering intact, but very brittle. On the step, approaching the base of the statue, was found an unlighted piece of the fuse, to one end of which was attached a small dynamite cap. It is believed that the heavy rain of last night prevented an explosion which must have been most disastrous in its consequences. The charge of dynamite, according to the police, was enough to blow up several blocks. The machine was probably placed there early this morning, and the rain extinguished the burning fuse. An explosion would have made terrible havoc. With street cars frequently passing so close, too, the loss of life would have been great. There is as yet no clue to the perpetrators of the outrage, but Anarchists are probably the guilty parties."

The concluding sentence, the assertion that "Anarchists are probably the guilty parties," is really delicious, besides being significant. Of course, every reasonable man reading the telegram knew at once that the police of Chicago, purposing to clear its shady reputation somewhat, and to pose again as saviours of society, happened to be the "Anarchists" in this case. Comrade Most made directly in the *Freiheit* the statement that no sensible Anarchist could have been so foolish as to try to blow up a block of stones. But now mark the sagacity of the Chicago guardians of peace and order. A certain Joseph Kaiser, a former tinsmith, but now excluded from all honest radical circles because of his connection with incendiaries and *bona fide* swindlers, happened to be at the time of the sensational "discovery" in Chicago, plying his present trade—that is, dealing with religious pictures and nicknacks. Most had warned all Chicago comrades to be on guard against this fellow. The smart police captains in Chicago, putting two and two together, concluded that Kaiser might be a suitable person to imprison for the alleged dynamite plot. And so they did! Never before have policemen taken to the road that leads to absurdity so swiftly as in this case. After the arrest of a man like Kaiser, a speedy ending of the whole matter in a bitter and ridiculous defeat of the blue-coated pillars of society was unavoidable. And so we are told now that

"One of the private watchmen on duty in Haymarket Square has confessed to Police Captain Hayes that early last Saturday morning he saw a fuse burning at the base of the Haymarket monument, and, being unable to blow it out, picked out the fire with his knife. He saw no can of dynamite there at the time. He being a reliable man, Captain Hayes and Chief Marsh believe what he says. His name is withheld. It is now thought the whole thing was a fake, and that the can of dynamite was placed at the foot of the monument after the watchman left, and was not near the fuse. A dynamite expert said last night that no fuse sold by any of the powder houses can be put out by the rain, and that a fuse soaked in the water a month will burn readily. Chief Marsh is now convinced that there was no attempt to blow up the monument, but that a scare was intended by some unknown person. Kaiser, the New York Anarchist, is still in custody."

And so ends this latest attempt of reviving the old, happily now almost extinct, prejudice against Anarchism in the United States. The people—that is, the intelligent part of the people—begin to see more and more that Anarchism is a science, and not a mere doctrine of force.

Evidently our friends the police in Chicago must, if they desire to create a genuine, even if only temporary, scare, engage a man who possesses at least the ability of a Constans.

Moses Harman, the editor and publisher of *Lucifer*, in Valley Falls, a man of really sterling and incorruptible qualities, has been sentenced to five years' imprisonment for publishing articles containing obscene language. As he is bodily weak, and advanced in years it is questionable whether he will survive, if he has to serve out the term. It may be debateable whether it is always wise to call, under all circumstances, a spade a spade, but no one can for one moment doubt the honesty, the integrity, and the devotion to his cause of Harman. Despicable hypocrisy, the hypocrisy which would like to veil the soft splendid outlines of a Venus statue, is at the bottom of this persecution.

The trial against E. H. Heywood, editor of the *Princeton Word*, in Boston, who is under the same accusation, has not finished yet.

General Ben Butler, the brilliant lawyer, intends to take habeas corpus proceedings in favour of Schwab, Fielden, and Neebe. I reported some time ago that in the record of the trial of the Chicago Anarchists a legal error had been discovered.

Very little is heard now of the eight hour movement. This agitation has, it seems, ended in a fizzle.

Boston, Mass., June 3, 1890.

HENRY F. CHARLES.

London Members' Meeting.—The next monthly meeting of members will be held on Friday, July 4th, at 8.30 p.m., at the Hall of the Hammersmith Branch, Kelmscott House, Upper Mall, Hammersmith, W. Special meeting; important business. All members interested in the propaganda are asked to attend.



OFFICES: 24 GREAT QUEEN STREET, LONDON, W.C.

HAVE YOU NOT HEARD HOW IT HAS GONE WITH MANY A CAUSE BEFORE NOW: FIRST, FEW MEN HEED IT; NEXT, MOST MEN CONTEMN IT; LASTLY, ALL MEN ACCEPT IT—AND THE CAUSE IS WON

The COMMONWEAL is the official organ of the Socialist League; but, unless definitely so announced by the Editors, no article is to be taken as expressing in more than a general way the views of the League as a body. In accordance with the Manifesto and Statement of Principles of the League, the COMMONWEAL is an exponent of International Revolutionary Socialism. On minor differences of opinion the widest freedom of discussion is maintained. As all articles are signed, no special significance attaches to their position in the paper.

Articles and letters dealing with any phase of the social problem are invited and will meet with earnest consideration. They must be written on one side of the paper only, and accompanied by the name and address of the writer, not necessarily for publication. MSS. can only be returned if a stamped directed envelope accompanies them.

Advertisements can only be inserted if unobjectionable in all particulars. Scale of charges and special quotations may be obtained from the Manager.

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TO CORRESPONDENTS.

To CONTRIBUTORS—Workmen could help us greatly by sending in accounts of capitalist tyranny and sweating in London and the provinces. We want the names of the sweaters. Those who write must send us their name and address, not necessarily for publication, but as a guarantee of good faith. We shall not fear to publish the truth.

R. O. B.—You can lay your complaint before him; but we doubt whether he can do anything for you.

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Periodicals received during the week ending Wednesday June 25.

ENGLAND	Boston—Liberty	HOLLAND
Brotherhood	Buffalo—Arbeiter-Zeitung	Hague—Recht voor Allen
Die Autonomie	Chicago—Rights of Labour	Middelburg, Licht en Waarheid
London—Freie Presse	Vorbote	BELGIUM
Labour Tribune	Detroit—Der Arme Teufel	Ghent—Vooruit
Norwich—Daylight	Los Angeles—Cal. Nationalist	ITALY
People's Press	S.F.—Coast Seamen's Journal	Milan—Il Fascio Operaio
Railway Review	San Francisco Arbeiter Zeitung	SPAIN
Sozial Demokrat	Philadelphia—United Labour	Madrid—El Socialista
Seafaring	Philadel.—Knights of Labour	GERMANY
Worker's Friend	St. Louis (Mo.)—Die Parole	Berlin—Volks Tribune
NEW SOUTH WALES	St. Louis—Altruist	AUSTRIA
Sydney—Bulletin	FRANCE	Vienna—Arbeiter-Zeitung
QUEENSLAND	Paris—Bourse du Travail	Brunn—Arbeiterstimme
Brisbane—Worker	Le Parti ouvrier	HUNGARY
Brisbane—Boomerang	Le Proletariat	Arbeiter-Wochen-Chronik
UNITED STATES	Amiens—Le Peuple Picard	DENMARK
New York—Freiheit	Charleville—L'Emancipation	Copenhagen—Arbejderen
Twentieth Century	Lille—Le Cri du Travailleur	SWEDEN
Volkszeitung	Lyon—L'Action Sociale	Stockholm, Social-Demokraten
Bakers' Journal	Rouen—Le Salarial	Malmö—Arbetet
United Irishman	SWITZERLAND	ARGENTINE REPUBLIC
Boston—Woman's Journal	Arbeiterstimme	Buenos Ayres—Vorwärts
Investigator	Bulletin Continental	El Perseguido
Nationalist	Przedswit	

NOTICE.

Letters should be addressed as under—
 Editorial matter for insertion in 'Commonweal,' address "The Editors."
 Business letters address "'Commonweal' Manager."
 Letters containing Reports should be marked "Report" on the envelope, and if intended for next issue should reach the Office not later than Tuesday morning.

NOTES ON NEWS.

THERE is, as everybody can see who wastes his time in reading the capitalist papers, a great pothor going on about our bargain with Germany, as to what we, each of the two countries, consider our property. Just so, two highwaymen armed and masked (*we* are the most careful about the mask), finding themselves on the same "lay," look sourly on each other for a while, and then see the necessity of coming to some sort of agreement as to their action; and having come to the agreement each regrets that he has not bested his brother robber a little more; and each has friends to twit him with his folly, and enemies to inform the world in which he moves that he is a dunder-head and a dastard.

I think I have heard, or seen it written, that nations were got together and grew in order to afford mutual protection to their members. If so, it was a long time ago, and perhaps a long way off. For clearly the object for their existence now is organised robbery of the weak both within and without their own bounds; and surely this African business gives us as good an instance of the game as easily can be read of in history.

Then also, we must have Stanley's opinion of the said bargain, and, indeed, wait with trembling anxiety till he has pronounced before we go for the Salisbury government neck or nothing. The sense of relief shown by the *Daily News*, for instance, when it finds that that great and sympathetic soul does not actually condemn the transaction, is delicious to witness. Stanley has spoken and we can be happy.

Well, well! we have had several "uncrowned kings" in my time, and Stanley, it seems, is the last of them, and may be said almost to have thrust down Gladstone from his throne. One thing must be said, that his filibustering majesty keeps up the traditions of kingship pretty well. The African massacres and the hanging of unwilling "soldiers of civilisation," are quite in the style of the best performers in the trade. And surely the adoration of this last "uncrowned one" shows us pretty well what would be the fate reserved for persons at home inconvenient to the commercial aristocracy, if only the latter dared. Black men in Africa were not killed because they were black, but because they were weak.

Mr. Gladstone has been spinning one of his yarns to the railway men, and began by buttering them all over, and told them how happy they were to be a part of the machinery of commerce (if they only knew their happiness); what a blessing it was for them that it was a necessity of their occupation that they were compelled to form habits of regularity and order; and how much better they were in all respects than the old servants of the mail-coach days,—which latter is probably true enough, for if ever there was a blackguardly system of travelling, surely that was the most blackguardly in all respects.

So far so good: but what reward does Mr. Gladstone propose for these treasures that he praises so much? Well, chiefly that they shall be allowed to exercise that noble virtue, *thrift*. That is, that they, by compulsion (for that is what it comes to) shall half-starve themselves and their families in order to get a very small account at a savings-bank, so that they may provide against their wholly starving. In short, these admirable public servants, as Mr. Gladstone, surely not without warrant, considers them, are to be kindly allowed to pay the poors-rate which the shareholders would otherwise have to pay.

Please to observe, meantime, that *thrift* is the art of *thriving*. If that be so, I cannot call the saving railway men thrifty, for they are but poor professors of the "art of thriving." They might be so much more thrifty that they could compel the shareholders, who contribute no iota toward the business of carrying passengers and goods, to hand over to them their ill-gotten gains, wrung out of the labour of these poor useful men. That would be thriving. Their present thrift, which Mr. Gladstone praises so, is not thriving, but starving; and no one starves except a madman or a slave.

Mr. Gladstone talks about the eloquence of figures. A hundred and ten hours a-week, at fifteen shillings a-week are, it seems, the wages paid to the "cleaners." Is there no eloquence in *those* figures then? To think that half the United Kingdom should bow down before *this* uncrowned king, Gladstone! What shall we call him? Mere invective is meaningless. Perhaps he was once a man: what he really is now is an official, whose public life is simply a constant conventional masking of facts in order to make them presentable to the office. Carlyle calls him an uncolscious hypocrite. I do not know that the description can be bettered. W. M.

Our Jingo press does not exactly know whether to be grieved or pleased concerning the recent division of African territory between England and Germany. It is doubtful whether we have got the best part of the swag or not. But why does it not take the word of its Stanley, who is in ecstasies. "Half a million square miles" of land added to the glorious British empire! O Jeosophat! It takes the great explorer's breath away. He is "electrified." He is so pleased to find that there is a greater scoundrel in this world than himself—our worthy Premier, who negotiated the "treaty." Stanley, the piratical mis-

creant, has murdered "niggers" with "explosive balls," and burnt their villages by the score, but it has never fallen to his lot to steal "half a million square miles" of territory.

There should be great rejoicings in the City among the hundred-per-shenters. O, Father Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob! there never was such a chance for the children of Israel since they came out of Egypt with other people's jewellery!

But, meanwhile, other "Christian" powers, notably France, do not like this little bit of "bishness." It looks as if the "Christian" powers may yet fall to cutting each other's "Christian" throats in their evangelical eagerness to "Christianise and civilise" the poor unfortunate African. Such zeal for the Gospel of "vun hundred per shent" is worthy of our respectful admiration. Tartuffe, Maw-worm, Pecksniff, and Stiggins may take a back seat after this. "Praise God, from whom all blessings flow," including "vun hundred per shent." Let us *prey*. D. N.

NEWS FROM NOWHERE:

OR,

AN EPOCH OF REST.

BEING SOME CHAPTERS FROM A UTOPIAN ROMANCE.

CHAP. XIX.—THE DRIVE BACK TO HAMMERSMITH.

I SAID nothing, for I was not inclined for mere politeness to him after such very serious talk; but in fact I should like to have gone on talking with the older man, who could understand something at least of my wonted ways of looking at life, whereas with the younger people, in spite of all their kindness, I really was a being from another planet. However, I made the best of it, and smiled as amiably as I could on the young couple; and Dick returned the smile by saying: "Well, guest, I am glad to have you again, and to find that you and my kinsman have not quite talked yourselves into another world; I was half suspecting as I was listening to the Welshmen yonder that you would presently be vanishing away from us, and began to picture my kinsman sitting staring in the hall at nothing and finding that he had been talking a while past to nobody."

I felt rather uncomfortable at this speech, for suddenly the picture of the sordid squabble, the dirty and miserable tragedy of the life I had left for a while, came before my eyes; and I had as it were a vision of all my longings for rest and peace in the past, and I loathed the idea of going back to it again. But the old man chuckled and said:

"Don't be afraid, Dick. In any case, I have not been talking to thin air; nor, indeed, to this new friend of ours only. Who knows but I may not have been talking to many people? For perhaps our guest may some day go back to the people he has come from, and may take a message from us which may bear fruit for them, and consequently for us."

Dick looked puzzled, and said: "Well, gaffer, I do not quite understand what you mean. All I can say is, that I hope he will not leave us: for don't you see, he is another kind of man to what we are used to, and somehow he makes us think of all kind of things; and already I feel as if I could understand Dickens the better for having talked with him."

"Yes," said Clara, "and I think in a few months we shall make him look younger; and I should like to see what he was like with the wrinkles smoothed out of his face. Don't you think he will look younger after a little time with us?"

The old man shook his head, and looked earnestly at me, but did not answer her, and for a minute or two we were all silent. Then Clara broke out:

"Kinsman, I don't like this: something or another troubles me, and I feel as if something untoward were going to happen. You have been talking of past miseries to the guest, and have been living in past unhappy times, and it's in the air all round us, and makes us feel as if we were longing for something that we cannot have."

The old man smiled on her kindly, and said: "Well, my child, if that is so, go and live in the present, and you will soon shake it off." Then he turned to me, and said: "Do you remember anything like that, guest, in the country from which you come?"

The lovers had turned aside now, and were talking together softly, and not heeding us; so I said, but in a low voice: "Yes, when I was a happy child on a sunny holiday, and had everything that I could think of."

"So it is," said he. "You remember just now you twitted me with living in the second childhood of the world. You will find it a happy world to live in; you will be happy there—for a while."

Again I did not like his scarcely veiled threat, and was beginning to trouble myself with trying to remember how I had got amongst this curious people, when the old man called out in a cheery voice: "Now, my children, take your guest away, and make much of him; for it is your business to make him sleek of skin and peaceful of mind: he has by no means been as lucky as you have. Farewell, guest!" and he grasped my hand warmly.

"Good-bye," said I, "and thank you very much for all that you have told me. I will come and see you as soon as I come back to London. May I?"

"Yes," he said, "come by all means—if you can."

"It won't be for some time yet," quoth Dick, in his cheery voice; "for when the hay is in up the river, I shall be for taking him a round through the country between hay and wheat harvest, to see how our friends live in the north country. Then in the wheat harvest we shall do a good stroke of work, I should hope,—in Wiltshire by preference; for he will be getting a little hard with all the open-air living, and I shall be as tough as nails."

"But you will take me along, won't you, Dick?" said Clara, laying her pretty hand on his shoulder.

"Will I not?" said Dick, somewhat boisterously. "And we will manage to send you to bed pretty tired every night; and you will look so beautiful with your neck all brown, and your hands too, and you under your gown as white as privet: that will get some of those strange discontented whims out of your head, my dear. However, our week's haymaking will do all that for you."

The girl reddened very prettily, not for shame but for pleasure; and the old man laughed, and said:

"Guest, I see that you will be as comfortable as need be; for you need not fear that those two will be too officious with you: they will be so busy with each other that they will leave you a good deal to yourself, I am sure, and that is real kindness to a guest, after all. O, you need not be afraid of being one too many, either: it is just what these birds in a nest like, to have a good convenient friend to turn to, so that they may relieve the ecstasies of love with the solid commonplace of friendship. Besides, Dick, and much more Clara, likes a little talking at times; and you know lovers do not talk unless they get into trouble, they only prattle. Good-bye, guest; may you be happy!"

Clara went up to old Hammond, threw her arms about his neck and kissed him heartily, and said: "You are a dear old man, and may have your jest about me as much as you please; and it won't be long before we see you again; and you may be sure we shall make our guest happy; though, mind you, there is some truth in what you say."

Then I shook hands again, and we went out of the hall and into the cloisters, and so in the street found Greylocks in the shafts waiting for us. He was well looked after; for a little lad of about seven years old had his hand on the rein and was solemnly looking up into his face; on his back, withal, was a girl of fourteen, holding a three-year-old sister on before her; while another girl, about a year older than the boy, hung on behind. The three were occupied partly with eating cherries, partly with patting and punching Greylocks, who took all their caresses in good part, but pricked up his ears when Dick made his appearance. The girls got off quietly, and going up to Clara, made much of her and snuggled up to her. And then we got into the carriage, Dick shook the reins, and we got under way at once, Greylocks trotting soberly between the lovely trees of the London streets, that were sending floods of fragrance into the cool evening air, for it was now getting toward sunset.

We could hardly go but fair and softly all the way, as there were a great many people abroad in that cool hour. Seeing so many people made me notice their looks the more; and I must say, my taste, cultivated in the sombre greyness, or rather brownness, of the nineteenth century, was rather apt to condemn the gaiety and brightness of the raiment; and I even ventured to say as much to Clara. She seemed rather surprised, and even slightly indignant, and said: "Well, well, what's the matter? They are not about any dirty work; they are only amusing themselves in the fine evening; there is nothing to foul their clothes. Come, doesn't it all look very pretty? It isn't gaudy, you know."

Indeed that was true; for many of the people were clad in colours that were sober enough, though beautiful, and the harmony of the colours was perfect and most delightful.

I said, "Yes, that is so; but how can everybody afford such costly garments? Look! there goes a middle-aged man in a sober grey dress; but I can see from here that it is made of very fine woollen stuff, and is covered with silk embroidery."

Said Clara: "He could wear shabby clothes if he pleased,—that is, if he didn't think he would hurt people's feelings by doing so."

"But please tell me," said I, "how can they afford it?"

WILLIAM MORRIS.

TO BE CONTINUED.]

(This Story began in No. 209, January 11, 1890. A few sets of Back Numbers can still be had.)

ARBROATH.—There may be reason to doubt whether eight hours demonstrations serve to directly advance Socialism; but it must be gratifying to all Socialists to see discontent prompting men to formulate demands of any definite and not absolutely ridiculous kind. Those who believe in evolutionary Socialism will be specially glad to hear that the movement for shorter hours is being well sustained in Scotland. On Saturday, in the Abbey Green at Arbroath, some 2,000 persons assembled to demand the institution of an eight hours day. The meeting was held under the auspices of the Mill and Factory Operatives Union, and contingents were present from the Dundee, Forfar, Brechin, Montrose, Kirkcaldy, and other surrounding districts. Previous to the assembly on the Abbey Green, there was a long and well-organised procession of the Arbroath trades and industries, along with the contingents from a distance. As there were a few Socialists among the speakers, a good deal more than the ordinary trades unionist talk went on. Ritchie (Dundee), Eddy (Glasgow), Spence, Bisset, and myself (from Aberdeen) supported the resolutions, which were carried unanimously, and with a heartiness that might have surprised those who think that Scotchmen can't cheer. With so much discontent expressed by the speakers, and endorsed by the hearers, the wonder is that so small a safety-valve as the demand for an eight hours day is sufficient to let it off.—L.

THE LABOUR STRUGGLE.

The Police.

Discontent among the police has certainly been increased by the appointment of the new Chief Commissioner, Sir Edward Bradford. This martinet, fresh from bullying and ill-treating the natives of India, directly he attains office begins his reign of despotism—by issuing an edict forbidding the men to hold public meetings to discuss their grievances. This, indeed, may be called poetical justice. The police for a long time have been engaged in suppressing workmen's meetings and processions; they are now enjoying a little taste of their own medicine, and they don't like it. On Monday, when the order was first issued, there were very strong symptoms of mutiny among the men. It appears that a meeting of delegates had been arranged at Bow Street, and on Saturday night at the Borough police-station the constables wanted to elect delegates, but they were informed by the chief inspector that this would not be allowed. They showed some inclination to resist, which resulted in the suspension of a sergeant and a constable. The men in a body at once refused to turn out for night duty. The dispute lasted for two hours, and was only concluded by the inspector giving way and re-instating the two suspended men.

There was great fun at Bow Street on Monday, when four hundred delegates arrived at Bow Street and found their meeting had been "proclaimed." They blocked up the pavement, and discussed the question with great excitement. They were at once ordered to "move on" by an inspector, which order they did not obey. One policeman who was "mutinous" was warned by that official, in a bullying voice, that if he did not mind he would take him inside. It would have been rather a joke if the inspector had carried out his threat, and charged the policeman with "obstruction"! The men gathered round, however, and seemed inclined to resist the "law," and the inspector wisely let the man alone. The men afterwards held a meeting at the Police Institute, No. 1, Adelphi, where it was decided to present a "respectful" petition, asking the superintendants to persuade the Chief Commissioner and the Home Secretary to allow them to meet at Bow Street on June 30th. The men have agreed to stick together in the case of any intimidation, and it is evident that the new Chief Commissioner will find the restoration of "order" a difficult task.

Later.—It appears that it was not in the Borough that the "mutiny" took place, in consequence of the suspension of a sergeant and a constable, but at Bow Street. This adds to its significance.

The Postmen.

The Postmen's Union has issued a manifesto, giving a short history of the movement. It points out, what most of our readers know already, that Mr. Raikes took no notice of the union till last April, though hundreds of meetings were held. He then issued an order by which the postmen were informed they could hold meetings outside, provided that notice was sent to the postal authorities, and none but postmen and an official shorthand writer were permitted to be present. We all know the story of the postmen's meeting on Clerkenwell Green—its proclamation by Mr. Raikes, the breaking up of the processions by the police, and finally his infamous treatment of the men concerning whom his spies had given information. To quote the manifesto: "For attending a trade-union meeting to ask for better wages and a better regulation of working hours, some postmen have been deprived of their good-conduct stripes and reduced in wages; others have had several days' wages confiscated and have been suspended until they give an apology for attending the meeting and promise to attend no more." This is the position, but what has the union done to defend the men against this abominable injustice? Some questions have been asked in Parliament by Messrs. Graham and Conybeare, which have shared the fate of most questions asked there. They have received the usual lying official reply, amid the cold contempt of the honourable and wealthy gentlemen who sit in that "den of thieves." Last week, when the excitement among the postmen was at boiling point, and the men were ready for action, they were advised not to take the only manly course left open to them—a strike in every post-office in London—by Secretary Mr. J. L. Mahon and other officials of the union. Now this gentleman appeals to the public for subscriptions to support the men who have been "suspended" for answering the Postmaster-General according to the instructions of the union officials. It is a great pity that "the officers of the Postmen's Union" did not have the same courage as the men when the time for action arrived. Questions have been asked in Parliament, indeed; but "while the grass grows, the steed starves," and perhaps in a month or two the men will not have such a high opinion of Parliamentary action as their "versatile" secretary.

Strike in the Shoe Trade at Norwich.

Up to the present no progress has been made in connection with the above strike. A meeting of the masters was arranged to take place during the week, but was not held owing to Mr. Alfred Haldenstein, a representative of the large sweating firm of Messrs. Haldenstein and Sons, being out of town. This individual seemed to be of more consequence than the demands of three or four thousand men. During the week several incidents have taken place, such as pickets dropping on to men who are doing scabbing. It is being made a general thing during the dinner-hour, and at night when the firms close, to see these men who have been working escorted by hundreds of men and boys to the central rooms of the strike committee, where these individuals sign an agreement not to continue working during the strike. On Friday morning a bill appeared, which was extensively posted, bearing the following words, "Take the docker's advice and pay no rent till the strike is won!" The appearance of this bill seems to have created much talk among the men, who claim to be ignorant as to who has issued it. One objection from a group of men standing around the central rooms was that it was a nice thing for men who are depending on a few shillings a-week coming in for rent for them to live; not only that, but they (the strikers) would lose the sympathy of the landlords, who would probably put a bob in the collection box. The local press also contains a statement announcing that the leaders of the strike entirely repudiate the no-rent manifesto. On Saturday, the union men were paid 12s. for the week, while the non-union married received 5s., and single 3s., a noble sum. The miserable pay for the non-union men has created much dissatisfaction. These men, it is estimated, number between two and three thousand, and the union men under a thousand. Under these circumstances not much will be left for the landlord. A meeting of masters is arranged to be held, and we shall be able to give an account of the progress made next week. S.

INTERNATIONAL NOTES.

FRANCE.

Every day it becomes clearer that the Russian bomb affair is a trumped-up business, invented either by the French Government to have an opportunity of displaying their servility before the Tzar, or by the Russian police, who want to get at the relations that those arrested may have with friends in Russia, and therefore have stolen their papers and letters under the pretext of searching for explosives.

It appears that an international congress of prison authorities is being held at St. Petersburg—a very proper place for such a thing. They have an exhibition there of prison apparatus—a modern torture-chamber. The French delegate made a speech, in which he declared that Russia spreads intelligence, etc.; whilst in fact she is shutting up her schools and suppressing every means of instruction. The paroxysm of servility towards Russia French bourgeois parties are so fond of displaying is the true sequel of the humbugging phrases they traded in last year about the French Revolution.

Atrocities, after the Russian fashion, are committed in France upon the political prisoners when they are expelled. In a recently published letter, it is stated that they are put on the railway in cells or boxes they can hardly move in. Two comrades spent thirty-six hours in this condition until they reached the Belgian frontier, which can usually be reached in a few hours.

The Anarchist press is increasing. Two new papers have come out, the *Tocsin* of Alger, and the *International* of London.

BELGIUM AND HOLLAND.

The decomposition of the State Socialist parties into parties going in for this or that reform is also shown by the number of papers springing up, brought out by Socialists, but specially devoted to the advocacy of this or that miraculous remedy. So a new paper called *Het Algemeen Stemrecht* (Universal Suffrage) is about to be published at Ghent. We have already *The Eight Hours Working Day* of Zurich, and the *Arbeiterschutz* of Vienna (on hygienic measures, etc.). Soon papers will exist for every palliative; Socialism is no more spoken of.

It is some little satisfaction, on the other hand, to read comrade F. D. Nieuwenhuis's article, "To each the full result of his labour," in which he fights this dogma, and uses the Communistic arguments against it which are familiar to our readers; nevertheless, the article is worth translation. The Dutch Socialists published some time ago a pamphlet exposing co-operation, which won a superficial success in Belgium. They exposed the action of the Congress last year, and now Communism is advocated there, which is inseparable from Anarchism, as they will learn by and by. They really are white ravens among the State Socialists as things stand at present.

AUSTRIA.

Details of the Nürschau (Bohemia) massacres are now at hand. Three hundred men and women went during the strike to the office of the mining company to get the rest of their wages in tickets for food, which they have to put up with under the truck system. An officer of the army spoke to them in the German language, which they could not understand, as the district is a Bohemian one—a sufficient reason for the Government to send German soldiers there, who cannot be spoken to by the people. After some talk in that language, they were simply shot down like dogs. Eight were killed and thirty-five wounded. Revolver bullets were found in the bodies, which show that the company's officials, who certainly understood the language and saw the "misunderstanding," murdered the workers too. All this was stated in an interpellation in the Diet, which the Liberal papers simply did not reprint.

At Prague three bakers who were out of work, as they took part in the last strike, shot themselves simultaneously to call attention to the position of their fellow workers.

AMERICA.

The Pioneer Aid and Support Association of Chicago bought the ground in which the Anarchists murdered on November 11, 1887, are buried, and propose to erect a monument on their grave, to be unveiled in 1893. In a circular published they deprecate the cultus of persons, but consider the monument to be "a symbol of the fraternisation of labour" all over the world. Subscriptions to be sent to Th. Greif, 54 W. Lake Street, Chicago, Ill.; letters to be sent to Martin Lacher, Avondale Station, Chicago, Ill.

In New York a Bohemian Anarchist paper, *Volne Listy*, is published, with which the issuing of pamphlets translated is connected. Malatesta's "Entre Paysans" (Between Peasants, a dialogue explaining Anarchism to peasants), and Krasser's "Antisyllabus" (an Atheist and Socialist German poem) have been published.

The death is announced of Albert Brisbane, who, fifty years ago, did more than anybody else to spread Fourier's ideas in America. Many colonies on Fourierist lines were then formed, but after some years the movement dwindled away. Even at present it is not yet dead in France, where last year two Fourierist papers were still published by H. Destrem, and also a Fourierist conference held; but it has lost every touch with the working classes.

SOUTH AMERICA.

We have received No. 1 of *El Perseguido* (The Persecuted Voice of the Exploited) of Buenos Ayres, an Anarchist paper, written in the Spanish, Italian, and French languages. It has no connection with the Workingmen's Party, formed in connection with the May Day demonstrations, which is a Social-Democratic concern. Much bitter feeling, and not without reason, exists between both parties. * *

GLASGOW.—Jail Square too crowded to hold meeting on Sunday at mid-day. In the evening Glasier addressed an unusually large meeting at Paisley Road Toll, where *Commonweal* was sold out. We intend adding Bridgeton Cross to our outdoor stations.

EXCURSION TO EPPING FOREST.—The annual excursion of the Autonomie and other allied societies to Epping Forest, took place last Sunday, and was most successful. Everybody enjoyed themselves thoroughly. Music, dancing, merry-making of all sorts, and the excellent catering arrangements, all helped to leave none but pleasant recollections of the day's outing. Nor was the serious part of our work neglected; *Commonweal* was on sale, and the Essex country lads showed their desire to acquire some knowledge of the labour problem by the readiness with which they bought the paper. The return procession to Loughton station, escorted by some of those detestable flunkies of law-'n'-order, was enlivened by the singing of several revolutionary airs; and the spirited playing of the band gave clear proof that they had not been overtaxed during the day.—B.

SOCIALISM IN THE PROVINCES.

LEEDS.

During the past month we have held two meetings every Sunday. We have several comrades who can speak, but hardly any with much enthusiasm. The sacred flame of Uncompromising Socialism had been allowed to gradually go out. It is hard work reviving it single-handed, but circumstances are working in that direction, and we shall in a short time, I hope, be as powerful as our Sheffield comrades (more power to their elbows). Now, in Leeds, owing to the exertions of the Socialist Club members, who worked long and hard here for about eight months, there have been formed several unions and many branches of the Gas Workers Union. It was thought that these thousands could be utilised for "Socialistic" work, but what is the result?—nothing. Not a single member made, no more purchasers among them of the 'Weal, and little or no interest shown in the various lectures and meetings. If it were not for our friends the enemy we should have a dreary time of it. But the Leeds Municipal Gas Committee are causing discontent and hatred amongst their men, by trying to force them to sign agreements which include more work in the eight hours (which they gained by striking last November). The men, however, are determined not to yield, and there is every sign of a stiff fight. The Municipality are making arrangements for scabs. It is also interesting to hear that one of the gas employes has invented an "iron man," which is so perfect that the Gas Committee (Municipal) are about to test it. What a lesson or sermon could be preached from this. I shall send more particulars as the struggle goes on. "But still the Cause goes marching on." Our Jewish comrades here are quite strong in their International Educational Club, and the activity and enthusiasm amongst them is remarkable. They are primarily teachers, not leaders nor yet politicians, and it is pleasant to see their fraternity, as well as the enthusiasm of several female comrades. They intend holding open-air meetings regularly, and it is quite certain that they will not be the last to leave the house of bondage, nor will they require a Moses to lead them into the promised land. H. S.

YARMOUTH.

It was said by some Yarmouth people during the bad weather, when no meetings could be held, or only small ones, that Socialism was dead here. But we are glad to say this is not true; in fact, Socialism, and that of a thorough revolutionary character, is growing stronger in Yarmouth than ever. 'Tis true, it is left to a few to carry the standard in the advance-guard. As you know, we were to be represented at the Conference of the S.L. on Whitsunday by three of our comrades; but still, those left behind were not idle, comrades Brightwell and Ruffold opening and keeping up a discussion on Priory Plain. The Branch received the report of the Conference delegate at their next meeting, and adopted it after slight discussion. On Thursday following a debate took place between Brightwell (S.L.) and a Mr. Adams, a "Conservative Working-man," which lasted upwards of three hours, our opponent getting the worst of tussle. On June 1st, one of our speakers being ill, no meetings were held in the open-air, but we met in the club-room and spent an enjoyable evening, singing revolutionary songs and having a chat amongst ourselves. At our next business meeting arrangements were made for three London comrades who had promised to come down and assist us; 1,000 handbills were printed, giving names and subjects. On June 8th, comrade Crouch being unable to come, owing to illness, comrade Saint took his place, who had large and attentive audiences and plenty of opposition at both morning and evening meetings; all *Commonweal* sold out, and 2s. 2½d. collected. On June 15th was a red-letter day with us; three very large and attentive meetings were held. In the morning, on Priory Plain, comrade Turner (of London) lectured on "Socialism v. Political Action"; although we challenged all politicians in our bill, none of them had courage enough to defend their principles; more than 1,000 people were present. On the afternoon Turner continued his lecture on the Hall Quay. In the evening, on Colman's Quay, Turner lectured on "Insufficient Remedies" to a still larger audience, Mr. Adams attacking our comrade on several points; and he had the impudence to say that John Burns was not a Socialist. He also attacked the Communists, Anarchists, and Nihilists. But he again got the worst of the fight, and was hooted by the audience. A resolution was put in favour of Socialism; nearly every hand went up, only three against. All *Commonweal* sold, and 5s. 4d. collected towards railway expenses. We are arranging for a tea and concert next month, and think that old members who have dropped away will rejoin; in fact, names are being given in already. The majority of workers are unfortunately very demoralised. As we reported in one of our old reports, they are only too ready to act as blacklegs when strikes take place elsewhere, but have not pluck to try to better their conditions here. We hope, however, to stir them up before long, and while drawing them into the Branch, to see that they work hard amongst their fellow-workers in trying to educate and organise them. Altogether, they are moving in the right direction, and in some future report we will try to give some facts respecting the condition of the fishermen in and around Yarmouth. Also a few facts concerning some of the capitalists of this town, from the mayor (a sweater) downwards. Success to the Cause! J. H.

THE SOCIALIST LEAGUE.

OFFICES: 24, GREAT QUEEN ST., LINCOLN'S INN FIELDS, W.C.

The Offices of the Socialist League will be open for the sale of *Commonweal* and all other Socialist publications from 8.30 a.m. to 9 p.m. every day except Sunday. The Secretary will be in attendance from 10 a.m. to 9 p.m. daily.

Branch Subscriptions Paid.—1890:—Leicester and North Kensington, to end of April. Glasgow, Oxford, Hammersmith, North London, East London, 'Commonweal' Branch, Manchester, and Norwich, to end of May. Streatham, to end of December. (Branch Secretaries will please send with remittances for Capitations the number of their membership.)

REPORTS.

NOTTINGHAM SOCIALIST CLUB.—On Sunday last comrade Harry Carless, of Walsall, gave two addresses at our out-door meetings, to an interested audience. Collections good; *Commonweal* sold out. Arrangements are now complete for the holding of the Midland Conference next Sunday, June 29th. The delegates present will travel to Stoke in the morning for a picnic, returning to Nottingham for Conference at 2.30 p.m. In the evening at 6.45, in the Great Market Place, we shall hold a Demonstration—the speakers including Edward Carpenter, Andrew Hall, Charles, Bailie of Manchester, our old comrade Pengelley, and others.—A. C.

SHEFFIELD.—On Sunday 15th our comrade Andrew Hall, from Chesterfield, addressed some very large meetings. 216 *Commonweal* sold. Owing to miners' demonstration at Barnsley, no meeting was held at Woodhouse. This week G. Cores has been with us, and we have had some good meetings, including a fine one amongst the miners at Woodhouse on Saturday, where 56 *Commonweals* were sold. Our 216 *Commonweal* were sold out early on Sunday evening, together with some other literature, and we had to wire for a fresh supply. No meetings here next Sunday, on account of Nottingham Conference and Demonstration. Have opened two new stations during the week.—F. C.

LECTURE DIARY

LONDON

Battersea.—All communications to E. Buteux, 45, Inwith Street, Battersea Park Road.
Commonweal Branch.—24 Great Queen Street, Holborn, W.C. Tuesdays, Singing Practice. Thursdays, Business meeting. Saturdays, Social Gathering.
East London.—Meeting of members will be held at 12, Basing Place, Kingsland Road, at 7.30 p.m., on Sunday June 29th. Members are requested to attend—important business.
Hammersmith.—Kelmescott House, Upper Mall, W. Sunday June 29, at 8 p.m., a Lecture. French Class conducted by Mde. Desroches on Friday evenings at 7.30.
Mitcham.—"Lord Napier," Fair Green. Meets every Sunday at 12.30, to enroll members, etc.
North Kensington.—Clarendon Coffee Palace, Clarendon Road. Meets every Wednesday at 8 p.m. The branch Band meets every Friday at 8 p.m. for practice. Comrades wishing to join to give in their names to the Instructor at the above address.
North London.—6 Windmill Street, Tottenham Court Road. Meets every Wednesday evening at 8 o'clock.
Streatham.—Address secretary, R. Smith, 1 Natal Road, Streatham.
Whitechapel and St. Georges-in-the-East.—Branch meetings at International Club, 40 Berner Street, Commercial Road. J. Turner, organising secretary.

PROVINCES.

Aberdeen.—Organiser, J. Leatham, 7 Jamaica Street. Branch meets in Hall, 9 Harriet Street, on Sunday evenings at 6.30, Singing practice, etc., in Odd-fellows' Small Hall, Crooked Lane, Mondays at 8 p.m.
Braintree.—Meetings held alternate Saturdays, at 8 p.m., and Sundays, 11 and 2.30, at the fountain, Market Place. Business meetings, Wednesdays at 8. All communications to W. Fuller, 74 Manor Street. Saturday and Sunday, June 28 and 29, F. Kitz will speak.
Glasgow.—Members are invited to meet on Thursday and Sunday evenings, at 8 o'clock, in the Secretary's house, 250 Crown Street, S.S. All communications to be sent to that address.
Halifax.—Socialists meet every Sunday at 6.30 p.m. at Helliwell's Temperance Hotel, Northgate.
Leeds.—Clarendon Buildings, Victoria Road, School Close. Open every evening. Business meeting Saturdays at 8 p.m.
Leicester.—Exchange Buildings, Rutland Street. Branch meets on Monday, Thursday, and Saturday at 8 p.m.
Manchester.—Socialist League Club, 60 Grovesnor Street, All Saints. Open every evening. Branch weekly meeting on Tuesdays at 8.
Norwich.—Members' meeting held every Tuesday at 8.30.
Oxford.—Temperance Hall, 25½ Pembroke Street. First Friday in every month, at 8.30 p.m.
Sheffield.—Socialist Club, 63 Blonk Street. French Class, Tuesday at 8.30. Discussion Class, Wednesday at 8.30. Open-air meetings are held as follows:—Sunday: Monolith, at 11.30; College Yard, Rotherham, at 3; Westbar Pump, at 8. Monday: The Cross, at 7; Handsworth Woodhouse, at 7. Wednesday: Corner of Nursery Street, at 7.30. Thursday: Corner of Bramall Lane and Hereford Street, at 7.30.
Walsall.—Socialist Club, 18 Goodall Street, Walsall. Meetings every night.
Yarmouth.—Socialist League Club, 56 Row, Market Place. Open every evening. Business Meeting Tuesdays at 8 p.m. Elocution Class Friday at 8.30 p.m. Discussion Class Sunday 3 p.m.

OPEN-AIR PROPAGANDA.

SATURDAY 28.

7 Hyde Park Kitz
 7 Mile-end Waste Brookes and Leggatt

SUNDAY 29.

11 Commercial Road—Union Street Leggatt and Mrs. Lahr
 11 Latimer Road Station North Kensington Branch
 11.30 Hammersmith Bridge Hammersmith Branch
 11.30 Hoxton Church Davis, Miss Lupton, and Brookes
 11.30 Kilburn—"Old Plough," Kilburn Lane Presburg and Parker
 11.30 Mitcham—Fair Green The Branch
 11.30 New Cut—Short Street Casey and Wright
 11.30 Regent's Park Mrs. Schack and Nicoll
 3.30 Hyde Park—Marble Arch Parker and Mainwaring
 3.30 Streatham Common The Branch
 3.30 Victoria Park Miss Lupton
 7 Hammersmith Bridge Hammersmith Branch
 7 Wormwood Scrubs North Kensington Branch
 7.30 Mitcham Fair Green The Branch
 8 Walham Green—back of Church Hammersmith Branch

WEDNESDAY 2.

8 New Cut—Short Street Cores and Holloway

FRIDAY 4.

8 Camden Town—Cobden Statue Nicoll and Cartwell
 8.15 Hoxton Church Kitz

PROVINCES.

Glasgow.—Sunday: Jail Square at 2 o'clock; Paisley Road at 5 o'clock.
Leeds.—Sunday: Hunslet Moor, at 11 a.m.; Vicar's Croft, at 7 p.m.
Leicester.—Sunday: Russell Square at 11 a.m.; Humberstone Gate, at 8 p.m.
Liverpool.—Landing Stage, Sundays at 11.30 a.m. and 3 p.m.
Manchester.—Saturday: Middleton market ground, at 7 p.m. Sunday: Philips Park Gates, at 11; Stevenson Square, at 3. Monday: Market Street, Blackley, at 8.
Norwich.—Saturday: Haymarket, at 8—addressed by C. W. Mowbray (London). Sunday: Market Place at 11, 3, and 7.30.
Yarmouth.—Sunday: Priory Plain, at 11; Bradwell, 11.30; Colman's Granary Quay, at 7.

THE ANNUAL EXCURSION of United Socialist Bodies of London to Epping Forest (Robin Hood) will take place on Sunday, July 20.
 NEW MANHOOD SUFFRAGE LEAGUE, "Three Doves," Berwick St., Soho, W.—Lectures discontinued until August. Public Meeting on Sunday July 6, at 8.30 p.m. Speeches by members.

SOUTH LONDON.—All Revolutionary Socialists in South London willing to form a Branch of the S. L. are requested to send their names to W. Wright, 18 Ward Street, Lambeth, or turn up at the open-air meetings at Short Street, New Cut, on Sunday mornings and Wednesday evenings.

FABIAN SOCIETY.—A course of seven lectures on SOCIALISM IN CONTEMPORARY LITERATURE will be given in the French Chamber, St. James's Restaurant, W. (entrance from Piccadilly), on Friday evenings, at 8 o'clock. July 4 (sixth lecture), Hubert Bland, "Recent English Socialistic Novels."

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Songs for the Workers (2 leaflets)—each	2	0
The Skeleton or Starvation Army ...	2	0

American Literature.

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Problem of Labour and Education (Karoli). Cloth ...	1	6
Christian Missions. Cloth ...	1	0
Labour Capital (Kellogg) ...	1	0
Plutarch's Lives of Famous Men ...	1	0
A History of the Trial of the Chicago Anarchists (Dyer Lum) ...	1	0
Speeches of the Chicago Anarchists ...	1	0
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The Great Strike: the Irrepressible Conflict between Capital and Labour ...	0	4
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MISCELLANEOUS.

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The Reciter for Clubs and Social Gatherings ...	0	1

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THE COMMONWEAL

The Official Journal of the
SOCIALIST LEAGUE.

VOL. 6.—No. 234.

SATURDAY, JULY 5, 1890.

WEEKLY; ONE PENNY.

A WORD TO THE POLICE.

BRAZEN and shameless impudence has ever been a distinguishing characteristic of a hired bully, and the stout men in blue who guard the fat persons, and, above all, the fat purses of the London middle-classes, have never been deficient in this necessary quality of their vile calling. Yet, shameless and brazen as we know their impudence to be, it came as a shock of surprise even to those of us who had seen most of them, to find them posing as underpaid workers, and raising a piteous cry concerning higher wages and "pensions." Warm from the congenial business of bludgeoning under-sized and overstrained post-men on their way to demonstrate on Clerkenwell Green, these well-fed chawbacons from the country districts hold meetings, elect delegates, present petitions, and formulate demands and pass resolutions couched in quite mutinous, not to say revolutionary, terms. Apparently these men who are betraying their brethren every day for the sake of the safe weekly wages and the warm uniform, and the certain pension secured to them, and of the countless tips and gratifications of all kinds given to them on all hands, are so ignorant of their own infamy as to suppose that the workers, whose ranks they have left, will sympathise with them because they find the devil a hard taskmaster, as in the long run he generally is.

If any policeman reads this number of the *Commonweal*, he may be really surprised to learn that he is regarded by us revolutionary Socialists (and not, as we believe, by us only, but by tens of thousands of London workers not yet Socialists) as an infamous scoundrel. We will endeavour to make clear to the presumably dull intellect of this bobby why this should be so. Let him understand that Socialists in general (and the present writer least of all) blame no man who, under present conditions, is driven into what we look upon as an anti-social trade. For aught we care, he may get his living by thieving on the Stock Exchange or at the Bar, he may join even the hired assassins of the army, or carry advertisements of swindlers in the streets, and yet be a good comrade. We recognise the fact that, like the rest of us, he is a slave and cannot help himself. But, slave though he be, there must surely be certain limits beyond which he will not go, although the penalty for not passing them be even the Christian's hell itself. If he be born an agricultural labourer and be expelled by landlordism from the fields whereon he has grown to manhood, we can understand that he may easily drift into the police force. Once there he must, of course, perform the "duty" which is set him to do. Yet, surely, not *all* such duty. Even you, our dull-brained friend, must see that you would not be justified in committing murder at the command of your inspector, or even of "I, Sir Edward Bradford" himself. You see it in the abstract, do you? But that is precisely what the police of London, you yourself, perhaps, have done—not in the abstract, but in the concrete. Not yet three years ago, at the command of your Commissioner, you set upon and cruelly bludgeoned your fellows, men of your own class from all parts of London, on their way to peaceably demonstrate in Trafalgar Square. You bludgeoned them and killed some; others you made prisoners, and when you got them inside your station yards and had them completely at your mercy, you beat them before trial within an inch of their lives; jeering and mocking meanwhile at the fools who, unlike you, had not sold their manhood for a compliment from the "beak," or a share of the cook's cold mutton. But why need we recall the memories of "Bloody Sunday"? Not that they need much recalling to London workers! What you were three years ago, that you are to-day. On May-day this year you broke up our processions, tore our banners, and (brave men that you are) assaulted and insulted some stalwart lasses (who, let us hope, will never endure the shame of having given suck to creatures like you) on Clerkenwell Green.

Great, doubtless, is the powers of organisation and what is called "discipline," and you may plead that you have made yourselves mere machines, and act like automata at the word of command. Even if true, such an excuse would not avail you much. We may remind you of those sentries on duty at Buckingham Palace that Sunday afternoon last autumn, who broke all military rule and doubtless incurred punishment by facing round, and presenting arms to the dockers' procession as it passed to Hyde Park: contrast their conduct with yours. But the excuse is not true; you have played no automatic part in the

outrages of the last few years; you have absolutely revelled in the base and bloody tasks which have been set you; you have cracked coarse jests as you have cracked heads; and you have shown yourselves brutal, cowardly hounds, who know neither justice nor mercy, you hired prostitutes, the baser and meaner because you claim to be "men."

On calm reflection, do you wonder that you are not appreciated at your own valuation? Seriously speaking, are you not vile and infamous? Do you wonder that we look upon your attempt to represent yourselves as ill-used workers as about the sublimest height yet reached by the blatant insolence of persons whose offensive impertinence springs from their utter lack of perception or intelligence?

Yet, even now, one way of repentance is still open to you as it is to others: it may not be open long. Even yet, you may save yourselves from that true wrath which is really coming, the wrath of the workers in the Revolution. You claim that you, too, can organise a strike for better wages and shorter hours. Organise a strike first, then, for nobler ends. Strike against such employment as you have been lately put to. *The next time you are ordered to "disperse" a peaceable procession, throw down your bludgeons and refuse the cowardly and brutal work like men.* Will you take this advice, now you find that the tyrants who have used you as tools for their dirty work are beginning to suppress your meetings? when the new Chief Commissioner, fresh from butchering natives in Hindustan, will not even allow you to meet in order to complain a little about your grievances? Now is the day of salvation; now is the time; now is the hour. By refusing this very day to carry out your new despot's orders you will win the sympathy of the working classes, and they will support you in your agitation. Prove that you are men, and not cowardly flunkies, base and cringing to the rich but brutal, murderous, bullies with the poor, and you will have the kindly help of your brothers in obtaining your demands. Refuse, and you will neither get sympathy nor help, and you will fail—as cowards always fail—in your agitation.

R. W. B.

NEWS FROM NOWHERE:

OR,

AN EPOCH OF REST.

BEING SOME CHAPTERS FROM A UTOPIAN ROMANCE.

CHAP. XIX. (continued).—THE DRIVE BACK TO HAMMERSMITH.

As soon as I had spoken I perceived that I had got back to my old blunder; for I saw Dick's shoulders shaking with laughter; but he wouldn't say a word, but handed me over to the tender mercies of Clara, who said—

"Why, I don't know what you mean. Of course we can afford it, or else we shouldn't do it. It would be easy enough for us to say, we will only spend our labour on making our clothes comfortable: but we don't choose to stop there. Why do you find fault with us? Does it seem to you as if we starved ourselves of food in order to make ourselves fine clothes? or do you think there is anything wrong in liking to see the coverings of our bodies beautiful like our bodies are?—just as a deer's or an otter's skin has been made beautiful from the first? Come, what is wrong with you?"

I bowed before the storm, and mumbled out some excuse or other. I must say, I might have known that people who were so fond of architecture generally would not be backward in ornamenting themselves; all the more as the shape of their raiment, apart from its colour, was both beautiful and reasonable—veiling the form without either muffling or caricaturing it.

Clara was soon mollified; and as we drove along toward the wood before mentioned, she said to Dick—

"I tell you what, Dick: now that kinsman Hammond the Elder has seen our guest in his queer clothes, I think we ought to find him something decent to put on for our journey to-morrow: especially since, if we don't, we shall have to answer all sorts of questions as to his clothes and where they came from. Besides," she said, slyly, "when he is clad in handsome garments he will not be so quick to blame us

for our childishness in wasting our time in making ourselves look pleasant to each other."

"All right, Clara," said Dick; "he shall have everything that you—that he wants to have. I will look something out for him before he gets up to-morrow."

CHAP. XX.—THE HAMMERSMITH GUEST-HOUSE AGAIN.

AMIDST such talk, driving quietly through the balmy evening, we came to Hammersmith, and were well received by our friends there. Boffin, in a fresh suit of clothes, welcomed me back with stately courtesy; the weaver wanted to button-hole me and get out of me what old Hammond had said, but was very friendly and cheerful when Dick warned him off; Annie shook hands with me, and hoped I had had a pleasant day—so kindly, that I felt a slight pang as our hands parted; for to say the truth, I liked her better than Clara, who seemed to be always a little on the defensive, whereas Annie was as frank as could be, and seemed to get honest pleasure from everything and everybody about her without the least effort.

We had quite a little feast that evening, partly in my honour, and partly, I suspect, though nothing was said about it, in honour of Dick and Clara coming together again. The wine was of the best; the hall was redolent of rich summer flowers; and after supper we not only had music (Annie, to my mind, surpassing all the others for sweetness and clearness of voice, as well as for feeling and meaning), but at last we even got to telling stories, and sat there listening, with no other light but that of the summer moon streaming through the beautiful traceries of the windows, as if we had belonged to time long passed, when books were scarce and the art of reading somewhat rare. Indeed, I may say here that though, as you will have noted, my friends had mostly something to say about books, yet they were not great readers considering the refinement of their manners and the great amount of leisure which they obviously had. In fact, when Dick, especially, mentioned a book, he did so with an air of a man who has accomplished an achievement; as much as to say, "There, you see I have actually read that!"

The evening passed all too quickly for me; since that day, for the first time in my life, I was having my fill of the pleasure of the eyes without any of that sense of incongruity, that dread of approaching ruin, which had always beset me hitherto when I had been amongst the beautiful works of art of the past, mingled with the lovely nature of the present; both of them, in fact, the result of the long centuries of tradition, which had compelled men to produce the art, and compelled nature to run into the mould of the ages. Here I could enjoy everything without an after-thought of the injustice and miserable toil which made my leisure; the ignorance and dulness of life which went to make my keen appreciation of history; the tyranny and the struggle full of fear and mishap which went to make my romance. The only weight I had upon my heart was a vague fear as it drew toward bed-time concerning the place wherein I should wake on the morrow: but I choked that down, and went to bed happy, and in a very few moments was in a dreamless sleep.

CHAP. XXI.—GOING UP THE RIVER.

WHEN I did wake, to a beautiful sunny morning, I leapt out of bed with my over-night apprehension still clinging to me, which vanished delightfully however in a moment as I looked around my little sleeping chamber and saw the pale but pure-coloured figures painted on the plaster of the wall, with verses written underneath them which I knew somewhat over well. I dressed speedily, in a suit of blue laid ready for me, so handsome that I quite blushed when I had got into it, feeling as I did so that excited pleasure of anticipation of a holiday, which, well remembered as it was, I had not felt since I was a boy, new come home for the summer holidays.

It seemed quite early in the morning, and I expected to have the hall to myself when I came into it out of the corridor wherein was my sleeping chamber; but I met Annie at once, who let fall her broom and gave me a kiss, quite meaningless I fear, except as betokening friendship, though she reddened as she did it, not from shyness, but from friendly pleasure, and then stood and picked up her broom again and went on with her sweeping, nodding to me as if to bid me stand out of the way and look on; which, to say the truth, I thought amusing enough, as there were five other girls helping her, and their graceful figures engaged in the leisurely work were worth going a long way to see, and their merry talk and laughing as they swept in quite a scientific manner was worth going a long way to hear. But Annie presently threw me back a word or two as she went on to the other end of the hall: "Guest," she said, "I am glad that you are up early, though we wouldn't disturb you; for our Thames is a lovely river at half-past six on a June morning: and as it would be a pity for you to lose it, I am told just to give you a cup of milk and a bit of bread outside there, and put you into the boat: for Dick and Clara are all ready now. Wait half a minute till I have swept down this row."

So presently she let her broom drop again, and came and took me by the hand and led me out on to the terrace above the river, to a little table under the boughs, where my bread and milk took the form of as dainty a breakfast as any one could desire, and then sat by me as I ate. And in a minute or two Dick and Clara came to me, the latter looking most fresh and beautiful in a light silk embroidered gown, which to my unused eyes was extravagantly gay and bright; while Dick was also handsomely dressed in white flannel prettily embroidered. Clara raised

her gown in her hands as she gave me the morning greeting, and said laughingly: "Look, guest! you see we are at least as fine as any of the people you felt inclined to scold last night; you see we are not going to make the bright day and the flowers feel ashamed of themselves. Now scold me!"

Quoth I: "No, indeed; the pair of you seem as if you were born out of the summer day itself; and I will scold you when I scold it."

"Well, you know," said Dick, "this is a special day—all these days are, I mean. The hay-harvest is in some ways better than corn-harvest because of the beautiful weather; and really, unless you had worked in the hayfield in fine weather, you couldn't tell what pleasant work it is. The women look so pretty at it, too," he said, shyly; "so all things considered, I think we are right to adorn it in a simple manner."

"Do the women work at it in silk dresses," said I, smiling.

Dick was going to answer me soberly; but Clara put her pretty hand over his mouth, and said: "No, no, Dick; not too much information for him, or I shall think that you are your old kinsman again. Let him find out for himself: he will not have long to wait."

"Yes," quoth Annie, "don't make your description of the picture too fine, or else he will be disappointed when the curtain is drawn. I don't want him to be disappointed. But now it's time for you to be gone, if you are to have the best of the tide, and also of the sunny morning. Good-bye, guest."

She kissed me in her frank friendly way, and almost took away from me my desire for the expedition thereby; but I had to get over that, as it was clear that so delightful a woman would hardly be without a due lover of her own age. We went down the steps of the landing stage, and got into a pretty boat, not too light to hold us and our belongings comfortably, and handsomely ornamented; and just as we got in, down came Boffin and the weaver to see us off. The former had now veiled his splendour in a due suit of working clothes, crowned with a fantail hat, which he took off, however, to wave us farewell with his grave old-Spanish-like courtesy. Then Dick pushed off into the stream, and bent vigorously to his sculls, and Hammersmith, with its noble trees and beautiful water-side houses, began to slip away from us.

As we went, I could not help putting beside his promised picture of the hay-field as it was then the picture of it as I remembered it, and especially the images of the women engaged in the work rose up before me: the row of gaunt figures, lean, flat-breasted, ugly, without a grace of form and face about them; dressed in wretched skimpy print gowns, and hideous flapping sun-bonnets, moving their rakes in a listless mechanical way. How often had that marred the loveliness of the June day to me; how often had I longed to see the hay-fields peopled with men and women worthy of the sweet abundance of early summer, of its endless wealth of beautiful sights, and delicious sounds and scents. And now, the world had grown old and wiser, and I was to see my hope realised at last!

WILLIAM MORRIS.

TO BE CONTINUED.]

(This Story began in No. 209, January 11, 1890. A few sets of Back Numbers can still be had.)

SOCIALISM IN THE PROVINCES.

LEICESTER.

Socialism has now firmly caught on here, and shows every sign of spreading. May 11th, Chambers and Barclay addressed good audiences, and there was a lengthy discussion. The Sunday following, our old friend Peacock, of Nottingham, lectured morning and evening—ruffling, in his second address, the complacent well-to-do and worldly Christians, and keeping the crowd in good humour. Proctor, of Nottingham, was the next speaker, who tore the emigration fraud to very tatters from personal experience. Sunday June 1st, Carless, of Walsall, delivered two addresses. For a young fellow of twenty-three, he is surprisingly fluent and confident, and put the principles of Socialism before his hearers with force and animation. June 8th, Raymond Unwin, of Chesterfield, gave us two most thoughtful addresses—morning, "Democracy"; evening, "The Survival of the Fittest." The speaker's exposure of our senseless shoddy production and terrible cut-throat competition was hailed with applause by the audience.

Friday, June 6th, we made our first incursion of this year into the villages. Barclay addressed the people of Ansty, a large village five miles out. Thomas Slatter and other anti-Socialists, getting wind of our meeting, went from Leicester to oppose us, and there was animated discussion, and great excitement among the audience. The next Saturday we took George Cores, of London, over, and a local capitalist, a brewer, made a personal attack upon him: but a friend of ours in Ansty, having whispered to Cores the information that his opponent was a sweating employer, our comrade lashed out, and turned the tables beautifully on the capitalist, to the immense delight of the villagers. Comrade Taylor also spoke at this meeting. Sunday 15th, Cores lectured thrice, a new station being opened up on the Old Cross, Belgrave Gate. Friday 20th we paid a third visit to Ansty, a Positivist friend taking the chair for us. Plenty of discussion again. But Sunday 22nd was by far our greatest day this season. Mrs. Lahr, of London, spoke thrice, the third time being on Sanvey Gate. Mrs. Lahr is an earnest speaker, and the fact of her being a woman told with her Leicester audiences. Three quires *Commonweal* were sold, 14s. 3d. collected, and six new members were enrolled.

We have had discussion at most of our meetings; and long after we have broken up it has continued among little groups. Sometimes the opponent of our principles is a fanatical teetotaler or thrift-monger, sometimes a capitalist on the make, and sometimes the discussion is simply one of difficulties among enquirers; but discussion there is sure to be, and from week to week it increases. Education inside our Branch is not neglected meanwhile. Every Monday night some member brings in a difficult phase of the great question for discussion; and as we are mostly young men, we are hoping to have presently two or three other speakers. We intend, as long as we come near paying railway-fare of speakers from elsewhere, to keep on importing them.

POLICE BRUTALITY TO WOMEN.

The question of the behaviour of the police to women is becoming so serious that it is time that public attention was called to the subject. It is very well known that the police avoid unnecessary displays of violence to men, knowing that such displays will only lead to retaliation on the part of otherwise peaceable citizens. With regard to women, the matter is, however, different. Our police force have read their Shakespeare, and knowing the line, "A woman, naturally prone to fears," they proceed to act upon it; and the hands of the police may be said to be never off the poorer class of women—shoving, pushing, hauling, or even with further violence, without any regard to their rights as citizens or the consideration due to them as women. These facts have long been known to those attending our police courts, where quite decent women, coming with the most just complaints, are besides spoken to habitually with the utmost brutality. Not long ago, at one of the best known of these courts, a woman had cancer in the breast caused by a deliberate blow from the elbow of a policeman.

The matter is, however, assuming a more acute phase, and the police are now determined to take from women that right to ventilate their grievances in public which they assume for themselves. Not long ago a peaceable meeting of women on strike on Clerkenwell Green was attacked by a number of police specially selected on account of their enormous size. One woman with a collecting box was seized upon, shaken, and told to "get home out of that." Other women were nearly knocked down, and no doubt more violence would have been offered had not some working-men closed up to protect the women, when the police precipitately retired. It is evidently by assaults on women that the "bullies" and "bravos" of our police force hope to earn promotion. The charge brought against these women was that they were causing an obstruction. An obstruction in the middle of Clerkenwell Green! And yet, strange to say, a meeting of policemen was held on the same spot not long after, to ventilate their grievances, and we have not yet heard that they have taken one another up for obstruction! But then these police were men earning 30s. a-week and upwards, who burnt with the noble desire to nobble a few more of the public shillings, in the way of increased weekly wage and secure pensions; while the women, poor ignoble wretches, only wanted to prevent a hitherto wage of 16s. being reduced to 8s.

Perhaps, however, an even more serious case of interference with public and personal rights occurred recently in regard to some women who formed themselves into a union, and wrote a letter to their employers asking for the redress of some grievances. They did not threaten to go on strike, there was no disturbance, they continued peaceably to pursue their employment; but the employer surrounded the place with policemen, and illegally threatened that unless they submitted to his will he would give them into custody. It would be interesting to know by whose authority the police in this district thus prostituted the very name of Justice. I ask, "Who controls the police—the Home Secretary or the Chief Commissioner of Police—or are they simply the paid hirelings of the capitalist class?"

Before any attention is paid to the oft-repeated complaints as to the overwork of the police or their insufficient numbers, it would be well that the public should make enquiry as to by whom, and on what work they are now employed.

E. L.

The Women's Union held a large meeting on Clerkenwell Green on Sunday evening to protest against the assaults on women by the police, more especially respecting their action on May 1st, a description of which is given above. A big van served as a platform, which, before the meeting started, was carefully looked after by a number of policemen, who showed an inclination to interfere on the stale pretext of obstruction. They complained that the crowd was blocking the footway. However, this insolence was resisted by the speakers, and the crowd gathering round us, the police left the meeting alone. Later on, when their brutal conduct towards working women was thoroughly exposed by Miss Lupton, they sneaked off to the other side of the Green to solace themselves with the psalms and hymns of a band of religionists. Parker took the chair, and Miss Lupton, Mrs. Schack, Mrs. Lahr, Nicoll, and More (Norwich) were the other speakers. The following resolution was carried unanimously: "That this meeting, assembled on Clerkenwell Green, indignantly protests against the conduct of the police in violently assaulting several women on the occasion of a public meeting held on this Green on May 1st, and also begs to call the attention of the Home Secretary to the action of the magistrates at Clerkenwell Police Court in refusing a summons against one of the constables for assault; and further protests against the employment of the police for the purpose of preventing the combination of women to secure for themselves a larger share of the fruits of their labour." A second resolution was also carried directing the chairman to send the first resolution to the Home Secretary. 9s. was collected for expenses of the meeting.

W. B. P.

CONFERENCE OF LONDON REVOLUTIONISTS.

The Conference of London Revolutionists, held at the Berner Street Club on Tuesday, June 24th, passed off very successfully. Comrades were present from all the revolutionary societies of London, and the discussion showed at least that there was not much difference of opinion among them as to revolutionary tactics.

After a general discussion on principles, policy, and tactics, in which Mowbray, Casey, Blackwell, Davis, Nicoll, Robert Harding, Pearson, and others took part, the following motion by J. Blackwell (Freedom Group) was unanimously agreed to, "That we do our utmost to spread the idea of an International General Strike among the people." It was also agreed, on the motion of Leggatt, St. Georges Branch, S.L., "That we hold special meetings called by handbills for this purpose." The sum of 10s. 6d. was collected for the revolutionary press. During the evening the choir of the *Commonweal* Branch sang revolutionary songs with great fervour and enthusiasm. The Conference has certainly brought the International Revolutionary bodies in London together, and we believe that it will result in renewed vigour for the revolutionary propaganda.

RUSSIA.—Madame Maria Tchebrikova, the author of the open letter to the Czar, has been banished by the governor of Vollogd to Yaransk, a little town with a population of about 1,000, by the river Yaranga, on the north-eastern side of Vollogd. The town is situated about 600 miles away from Moscow, and about 750 miles from St. Petersburg. The colony of the exiles consists of fifteen other "criminals" besides Maria Tchebrikova, who, without exception, belong to the so-called "privileged" class, and receive from 8 to 15 roubles per month for their sustenance. There is no telegraphic or postal communication in Yaransk, and the exiles are entirely cut off from the whole world.

Reviews.

THE CHICAGO MARTYRS: their Speeches in Court. Third Edition. Published by the International Socialist Societies of London. 1890. Price Threepence.

The International Revolutionary Societies of London, including the Socialist League, have just re-issued the pamphlet giving the record of the judicial murder and false imprisonment of our Chicago comrades. It would, perhaps, enlighten the mental darkness, "assumed or real," on the part of certain Radical and Republican editors and orators in this country were they to peruse the pages of the pamphlet under notice. Our forefathers and a large percentage of latter-day emigrants have looked to America as the promised land, but they carried with them the fatal seeds of competition and exploitation, and the result has been ably expressed in the speech of our martyr comrade Parsons, when upon his trial in Chicago. After alluding to the utterances of the capitalist press, wherein it was advocated to poison or shoot down tramps and rebellious workmen, he says:

"Your honour, one of the most startling facts in connection with this trial, the labour movement, and the general situation of affairs, is to be found in the fact that during the last two or three years at least one-half of the large industrial establishments of the United States, the larger corporations, monopolies and industries, have been conducted under military supervision. A startling fact is this. Armed men, armed guards, either the Pinkertons or the police, the police of the municipalities in the cities, or the militia, or the United States army, as has been done in some cases, are supervising one-half of the industries of America, that is, the larger industries. It is a positive fact. Think of this. Who is doing this? Now, as an off-set to this state of affairs, we find 1,200 delegates assembled in Richmond, Va., representing our American working-men in the convention of the Knights of Labour. That congress, that organisation, is the reply which is being made by peaceable labourers to the rifle-diet advice, the strychnine business, and the hand-grenade business, and club business advice by the Chicago, New York, Philadelphia, and other large papers in this country. These men are assembled in self-defence. The conflict is the struggle between liberty and authority—authority in any and every form. Those who are in authority tell the working-men that if they want to enjoy the law and the protection of the law, they must render a cheerful obedience to the law. Why a man when he flogs his slave for disobedience tells him the same thing. Your honour, according to your construction of sentence, or the reason which you propose as a portion of the ground-work upon which you expect to render your proposed sentence, you deny the right of Americans to defend themselves against the rifle diet, and to protest against these outrageous things, to object to the strychnine business. These are the things that have made us what we are. If there be any wrong in me I am the product of these conditions. I am the creature of circumstances; I am the effect of a cause."

The whole book is inferentially a bitter rebuke to those who in England whilst terming us as visionaries and utopians, are seeking to delude the working-class with exploded Republican theories.

EXHIBITION OF CHAMPION HUMBUGS, and A LETTER (by J. Kaspar) TO PHILANTHROPIC CAPITALISTS (sic).

The first is at starting a rather clever satire upon American clerics and pressmen, but is obscured in its conclusions by a web of theological rubbish. The second is an attempt to float colonies adjacent to London and New York, based upon the principle of beggar my neighbour, *i.e.*, making a profit upon the calculation "that as the value of land will be more than tenfold its cost price (who pays?) in a few years, an increased security for the loans and a large capital for the humanitarian will thus have been created." We fancy that philanthropic capitalists will rise to this bait.

IDEO KLEPTOMANIA: The Case of Henry George. By J. W. Sullivan. 'Twentieth Century' Publishing Co., New York.

'Ideo Kleptomania' is a clever demonstration of the intellectual dishonesty of the great single-tax humbug. In this little work the "prophet" of San Francisco is shown to be an advertising charlatan, who has started in business with a stock of stolen ideas. Thanks to Mr. Sullivan, Henry George has now been thoroughly exposed. If his admirers will read this pamphlet they will be thoroughly convinced, not only that Henry George is a "false prophet," but that he is also shamefully ignorant of political economy, which he pretends to thoroughly understand.

A CHAT ABOUT THE COLONIES AND INDIA. Published by the Working Men's Club and Institute Union, 150, Holborn, E.C.

'A Chat about the Colonies and India' is an interesting pamphlet by our comrade Thomas Shore, jun. It appears that some time ago Sir Charles Dilke, in his efforts to regain a lost popularity, placed at the disposal of the Working Men's Club and Institute Union the sum of £10, to be offered as a prize to any one who could write an essay in laudation of our glorious British Empire. Thomas Shore was among the competitors, but his essay did not exactly "come within the terms of the advertisement issued by the Union," as it was mainly devoted to "smashing the British Empire" from a logical point of view at least. The judges, however, thought it so good that they recommended "a special gift of £5" should be presented to the writer, and the pamphlet has also been published by the Club and Institute Union, with a "reply" by Sir Charles Dilke. The "reply" is not a very brilliant one, and does very little to shake the damaging mass of facts and figures, which prove that this glorious British Empire was built by battle, murder, and cruelty, and that even now it is simply a huge edifice of tyranny, oppression, and extortion. This pamphlet should be read by those who in this enlightened age have any lingering belief in that bastard Imperialism which our masters are so fond of preaching. It will shake their faith a little.

LIVERPOOL SOCIALIST SOCIETY.—We held two good meetings on the Landing Stage yesterday, when comrade J. Ward delivered a couple of stirring addresses. A little discussion followed the morning lecture, the opposition being taken up by the Christian Evidence Society lecturers. The second meeting was held in the afternoon. Excellent attendances at both; 14s. 5d. taken by collections and sale of literature. The tailors' strike, which has lasted three weeks, is now concluded, the last lot going in to-day (Monday). The girls have gained a decided victory. In addition to the reduction of hours, which nearly every employer has conceded, a deputation from the trades societies waited upon several of the leading shops, such as Lewises, and Beatty Bros., and succeeded in getting them to employ the girls direct on their own premises, and so abolish the middleman. Our comrades who have been taking an active part in this strike are living in hopes of establishing both tailors and tailoresses on a more advantageous basis in the coming winter by the introduction of one or two co-operative workshops, and so by this means gradually getting the work in their own hands. Should this scheme prove successful, we can make it a good field for propaganda.



OFFICES: 24 GREAT QUEEN STREET, LONDON, W.C.

HAVE YOU NOT HEARD HOW IT HAS GONE WITH MANY A CAUSE BEFORE NOW: FIRST, FEW MEN HEED IT; NEXT, MOST MEN CONTEMN IT; LASTLY, ALL MEN ACCEPT IT—AND THE CAUSE IS WON

The COMMONWEAL is the official organ of the Socialist League; but, unless definitely so announced by the Editors, no article is to be taken as expressing in more than a general way the views of the League as a body. In accordance with the Manifesto and Statement of Principles of the League, the COMMONWEAL is an exponent of International Revolutionary Socialism. On minor differences of opinion the widest freedom of discussion is maintained. As all articles are signed, no special significance attaches to their position in the paper.

Articles and letters dealing with any phase of the social problem are invited and will meet with earnest consideration. They must be written on one side of the paper only, and accompanied by the name and address of the writer, not necessarily for publication. MSS. can only be returned if a stamped directed envelope accompanies them.

Advertisements can only be inserted if unobjectionable in all particulars. Scale of charges and special quotations may be obtained from the Manager.

SUBSCRIPTIONS, including postage:—For British Islands, Europe, United States, and Canada, a year, 6s.; six months, 3s.; three months, 1s. 6d. For Australia, New Zealand, Cape of Good Hope, Natal, Transvaal, and the Argentine Republic, a year, 8s.; six months, 4s.; three months, 2s. For India, Ceylon, China, Hong Kong, and the Straits Settlements, a year, 10s.; six months, 5s.; three months, 2s. 6d.

Subscribers who receive a RED WRAPPER are thereby reminded that their subscriptions have expired and must be renewed immediately if they wish to continue to receive COMMONWEAL.

SPECIAL RECRUIT SUBSCRIPTIONS.—To aid in spreading our principles, the following largely reduced terms are offered to those who obtain new subscribers: Two new yearly subscriptions for British Islands, etc., 10s. 6d.; for Australia, etc., 15s.; for India, etc., 19s. Five new subscriptions: For British Islands, etc., 25s.; for Australia, etc., 37s. 6d.; for India, etc., 47s. 6d. Specimen copies will be sent on receipt of postage.

Remittances from abroad must be made by International Money Order.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

J. L. (Aberdeen).—Your figures were illegible, and that is how the mistake occurred. We cannot publish your letter, as our columns are overcrowded this week, but we are willing to state for the benefit of the general public that the number attending the eight hour demonstration at Arbroath was 7,000, and not 2,000, as reported in last week's issue.

R. P.—Report of Midland Socialist Conference crowded out this week. Shall go in next.

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Periodicals received during the week ending Wednesday July 2.

ENGLAND	New York—Truthseeker	BELGIUM
Belfast Weekly Star	Boston—Woman's Journal	Antwerp—De Werker
Coming Times	Investigator	Ghent—Vooruit
Die Autonomie	The Dawn	SPAIN
Justice	Chicago—Rights of Labour	Madrid—El Socialista
London—Freie Presse	Cincinnati (O.) Volks-Anwalt	PORTUGAL
Labour Tribune	Detroit—Der Arme Teufel	Lisbon—O Protesto Operario
Norwich—Daylight	Los Angeles—Cal. Nationalist	Porto—A Revolucao Social
Railway Review	S.F. Coast Seamen's Journal	GERMANY
Sozial Demokrat	San Francisco Arbeiter Zeitung	Berlin—Volks Tribune
Seafaring	Pacific Union	AUSTRIA
The Whirlwind	Philadelph.—Knights of Labour	Vienna—Arbeiter-Zeitung
Worker's Friend	Paterson Labour Standard	Brunn—Volksfreund
QUEENSLAND	FRANCE	HUNGARY
Brisbane—Boomerang	Paris—Bourse du Travail	Arbeiter-Wochen-Chronik
INDIA	Le Parti ouvrier	DENMARK
Bankipore—Behar Herald	Le Proletariat	Social-Demokraten
UNITED STATES	Charleville—L'Emancipation	SWEDEN
New York—Freiheit	Lyon—L'Action Sociale	Stockholm, Social-Demokraten
Twentieth Century	Rouen—Le Salariat	Malmö—Arbetet
Volkszeitung	HOLLAND	WEST INDIES
Bakers' Journal	Middelburg, Licht en Waarheid	Cuba—El Productor
Workmen's Advocate	ITALY	ARGENTINE REPUBLIC
Volne Listy	Milan—Il Fascio Operaio	Buenos Ayres—Vorwärts
New York—Der Sozialist		

NOTICE.

Letters should be addressed as under—

Editorial matter for insertion in 'Commonweal,' address "The Editors."

Business letters address "'Commonweal' Manager."

Letters containing Reports should be marked "Report" on the envelope, and if intended for next issue should reach the Office not later than Tuesday morning.

NOTES ON NEWS.

"SIGNOR ARRIGO has given particulars of his detention by the brigands. He declares that nothing can be more horrible and infamous." Yes; quite so. What happened to the signor apart from the anxiety about his life, and his loss of liberty, was that he was ill-fed (as one is in English prisons at least). In other words he shared the short commons of his captors, and has at least gained this advantage from his captivity, that he has found out how the poor live. It is to be hoped he will use his knowledge in doing his best to get rid of that condition of poverty which he found to be so "horrible and infamous."

It is a curious thing, by the way, that even acknowledged brigandage is duly exploited, and gives a profit to the enterprising capitalist. For it seems the industrious working brigands are in the employ of gentlemen, who live on their somewhat ill-paid labour. Signor Arrigo's guard, who seems to have been a very good-natured friendly fellow, was one of these journeyman brigands, and found it as difficult "to better himself" as most journeymen do. So commercial is the present age! So bent upon using up all waste in the process of making money! Even when that waste is no better than the lives of a few poor men.

W. M.

The present Government is going to pieces—not the least doubt about it. They are perishing of dry rot, dying of too many amendments, of too much parliamentarism altogether. The editor of the Star is in raptures, and evidently considers that it is he who is dealing a death blow to the Government, while it is really perishing of general public disgust at its stupidity, meanness, cowardice and cruelty.

It is an exciting time for Government, the temperance people, and the editor of the Star; but strange to say, the work-people do not seem greatly interested. The cowardly betrayal of the people by the Liberal party, who have looked on with calm satisfaction while such small liberties as we have were torn from us by brutal force and ruffianly violence, has even alienated many a workman who used to look upon the Grand Old Sham as the incarnation of all earthly justice and wisdom. The people see now that he is but a middle-class politician with a genius for eloquence of an ambiguous character, which may mean little or nothing, although there is a lot of sound about it. The Great God Gladstone has fallen never to rise again. These who once worshipped him can see that he is only made of a very poor sort of clay after all.

But let us imagine Salisbury, Balfour, Matthews and Co. gone; and Gladstone, Harcourt, and T. P. O'Connor in their places. What then? Has the millenium come? Will the foul slums of London, with poverty, want, and care vanish like a "summer fog" before the rays of glorious sun? I trow not. The first two "nice old gentlemen" have a pleasant little trick of giving the lie to every promise they make in opposition directly they get into office. Workmen, have you forgotten how these great and good Liberals behaved when they were last in power? Peace, retrenchment, and reform was written on their banners when they went to the polls. How did they fulfil their promises? Two bloody, useless, and cruel wars—in Egypt and the Soudan; heavier and heavier taxes after, to pay for these massacres; and brutal and shameful coercion in Ireland.

"O, but they have reformed since." Have they, my dear simple friend? Have you forgotten Trafalgar Square and "our admirable police"? What a splendid Home Secretary would be our dear friend Tay Pay O'Connor! He is so fond of "free speech" in his own paper. Please ask Mr. Massingham, the late sub-editor of the Star.

If there is any one so simple as to believe in the electioneering lies with which the country will soon be flooded, he will soon be undeceived. The next Liberal Government will do what the last Liberal Government did—copy the Tories who were in office before. Neither of the great gangs of political impostors are worth a single vote or a single cheer. Nor is it by forming a "Labour Party" headed by gentlemen who are only humble imitators of these great professors of political fraud and dodgery, that the workman will improve his position; but by making a clean sweep of all political humbugs and tricksters. The only reform of the present rotten system of wholesale fraud and robbery is its complete destruction. The people must free themselves from the tyranny of landlord and capitalist, even if they have to wring the necks of these noxious vermin in the process, and the best reformer for the House of Commons would be a modern Guy Fawkes.

Here are two paragraphs from last Sunday's Dispatch, with the "common"—far too common—headline, "Sad Case of Starvation." Elizabeth Bryant, a widow, aged sixty-three, lately living at 29 Ben-Jonson Road, Mile-end, has died of hunger in a Christian land, and the inquest took place last Saturday. Henry Bryant, her son, who gave evidence, said his father died in the workhouse infirmary in February, 1889. His mother had been ill for a long time, and quite unable to get out lately. For nearly twelve months the deceased had lived on tea and dry toast. She had applied to the parish for out-door relief, which they had refused, but offered her the "house." Henry Bryant also applied, but without result. The poor old woman then ill in bed made shirts, but could not earn more than 4d. a-day. The son had been paralysed for five years, and had been unable to get work. The

landlady of the house said the son used to go out looking for work every day. A juryman asked if it was true that the woman was refused out-door relief, and the coroner replied: "Yes, I am afraid it is. There seems a great objection to giving out-door relief." The doctor stated that "the cause of death was syncope from want of food," and the jury returned a verdict of death from starvation. They also said the son was not to blame, though some thought the parish authorities were. Another victim of society. Elizabeth Bryant may sleep peacefully, undisturbed by the pangs of hunger, in "a pauper's grave."

And now comes the next paragraph—Sale of Old Masters: Extraordinary Prices." In the afternoon of last Saturday, just after the inquest was held, they were selling pictures at Christie's, in King Street, St. James's. Here are the "extraordinary prices" given for these old masters, "late the property of the 12th Duke of Somerset": "Lord A. Hamilton," in blue silk Vandyck dress, in an oval, by T. Gainsborough, R.A., 4,200 gs. (Agnew). This was put up at 1,000 gs., and at the bid of 4,000 gs. the auctioneer, amid laughter, observed that it was like giving it away at that price. "Alexander, Duke of Hamilton," in black Vandyck dress, in an oval, by the same master, 1,500 gs. (Agnew); "A Lady with Powdered Hair," by J. Hoppner, R.A., 1,500 gs. (Agnew); "The Fairy Farm," a *chef-d'œuvre* of the rare master, Paul Potter (19½ in. by 24½ in.), signed, and dated 1646, 5,800 gs. (Agnew).

Think a moment of these scenes. They should teach you more than pages of Socialist articles. On the one hand, the poor, starved, paralysed workman, telling his sad story before the coroner; and on the other side, an auction-room, crowded with rich idlers and their parasites, ringing with riotous laughter at the "wit" of the auctioneer. The poor woman who died was a hard-working woman. Even when ill, when actually dying of hunger, she still, though feeble and helpless, tried to make shirts, and "could not earn more than 4d. a-day." Perhaps among the gang of idlers at Christie's was the very sweater who batted upon her starvation. The West feasts luxuriously upon the plunder wrung from the starving East. Enormous fortunes are made out of the misery, the degradation and starvation of people like this poor woman and her son. How much longer will the workers bear it so patiently? The laughter of the thievish idlers sounds devilish, as we hear the moan of those who die of hunger to supply these "gentlemen" with the pleasures and luxury they enjoy, including old masters worth thousands of guineas.

D. N.

SCENES FROM THE FRENCH REVOLUTION.

V.

THE TRIUMPH OF THE PEOPLE.

THE morning of October the 6th is dull and gloomy, the rain still falling in drizzling showers as the people wander in straggling crowds around the chateau, wondering enviously at the magnificence which surrounds them. Some of them find a gate open, and curiously enter the outer court of the chateau. Here they catch sight of a Body-guard at one of the windows, and some mutual compliments are interchanged, till the Body-guard losing his temper fires and wounds one of them. The crowd enraged rush upon the gates of the inner court, and are fired upon by other Body-guards. A Parisian National Guard, the son of a saddler, falls slain upon the pavement. With a yell of fury the people throw themselves upon the gates, which give way. They burst into the inner, or marble court, and rush up the grand staircase into the palace. Resistance is vain against this torrent of furious men and women. Two Body-guards, who endeavour to resist, are struck down and massacred by a hundred pikes; the others fly panic-stricken towards the Queen's apartments, who, terrified by the tumult and half-dressed, runs for refuge to the King. But many of the Body-guards have also fled here, followed by the people, who are now thundering with axes and hammers against the door of the *Ceil-de-Bœuf*, a large hall where the Court was held, and which stood between the crowd and the King's apartments. Here a frightened crowd of courtiers and Body-guards have gathered, and they are heaping the furniture of the hall against the door, which already threatens to give way.

But just as the tumult is at its height, and the door seems yielding beneath the storm of blows which falls upon it, the tumult dies away and the steady tramp of military men is heard advancing. It is the French Guards, who have been stationed in the guard-rooms of the palace by Lafayette on the preceding night, and who have at once marched to the rescue of the Court. The palace is quickly cleared by these stout soldiers, who drive the crowd from its corridors into the courts outside. In the marble court they rescue a Body-guard from the hands of the frenzied crowd, who had dragged him down to kill him beside the body of the murdered National Guard. There lie the headless corpses of two Body-guards, struck down when the people entered the palace; their heads are now borne aloft on pikes among the multitude.

The marble court is now filled by a tumultuous sea of men and women roaring and surging against the stone walls of the chateau. The King appears upon the balcony with Lafayette, and is greeted with loud cheers and cries of "Live the King!" "Live the Nation!" and also "The King to Paris!" Voices then are heard calling for the Queen. She shrinks back for a time, for she knows how great is the unpopu-

larity she has brought upon herself by her hatred of the people and her continual intrigues against them. But the cries are becoming more pressing, and Lafayette advising her to comply and offering to accompany her, she steps up the balcony with him. Arriving there he kneels down and kisses her hand, which action is greeted by a burst of applause from the crowd. The people, who still foolishly believed in Lafayette, thought that by this action he pledged himself for the Queen's future good faith towards them. But Lafayette really had very little more love for the people than the Queen—though he had cunning enough to conceal his real feelings—so any pledges on his part for her good behaviour were of very little value. It had, however, the effect that was intended, and rendered her journey from Versailles to Paris perfectly safe.

Now it only remained for the Body-guards to go through the same mockery, and to give a lying adhesion to the popular cause. In their heart of hearts these bitter Royalists would willingly exterminate the whole of the "vile rabble" who crowd the courts of the chateau; but it would not be politic just now to give utterance to their real sentiments. So Lafayette goes through the farce of presenting their captain, decorated with a tri-colour cockade, to the multitude; while at the same time the captain takes the National oath, and declares that he will be faithful to the King, the Nation, and the Constitution, intending all the time to break his word at the first opportunity. The rest of the Body-guards go through the same hypocritical farce under the able directorship of Lafayette. The simple-hearted people, thinking as they always do "that men are honest that but seem to be so," receives all this humbug with loud applause. But the people have not forgotten why the women came to Versailles, amid shouts of "Live the King!" and the cries grow louder and louder of "The King to Paris!" At last the King comes and announces that he will go with his wife and children. The popular host is overwhelming, it is impossible to hold back any longer. The King's decision is received with a hurricane of applause; muskets and artillery are discharged wildly in the air, and the people think that the reign of happiness has really arrived.

On receiving the news that the King has decided to go, the National Assembly decrees that it is inseparable from his Majesty, and will follow him to Paris. A hundred members are appointed as a deputation to accompany him on his journey. At one o'clock the King and his family enter their carriage and the procession starts, but they do not arrive at Paris till nine in the evening, the procession being so large and moving so slowly.

But now let us glance at Paris, which has passed a night of alarm; the streets illuminated, filled with patrols, and traversed by deputations from the districts; Louison Chabray, the half-hanged spokeswoman, arrives there at two o'clock in the morning; at four, Maillard comes bearing the decrees sanctioned by the King and the National Assembly; at eight o'clock a letter arrives from Lafayette. This is followed by a placard from the Hôtel de Ville, announcing that all is going well, and several hours afterwards a second placard announces the coming of the King to Paris. But the first arrival is that of a band of men bearing on pikes the heads of the two Body-guards. The authorities, however, take care that the Parisians shall not be alarmed by these unexpected phenomena. The band is dispersed, and its trophies seized at the gates of the city.

But now the curious Parisians throng the roads to meet the royal procession, a procession truly royal since it celebrates one of the first triumphs of the common people. Through the eyes of those who gazed upon it that day we still see this rude march of the triumphant populace. The advance guard is in sight; it is composed of troops and artillery, mingled with men and women mounted on carts, hackney coaches, and cannon; other women tramp joyously along covered from head to foot in tri-colour ribbon; mingled with these are women with green poplar branches; loaves too are borne triumphantly on bayonets. Then come fifty or sixty carts of grain taken from the stores at Versailles. Behind is the royal carriage, accompanied by mounted Nationals. This is followed by carriages containing a deputation from the Municipality and a hundred members from the Assembly. In the rear of these are National Guards, fusiliers, grenadiers, and cannon mingled in wild confusion with women, Body-guards, soldiers of the Flanders regiment, and the hundred Swiss, who march in good order. The march is closed with grain carts. As to the people, men and women sweep gaily from one part of the procession to the other; they are everywhere. The whole mass is filled with mad gaiety; the air rings with song. "Courage, friends!" sing the women, as they dance covered with tri-colour ribbon around the royal carriage; "we shall not want bread any more, we are bringing you the baker, the baker's wife, and the baker's boy!" As they sing they point to the King, Queen, and the Dauphin, who are nothing more to them than providers of bread for the people. Perhaps they thought that as his most gracious Majesty's father, Louis XV., had made a considerable amount of money by buying up corn and holding it back from the market in time of famine, his son might undo the evil by feeding the starving poor. But though kings and monopolists can grind a people down to the lowest depths of hunger and desperation, they seem powerless to relieve the misery they have caused.

Thus the people marched into Paris that dark wet October evening, bringing the King in triumph with them, and hurling into hopeless ruin the plots of the conspirators of Versailles. His Majesty may now repose in the Tuileries, where conspirators may plot, but they will be well watched. Moderate persons are greatly shocked, some so much so that their health is injured; they want to retire from the National Assembly for change of air. The Constitutional party, which

wished to imitate the English Constitution, is very eager to get away with its leaders, President Mounier, Lally, Tollendal, and others. The lovers of royal despotism fled on the fall of the Bastille; the Moderates follow them in their emigration; nobles, clergy, and deputies pour in thousands across the frontier. They will linger there and plot and plot till the term "emigrant" becomes hateful in France. In this case it is the right people who are going, and though they fly they cannot take their property with them. So France bears their flight with tolerable composure.

Thus the women of Paris conquered and overthrew the traitors who plotted their murder by famine and sword. It would be well if the women of all nations had the same spirit and courage.

D. J. NICOLL.

(The following is a complete list of articles which have appeared in the 'Commonweal' on the French Revolution during 1889-90—
 "Storming the Bastille," No. 133, July 13th; "Foulon to the Lanterne," No. 134, July 20th; "The Chateaux in Flames," Nos. 187 and 188, Aug. 10th and 17th.—"The Men of the Revolution":—1. Mirabeau and Robespierre; 2. Danton and Marat; Nos. 203 and 204, Nov. 30th and Dec. 7th.—"Scenes from the French Revolution":—1. Paris after the Fall of the Bastille—The Veto; 2. The Black Cockades; 3. The Revolt of the Women; 4. The Women at Versailles—have appeared in Nos. 208, 214, 232, and 233; January 4th, February 15th, June 21, and June 28. All these Numbers can still be had.)

THE LABOUR STRUGGLE.

The Miners.

The miners have turned out in splendid force at their annual demonstrations this year—notably at Barnsley and Southport, where 40,000 men and 70,000 men demonstrated. The speeches at these demonstrations were of a sturdy character. Mr. Pickard, M.P., in speaking on the miners' Eight Hours Bill at Barnsley, said that—

"If the Bill was voted out by a strong majority, his hearers would know what course would be pursued in January next. They would not have to wait till the 1st of May. Their course was plain; whether they laid the pits idle and stagnated trade or not, all tools would be lifted on the 1st of January unless they got the eight hours system legalised by Act of Parliament—(loud cheers). There were pamphlets going round London now asking what would be the price of coal next winter—(laughter). If the miners of the country 'played' for some time, he did not know what the price of coal in London would be, but he imagined the railway and shipping companies would find themselves crippled for want of fuel."

We can fancy that an ordinary middle-class politician must have ejaculated, on reading this speech, in horror-stricken tones, "Why, this is quite unconstitutional!" Well, my respectable middle-class friend, you told them "to get it by their own action," and if they take your advice you surely cannot complain. Of course it is quite possible, if there is no coal and no work in London next January, there may possibly be "dangerous mobs," who will make short work of all respectable middle-class people; but you are not the first man whose own medicine has disagreed with him. Talking of "dangerous mobs," according to the *Labour Tribune*, the "respectable people" of Southport were very much alarmed at the invasion of the town by the miners. Says that paper: "A great many people had an idea that colliers are a kind of wild species of humanity, that, if let loose in a town like Southport, would destroy all their trees and flowers, fight and almost kill each other, and that the inhabitants would be in danger of their lives all the time the colliers were in the town. A good many of these old fogies left the town on Friday." Despite this alarm, however, nothing serious occurred. We are glad these people fear the miners. After all, there is more hope for the workers in these huge processions of stalwart marching men than all the palaver of parliamentary quacks and humbugs. The miners will get the eight hour day because they are prepared to take it. When will other workers learn that they have also the same power to force the middle classes into compliance with their demands? They have only to cease working in every factory and workshop, on land, railways, and in the mines, to bring their masters to their knees and force them to surrender.

Spies at Postmen's Meetings.

The atmosphere was sultry for spies at the postmen's meeting on Sunday. One of these people received a severe thrashing with thick sticks, and would have been chucked into the Serpentine if it had not been for the interference of the police, who have a natural sympathy with this kind of vermin. Two other spies were also thrashed without mercy. Through the exertions of these spies, these mean cowards, who to carry favour with the post-office tyrants go sneaking about at the postmen's meetings to carry tales to Mr. Raikes and other officials, thirty more men have been reported to the Postmaster-General for attending a meeting in Finsbury Park. It is, therefore, clearly time that this spy business was stopped. So the postmen think; and we hope in future when they get hold of a spy that they will render him incapable of spying for several weeks afterwards. We want to know what the union is going to do about these men who have been "reported." Do the officers of the Postmen's Union mean to allow them to be disgraced and suspended without endeavouring to save them? We suppose they will have some more questions asked about it in Parliament. No doubt. But is it not time something else was done? The questions in Parliament have not "reinstated" those poor fellows who have been "suspended," and it is quite certain they will do as little for the thirty men who are now called upon to "explain their conduct." But, perhaps, if the Postmaster-General knew that if these thirty men were "punished" all the postmen in London would turn out on strike, he might possibly leave them alone. How long do the officers of the Postmen's Union think their body will hold together if that old tyrant Raikes is to disgrace and suspend men at his pleasure? Surely a union ought to protect its members against this odious tyranny, or it cannot be worth much!

The Police.

There is little to report about the police this week. Their petition asking that their delegates might be allowed to meet at Bow Street has been contemptuously rejected by the Chief Commissioner, and as might have been expected the cowardly curs bear this rebuff with a tame and slavish submission. Bullies are always cowards.

International Labour League and Federation.

The above organisation announces that a Special Delegate Meeting will be held on Saturday, July 12th, at 4 p.m., at Christ Church Hall, Hanbury Street, Spitalfields, E. All organisations interested in the spreading of international combination are hereby invited to affiliate with this organisation, by sending duly-instructed delegates to attend this meeting. The Executive Committee send us also the following statement: "A special delegate meeting, with the same object, which was convened by the International Labour League and Federation, took place on June 7th, at the East Finsbury Radical Club, City Road. Thirty-five organisations were represented by sixty delegates from all parts of London; but as many of the delegates declared they had no definite instructions, and as another delegate meeting with a similar purpose was to be held on June 22nd, called by the Central Committee for a Legal Eight Hours' Day, it was proposed to delay any decision for a few weeks, so that the different organisations interested in the matter might have time to consider the position to be taken by them. The delegate meeting of the Central Committee has been held, and it was decided to found a new political labour party, while the International Labour League and Federation is to be a purely social-economical organisation, whose objects are the national and international emancipation of labour. Four labour electoral parties being already in existence, there seems to be no need for a new fifth one. On the other hand, a strong social-economical organisation, which has for its object the fighting out the struggle between Labour and Capital by all practicable means, is a sure and sound basis for uniting all the different sections of advanced labour."

All communications may be sent to the honorary secretaries—Ferdinand Gilles, 26 Robert Street, Hampstead Road, N.W.; F. Verhoeven, 9 Nelson Street, Hackney Road, N.E.

It appears that the meeting of the "Central Committee"—i.e., the Aveling "Labour Party"—held at Vauxhall on June 22nd, was mainly composed of Radical clubs and the Gas-stokers' Union, with a few independent organisations. As it is well known that the Radical clubs and the gas-workers are entirely under the influence of the Aveling "Labour Party," who succeeded in carrying their political resolution concerning a legal eight hour day. There were seventy delegates present, and yet the Aveling "Labour Party" majority (!) only consisted of 37 delegates against the 12 delegates who voted against their electioneering humbug. Most of the independent delegates who were present abstained from voting, as they had no instructions.

We hope all workmen's organisations will attend the delegate meeting of the International Labour League and Federation, which is not under the control of middle-class political wirepullers, but is entirely composed of working men.

Another Trade Union Victory.

We are glad to hear that the National Press Agency will, after July 1st, be conducted "strictly in accordance with the rules and customs of the trade, none but trade-unionists being employed." This is an important victory for the London Society of Compositors, as the chapel consists of upwards of a hundred journeymen. It is suggested that the proprietors of the *Times*, the *Globe*, and the *People* might copy this excellent example. It is worth remembering that these respectable Tory publications are printed at rat houses, noted for sweating their men, the *Globe* and the *People* being especially remarkable for the low wages paid. It is only what might be expected from the advocates of despotism and shameless tyranny. Workmen do not read the *Globe* and the *Times*, so anything I may say here will not affect their circulation; but every workman who reads this, ought to do his best to get his comrades to boycott that miserable rag the *People*. Shun it as if rat labour had infected it with poison.

Lock-out of Gas-workers at Leeds.

The gas-workers are locked-out at Leeds. On Tuesday 200 police escorted some blacklegs into the works; but they had such a warm reception with sticks, stones, and bottles, that when they were inside they doubted whether their lives would be safe, and so came out again. A telegram just arrived says that there are 2,000 police and soldiers, horse and foot, in the town, and that the place is in darkness. N.

PARLIAMENT AND THE PEOPLE.—We have heard it asked, Why Parliament throws no light on this question of the Working Classes, and the condition and disposition they are in? Truly, to a remote observer of Parliamentary procedure it seems surprising, especially in late Reformed times, to see what space this question occupies in the Debates of the Nation. Can any other business whatsoever be so pressing on legislators? A Reformed Parliament, one would think, should enquire into popular discontents before they get the length of pikes and torches.—*Carlyle: 'Chartism.'*

The doctrine of hell is now only for the poor, the ragged, the ignorant. Well-dressed people won't have it. Nobody goes to hell in a carriage—they foot it. Hell is for strangers and tramps. No soul leaves a brown-stone front for hell—they start from the tenements, from jails and reformatories. In other words, hell is for the poor. It is easier for a camel to go through the eye of a needle than for a poor man to get into heaven, or for a rich man to get into hell. The ministers stand by their supporters. Their salaries are paid by the well-to-do, and they can hardly afford to send the subscribers to hell.—*Ingersoll.*

NOTICE.

In Next Week's Issue there will be a Special Article by Frank Kitz, entitled,

"THE GREAT LAND THIEVES."

Branches and Newsagents are asked to send in their orders early.

THE SOCIALIST LEAGUE.

OFFICES: 24, GREAT QUEEN ST., LINCOLN'S INN FIELDS, W.C.

The Offices of the Socialist League will be open for the sale of *Commonweal* and all other Socialist publications from 8.30 a.m. to 9 p.m. every day except Sunday. The Secretary will be in attendance from 10 a.m. to 9 p.m. daily.

London Members' Meeting.—The next monthly meeting of members will be held on Friday, July 11th, at 8.30 p.m., at the Hall of the Hammersmith Branch, Kelmscott House, Upper Mall, Hammersmith, W. Special meeting; important business. All members interested in the propaganda are asked to attend.

Correction.—The Committee composed of delegates of the S.L. and Group Autonomie, appointed at the request of the Group Autonomie to enquire into the allegation made against J. Peukert in the 'Weal, have at their last sitting come to the conclusion that there is no proof to hand to justify the allegations made, and the delegates of the S.L. therefore drew up and signed the following resolution, "Seeing that there was no proof to hand actually incriminating J. Peukert as a police spy, we express regret that a statement to that effect ever appeared in the 'Weal."—THE COMMITTEE.

Notice.—The Branches and Allied Societies willing to share in the convocation of the Conference of August 3rd, are requested to answer the convening circulars at once.

Branch Subscriptions Paid.—1890:—Leicester and North Kensington, to end of April. Glasgow, Oxford, Hammersmith, North London, East London, 'Commonweal' Branch, Manchester, and Norwich, to end of May. Streatham, to end of December. (Branch Secretaries will please send with remittances for Capitations the number of their membership.)

NEW PREMISES FUND.

Collected at Council meeting, June 23rd, 3s. 4d.; June 30th, 7s. 9d.

"COMMONWEAL" GUARANTEE FUND.

The following further sums have been received towards this fund:—A. H., (Norwich), 5s.; P. Webb, 1s.; Andrews, 6d.; H. R., 2s.; Collection at Berner Street, 2s. 2d.; S., 6d.; D. Nicoll, 1s.; 'Commonweal' Branch, 8s. 4½d.; B. W., 1s.; Hammersmith Branch, 4s.; and Glasgow Branch, 5s.

REPORTS.

EAST LONDON.—A splendid meeting was held at Union Street, addressed by comrades Leggatt and Mrs. Lahr; 27 *Commonweal* sold, and 2s. 11½d. collected for propaganda. At Hoxton Church on Sunday morning a good meeting was held, when Brookes and Miss Lupton spoke to a good audience, assisted by comrade Moore from Norwich, who has migrated to London, owing to the strike in the shoe trade; fair sale of *Commonweal*. At Victoria Park in the afternoon, despite the strains of two brass bands, we got together a splendid audience by means of the revolutionary songs sang by Mrs. Morgan. The people were then addressed by Miss Lupton, Mrs. Lahr, Davis, Brookes, and Leggatt. Our *Commonweals* and *Freedom*s sold out; 2s. 6d. collected for "Anarchist Labour Leaf."

NORTH LONDON.—Our meeting at Regent's Park was a success; Cantwell, Nicoll, Mrs. Schack, and Edwards spoke; 45 *Commonweal*, 12 'Chicago Speeches' and 14 other pamphlets sold; 4s. 11d. collected. In Hyde Park we held a meeting Sunday afternoon, at which Cantwell and Parker were the speakers, and with the help of the comrades present we sang "Hark the Battle Cry" and the "Hymn of the Proletariat;" both songs well received by audience.

ABERDEEN.—On Saturday afternoon the Branch held its first annual picnic at Muchalls (never mind trying to pronounce it!), a village twelve miles south from Aberdeen, and famous for its rock scenery, botanical specimens, and exorbitant hotel charges. Going out in the train we roused the neighbourhood by the singing of Glasier's "Marching on to Liberty," Nicoll's "Marseillaise," "No Master," and a host of others. The day turned out wet; but we secured a barn, and, having stowed away a string-band of five in an exalted place, we "chased the glowing hours with flying feet." Solos and concerted songs were again sung; outside we had football and a ladies' race in spite of the wet; I should be afraid to say how much tea and other liquors was drunk; and while waiting for the train at the station amid a large crowd, we showed them that the Salvation Army does not possess a monopoly of singing power. Other work well sustained during past fortnight.—L.

BRAINTREE.—Last Saturday Fuller and Blundell (London) addressed good meeting in Market Place; 'Weal' went well, and a good many leaflets distributed. Sunday morning we broke new ground at Halstead, a village some six or seven miles from Braintree. Things look very encouraging here, and if well worked we should soon have very strong branch. Fuller opened meeting, and introduced London comrade, who spoke to them for an hour and a quarter; literature and leaflets were much asked for. Left here for Braintree Market Place, and held another rattling meeting in the afternoon. Our comrade from London here spoke at some length on the "Shams and Frauds of Commercialism," to the evident satisfaction of the Braintree workers, who showed their appreciation by contributing to the box and buying 'Weals and pamphlets. 52 'Weals sold and 5s. 4d. collected.—F.

GLASGOW.—On Friday evening we held our first meeting at Bridgton Cross, the centre of one of the most populous factory districts in the city. Comrades of the S.D.F. and Christian Socialists acted jointly with us. There was a good audience of working people, who listened most attentively to our speakers—McNaughton (S.D.F.), Glasier, Joe and Tim Burgoyne. At the close quite a number of questions were put, and it was evident from some of them that we will be kept lively at this station with opposition from Tories and their allies. On Sunday evening, Joe Burgoyne and Glasier spoke at Paisley Road Toll.

LEEDS.—On Saturday evening last, Sollit and Samuels addressed a good though rather noisy meeting on Woodhouse Moor. On Sunday morning, good meeting on Hunslet Moor; Maguire and Samuels spoke. In the Market, in the afternoon, a mass meeting was held to call attention to the gas-workers' position regarding the strike; about six thousand present; Thorne, of London, and several of the Leeds Socialists spoke; 11s. 6d. worth of S.L. literature was sold. In the evening, at the Vicars Croft, another good meeting was held; speakers Sweeney, Maguire, Samuels, Roper; *Commonweal* and *Freedom* sold out, and 3s. 3d. collected. The quarterly business meeting was held afterwards in the club, when we arranged for a more active propaganda and made several new members.—H. S.

EDINBURGH—SCOTTISH SOCIALIST FEDERATION.—We held a very successful meeting on the Meadows on Sunday; comrades Davidson, Smith, and Hamilton spoke.—W. D. T.

LIVERPOOL SOCIALIST SOCIETY.—1 Stanley Street, Dale Street.—Meets every Tuesday at 8 p.m.

ROCHDALE SOCIALISTS.—Meetings held every evening at 28 Blackwater Street, Rochdale.

NOTTINGHAM SOCIALIST CLUB.—Woodland Place, Upper Parliament Street. Open-air meetings held every Sunday—Sneinton Market at 11, and Great Market Place at 7.

LECTURE DIARY.

LONDON.

Battersea.—All communications to E. Butenx, 45, Inwith Street, Battersea Park Road.

Commonweal Branch.—24 Great Queen Street, Holborn, W.C. Tuesdays, Singing Practice. Thursdays, Business meeting. Saturdays, Social Gathering.

East London.—A Meeting of members will be held at 12 Basing Place, Kingsland Road, on Sunday July 6th. The position of the *Commonweal* will be discussed.

Hammersmith.—Kelmscott House, Upper Mall, W. Sunday July 6, at 8 p.m., a Lecture. French Class conducted by Mde. Desroches on Friday evenings at 7.30.

Mitcham.—"Lord Napier," Fair Green. Meets every Sunday at 12.30, to enroll members, etc.

North Kensington.—Clarendon Coffee Palace, Clarendon Road. Meets every Wednesday at 8 p.m. The branch Band meets every Friday at 8 p.m. for practice. Comrades wishing to join to give in their names to the Instructor at the above address.

North London.—6 Windmill Street, Tottenham Court Road. Meets every Wednesday evening at 8 o'clock.

Streatham.—Address secretary, R. Smith, 1 Natal Road, Streatham.

Whitechapel and St. Georges-in-the-East.—Branch meetings at International Club, 40 Berner Street, Commercial Road. J. Turner, organising secretary.

PROVINCES.

Aberdeen.—Organiser, J. Leatham, 7 Jamaica Street. Branch meets in Hall, 9 Harriet Street, on Sunday evenings at 6.30. Singing practice, etc., in Odd-fellows' Small Hall, Crooked Lane, Mondays at 8 p.m.

Braintree.—Meetings held alternate Saturdays, at 8 p.m., and Sundays, 11 and 2.30, at the fountain, Market Place. Business meetings, Wednesdays at 8. All communications to W. Fuller, 74 Manor Street.

Glasgow.—Members are invited to meet on Thursday and Sunday evenings, at 8 o'clock, in the Secretary's house, 250 Crown Street, S.S. All communications to be sent to that address.

Halifax.—Socialists meet every Sunday at 6.30 p.m. at Helliwell's Temperance Hotel, Northgate.

Leeds.—Clarendon Buildings, Victoria Road, School Close. Open every evening. Business meeting Saturdays at 8 p.m.

Leicester.—Exchange Buildings, Rutland Street. Branch meets on Monday, Thursday, and Saturday at 8 p.m.

Manchester.—Socialist League Club, 60 Grovesnor Street, All Saints. Open every evening. Branch weekly meeting on Tuesdays at 8.

Norwich.—Members' meeting held every Tuesday at 8.30

Oxford.—Temperance Hall, 25½ Pembroke Street. First Friday in every month, at 8.30 p.m.

Sheffield.—Socialist Club, 63 Blunk Street. French Class, Tuesday at 8.30. Discussion Class, Wednesday at 8.30. Open-air meetings are held as follows:—Sunday: Monolith, at 11.30; College Yard, Rotherham, at 3; Westbar Pump, at 8. Monday: The Cross, at 7; Handsworth Woodhouse, at 7. Wednesday: Corner of Nursery Street, at 7.30. Thursday: Corner of Bramall Lane and Hereford Street, at 7.30.

Walsall.—Socialist Club, 18 Goodall Street, Walsall. Meetings every night.

Yarmouth.—Socialist League Club, 56 Row, Market Place. Open every evening. Business Meeting Tuesdays at 8 p.m. Elocution Class Friday at 8.30 p.m. Discussion Class Sunday 3 p.m.

OPEN-AIR PROPAGANDA.

SATURDAY 5.

7 Hyde Park Nicoll
7 Mile-end Waste.....Brookes and Leggatt

SUNDAY 6.

11 Commercial Road—Union StreetTurner and Blundell
11 Latimer Road StationNorth Kensington Branch
11.30 Hammersmith BridgeHammersmith Branch
11.30..... Hoxton Church.....Leggatt and Moore
11.30..... Kilburn—"Old Plough," Kilburn LaneMainwaring
11.30..... New Cut—Short Street.....Wright, Miss Lupton, and Buckeridge
11.30..... Regent's ParkMrs. Lahr
3.30..... Hyde Park—Marble Arch.....Miss Lupton
3.30..... Victoria ParkMrs. Lahr
7 Hammersmith BridgeHammersmith Branch
7 Wormwood ScrubsNorth Kensington Branch
8 Walham Green—back of ChurchHammersmith Branch

WEDNESDAY 9.

8 New Cut—Short StreetWright and Presburg
8 Newport MarketBlundell and Mowbray

THURSDAY 10.

8 Camden Town—Cobden StatueNicoll and Cantwell

FRIDAY 11.

8.15..... Hoxton ChurchKitz

PROVINCES.

Aberdeen.—Saturday: Castle Street, at 8 p.m.

Glasgow.—Sunday: Jail Square at 2 o'clock; Paisley Road at 5 o'clock.

Leeds.—Sunday: Hunslet Moor, at 11 a.m.; Vicars Croft, at 7 p.m.

Leicester.—Sunday: Russell Square at 11 a.m.; Humberstone Gate, at 8 p.m.

Liverpool.—Landing Stage, Sundays at 11.30 a.m. and 3 p.m.

Manchester.—Saturday: Middleton market ground, at 7 p.m. Sunday: Philips Park Gates, at 11; Stevenson Square, at 3. Monday: Market Street, Blackley, at 8.

Norwich.—Saturday: Haymarket, at 8—addressed by C. W. Mowbray (London). Sunday: Market Place at 11, 3, and 7.30.

Yarmouth.—Sunday: Priory Plain, at 11; Bradwell, 11.30; Colman's Granary Quay, at 7.

THE ANNUAL EXCURSION of United Socialist Bodies of London to Epping Forest (Robin Hood) will take place on Sunday, July 20.

NEW MANHOOD SUFFRAGE LEAGUE, "Three Doves," Berwick St., Soho, W.—Lectures discontinued until August. Public Meeting on Sunday July 6, at 8.30 p.m. Speeches by members.

SOUTH LONDON.—All Revolutionary Socialists in South London willing to form a Branch of the S. L. are requested to give their names to W. Wright at the open-air meetings at Short Street, New Cut, on Sunday mornings and Wednesday evenings.

EDINBURGH—SCOTTISH SOCIALIST FEDERATION.—Labour Hall, 50 South Bridge. Business meeting every Friday at 8 o'clock. Communications, etc., to be addressed there. Meeting at foot of Leith Walk, Sunday at 3 p.m., and on the Meadows, at 6 p.m.

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But where, perchance, some honest kindly heart,
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—AUGUST SPIES.

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THE COMMONWEAL

The Official Journal of the SOCIALIST LEAGUE.

VOL. 6.—No. 235.

SATURDAY, JULY 12, 1890.

WEEKLY; ONE PENNY.

NOTICE.

Next Week we begin our Series of Articles on the Growth of Landlord and Capitalist Exploitation in a continued article by WILLIAM MORRIS, entitled, "THE DEVELOPMENT OF MODERN SOCIETY."

Branches and Newsagents are asked to send in their orders early, as we expect a large demand for this Number.

A REVOLUTIONARY POLICY.

WE are now upon the verge of a fresh economic crisis. The middle classes by their greedy gambling, will in a few months bring misery and starvation upon thousands of the workers. They will use this depression to crush the newly-formed trade unions, and force wages down to a starvation level. From the North we already hear that the Cleveland miners have had their wages reduced by 10 per cent., and everywhere in the iron trade the masters are threatening similar reductions. The wave of prosperity is passing, and it will soon be impossible for the workers by their unions to force concessions from the capitalists. With closed factories and the streets filled with unemployed, the reaction will be upon us. Down will come wages, and the newly-formed unions will have a desperate fight for their very existence. Already the gas-stokers are finding this out at Leeds and Beckton.

But though the men will be forced upon the defensive as regards wages, and will even be beaten—for with plenty of goods in stock the capitalist can rub his hands and laugh at strikes, which will only increase the price of his wares,—yet, on the other hand, the cry for an Eight Hour's Day will grow louder among the workmen, who are now gradually getting the idea that it alone can save them from being crushed to the ground. On the other hand the Social Democrats will be busy recommending Parliamentary action as the only means of obtaining their pet palliative. What, then, is our duty as a body of Revolutionary Socialists who do not believe in Parliamentary humbug, nor in those who advocate this legislative quackery? It is our duty first to preach our principles without fear or flinching. True, but we must do something more; theories are excellent, but we must show that we are willing to carry these theories into practice directly the people are ready to do and dare. Already we have repeatedly pointed out in the *Commonweal* that it is hopeless to expect even an Eight Hour Bill from the present Parliament, and it will be still more hopeless in the next, when the Great Liberal Party will rule the roast, the leaders of which, from Gladstone down to T. P. O'Connor, are strongly opposed to any "legislative interference with the hours of labour." There will, therefore, be only one way of obtaining the Eight Hour's Day, a GENERAL STRIKE in every trade and industry, a Strike which, to be thoroughly effective, must not be confined to any town or country, but must be International. Already the miners on the Continent have adopted the idea of an International Strike of Miners. We must preach the General Strike of all European Workmen consistently and without ceasing, and depend upon it our preaching will not be without its effect.

But there is another phase of Revolutionary policy which must not be neglected. We have not forgotten our friend the industrial capitalist. We must also remember that other thief—the "owner" of land and houses,—the landlord. The best weapon against this gentleman, especially in London, is a NO RENT MANIFESTO. We have spoken again and again of the shameful way in which the workers are rack-rented in the filthy slum dens of London. In our immediate neighbourhood they are paying 5s., 6s., 7s., and 8s. for a single room; while the "aristocrat" of labour, who wants two rooms, is forced to pay 9s. 6d., 10s. 6d., and even 11s. for the luxury! Thus, a third of the worker's wages in Central London goes to the rent thief! We, as

Revolutionary Socialists, would make a quick end of this sort of thing by paying "No Rent" at all to these rascally robbers! But it may take some time to educate the workers up to our ideal; but it would not take long in a time of trade depression, with suffering and starvation in their midst, to get them to go in for a movement for, say, a 50 per cent. reduction. Even then the workmen would be paying more than the middle-class, who, according to the Rev. Price Hugh, would reckon themselves on the brink of ruin if they paid more than 10 per cent. of their income in rent, while at the present time the workman is paying 25 and 30 per cent. of his income. Still, this would not be an end to the business, for once started the workers would not stop till they had made an end of "rent" altogether.

With a little courage and daring it might be possible to carry this programme out in a very little time. It has been suggested to us by a good comrade that half-a-dozen enthusiastic Socialists, who want to do some "practical work," might take a house in the centre of the slums, and once in there, set the bailiff and the landlord at defiance. They could placard the house with bills advising the people to pay "No Rent," while their comrades flooded the slums with anti-landlord literature. If the house was well barricaded, they might hold "law and order" at bay for weeks, and by that time "No Rent" would be paid by the whole neighbourhood.

But when the slum-dwellers are universally refusing to pay rent, and general strikes are in progress in most industrial centres, the great final step in the revolutionary Socialist movement must be taken. The people must seize upon the factories, and the warehouses with their stored-up wealth, and force the landlord and capitalist to rapidly depart through the back doors of their mansions, their departure being accelerated by kicks from behind. The slum-dwellers will then find clean and comfortable lodgings in these luxurious abodes. The question of the housing of the poor would then be settled. There is luxurious accommodation for all the poor in London in these palaces, and "when the revolution comes" we will take care that the poor are properly housed.

This problem at least will receive a prompt solution on the arrival of the Social Revolution. This is what we mean when we tell the people that "they must do it themselves." A general strike, and the refusal to pay rent to thieving landlords, will be the first step, as the seizure of the land, the means of production, and the wealth produced by the labour of the people, will be the last in the Social Revolution.

These are the ideas which we Revolutionary Socialists must spread. They are simple and practicable; and if we preach them with vigour and determination—and above all, if we show that we have the courage to carry them out—they will soon get a firm hold upon the masses. The Social Revolution will not then be a "dream" or a "theory," but a "hard fact"—a very "hard fact" to our friends the capitalist and landlord, who will find that it is no longer possible to lead an idle and luxurious existence at the expense of other people.

D. J. NICOLL.

THE GREAT LAND THIEVES.

LETTER I.—TO PRIVATE SOLDIERS.

"WHY prosecute the man or woman
Who steals the goose from off the common,
But leaves the greater felon loose
Who steals the common from the goose?"

"THE earth is the Lord's and the fulness thereof!" This declaration is to be found in Holy Writ, and also over that resort of thieves the Stock Exchange. If the word *Land* were joined to *lord's*, it would adequately express the condition of things in England to-day. Frequently, when a weary and footsore tramp upon the high road, I have looked wistfully through the gates of some fair demesne, and viewed the broad-curved carriage-sweep, the cool undulating park, and the stately mansion or hall, and having been warned away by snarl of hound or flunkey, I have re-commenced my trudge to the town, and there have seen the swarming slums, the noise and unrest of struggling crowds herded in the overcrowded streets and houses.

The ill-defined feeling of injustice and wrong engendered by personal

suffering and the sight of wide contrasts, has since taken shape in determined attacks upon the monopolists, who seize upon the fairest portions of the earth and say to the rest of mankind, "You are trespassers!" But I still wonder at the spectacle of a people, landless and divorced from the soil, suffering all the horrors of social degradation, and yet clinging to and believing in the shibboleths of home, country, patriotism, etc., etc.

Wonder becomes mingled with contempt when the same people protest their abhorrence of violence, and yet are ever at war with some tribe or race; and who, moreover, take from the barbarian his native wilds, and yet are too cowardly to wrest their *own* soil from the land monopolists.

More astonishing still is the attitude of the working-women of England, who shrink shudderingly from the possibility of civil conflict involving those near and dear to them in bloodshed and loss of life, yet cheerfully and uncomplainingly render up as tribute husbands, sons, and lovers to the Moloch of False Patriotism—the God of Commercial War.

In Afghanistan, in Zululand, in the Soudan, whithersoever, in short, their master's lust for extended Empire directs them, the flower of the working-class redden the soil with their blood and offer up their lives to increase capitalistic domination, deluding themselves that they are fighting for their Queen and country. They reap the reward of patriotism as understood to-day. Search the casual wards and common lodging-houses, and find in them men who have fought and bled for what they mistakenly term their country.

It is but a few short years ago that the reward of patriotism took the form of the cat-o'-nine-tails, and the plebeian serfs in the army and navy were strung up and flogged by the orders of scoundrels of "family." Some of these uniformed gentry are now clamouring for the re-instatement of the lash to excoriate the back of the common soldier.

And what, it may be asked, has all this to do with the Land Question? Simply that it is the business of Socialists to undermine the very bases of modern Society, and as it is hoped that this article may get into the hands of the soldiery, we desire to destroy the sentiment of false patriotism which makes them the abject tools of the propertied classes. We would tear away the web of lies woven by journalists and scribes anent the glories of war, and show them Shylock waiting with knife and scale for the recovery of his usurious bond upon the completion of the soldier's work of carnage in Egypt and elsewhere.

Let the soldier know that he is only the armed servant of the money rings, and of the market riggers and forestallers of the Bourses and Exchanges of the world, and that they having used him to bind the shackles of their hideous civilisation upon native races, are equally ready to hurl him upon unarmed crowds of his own countrymen, and if need be compel him to slaughter his own kin, should they protest against the system whereby they are robbed of the results of their labour. Is this so, soldier? and if so, Are you a patriot, or a hired butcher?

In the course of these letters I shall address myself to the Scotch, Welsh, Irish, and English elements which go to make up the murder machine—the Army. The intrepid Scotsmen who have left glen and mountain to fight the battles of the Empire, have been rewarded by the destruction of their homesteads and the forcible dispersal of their kindred. Subjoined is a record of the dastardly work of eviction as carried out on the Sutherland and other Highland estates:

"Deeds have been done of a character so base and heartless on these unoffending Highlanders that it almost exceeds belief; and that as a consequence of the clearances, the land under tillage in Scotland decreased, between 1831 and 1855, by no less than one million five hundred and thirteen thousand three hundred and eighty-two acres."

"At a later period the evictions were carried out with much greater severity; the lots given to the people were often patches of moor and bog quite unfit for cultivation, the houses were often burned down, crops and furniture destroyed, and general misery spread among the people."

"In former removals the tenants had been allowed to carry away the timber of their old dwellings to erect houses on their new allotments, but now a more summary mode was adopted—by setting fire to them. The able-bodied men were by this time away after their cattle or otherwise engaged at a distance, so that the immediate sufferers by the general house-burning that now commenced were the aged and infirm, the women and children. . . . The devastators proceeded with the greatest celerity, demolishing all before them, and when they had overthrown all the houses in a large tract of country, they set fire to the wreck. Timber, furniture, and every other article that could not be instantly removed was consumed by fire or otherwise utterly destroyed. The proceedings were carried on with the greatest rapidity and the most reckless cruelty. The cries of the victims, the confusion, the despair and horror painted on the countenances of the one party, and the exulting ferocity of the other, beggar all description. . . . Many deaths ensued from alarm, from fatigue, and cold, the people having been instantly deprived of shelter, and left to the mercies of the elements. Some old men took to the woods and to the rocks, wandering about in a state approaching to, or of absolute insanity; and several of them in this situation lived only a few days. Pregnant women were taken in premature labour, and several children did not long survive their sufferings."

"The consternation and confusion were extreme; little or no time was given for the removal of persons or property; the people striving to remove the sick and the helpless before the fire should reach them, and struggling to save the most valuable of their effects. The cries of the women and children, the roaring of the affrighted cattle, hunted at the same time by the yelling dogs of the shepherds amid the smoke and fire, altogether presented a scene that completely baffles description—it required to be seen to be believed. A dense cloud of smoke enveloped the whole country by day, and

even extended far out to sea; at night an awfully grand, but terrific, scene presented itself—all the houses in an extensive district in flames at once. I myself ascended a height about eleven o'clock in the evening, and counted 250 blazing houses, many of the owners of which were my relations, and all of whom I personally knew, but whose present condition—whether in or out of the flames—I could not tell. The conflagration lasted six days, till the whole of the dwellings were reduced to ashes or smoking ruins. During one of these days a boat actually lost her way in the dense smoke as she approached the shore, but at night was enabled to reach a landing place by the lurid light of the flames."—A. Wallace.

The wretched remnant were forced to emigrate to Canada, or crowded the narrow wynds and slums of Glasgow and other Scotch cities and towns, and thus

"Much more than 2,000,000 acres have been depopulated and cleared of thousands of sheep to make room for deer forests: homes, farms, and food destroyed, that wealth may sport. There are now in

Caithness	...	50,000	acres	} of Deer Forests.
Sutherland	...	136,000	"	
Ross and Cromarty	...	760,000	"	
Inverness	...	710,000	"	
Argyll	...	165,000	"	
Banff	...	30,000	"	
Aberdeen	...	155,000	"	
Perth	...	97,000	"	
Forfar	...	51,000	"	
Dumbarton	...	1,000	"	
Total	...	2,155,000	acres	

According to the *British Almanac* for 1885, the total area of the four counties of Scotland which are Highland counties *par excellence*, and in which are situated the chief deer forests of the country, extends to 8,030,190 acres; the extent of land under cultivation being only 419,385 acres."—*Financial Reform Almanack*, 1886.

We are termed madmen, but we venture to say that it is supremely folly to offer up health, nay, life itself, to be an instrument of oppression at home and abroad in the interests of a gang of land and labour thieves, who sentence yourself and dependents to the workhouse, and would prosecute for trespass did you touch an inch of the soil of what you stupidly call *your* country, but which in reality is *theirs*.

Some day, and that not a distant one, the working-class will take to fighting for their country, and that day will be a cold one for the land thieves. See to it soldier, and stand by your kindred when the hour comes.

F. KITZ.

THE REVOLT AT BOW STREET.

WE live in lively times, but I doubt if London has ever seen more exciting events than those of last Monday. In consequence of events which we chronicle in our Labour Column, the press announced on Monday morning that the police intended to strike on Monday night unless their comrades who had been "suspended" were reinstated. When the night came an immense multitude collected in Bow Street. The people were wild with enthusiasm, cheering, shouting, and singing. I never heard the "Marseillaise" rendered with such vigour before. But soon a change came over the spirit of the scene. The mounted men were ordered out. They charged up and down, headed by a superintendent, who was evidently labouring under a fit of temporary insanity, during which he could do nothing but shout "Ride over them! Ride them down!" This brutality infuriated the people; they hooted the mounted men, calling them "blacklegs." The ruffianly police grew savage, and they charged on the pavement, trampling down men, boys, and women. Stones then began to fly, and the crowd, enraged in their turn, struck fiercely at the police with sticks and umbrellas. Missiles of all kinds were showered upon them, and it was evident that they were getting the worst of it, when suddenly there was a cry of "The Guards," and a captain's escort 30 strong came galloping down the street. They were cheered at first, but when the people saw that they had come to do the dirty work of the mounted men they were vigorously hooted. Meanwhile the foot police did nothing; they stood and quietly watched the scene, while from the windows of the station policemen waved their hands to the crowd.

Great as was the tumult outside, there was worse confusion within. The men had refused to turn out; some cowards who wanted to sell their brethren were seized and held back by main force. The Indian despot had summarily dismissed the men out of the force who had been suspended, and the police were greatly enraged. In the meantime stones were flying fast and furious outside, and a baker who threw some water on the crowd had his windows smashed, and the shop would have been sacked if the Guards had not galloped to the rescue. The swells in carriages coming from the opera had a very warm reception; carriage windows were shattered into fragments; and his "Royal Highness" Edward Guelph, who was at the opera, got away as quietly as he could. Rioting continued, despite the heavy rain, till nearly three o'clock in the morning. The last exciting incident was at midnight, when in a charge of mounted police upon the people one of them was dragged from his horse.

On Tuesday night the disturbances were not very serious, although the brutality of the police blacklegs was excessive. We hear an attempt was made to overturn a cab, probably to make a barricade. If Bow Street had been in Paris on Monday night, cabs, busses, and carts would have been overturned, and the quarter between Clare Market and Drury Lane, with its narrow streets, courts, and *cul de sacs*, would have been a fortress impregnable save to troops and artillery. But the London population has not learnt the art of barricade-making. Never mind; the Parisians were equally ignorant before 1789. N.

THE GUARDS MUTINY.

The 2nd battalion of Grenadier Guards have had too much "drilling" lately, and on Monday when ordered to "parade" by Colonel Maitland, a notorious tyrant, they refused to turn out, greeting their colonel with yells, hisses, and groans. When the non-commissioned officers tried to get the men out, they barricaded themselves in their barrack-rooms. The authorities are so alarmed that they have sent for "The Prince of Wales' Yorkshire Regiment" from Southampton to overawe the men. We think it is likely to have a very different effect.

¹ They were fighting in the Crimean War.

SWEATERS!

THE waterproof workers employed by Messrs. David Moseley and Co., of Manchester, have recently been bestirring themselves to form a union. The manager of the firm, while passing through the works, saw a placard announcing a meeting for the union pasted up. He tore it down, and told the foreman to find out the man who put it up and sack him. The result was that a man named Michael McGee was discharged, although he had no hand in pasting up the placard. The manager further gave orders that any of his "hands" attending the announced meetings would be discharged. The Trades Council have taken the matter up, and meetings of the workers have been held and a union formed. The hubbub raised about the discharge of McGee, and the glaring tyranny of the proceeding, has compelled the firm to re-instate him. The local press in reporting the proceedings, have in deference to the firm, studiously avoided to mention their name.

THE following disgraceful practices are carried on at Ipswich by one of the largest stay factories in that county, and where about fourteen hundred persons are employed. The heads of the firm implicated, whose names are Messrs. Footmen, Pretty, and Nicholson, have long held high social positions, and bear in the town irreproachable Christian characters. How much this is deserved the disclosures I herewith make will show. At other factories here, and we have several, the employes are very badly paid. Experienced hands (young women of twenty) are unable mostly to realise more than 3s. or 4s. per week, and often less than that. They have to buy reels of cotton (illegally deducted from wages) at 25 per cent. dearer than they are bought elsewhere. For every broken needle they pay 1d., which is, according to the machine used, more or less a serious infliction upon their pitiful wage. The gross account for each, including fines, etc., is entered in the books as their nett takings, when it does not amount to two-thirds, or, as it sometimes happens, they *owe more* at the end of a week than what their so-called earnings can pay. When not wanted the workers have to sit inside the factory idle, and this very often lasts for days at a stretch, placed by command like bales of merchandise waiting for a purchaser. Could worse slavery exist anywhere? What a commentary upon the boasted "freedom of contract!" If they could earn anything at home or elsewhere just then they are not permitted to do so, except at the risk of notice to leave or a certain fine of 6d. for every day's absence, whether ill or not with no exception. Over five minutes late there is a 3d. fine, and for keeping away the fine is the same for every half-day. So great is the horror felt that as soon as they catch sight of the manager the poor girls feel sick and faint. We of the Labour Federation, among whom are many Socialists, are preparing to organise them into a strong union. In the meantime we think that publicity may possibly lead to some effective measures being adopted to stop this shameful tyranny.

TO CONTRIBUTORS.—Workmen could help us greatly by sending in accounts of capitalist tyranny and sweating in London and the provinces. We want the names of the sweaters. Those who write must send us their name and address, not necessarily for publication, but as a guarantee of good faith. We shall not fear to publish the truth.—Eds.

CORRESPONDENCE.

MORE POLICE TYRANNY.

DEAR COMRADES,—On Sunday week a few comrades of the Hammersmith and North Kensington branches went in brakes to Kingston-on-Thames, to speak to the shop-assistants and others on the advisability of organisation, and to expound the doctrines of Socialism. When all was arranged, we started from Hammersmith about 4 o'clock, arriving at Kingston at 6 o'clock. On finding our meeting at the Fairfield prohibited, we adjourned to the Market Place, where we had a large meeting. Speeches were made, and labour songs sung by a female comrade, literature being sold by myself and others.

Among our audience was a man who, I afterwards was informed, was Peter Gould, an exploiter of labour in Kingston, and a magistrate. Thinking he would like to know "how labour is robbed," I held one of William Morris's "Monopoly" up to him, when he became very indignant, and gave orders to the police—who were in strong force—to take my name and address, which increased the sale of the pamphlets 75 per cent. Our meeting being over soon after we started for home, our audience following behind cheering lustily. A week after, I received an invitation to attend her majesty's police court, for selling "Monopoly"; or, How Labour is Robbed" in the Kingston Market Place, contrary to Act of Parliament. On Wednesday 25th June I appeared at Kingston Police-court, when I was told by this Peter Gould and five others that I must pay £1 13s., or go to prison for fourteen days' hard labour—Peter Gould having the audacity to tell me I must seek some honest occupation. This is an ancient law that is still in force at Kingston, and this Peter Gould is the sort of man that is supposed to administer "justice."

F. BAKER.

[The suppression of "free speech" and public meeting is advancing with rapid strides. What will be the next move of the "authorities"? We are not allowed to march through streets, we must not hold meetings, and now the sale of literature is forbidden. We might as well be living in Russia.—EDITORS.]

Sergius Stepniak will lecture on "Tolstoi as Novelist and Social Reformer," in the Portman Rooms, Baker Street, on Wednesday July 16th, at 5 p.m. Tickets, 1s. and 2s. 6d., from Mrs. Edw. Pease, 2 Hyde Park Mansions, N.W. Proceeds in aid of some Russian exiles.

COMMONWEAL BRANCH.—Concert on Saturday July 12, for the benefit of a comrade. Doors open at 8; to commence at 8.30. Comrades and friends are earnestly requested to come. No charge for admission, but a collection will be made at the end of the concert for our comrade's benefit.

EDINBURGH—SCOTTISH SOCIALIST FEDERATION.—Comrades Hamilton and Smith addressed a large meeting at Leith on Sunday afternoon, and sold a quantity of literature. In the evening Mackenzie, Smith, Hamilton, Gilray, and Leslie spoke in the Meadows to a large crowd. In spite of a pelting rain the meeting kept well together; Leslie's address was splendid. Some Irish Home Rulers were very angry at the speaker's allusions to the G. O. M.

SOCIALISM IN LONDON AND THE PROVINCES.

SOUTH LONDON.

THE movement in South London is going on well. We only started meetings in this part a month ago, but with great success. At Short Street, New Cut, we have held seven meetings on Sunday mornings and Wednesday evenings. We are advocating with great vigour the International General Strike to overthrow the system, and it has been received with great fervour. Comrade Backeridge has joined us, and is working heartily in our ranks; comrade Casey (Freedom Group) has also rendered some valuable help by speaking. We have distributed about 1,000 Anarchist 'Labour Leaf' and 500 other leaflets. We are arranging for a course of Anarchist-Communist open-air lectures at Short Street on the next four Sundays; *Freedom* and *Commonweal* sell well at our meetings. Since we have started the red flag at our meetings the gospel-punchers now come out with a magnificent red silk flag for the purpose of making the people go to their meeting instead of ours, but this has not come off yet. The following comrades have addressed our meetings—Cores, Wright, Holloway, Stevens, Casey, Turner, Backeridge, Miss Lupton, and Smith. We have issued 1,000 handbills announcing our lectures for next month. The comrades also decided to have as their motto, "Away with Authority and Monopoly; Free Access to the Means of Life."

W. W.

NORWICH.

THE propaganda here is moving along successfully. On the 1st of June, comrades A. Moore and Poynts spoke at Crostwick in the morning; at Horstead in the afternoon, they were joined by Houghton, Morley, and Darley, and held a meeting. At both places the audiences consisted of agricultural labourers, who listened attentively. June 15th, Mrs. Lahr and W. Moore spoke in the morning at the Market Place; in afternoon, a large meeting was held by one of the local unions in aid of the strikers, when Mrs. Lahr spoke. In the evening, Mrs. Lahr and Poynts addressed a large open-air meeting. On the following day a meeting was convened for the evening at the Market Place by the Gas Workers' Union. Mrs. Lahr spoke at some length, upholding the principles she believed in, and was followed by a Mr. Watkinson, of the London Gas Workers' Union, who has been here several days holding meetings. During his remarks that evening he pointed out the blessings of returning working-men to Parliament, and advised working-men to use their efforts in this direction, and also take part in municipal affairs, etc. At the close he called for opposition, and Mrs. Lahr and Poynts were ready; comrade Poynts opened, and denounced the action that had been advised to the audience. Watkinson here lost his temper, and there was some slight disturbance, which ended in Mr. Watkinson beating a hasty retreat. Mrs. Lahr left here on the Tuesday, her visit having proved very successful. The same day she left three comrades had to answer a summons before the magistrates; one, however, did not turn up and could not be found. The "serious" charge against these comrades was stencilling on the pavement as follows, "Mrs. Lahr, Market, Sunday, June 15th." This resulted in a fine of 2s. and 8s. costs each, or three days imprisonment. The fine was paid for one comrade owing to his position, the second one took the three days, and the third is still at liberty in spite of the constable who brought the charge attending our meetings in private clothes. The following Sunday in the afternoon a meeting was held, at which Darley and Fred Henderson spoke; in the evening, Poynts and Morley spoke. On Saturday last, Mowbray lectured in one of the Board Schools on "Reform or Revolution;" Poynts took the chair. The next day Mowbray spoke at the Market Place in the morning and afternoon, and addressed large open-air meetings assisted by comrade Swash. Mowbray had to leave for London before the usual time of our evening meeting. We have sold during the month 493 *Commonweals* and collected £1 3s. 9d.; we have lost two or three collections owing to the strike here. *Freedom* has sold well, and a large quantity of strike leaflets and Anarchist 'Labour Leaf' have been distributed.

S.

NOTTINGHAM.

A CONFERENCE of delegates from various Midland Socialist bodies was held at Nottingham on Sunday, and was an unqualified success. In the morning the party had a ramble to Stoke Ferry by the Trent, and in the afternoon returned to the Socialist Hall, Woodland Place, Parliament Street. About 30 delegates were present, besides a number of Nottingham comrades. Sheffield, Leicester, Chesterfield, Derby, Newark, Long Eaton, were among the towns represented. Peacock, of Nottingham, presided; and Proctor, on behalf of the Nottingham Socialist Club, proposed the formation of a Midland Socialist Federation for the better organisation of the lecture-lists and the missioning of new ground. In the discussion which followed, it was cordially agreed that no control could be exerted over the various branches by the Federation, and that no executive council or other governing body would be necessary. A general secretary would keep a list of speakers and arrange with various branches for a constant supply of speakers for districts,—in fact, as comrade Charles put it, it would be a sort of "post office." The Conference, which included parliamentary and anti-parliamentary Socialists, agreed unanimously to the Nottingham resolution, and Clifton, of Nottingham, was appointed secretary of the new Federation; a collection being at once taken for postage and other small expenses which will be necessary. It was resolved, on the motion of Gorrie, of Leicester, to extend the campaign to towns in which there is no Socialist organisation; and delegates from Newark, Derby, and Long Eaton addressed the Conference on the prospects of the Cause in their respective localities. It was decided to call another Conference at Sheffield on the last Sunday in June 1891; and the meeting closed with a hearty vote of thanks to the Nottingham comrades for their hospitable entertainment of the delegates who had arrived on the previous evening.

After tea, a demonstration was held in the Great Market Place, where between 3,000 and 4,000 persons assembled. There were two platforms, presided over by J. Peacock and T. Proctor respectively. The speeches were short and sharp, the speakers being A. Hall and Furniss (Chesterfield), Bingham, Bullas, Mrs. Usher, Cores, and Charles (Sheffield), Knight and Whalley (Nottingham S.D.F.), Watkinson (London S.D.F.), Chambers (Leicester), Deakin (Walsall), Purcell (Derby), Stephenson (Newark). A resolution welcoming the delegates to Nottingham, and demanding the complete emancipation of the workers, was agreed to unanimously, and the meeting closed with Socialist songs by Peacock and Cores. The gathering excited the greatest interest in Nottingham, was reported at length in the local papers, and was the occasion of much fraternal interchange of greetings on the part of Socialists of the Midlands. Collection at the Conference, 13s. 7d.; in Market Place, 26s. 2d.; literature sold, 14s. 6d.

A. C.

BOOKS RECEIVED.—"A Refutation of the Single Tax Theories of Henry George." By A. Genen. International Publishing Company, Sydney.

A correspondent writes to the *Twentieth Century*: "I hope that you will keep on harping upon the suggestion that laudless men occupy vacant land, without saying by your leave or with your leave. It is the biggest thing yet. Add to it that they stop paying interest and taxes."



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TO CORRESPONDENTS.

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NEWS FROM NOWHERE:

OR,

AN EPOCH OF REST.

BEING SOME CHAPTERS FROM A UTOPIAN ROMANCE.

CHAP. XXII.—HAMPTON COURT. AND A PRAISER OF PAST TIMES.

So on we went, Dick rowing in an easy tireless way, and Clara sitting by my side admiring his manly beauty and heartily good-natured face, and thinking, I fancy, of nothing else. As we went higher up the river, there was less difference between the Thames of that day and Thames as I remembered it; for setting aside the hideous vulgarity of the cockney villas of the well-to-do, stockbrokers and other such, which in older time marred the beauty of the bough-hung banks, even this

beginning of the country Thames was always beautiful; and as we slipped between the lovely summer greenery, I almost felt my youth come back to me, and as if I were on one of those water excursions which I used to enjoy so much in days when I was too happy to think that there could be much amiss anywhere.

At last we came to a reach of the river where on the left hand a very pretty little village with some old houses in it came down to the edge of the water, over which was a ferry; and beyond these houses the elm-beset meadows ended in a fringe of tall willows, while on the right hand went the tow-path and a space nearly clear of trees, which rose up behind huge and ancient, the ornaments of a great park: but these drew back still further from the river at the end of the reach to make way for a little town of quaint and pretty houses, some new, some old, dominated by the long walls and sharp gables of a great red-brick pile of building, partly of the latest Gothic, partly of the Court-style of Dutch William, but so blended together by the bright sun and beautiful surroundings, including the bright blue river, that it looked down upon, that even amidst the beautiful buildings of that new happy time it had a strange charm about it. A great wave of fragrance, amidst which the lime-tree blossom was clearly to be distinguished, came down to us from its unseen gardens, as Clara sat up in her place, and said:

"O Dick, dear, couldn't we stop at Hampton Court for to-day, and take the guest about the park a little and show him those sweet old buildings? Somehow, I suppose because you have lived so near it, you have seldom taken me to Hampton Court."

Dick rested on his oars a little, and said: "Well, well, Clara, you are lazy to-day. I didn't feel like stopping short of Shepperton to-day: suppose we just go and have our dinner at the Court, and go on again about five o'clock?"

"Well," she said, "so be it; but I should like the guest to have spent an hour or two in the Park."

"The Park!" said Dick; "why, the whole Thames-side is a park this time of the year; and for my part, I had rather lie under an elm-tree on the borders of a wheat-field, with the bees humming about me and the corn-crake crying from furrow to furrow, than in any park in England. Besides——"

"Besides," said she, "you want to get on to your dearly-loved upper Thames, and show your prowess down the heavy swathes of the mowing grass."

She looked at him fondly, and I could tell that she was seeing him in her mind's eye showing his splendid form at its best amidst the rhymed strokes of the scythes; and she looked down at her own pretty feet with a half sigh, as though she were contrasting her slight woman's beauty with his man's beauty; as women will when they are really in love, and are not spoiled with conventional sentiment.

As for Dick, he looked at her admiringly a while, and then said at last: "Well, Clara, I do wish we were there! But, hilloa! we are getting back way." And he set to work sculling again, and in two minutes we were all standing on the gravelly strand below the bridge, which, as you may imagine, was no longer the old hideous iron abortion, but a handsome piece of very solid oak framing.

We went into the Court and straight into the great hall, so well remembered, where there were tables spread for dinner, and everything arranged much as in the Hammersmith Guest-hall. Dinner over, we sauntered through the ancient rooms, where the pictures and tapestry were still preserved, and nothing was much changed, except that the people whom we met there had an indefinable kind of look of being at home and at ease, which communicated itself to me, so that I felt that the beautiful old place was mine in the best sense of the word; and my pleasure of past days seemed to add itself to that of to-day, and filled my whole soul with content.

Dick (who, in spite of Clara's gibe, knew the place very well) told me that the beautiful old Tudor rooms, which I remembered were the dwellings of the lesser fry of Court flunkies, were much used by people coming and going; for, beautiful as architecture had now become, and although the whole face of the country had quite recovered its beauty, there was still a sort of tradition of pleasure and beauty which clung to that group of buildings, and people thought going to Hampton Court a necessary summer outing, as they did in the days when London was so grimy and miserable. We went into some of the rooms looking into the old garden, and were well received by the people in them, who got speedily into talk with us, and looked with politely half-concealed wonder at my strange face. Besides these birds of passage, and a few regular dwellers in the place, we saw out in the meadows near the garden, down "the Long Water," as it used to be called, many gay tents with men, women, and children round about them. As it seemed, this pleasure-loving people were fond of tent-life, with all its inconveniences, which, indeed, they turned into pleasures also.

We left this old friend by the time appointed, and I made some feeble show of taking the sculls; but Dick repulsed me, not much to my grief, I must say, as I found I had quite enough to do between the enjoyment of the beautiful time and my own lazily blended thoughts.

As to Dick, it was quite right to let him pull, for he was as strong as a horse, and had the greatest delight in bodily exercise, whatever it was. We really had some difficulty in getting him to stop when it was getting rather more than dusk, and the moon was brightening just as we were off Runnymede. We landed there, and were looking about for a place whereon to pitch our tents (for we had brought two with us), when an old man came up to us, bade us good evening, and asked if we were housed for that night; and finding that we were not, bade us home to his house. Nothing loth, we went with him, and Clara took his hand in a coaxing way which I noticed she used with old men; and as we

went on our way, made some commonplace remark about the beauty of the day. The old man stopped short, and looked at her and said: "You really like it then?"

"Yes," she said, looking very much astonished. "Don't you?"

"Well," said he, "perhaps I do. I did, at any rate, when I was younger; but now I think I should like it cooler."

She said nothing, and went on, the night growing about as dark as it would be; till just at the rise of the hill we came to a hedge with a gate in it, which the old man unlatched and led us into a garden, at the end of which we could see a little house, one of whose little windows was already yellow with candle-light. We could see even under the doubtful light of the moon and the last of the western glow that the garden was stuffed full of flowers; and the fragrance it gave out in the gathering coolness was so wonderfully sweet, that it seemed the very heart of the delight of the June dusk; so that we three stopped instinctively, and Clara gave forth a little sweet "O!" like a bird beginning to sing.

"What's the matter?" said the old man, a little testily, and pulling at her hand. "There's no dog; or have you trodden on a thorn and hurt your foot?"

"No, no, neighbour," she said; "but how sweet, how sweet it is!"

"Of course it is," said he, "but do you care so much for that?"

She laughed out musically, and we followed suit in our gruffer voices; and then she said: "Of course I do, neighbour; don't you?"

"Well, I don't know," quoth the old fellow; then he added, as if somewhat ashamed of himself: "Besides, you know, when the waters are out and all Runnymede is flooded it's none so pleasant."

"I should like it," quoth Dick. "What a jolly sail one would get about here on the floods on a bright frosty January morning!"

"Would you like it?" said our host. "Well, I won't argue with you, neighbour; it isn't worth while. Come in and have some supper."

WILLIAM MORRIS.

TO BE CONTINUED.]

(This Story began in No. 209, January 11, 1890. A few sets of Back Numbers can still be had.)

INTERNATIONAL NOTES.

GERMANY.

The close similarity between the English trade-unionist and the German and Austrian Social-Democratic movements is illustrated by the fact that both have undergone of late the same successes, difficulties, and trials, and neither of them manages to get better out of the difficulty than the other. In England the great success was the dockers' strike, in Germany the elections of February, and in Austria the May Day demonstrations. They were all followed by a period of shallow optimism, during which some believed they had found the remedy, and then by capitalist reaction, when these saw the workers congratulating themselves on their love of law and order. This was followed by defeats of the workers and a great deal of unpleasant quarrelling, and disillusion, etc. Only here, Socialists worthy their name kept aloof from these ephemeral events, and the people now return to those who kept up unflinchingly the revolutionary propaganda. In Germany and Austria the foremost Social-Democrats stand in the midst of all these quarrels and squabbles, and much quarrelling and intriguing goes on at present, however much the official mouthpieces of the leaders may deny this or hush it up. These leaders showed themselves utterly incapable of managing the 1st of May affair, as some persons nearer home about the general strike last year. They got frightened at the decisive moment, and "proclaimed" the holiday-making on May Day. Their ukase created much discontent, for the masses are already more advanced than their pretended "leaders." A part, however, stuck to the holiday; the result was lamentable half measures, which only encouraged the bourgeois to revenge themselves on the few who were cowardly deserted by the great mass. Hamburg was foremost in this, and now great distress prevails there among the Socialists, great numbers of them having been sacked, strikes being lost, etc. In Berlin, to give another example, during the brewers' strike scab breweries were boycotted, as the local Socialists had decided; but the official clique who still hold the local daily paper did all they could to discourage this boycott, and so it fell through. Much ill-feeling is provoked by this, and at a large representative meeting even Bebel did not succeed in lulling the growing feeling of independence of the workers, who are angry at being humbugged by their leaders. In the same way, the chief Austrian organ of the Social-Democrats thinks that there has now been enough of strikes. Of course, the workers should content themselves for a time by living on the recollection of the "glorious May Day promenades." Here also an opposition is rising. It is certain that the approaching depression of trade, the breaking up of trade organisations, and the confused demagogic escapades of the Emperor, will all combine to bring about a crisis in the German movement, which will open the eyes of many to the truth of the Revolutionary and Anarchist ideas.

JAPAN.

It appears that Socialist and Anarchist ideas begin to spread among the natives of Japan. Some information on this subject has been published by Dr. J. Hoffmann, of New York, a collaborator of the *Freiheit*, who visited Japan last year. Some time ago a secret radical society was organised by Talui Tokitchi, who was imprisoned for this for three years. This society is dead, but its adherents have since adopted Socialist ideas. They must be very careful and moderate in their propaganda, owing to the despotism they live under, but their ulterior aim is Anarchist-Communism. A paper called *The XIXth Century* was published for one and three-quarter years, and then prohibited. Since then *Tgiu* (Freedom) was started (since December 13, 1889), published in San Francisco, and for the time being hectographed until the funds will allow to buy type. This movement seems to be more under the influence of European Socialist ideas than under that of the native Socialist traditions of Eastern Asia, which are especially vigorous in China. We hail this movement as a new link in the world-wide chain of the Socialist brotherhood.

* *

NOTES ON NEWS.

POLICE and Guards in revolt! Surely the whole Governmental machine is going to pieces. Even the practical middle-class man is beginning to ask, "Are we on the verge of a Revolution?" The middle-class may indeed shake in their shoes when their crack regiments are in mutiny. They always thought they could depend upon the Guards, though they could trust no other regiment in London. They have now found they were mistaken.

There is a lull in the trouble for a moment, but there can be very little doubt it will break out again; and the respectable classes must shudder when they think that the *Daily News* the other day said that a financial crisis is very probable in the autumn. What will become of the middle-classes when that crash comes? I think it is likely there may be an extensive "emigration" of the "surplus population" to a much warmer climate.

Bravo Leeds! Your people have shown that the men of the North have not lost their manhood in the enervating atmosphere of a commercial civilisation. Nor has the "peace at any price" cant of the hucksters of the Manchester school influenced the men, in whose veins runs the blood of the wild Norse sea rovers, who made danger a pastime, and sought in battle the pleasure which all the cheating knaves who lie and adulterate can never find in the smartest bargain. The men of Leeds have gained a victory. But how? Not by listening to the "law-'n'-order" appeals of Tay Pay O'Connor, who has the strongest objection to "violence" outside Ireland, or even by paying much attention to the mild platitudes of sentimental and political Socialists.

It is true that a juvenile contemporary of ours, with that sweet simplicity peculiar to innocent youth, says that "the gas workers have accomplished more by peaceful means than they could ever have hoped to do by recourse to violence." This is really too innocent; so innocent that we fear it can hardly be real.

Last winter, in South London, the gas-workers fought their battle in a strictly "legal and constitutional manner." They only tried the "peaceable means" of mild persuasion. How did they succeed? The gas company got more blacklegs than they wanted, and the men were shamefully defeated. Livesey's slave dens are now manned with blacklegs, and the gas-stokers are starving outside. At Leeds a huge mob assembles, armed with "formidable sticks, many of them with hooks, spikes, and nails attached," and blacklegs and police are attacked with savage bravery. With what result? The blacklegs who are in the works come out again, in consequence of the "peaceable means" employed by the crowd. Rioting continues for two nights, police, military, and town councillors are stoned; an attempt is made to force the works. There is suddenly a great scarcity of blacklegs; they cannot be had at any price; and the Town Council gives way, and it is the blacklegs who have to clear out and the men who take their places.

What is the moral of this? We fear the moral would not commend itself to the Fabian Society, or to any other body of kid-gloved pedants, with whom Socialism is a kind of high-class amusement—something to talk about, to vary the monotonous ease of their lives. But to workmen the moral is this—all means are justifiable against traitors and tyrants. "Death to blackleg! death to sweater!" must be the war cry of the working class. As they show no mercy to us, we will show none to them. This is what the people will not forget in future.

There is still another moral, and that is the futility of political reform. The Municipality of Leeds is a freely elected body, it is even a Fabian body. There are Municipal gas-works and Municipal police in that town. What more can Sidney Webb want? Yet this body does not mind sweating its employes; and when they resist, it brings its Municipal police to bludgeon them, and summons soldiers to shoot them down. And yet we are told by our Fabian friends that if the County Council had control over the London police, bludgeoning the people would be a thing of the past, and to quote the mad gentleman in 'Nicholas Nickleby,' "all would be gas and gaiters." I fear it will not be much consolation to a discontented London workman, when that happy time arrives, to remember, when his head is broken by a policeman's truncheon, that that valuable officer is not under the control of a tyrannical government, but is the servant of the London County Council. We wonder if that will make the workman feel quite serene and comfortable: we doubt it.

The leaders of last Saturday's procession are very jubilant over their "victory." According to Mr. Conybeare, M.P., it is all owing to the Gladstonian victory at Barrow. A more probable explanation is that the Government could not trust even their beloved police to bludgeon an unarmed crowd, and so as not to risk an almost certain "mutiny" they preferred to let the procession go by, especially as "it was only a little one."

The most amusing incident on Saturday was the eager way in which the mounted police accepted some copies of the *Commonweal* from a young comrade. We hope they liked the article on the front page. Let them read, mark, learn, and inwardly digest it. Then perhaps they may repent and be saved while there is yet time.

N.

THE LABOUR REVOLT.

The Leeds Gas-workers.

UP to October, 1889, the Municipal gas-workers were working twelve hours a-day. Then, after being agitated and organised by the Leeds Socialist League, they threatened a strike unless their demands were granted. The authorities, not caring about putting the town in darkness, gave the men the eight hours' day and 2s. 6d. more wages weekly. The consumers were, in consequence, charged 4d. a 1,000 feet more for their gas. About three weeks ago the Gas Committee posted notices up at all the works, informing the men that on and after July 1 they would have to sign an agreement binding them for four months to do a certain amount of work (about 20 per cent. more) in the eight hours. The men refused to sign, and most of them threw down their tools a day or two before the time for signing. Agents were now dispatched by the authorities to London, Manchester, and other places for blacklegs. The locked-out men were quite determined to prevent them reaching the works, and on Sunday, June 30th, Thorne, the general secretary, and Cockayne and Paylor, the local secretaries, advised the men to try their utmost to prevent the scabs getting into the works. Pickets were doubled, and through the night and all day Monday the entrances to the several gas-works were strongly guarded. The adjacent streets were blocked with people who had been obliged to stop work, on account of the failure of their gas-engines and stoves for heating in the many clothing factories, about 20,000 people being idle according to the local press. The feeling, of course, was very bitter against the Gas Committee by all sections of the general public.

On Monday night the word passed along that a gang of knobsticks had left London and Manchester, and would arrive about 4 a.m. Had it not have rained so incessantly, and thus damped the ardour of the men and women, there would have been some exhilarating scenes to record for that night. The air itself seemed charged with a nervous excitement, which seemed to fill the crowds with rage and boldness, and urge them nearer and closer to the gates and guards. The whole town was in darkness, and in the railway stations, post-office, the different hotels and large shops, a few candles and paraffin lamps were all that could be had to light up the darkness. The names of Gilston and Joseph Henry (who won't be soon forgotten) were freely bandied about, with expressions of regret that they could not be got hold of. These two "representatives" are Radical Home Rulers. Gilston, who is an alderman, went over to Ireland and was photographed in a group of similar "friends of the working classes," then came back here and lectured, and pretended to weep at the heartrending eviction scenes and cruelties under Balfourism. But this thing called "Henry" is a much more horrible example, for he is a trade unionist. He is also a teetotaler, and one who has "worked his way up" on the toil and sweat of the men he has been able to employ on municipal jobbing. The Tory press is going for the whole crew in a slashing manner, and threatens them all with extermination at the next November elections. It seems that the politicians can suggest nothing else except passing resolutions and howling round. But the men and their supporters did something and were not wasting time in mere talk. All through the wet miserable night they waited and watched, getting information as to the starting, journeying, and arrival of the scabs just as soon as the authorities.

At about 5 a.m. on Tuesday, the scabs to the number of 150 were seen coming down the Victoria Road from the Midland Railway, under a strong escort of police, with the chief constable and other chiefs. When near the bottom, and within 150 yards of the Meadow Lane Works, the people present with many Socialist comrades made a determined attack on this body. After a fierce fight they were at last repulsed, but not before many of the police were *hors de combat*. Several mounted men, including Chief Webb (whose arm got broken), were disabled and bleeding. The wounded on the other side were also numerous. The scabs having got into the works, the men retired for rest and deliberation.

In the morning about 11, comrade Sweeney, who was backed by thousands, got on the wall and called out to the scabs to be men and throw down their tools. About sixty then and there clambered over and joined in the shouts of exultation. They related how they had been deceived as to the position, and as to the pay also. It now leaked out that 600 scabs from Manchester and surrounding districts had been run into the Town Hall during the previous night, as it was thought too risky to venture a mile tramp through the town to the other works. A march now began with the sixty deserters and many thousands of people through the streets to Victoria Square, where stands the Town Hall and other municipal buildings. Here Sweeney and Samuels spoke to about 20,000 from the Wellington Statue, advising the people to get their wives, daughters, sisters, and female friends along, and not to leave the square until the 600 scabs came out, and then by fair means or foul to prevent them getting to the works. The authorities evidently funked, for about 5 o'clock placards were being posted up all over the town warning the people against obstruction, disorder, and unlawful assembly, the Meadow Lane Works meanwhile being strongly picketed.

At 7.30 about 300 extra carbineers from York and Strensall arrived with about 300 extra police from Halifax, Bradford, Huddersfield, etc., as well as several gold-laced idiots mounted, who galloped around and gave orders. The streets by this time were filling with working people, old and young, who were leaving work. At 8, the 600 scabs (who had been feasting in one of the halls of the building) prepared to start on their perilous march. Here they were lectured by Town Councillors, and played to by the organist, a Mr. Spark. After a time they were led out, formed into a solid square, surrounded by a strong force of police and soldiers. They started on the march, accompanied by the mayor (Emsley), magistrates, clerks—in fact, the whole gang of law-'n'-order humbugs. They were hooted, jeered, spit upon, kicked, and appealed to; but in vain, for they were hemmed in by the soldiery, and the afternoon's blow-out of beef, bacca, tea, and patriotism (they had sang "Rule Britannia" to the grand organ) had hardened them, and many of them used very bad language indeed to the people. But their time was coming, and they didn't have long to wait either.

All seemed comparatively fair sailing up to the railway bridge in Wellington Road, where thousands of people clambered up the mountains of ashes and refuse on to the bridge, under which the procession had to pass. On the bridge were three buckets full of coals, but they were not quite so full a few minutes after. Just as the procession was well under the bridge, down

came planks and logs of wood, iron sleepers, great lumps of coal, bottles, clinkers, and all sorts of missiles, on to the horse and foot soldiers, police, scabs, mayor, and magistrates. The consternation and confusion baffles description; and if the people had only the knowledge (they had the pluck) the whole cursed lot would have been wiped out. As the horses and men picked themselves up, it was seen that many were bruised and bleeding, but, alas! no corpses to be seen. The party on the bridge got off without trouble or hurt.

From here to the gates of the New Wortley Works (Leeds) was only some thirty or forty yards, so they got over that distance very soon. But there was a fresh surprise in store for the authorities here, as just as the scabs were got in at the front gates, about 150 scaled the inside walls and ran away for their lives (without their bundles) at the back. The ungrateful varmint! After being fed and feted, and promised and protected! But there—frailty, thy name is blackleg! A strong force of pickets and sympathisers stayed behind to get the remainder out, and about an hour later the Meadow Lane Works were again surrounded by excited crowds, although it was raining hard. Darkness had again set in, and there was no gas at all.

At 10 p.m. Tuesday, July 1, a sudden, determined attack was made on these works; and although the police offered a most stubborn resistance, much damage was done and a few of the men got inside the gate; but they were ultimately beaten off, so they were not able to expel or set free the scabs. Many a skull was cracked that night, and many a vow was made that filled one with hope as to the action of the masses when the time comes. The 145 police had got something to think about; and it was noticed how brutally the strange policemen behaved, especially the Bradford lot. Now, this attack was quite a spontaneous affair, unorganised, unordered, and unexpected. During Tuesday night fresh troops were sent for, and early Wednesday morning about 250 hussars galloped up to the Town Hall. I heard on good authority that the volunteers were sent to individually and asked if they were willing to come out on duty, so that the regulars could be kept out of sight. They were offered 7s. 6d. for the day, but they declined.

On Wednesday afternoon the Riot Act was read, the people gradually leaving the streets; but at night the town looked as if it was in a state of siege. No gas, sky dark, air misty, streets blocked by soldiers, police, and people. On Wellington Road, leading up to the memorable railway bridge, it was very dangerous for pedestrians, who had to run the gauntlet of a demoralised police and meet the volleys of stones from the crowd. In the morning nearly all the street lamps in the vicinity were found to be smashed, and the roads strewn with all kinds of missiles. At this time two local "gentlemen" approached the gas-men and the Gas Committee with talk of conciliation. After a lot of palaver, a kind of compromise was at last settled, although the men claim to be better off now than before. They agreed to do 60 cwt. a-day instead of 55 as before, and to get paid for last Good Friday and get four days off in the year and pay. There was still the scabs to be considered, and here the men were firm. "We won't have them under any circumstances," and they had to go. Some had been engaged for three, six, and twelve months, and they naturally wanted compensation. Some got as much as £7 10s and some £5. The total cost to the ratepayers will come up to about £20,000, and the Liberals and Radicals on the Committee are doomed to defeat at the next election. The authorities will doubtless be more firm on the next occasion, so the workers must put their trust in themselves, and keep their powder dry. On Sunday last a monster procession and band marched to Hunslet Moor, where speeches were made, and all our *Commonweal* were sold, as well as a quantity of pamphlets. I think that we shan't be sorry when the next rising takes place. "And the Cause goes marching on."
H. S.

The Police.

The trouble with the police came to a crisis on Saturday. At Bow Street the men refused to turn out on duty because Thomas Beevers, P.C., had been transferred to the X division as a punishment for issuing and distributing the following circular:

"Metropolitan Police, Bow Street, 4 July, 1890.

"Dear Sir,—Please make known to your men that Mr. Matthews last night said: 'The police have a perfect right to petition.' Also ask your sub-divisions to do likewise; it is for their mutual benefit, and the betterment of the whole force. The petition has gone in from Bow Street, and has met our respected Commissioner's approval. For further particulars, etc., apply to your obedient servant,
THOS. BEEVERS, P.C. 134E."

An inspector succeeded in persuading some of the men to go on duty, and on Sunday forty men were suspended. A comical incident occurred on Sunday night. About 100 of the Bow Street force who were not on duty attempted to hold a meeting in the billiard-room at the station. The meeting would have been quiet enough had not an inspector discovered that Beevers was in the building. That he might not be found, the men had hidden him under a table. But the inspector found him, and advised him to leave the building. Beevers refused to do so, and invited the inspector to leave the room. The business ended by the men rushing the inspector out, after which they held their meeting in peace and quietness. A full account of the riot at Bow Street will be found on page 218.

The Postmen.

It must surely be a symptom of extreme discontent when the telegraph clerks, who are what the middle class call "a most respectable body of men," salute the name of that very fat old woman Mrs. Guelph with hoots and groans. If in France the name of M. Carnot was saluted with groans it would have been thought a very revolutionary symptom, but as it happened in England, we are assured that the men have "no feeling whatever of disloyalty to her majesty." No doubt if the postmen cheived Mr. Raikes as they did some of his spies the other Sunday, the officials would state that the men had no feeling of disloyalty to their "respected" chief. This amiable gentleman, however, has now succeeded in bringing matters to a crisis with the postmen. On Friday, July 4, nine men were suspended for attending the "disgraceful meeting" in Hyde Park, when Mr. Raikes's spies were "mal-treated." One of the men who has been "suspended" has been in the service twenty-five years, and was one of those who lost their stripes for attending the meeting on Clerkenwell Green.

Despite this cruel tyranny, it was decided on Monday night at the postmen's meeting at Holborn Town Hall not to strike till the London Trades Council had "interviewed" the Postmaster-General. The men, however, succeeded in extorting a promise from their "leaders" (!) that if Raikes sacked any more men for attending that meeting, they would give the order to "come out."
N.

IN AUSTRALIA.

A TEST case is being tried now between Labour and Capital up in Queensland, that will very probably bring on a fight in London as well. The Darling Downs squatters and the Australian Labour Federation are preparing for battle; and as in your strike of the dockers, the fight began over a very downtrodden and unorganised branch of unskilled labour, but has spread and is still spreading, until it involves the whole question of organised labour against organised capital.

The "rouseabout," the unskilled labourer who picks up wool on the shearing-shed floors, waits on the comparatively skilled shearer, digs dams, makes fences, and does odd jobs, is being paid by the squatters, wool-producing monopolists, of Darling Downs any weekly wage he will take, ranging from, at the highest, 25s. down to 20s., and still oftener to 15s. Now the rouseabouts are claiming 30s. a-week and a little recognition as men. Although the squatters have been compelled to pay union wages to their shearers, they won't have union men, yet these non-union shearers are supporting the rouseabouts. The Sheep-shearers' Union has taken the matter up, has been backed by the Australian Labour Federation, and by so many unions throughout the continent, that to give their names would be to furnish a regular Australian trades-union directory.

The actual fight was brought about by the squatters on purpose to have an opportunity of squashing the unions. Messrs. Kent and Weinhold, of Jondaryan, were selected to begin, and they had a lot of wool shorn and made ready for market by blackleg labour throughout, making the rat character of the affair as aggressive as they could. Every division of labour concerned in the preparation or transport of wool took up the challenge, and the test consignment now lies on the wharf at Brisbane, having been got so far by blackleg labour. It is intended for shipment in the *Jumna*, but the Wharf Labourers', Lightermen's, and Seamen and Firemen's unions have notified the B. I. S. N. Company that if the wool is shipped in one of their steamers it will implicate them in the quarrel. It is threatened that it shall be shipped in a sailing vessel; if so, and it gets safely into a London Dock, it would be too much to hope, I suppose, that it should meet with the same fate that befell the tea in Boston Harbour a hundred and more years ago? Anyway, the London unions have been notified of the affair, and will take their own measures.

There are only four words wanted from about a dozen men, and the whole thing is over. The squatters, who number about that, have only to wire: "We acknowledge the union." But having chosen their own time to begin, they won't like to give in so soon, and the fight will go on. And it will be one of the very biggest and bitterest struggles between Labour and the Sweater that has ever taken place. If a general strike is found necessary throughout the back blocks, the Amalgamated Shearers will draw a cordon right round the border of Queensland to keep out blacklegs crossing from New South Wales or South Australia. The other preparations are equally tremendous; the Brisbane press has been notified that if it doesn't treat the matter impartially there will be a new paper on the streets at under two hours' notice; the strike manifesto was written, printed, and several thousand copies mailed in little over an hour; delegates have gone up and down the coast, and in every town the trades are ready to down tools at any moment.

The government has been taken by the beard, notified of the impending unprecedented strike, and the demand made that in no way shall it or any of its officials take sides in the dispute in any way. Further, it has been requested to instruct the law'n'-order lambs to behave at any strike meeting or procession as if they were at a governor's reception; to close the public-houses so as to stop one fertile means of helping the blacklegs to make trouble; to put an end to employers sitting as justices of the peace on their own cases; and to forbid any hiring at immigration depots, where the sweaters catch the "new chums" before they have had time to get acquainted with what is going on. In short, government has been sternly requested to confine itself entirely to keeping the ropes and letting the strongest win. If it does anything else you will hear of some fur flying before long.

As in your dock strike, if this great fight begins in earnest it will lead to a good many more before it is over. Among others the Townsville wharf labourers have some accounts of their own to settle, which they will see to presently when they have helped the others through.

Lots of other things are happening, but they are all of less importance than the foregoing, and may stand for next time. Our meetings continue to be large and enthusiastic, and our principles are spreading in a way that a little while ago we should have thought miraculous.

Sydney, N.S.W., May 10, 1890.

CORNSTALK.

[Since the above was put in type, telegraphic advices have reached us that the bosses have collapsed all round and surrendered every point. We congratulate our comrades.—EDS.]

THE SOCIALIST LEAGUE.

OFFICES: 24, GREAT QUEEN ST., LINCOLN'S INN FIELDS, W.C.

The Offices of the Socialist League will be open for the sale of *Commonweal* and all other Socialist publications from 8.30 a.m. to 9 p.m. every day except Sunday. The Secretary will be in attendance from 10 a.m. to 9 p.m. daily.

Notice.—The Branches and Allied Societies willing to share in the convocation of the Conference of August 3rd, are requested to answer the convening circulars at once.

Branch Subscriptions Paid.—1890:—Leicester and North Kensington, to end of April. Glasgow, Oxford, Hammersmith, North London, East London, 'Commonweal' Branch, Manchester, and Norwich, to end of May. Streatham, to end of December.

(Branch Secretaries will please send with remittances for Capitations the number of their membership.)

REPORTS.

ABERDEEN.—At our meeting on Sunday 6th, a comrade who is a declared Anarchist, lectured on "Anarchy" to a large audience. There was a brisk discussion, opinion being about equally divided between Anarchy and State Socialism; comrade Aitken declared that no hard-and-fast line could be drawn between Anarchy and the Socialism of the League.—G. C.

GLASGOW.—On Friday evening we held a second meeting at our new station—Bridgeton Cross. The audience, which was entirely a working-class one, listened to Joe Burgoyne and Glasier most attentively. On Sunday evening, comrade D. Stewart, and David McCalloch of the S.D.F., spoke at our Paisley Road Toll meeting, taking the place of our own speakers, who had gone on a holiday.

LECTURE DIARY.

LONDON.

- Battersea*.—All communications to E. Buteux, 45, Inwith Street, Battersea Park Road.
- Commonweal Branch*.—24 Great Queen Street, Holborn, W.C. Tuesdays, Singing Practice. Thursdays, Business meeting. Saturdays, Social Gathering.
- East London*.—12 Basing Place, Kingsland Road.
- Hammersmith*.—Kelmscott House, Upper Mall, W. Sunday July 13, at 8 p.m., a Lecture. French Class conducted by Mde. Desroches on Friday evenings at 7.30.
- Mitcham*.—"Lord Napier," Fair Green. Meets every Sunday at 12.30, to enroll members, etc.
- North Kensington*.—Clarendon Coffee Palace, Clarendon Road. Meets every Wednesday at 8 p.m. The branch Band meets every Friday at 8 p.m. for practice. Comrades wishing to join to give in their names to the instructor at the above address.
- North London*.—6 Windmill Street, Tottenham Court Road. Meets every Wednesday evening at 8 o'clock.
- Streatham*.—Address secretary, R. Smith, 1 Natal Road, Streatham.
- Whitechapel and St. Georges-in-the-East*.—Branch meetings at International Club, 40 Berner Street, Commercial Road. J. Turner, organising secretary.

PROVINCES.

- Aberdeen*.—Organiser, J. Leatham, 7 Jamaica Street. Branch meets in Hall, 9 Harriet Street, on Sunday evenings at 6.30. Singing practice, etc., in Odd-fellows' Small Hall, Crooked Lane, Mondays at 8 p.m.
- Braintree*.—Meetings held alternate Saturdays, at 8 p.m., and Sundays, 11 and 2.30, at the fountain, Market Place. Business meetings, Wednesdays at 8. All communications to W. Fuller, 74 Manor Street.
- Glasgow*.—Members are invited to meet on Thursday and Sunday evenings, at 8 o'clock, in the Secretary's house, 250 Crown Street, S.S. All communications to be sent to that address.
- Halifax*.—Socialists meet every Sunday at 6.30 p.m. at Helliwell's Temperance Hotel, Northgate.
- Leeds*.—Clarendon Buildings, Victoria Road, School Close. Open every evening. Business meeting Saturdays at 8 p.m.
- Leicester*.—Exchange Buildings, Rutland Street. Branch meets on Monday, Thursday, and Saturday at 8 p.m.
- Manchester*.—Socialist League Club, 60 Grovesnor Street, All Saints. Open every evening. Branch weekly meeting on Tuesdays at 8.
- Norwich*.—Members' meeting held every Tuesday at 8.30.
- Oxford*.—Temperance Hall, 25½ Pembroke Street. First Friday in every month, at 8.30 p.m.
- Sheffield*.—Socialist Club, 63 Blonk Street. French Class, Tuesday at 8.30. Discussion Class, Wednesday at 8.30. Open-air meetings are held as follows:—Sunday: Monolith, at 11.30; College Yard, Rotherham, at 3; Westbar Pump, at 8. Monday: The Cross, at 7; Handsworth Woodhouse, at 7. Wednesday: Corner of Nursery Street, at 7.30. Thursday: Corner of Bramall Lane and Hereford Street, at 7.30.
- Walsall*.—Socialist Club, 18 Goodall Street, Walsall. Meetings every night.
- Yarmouth*.—Socialist League Club, 56 Row, Market Place. Open every evening. Business Meeting Tuesdays at 8 p.m. Elocution Class Friday at 8.30 p.m. Discussion Class Sunday 3 p.m.

OPEN-AIR PROPAGANDA.

SATURDAY 12.

- 7 Hyde Park Mrs. Lahr and Cantwell
- 7 Mile-end Waste Brookes

SUNDAY 13.

- 11 Commercial Road—Union Street..... Mrs. Lahr and Moore
- 11 Latimer Road Station North Kensington Branch
- 11.30 Hammersmith Bridge Hammersmith Branch
- 11.30 Hoxton Church Davis and Darley
- 11.30 Kilburn—"Old Plough," Kilburn Lane Mainwaring
- 11.30 New Cut—Short Street Casey, Miss Lupton, and Buckeridge
- 11.30 Regent's Park Nicoll and Edwards
- 3.30 Hyde Park—Marble Arch..... Miss Lupton
- 3.30 Victoria Park Mrs. Lahr
- 7 Hammersmith Bridge Hammersmith Branch
- 7 Wormwood Scrubs North Kensington Branch
- 8 Walham Green—back of Church Hammersmith Branch

WEDNESDAY 16.

- 8 New Cut—Short Street Wright and Presburg
- 8 Newport Market Blundell and Mowbray

FRIDAY 18.

- 8.15 Hoxton Church Kitz

PROVINCES.

- Aberdeen*.—Saturday: Castle Street, at 8 p.m.
- Glasgow*.—Sunday: Jail Square at 2 o'clock; Paisley Road at 5 o'clock.
- Leeds*.—Sunday: Hunslet Moor, at 11 a.m.; Vicar's Croft, at 7 p.m.
- Leicester*.—Sunday: Russell Square at 11 a.m.; Humberstone Gate, at 8 p.m.
- Liverpool*.—Landing Stage, Sundays at 11.30 a.m. and 3 p.m.
- Manchester*.—Saturday: Middleton market ground, at 7 p.m. Sunday: Philips Park Gates, at 11; Stevenson Square, at 3. Monday: Market Street, Blackley, at 8.
- Norwich*.—Saturday: Haymarket, at 8. Sunday: Market Place at 11, 3, and 7.30.
- Yarmouth*.—Sunday: Priory Plain, at 11; Bradwell, 11.30; Colman's Granary Quay, at 7.

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ANARCHIST ALLIANCE.—Sunday, Victoria Park, 11.30; Hyde Park, 4.30—speakers, Withington, Attersoll, and Tarn.

AUTONOMIE CLUB, 6 Windmill Street, Tottenham Court Road, W.—Sunday July 13, at 8.30, lecture—"Towards Anarchy."

THE ANNUAL EXCURSION of United Socialist Bodies of London to Epping Forest (Starlings' Hill, High Beech) will take place on Sunday, July 20.

SOUTH LONDON.—All Revolutionary Socialists in South London willing to form a Branch of the S. L. are requested to give their names to W. Wright at the meetings at Short Street, New Cut, on Sunday mornings and Wednesday evenings.

FABIAN SOCIETY.—A course of seven lectures on SOCIALISM IN CONTEMPORARY LITERATURE will be given in the French Chamber, St. James's Restaurant, W. (entrance from Piccadilly), on Friday evenings, at 8 o'clock. July 18 (last lecture), G. Bernard Shaw, "Henrik Ibsen."

NORWICH.—A great Socialist Demonstration will be held in Norwich about the end of July. The comrades already invited are W. Morris, Kropotkin, C. W. Mowbray, Mrs. Lahr, Edward Carpenter, Mrs. Shack, Wess, and Ogden (Oxford). Any comrade in London or the provinces willing to take part is asked to communicate with A. Sutton, 23 Rose Yard, St. Augustines.

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THE COMMONWEAL

The Official Journal of the SOCIALIST LEAGUE.

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SATURDAY, JULY 19, 1890.

WEEKLY; ONE PENNY.

AFTER THE STORM, A CALM.

WE can hardly imagine that it is barely a week ago that London was filled with tumult and excitement. Unexpectedly the storm came upon us, and even we were taken by surprise. Who among the comfortable middle classes dreamt a month ago that their faithful servants the police—the Bow Street police, the picked men of the London force, the giants who guard Trafalgar Square against the assaults of the sacrilegious Socialist—would be in open mutiny? Little, too, did they think that the Guards—Her Majesty's Guards—would lead the way in revolt, and that their middle-class Government would be forced to send for another regiment to overawe the men in whom they once put their whole trust and confidence.

On the other hand, the whole Labour world is agitated, even the dullest, the most crushed among the workers, are raising their heads and dreaming of hope at last. Everywhere the talk is not of the virtues of Gladstone and Salisbury, nor the merits of Whig or Tory, the subjects of discussion are Strikes, Socialism, and the Great Revolution that is coming upon the world. The people have got new hope, a hope that nothing will take from them. They are beginning in their moments of exultation and excitement to defy the police and the military, and set at nought those who "are set in authority over them." "The Spirit of Revolt" is abroad. Two years ago you might search files of English newspapers and see nothing of "the spirit of revolt." It was a French phrase, utterly un-English. Now you may see repeated till you are almost sick of it in respectable Tory newspapers. Charming, is it not? It only shows how very ready our friends the journalists are to borrow the language of Revolutionary Socialists. Another instance, though rather a ludicrous one, is the origin of the phrase, "Who killed Cock Warren?" It was the cry with which Cunninghamham Graham was saluted on 12th November, 1888, at the meeting held to commemorate the anniversary of the martyrdom of our Chicago comrades and the massacre of Trafalgar Square. On that night Warren fell. The phrase caught the public fancy, became popular, and ultimately enshrined itself in a comic song that was sung on the stage of every music hall in London.

The notion also of gaining the eight hour day by a General Strike is forcing its way everywhere, and yet at one time we heard nothing of a General Strike but from a few Revolutionary Socialists—a sect that was so feeble that policemen, judges, jailors, and magistrates looked upon us with contemptuous toleration. That stage is passed now, and we almost seem to have passed our period of persecution also. Surely this must be so, when a Bow Street magistrate dismisses a charge against "a well-known Socialist," though the police had "sworn" that he was guilty of all sorts of "awful crimes."

"What can the world be coming to?" say old middle-class fogies. What? indeed! But to us the spectacle is full of hope and enthusiasm, for now we find our lightest words caught up and repeated again and again from press and platform. It is the advanced thinkers who lead the way; the multitude will follow those who have minds of their own, and speak without fear and flinching. Forward then, comrades! What have we to fear? A Government of doddering imbeciles; a hopeless, helpless mass of muddle and mediocrity, who are so confused and puzzled at the entanglement into which they have managed to get the "affairs of the nation," that they do not know whether to turn to the right or the left. And what have they to support their authority? A disorganised police, and a soldiery seething with mutiny. True, they have crushed the revolt; it has sunk into silence—for a time. True, the storm has passed and all is calm and quiet—for a time. But what a calm! The sky is grey and gloomy, and is growing blacker and blacker; the air is thick, close, and oppressive; a trembling of the earth, and muttered thunder in the distance. Surely this does not mean peace and quietness, but storm and earthquake. What of the winter full of gloom and terror which is now approaching? What of the commercial crisis coming nearer and nearer? What of the crash; ruin spread far and wide; closed factories; thousands thrown starving upon the streets; the spread of revolutionary ideas among the masses; wild hope in the hearts of the people? and yet among them starvation—bitter starvation—empty cupboards, hungry children, despair and desperation! Would

not a modern Lord Chesterfield find to-day in England all the signs that tell of the approaching Revolution?

We need not be statesmen or politicians to see this. The plain workman in his work-day talking to his mates, can feel the storm coming closer and closer. It was only the other day that one quiet and honest workman, not as a rule given to wild enthusiasm, said to us "that the London workmen had been so excited and discontented by recent Labour troubles, that they only needed a leader to sweep the present system into ruin!" Those who mingle with the people can judge of the truth of this; we, at least, can confirm it from personal experience. If this is so now, what will it be when the next depression comes? It is not certain that the people will starve with that Christian meekness so highly commended by the well-fed journalists of the capitalist press. Nor will Lazarus be content any longer to put up with the crumbs of insulting charity that fall from the rich man's table. He will rise and grasp the rich robber by the throat, demanding and taking his own. The storm has passed, and there is calm. Let us use this period of quiet to prepare for what is coming. Do not let the trumpet sound of the Last Day of a corrupt and rotten society find us lying in lazy slumber. Let us be up and ready for action, for we know not at what hour the Revolution cometh!

D. J. NICOLL.

THE DEVELOPMENT OF MODERN SOCIETY.

ALL the progressive races of man have gone through a stage of development during which society has been very different to what it is now. At present there is a very definite line of distinction drawn between the personal life of a man and his life as a member of society. As a rule, the only direction in which this social life is felt is in that of his nearest kindred—his wife, children, parents, brothers and sisters. This is so much the case that we to-day have given to the word *relations* (which should mean all those with whom a man has serious and continuous dealings) a fresh meaning, and made it signify only those near members of kinship aforesaid. For the rest most civilised men acknowledge no responsibility. Though the word State is in everybody's mouth, most people have but the vaguest idea as to what it means; it is even generally considered as a synonym to the Government, which also indicates either the heads of one of the political parties, or the vague entity called by Carlyle the parish constable—in other words, the executive power of the ruling classes in our society. So little do we feel any responsibilities to this hardly conceivable thing, the State, that while few indeed feel any loyalty towards it, most men do not realise it sufficiently even to feel any enmity against it—except, perhaps, when the tax-gatherer's hand is on the knocker.

Now all this is so far the result of a long series of history, which I must just hint at before one comes to the condition of the workman during its different stages,—a series of events which tended to give to the word *property* the meaning which it now has; a series of events which tended more and more to consider *things* as the important matter of consideration rather than *persons*; which I may illustrate by the fact that nowadays the law looks upon the *estate* as of more importance than the user of it, as for instance in the case of the estate of a lunatic, which it will defend to the utmost against all attacks, and treat as if it had a genuine life and soul capable of feeling all injuries and pains, while all the time the lunatic is under restraint.

I will now contrast this entire ignoring of the community (for that will be a better word than *State* to use at present) with the conditions under which men lived in earlier ages of the world, and through which, as I have said, all the progressive races have passed, some of them so early that when we first meet them in history they are already passing out of it into the next development. In this early period the individual is so far from feeling no responsibility to the community, that all his responsibilities have relation to the community. Indeed, this sense of responsibility, as we shall see later on, has only been completely extinguished since the introduction of the present economical and political system—since the death of feudality, in short: but in the period I am thinking about it was a quite unquestioned habit. The unit of society, the first, and in the beginning the only bond, was the narrowest form of clan, called the *gens*. This was an association of persons who

were traceably of one blood or kinship. Intermarriage between its members was forbidden, or rather was not even dreamed of: a man of the Eagle gens could have no sexual intercourse with an Eagle woman, nor thought of it. All property was in common within the gens, and descent was traced, not through the father, but through the mother, who was the obvious parent of the child. Whatever *competition* (war, you may call it, for competition was simple in those days), was outside the group of blood relations, each of which felt no responsibility for other groups or their members. But the fact that intermarriage was impossible within these groups brought about a larger association. Since an Eagle could not marry an Eagle, the Eagles must either get their wives by violent robbery in a haphazard fashion from outsiders, or have some other society at hand into which they could marry, and who could marry into their society. It used to be thought that the violent robbery was the method, but I believe the second method was the one used. There were groups of neighbours at hand who were recognised as belonging to the same stock, but who were not too near in blood to make marriage impossible. Between these groups there was affinity, therefore; the Eagles could intermarry with the Owls, the Sparrows, the Cats, or what not, according to a somewhat intricate system, and this quite without violence. And also between the clans or gentes who composed these tribes there would be no war, and the use of whatever land they fed their stock upon or cultivated (for in some places or ages this gentile-tribal system lasted well into the agricultural period) was arranged peaceably in a communal method.

Now the tribe in which a common ancestor (worshipped as a god) was always assumed, and was generally a fact, tended to federate with other tribes who still felt that they belonged to a common stock, who thus formed an association called by our ancestors the *thiod*, or people; an association much looser, of course, than that of the gens or tribe, but like those, founded on an idea of common kindred; founded on the personal kinship of all its members to the god-ancestor, and not on locality or the holding of certain property or position. The officers of the body, under whatever names they went, were appointed by the tribesmen for their personal qualities to perform definite duties. There was no central executive body; every freeman had certain necessary duties to perform, a shadow of which still exists in our jury, who were originally the neighbours called together to utter their finding (without direction from a judge) as to how such an one had come by his death, what was to do between two neighbours who could not agree, and so forth. If a man was injured, it was the duty of the members of his gens or clan to take up the injury as an injury to the community. This is the meaning of the blood-feud of which we hear so much in the early literature of the North, and of the Celtic clans, and a survival of which still exists among out-of-the-way folks. The practice of the vendetta in Corsica, *e.g.*, does not indicate that the Corsicans are a specially vindictive people; it is a survival of the tribal customary law: its sentimentalising by novelists and poets is a matter of ignorance—natural enough, I admit. "Government" or administration, or whatever else you may call it, was in this condition of society as direct as it ever can be; nor had government by majority been invented—*e.g.*, if the clans could not agree to unite in war, the war could not go on, unless any clan chose to go to war by itself.

I am conscious of not explaining fully the difference between such a state of society and ours; but it is indeed difficult to do so now, when all our ideas and the language which expresses them have been for so many ages moulded by such a totally different society. But I must, at least, try to make you understand that the whole of the duties of a freeman in this society had reference to the community of which he formed a part, and that he had no interests but the interest of the community; the assertion of any such private interests would have been looked upon as a crime, or rather a monstrosity, hardly possible to understand. This federal union of the tribes is the last state of society under barbarism; but before I go on to the next stage, I must connect it with our special subject, the condition of productive labour.

With the development of the clans into federated tribes came a condition of organised aggressive war, since all were recognised as enemies outside of the tribe or federation; and with this came the question what was to be done with the prisoners taken in battle, and, furthermore, what was to be done with the tribe conquered so entirely as not to be able to defend its possessions, the land, which it used. Chattel slavery was the answer to the one question, serfdom to the second. You see this question was bound to come up in some form, as soon as the productive powers of man had grown to a certain point. The very early stages of society slaves are of no use, because your slave will die unless you allow him to consume all that he produces; it is only when by means of tools and the organisation of labour that he can produce more than is absolutely necessary for his livelihood, that you can take anything from him. Robbery only begins when property begins; so that slavery doesn't begin till tribes are past the mere hunter period. When they go to war they only save their prisoners to have some fun out of them by torturing them, as the redskins did, unless, perhaps, as sometimes happened, they adopt them into the tribe, which also the redskins did at times. But in the pastoral stage slaves become possible, and when you come to the agricultural stage (to say nothing of further developments) they become necessary till the time when privilege is destroyed and all men are equal. There are, then, three conditions of mankind, mere gregarious unorganised savagery, slavery, and social equality. When you once have come to that conclusion you must also come to this deduction from it, that if you shrink from any sacrifice to the Cause of Socialism it must be because we are either weak or criminal, either cowards or tyrants—perhaps both.

Well, this last stage of barbarism, that of the federated tribes, gave way in ancient history, the history of the Greeks and Romans, into the first stage of civilisation. The life of the city, and in mediæval history into feudalism; it is under the latter that the development of the treatment of the conquered tribe as serfs is the most obvious; serfdom being the essence of mediæval society proper, and its decay beginning with the decline of serfdom. But, undoubtedly, there were serfs in the classical period; that is to say an inferior class to the freemen, who were allowed to get their own livelihood on the condition of their performing certain services for them, and with a certain status, though a low one, which raised them above the condition of the chattel-slave, whose position was not recognised at all more than that of his fellow labourer, the horse or the ass. The Helots, for example, were the serfs rather than the slaves of the Spartans, and there were other instances both among the Greeks and the Romans of labourers in a similar position.

However, chattel slavery as opposed to serfdom is the characteristic form of servitude in the ancient city life. In that life you must understand the idea of the merging of the individual into the community was still strong, although *property* had come into existence, and had created a political condition of society under which *things* were growing to be of more moment than *persons*. But the community had got to be an abstraction, and it was to that abstraction, and not to the real visible body of persons that individual interests were to be sacrificed. This is more obvious among the Romans than the Greeks, whose mental individuality was so strong and so various, that no system could restrain it; so that when that system began to press heavily upon them they could not bear it, and in their attempts to escape from its consequences fell into the mere corruption of competitive tyranny at an early period. The Romans, on the other hand, without art or literature, a hard and narrow-minded race, cultivated this worship of the city into an over-mastering passion, so fierce and so irrational that their history before their period of corruption reads more like that of a set of logical demons bent on torturing themselves and everybody else, than a history of human beings. They must be credited with the preservation of the art and literature of Greece (though with its corruptions and stultification as well), and for the rest I think the world owes them little but its curse, unless indeed we must accept them as a terrible example of over-organisation. Of their state one may say what one of their poets said of their individual citizens, when they were sunk in their well-earned degradation, that for the sake of life they cast away the reasons for living.

WILLIAM MORRIS.

(To be continued.)

SOCIALISM IN LONDON.

WEST-CENTRAL ('COMMONWEAL')

THIS branch, which was formed out of the scattered elements of the late Clerkenwell branch, together with a large number of comrades who hitherto belonged simply to the League and to no branch in particular, has now been in existence several months. Up to the present we have been content to help all the London branches who desired it, having taken up no stations of our own until lately. Of course we have not been idle, for we have held a number of indoor meetings which have been addressed by various friends and comrades of all schools of Socialist thought. So successful have the meetings and concerts held by the branch been, that we have since the last Conference been enabled to aid the *Commonweal* considerably by supporting the Guarantee Fund. Acting on the spirit of the resolution of the Conference we were not content alone to pay the 2s. per week asked for, but have been able to hand over something like 30s. during the last few weeks, which sum will be increased as time goes on. The comrades have worked with a will in pushing papers, pamphlets, and collecting funds for propaganda purposes. During the last month a female comrade kindly made the branch a present of a piano. A choir is in course of formation, which is being conducted by a comrade of the North London Branch, who is assisted at the piano by our comrade Hurford. The choir will greatly facilitate our out and indoor propaganda, and I am sure one ought to be started by every branch. Social evenings have been held on Saturdays, when the members find a little relaxation from the every-day worry and struggle for bread, in singing revolutionary songs and dancing. This has been and might still further be, a means of keeping our members together in the bonds of close fellowship. Several new members have joined during the last month, and they are of the right kind, ready and willing to aid the movement in every way. For so young a branch we can feel pleased at having 65 members, all I hope good and true to the Cause of Socialism, and all stirred by the spirit of revolt against the present system.

C. W. M.

NORTH LONDON.—On Sunday week we held a meeting in Regent's Park, in spite of the rain; speakers were Stone, Edwards, Nicoll, and Mrs. Lahr; and last Sunday morning our meeting was addressed by Cantwell, Stone, Edwards, Nicoll, and Mrs. Schaack. A Mr. Whelan offered some very weak opposition. Collection, 3s. 5d. In Hyde Park, in the afternoon, Cantwell, Miss Lupton, Parker, Moore, and Saint were the speakers, and we also enlivened the meeting with a couple of songs. Collected 2s. 9d. We sold 15s. worth of literature at these meetings.

ABERDEEN.—At Castle Street, on the 12th, the usual meeting was addressed by Rennie and Leatham. Questions at close. On Sunday, 13th, at weekly indoor meeting Grant Allen's "Individualism and Socialism" was read and discussed with ability and animation by W. Cooper, Rennie, Fowlie, McKenzie, Duncan, and Leatham.—L.

GLASGOW.—On Friday evening Glasier, Joe Burgoyne, McNaughton (S.D.F.), and Biggar (Christian Socialists) spoke at Bridgeton Cross. On Sunday evening Glasier spoke at Paisley Road Toll. At the conclusion, an individual disputed some of our comrade's statements in the form of a number of questions, but ran away without waiting a reply, amid the jeers of the crowd. No meetings will be held next week, owing to the Fair holidays.

EDINBURGH.—SCOTTISH SOCIALIST FEDERATION.—Good meetings were held on Sunday—at Leith in the afternoon, and on the Meadows in the evening. Smith, Hamilton, Bell, and Gilray were the speakers. Smith was in grand form. Literature sold well.—W. D. T.

SWEATERS!

WOMEN SLAVES IN BERMONDSEY.

THE women at Messrs. Barber and Morison's, sackmakers, Bermondsey, receive commonly 1d. per sack (out of which they buy their own twine) for making large sacks of new material. The sacking is so hard as to be frequently only comparable to a deal board, and the needles have to be forced through with the palm of the hand and by the whole force of the woman, so that, as they express it, "every bone in their body is ricked." This at the best brings them in for eleven hours work a-day 1s. (two dozen sacks being the utmost they can make), but frequently it is less. Sometimes, after a day of most arduous toil, their earnings will only amount to 9d. Men who do the same work are paid 4d. an hour, and I am told by an expert, who understands the trade as well as the work, that women can compete in this kind of work on equal terms with the men, their work being quite as good as regards quantity and quality. It is easy, therefore, to understand the desperate determination of the masters to keep these sweated women in slavery, and prevent them if possible from combining, as from no other class of workers (geese, perhaps, I should have said) do they get such veritable golden eggs. The women at this factory have also to carry the unmade sacks on their heads to the work-rooms at the top of the building, no lift being used. They have also to load the waggons with the completed work, going up ladders 16 rungs high, with bales of from 1 cwt. to 1½ cwt. on their heads. In men's places of work these ladders have always hooks at the top, and frequently spikes at the bottom to avoid any danger of slipping, but as the employes at Messrs. Barber and Morison's are only women, mostly young married women, mothers of children (some unborn), the firm does not consider it necessary to take such precautions on their behalf, and the ladders are quite unsecured. The other day a rung broke under the feet of a woman, and the ladder with two women who were on it fell to the ground, and one woman was severely cut about the head and face. This firm also does not provide any water for sanitary or drinking purposes, and when thirst or nuisance becomes quite intolerable, the women have to go round with cans begging from the neighbours.

To CONTRIBUTORS—Workmen could help us greatly by sending in accounts of capitalist tyranny and sweating in London and the provinces. We want the names of the sweaters. Those who write must send us their name and address, not necessarily for publication, but as a guarantee of good faith. We shall not fear to publish the truth.—Eds.

INTERNATIONAL NOTES.

ITALY.

The series of strikes, and the agrarian disturbances and their bloody suppression continue. Last month the women engaged in the cultivation of rice went on strike, asking a salary of 10d. (one franc) instead of the 6d. they formerly earned by 15 hours work under the burning sun, and standing up to their knees in the foul water of the rice-fields. After much wrangling the employer, Signor Massari, a landowner of great wealth, who recently bought for the sum of 100,000 francs his title of duke, made a show of yielding to his worker's demands. The women went to work, but on reaching the fields they were informed by his agent that the "duke" will not pay more than 8d. a day. The incensed workwomen immediately struck again, and went to the town in a body to lay their protest before the municipal authorities against the deceit practised upon them. But soldiers and gendarmes stood at the entrance of the Town Hall, and refused them admittance. The women wanted to enter all the same, and began to shout and struggle to open a way for themselves; several men who stood by took their part. One of the women gave a slap on the face to the head of the gendarmes, and immediately, without giving the warning prescribed by law, the soldiers opened fire. Three corpses and twenty wounded were stretched upon the ground.

At Favara (Sicily), the miners of the sulphur works are on strike. A fortnight ago they made a threatening demonstration; the troops were called forth, and a bloody encounter took place. Fifteen soldiers were wounded, and many more among the miners. But the exact number of the latter is not known, for they were carefully hidden by their companions so as not to expose them to the police.

At Savone (near Genoa), there were also bloody encounters between the troops and the people, but the government tries to hush up these unpleasant stories.

At Intra, a town which is called the Birmingham of Lombardy, the majority of workmen are on strike.

At Rome, the election for the county council has taken place. Out of 62,990 electors, only 6,451 went to the poll.

The split of the Italian Republicans is now an accomplished fact. The young, generous, and democratic section moves towards Socialism; the rest pass over to the Monarchy, or are mummified by the worship of old formulas out of which the life has long departed.

At Forli, where a congress of the Republicans of Romania was held, a strong minority voted in favour of collective property. The proposal of incorporating their desires into the programme of the Republicans being rejected by the majority, they seceded from the Republican Federation. M.

THE UNITED SOCIALIST SOCIETIES OF LONDON

will have their Annual Excursion to

EPPING FOREST

(STARLINGS' HILL, HIGH BEECH),

ON SUNDAY, JULY 20th, 1890,

in aid of the Socialist Propaganda.

Full Entertainment in the Forest. Dancing, Concert, and Games.

Return tickets from Liverpool Street Station to Loughton, 1s. Processions, with Brass Band and Banners, will start from Tottenham Street, W., at 9.0, and Berner Street, E., at 9.50 a.m.

HOW THE BAKERS ARE SWEATED.

COMRADES.—I feel it my duty as a Revolutionary Socialist to bring under the public notice the horrible conditions under which the journeyman bakers are compelled to work for a livelihood; not to live as men, but merely to exist in order to fill the pockets of the profit-mongers and legal thieves. I often hear people casting a slur on the baker's calling; they say they are aristocratic trade-unionists, who fancy themselves rather above their fellow-workers. But really they are among the most enslaved and down-trodden of the workers. What time have they to enjoy life or improve their minds? Remember that a baker has to begin his work at 11 o'clock at night, and keep on till 1 or 2 o'clock in the afternoon of the next day, and in some cases even longer; while on Friday he has to start earlier in the evening and work till 5—nay, even 8 o'clock—on Saturday night; and that is the only night he has off. I know shops not only in the East, but also in the West end, where you can see these slaves tearing away, not allowing themselves time to eat anything, in order to get out of their miserable, wretchedly-ventilated dens, where the atmosphere is most stifling and unhealthy. In some bakehouses the ceiling is so low that the men are constantly in a stooping position, and the suffering of these men is most horrible, and a disgrace to our sham society.

If you want to find out the truth about the baker's lot, go in their clubs or trades-union societies, also to their homes, and what will you see? Men coming in, not walking upright, but staggering in, to drop themselves down into the first chair, too tired even to smoke their pipes. They drop off to sleep with an empty stomach, worn out with the day's slavery. This is at home, where the wife and children look forward for the bread-winner's return, but the husband no sooner comes than he drops down exhausted, not caring for anything else but rest. Rest! is the cry of these wealth-producers. Some will say, But there is Sunday. But they have no rest even on Sunday. When 9 or 10 o'clock in the morning comes round, you will see the baker at work getting ready for the dinners to be brought in, and they are there at work till 2 o'clock; then they go home, just having time for a bit of dinner. Tea-time comes round, and he is just able to have his tea; then 7 o'clock strikes for him to go to set the sponge, and that takes another hour of his Sunday's leisure. Then this poor wretch is at liberty till 11 o'clock, when he is on duty again till next day. What a grand thing it is to be a baker's wife! There are some employers who do not work their men quite so hard and where they are better treated, I admit, but they are very few.

Now, that is the life of a baker's slave under the present civilised society. Just fancy that while others have their night's rest after their work is done, these poor wretches have to turn out in the night air, in all kinds of weather. Instead of sleeping peacefully, they have to tramp along toward their dens, where they are compelled by this most rotten society to gain bread, not only for themselves, but for the idlers, who have all the comforts of life, which they steal from these poor slaves. The master is able to enjoy a nice slumber at night, and so feels refreshed in the morning, and is able to bully about his worn-out employes and also to look after the profits which these men have produced while he was sleeping. These lazy profit-mongers, who never do a stroke of real work, and who thieve legally and respectably, are not satisfied by stealing from the men the results of their labour, but they must try to grind the men down lower and lower. Wages vary in the baking trade from 25s. to 30s. for the foremen; for second hands, 18s. to 24s.; and third hands, 16s. to 20s. These infamous sweaters, the masters, are constantly crying out that trade is bad, and not satisfied with their plunder, they have in most cases the meanness to lay hold of the men's privileges.

The yeast merchants allow a foreman on every pound of yeast 2d.; some only allow 1d. It does not amount to much in the week, but still these mean misers stick to the money, and many dresses and jewellery are bought out of this, and with which they adorn their wives and daughters. The same is done with the sack money. The poor wretches in the bakehouses have to stand to dust the sacks out, and are smothered in flour while the perspiration is pouring down them, and it often requires a vigorous scrubbing with soap and water to get them free from the dirt and dust again! Yet these thieves, who sit behind the counter blowing and puffing with fatness, steal all these little additions to the men's wages.

The workmen's wives and children are even deprived of the comfort they ought to have. The wife does not know what it is to go out with her husband to have a little recreation; the children are frightened to move about at home, so as not to disturb the breadwinner's sleep during the few hours he has for this purpose. Can we wonder that the spirit of the bakers is broken, and their intelligence somewhat dulled by the constant drag upon them?

Not long ago, when a strike was threatened by the men, there seemed to be some chance of the men improving their position, but owing to the mis-management of the union officials, matters are now sinking into their old condition. I want to ask these gentlemen what has become of the ten hours? Are not the firms already stealing from the men the few advantages they have gained? Take the firm of Hill and Son, for instance, soon after the "strike." These people refused to pay overtime, and the result was that the men had to accept the terms or leave, and are now working under the same conditions as before. The men at most of the other shops have now sunk into their old misery. This result, I am sorry to relate, has demoralised and dispirited them, which must show them clearly that something more must be done than to strike for a mere few shillings or shorter hours. The capitalist must no longer be allowed to fleece the worker, and the whole capitalist system must be overthrown.

Now, comrades, let us be determined to help these wretched men. It is our duty to show them the right path. Let us not lose a single opportunity. Think of these men when you sit down to your meals and see the bread upon the table. Think under what shameful conditions it has been manufactured. Let this memory urge us onward in our work, and let us tell them that a General Strike for the overthrow of Capitalism is the only way to save them from their misery and despair. JOHANNA LAHR.

The Police.

The police agitation has also broken down completely. In addition to the forty air ady dismissed from the E, twelve have been dismissed from the Y division for refusing to turn out on Monday night. Sir Edward Bradford reigns supreme, and is talking of breaking up the Bow Street division and distributing the men all over the metropolis. The tyrant, however, had better be careful; the spirit of revolt is not dead yet, though it may be sleeping.—For particulars of "Police Brutality" at Bow Street and surrounding neighbourhood, see page 230.



OFFICES: 24 GREAT QUEEN STREET, LONDON, W.C.

HAVE YOU NOT HEARD HOW IT HAS GONE WITH MANY A CAUSE BEFORE NOW: FIRST, FEW MEN HEED IT; NEXT, MOST MEN CONTEMN IT; LASTLY, ALL MEN ACCEPT IT—AND THE CAUSE IS WON

The COMMONWEAL is the official organ of the Socialist League; but, unless definitely so announced by the Editors, no article is to be taken as expressing in more than a general way the views of the League as a body. In accordance with the Manifesto and Statement of Principles of the League, the COMMONWEAL is an exponent of International Revolutionary Socialism. On minor differences of opinion the widest freedom of discussion is maintained. As all articles are signed, no special significance attaches to their position in the paper.

Articles and letters dealing with any phase of the social problem are invited and will meet with earnest consideration. They must be written on one side of the paper only, and accompanied by the name and address of the writer, not necessarily for publication. MSS. can only be returned if a stamped directed envelope accompanies them.

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TO CORRESPONDENTS.

CORRESPONDENTS who order literature should prepay postage, or state if they wish their parcels to be sent per rail or carrier, "carriage forward."

J. W.—The name of the author should have been A. Yewen.

A. J. W.—63 Aldersgate Street, E.C., is the address of the Clerks' Union.

CROWDED OUT.—"Socialism in Hull and Dundee"—"Street Pavicours"—"Dustmen." Will all go in next week.

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Periodicals received during the week ending Wednesday July 16.

ENGLAND Belfast Weekly Star Coming Times Justice Labour Tribune Norwich—Daylight People's Press Personal Rights Journal Railway Review Sozial Demokrat Seafaring Seed Time The Whirlwind Worker's Friend	Los Angeles—Cal. Nationalist Philadel.—Knights of Labour Paterson Labour Standard Pittsburg—Arbeiter-Zeitung S.F. Coast Seamen's Journal Pacific Union	SPAIN Madrid—El Socialista
INDIA Bankipore—Behar Herald	FRANCE Paris—Bourse du Travail Le Parti ouvrier Le Proletariat La Societe Nouvelle Charleville—L'Emancipation Lille—Le Cri du Travailleur	PORTUGAL Lisbon—O Protesto Operario
UNITED STATES New York—Der Sozialist United Irishman Volkszeitung Twentieth Century Bakers' Journal Boston—Woman's Journal Boston—Liberty Investigator Buffalo—Arbeiter-Zeitung Detroit—Der Arme Teufel	HOLLAND Hague—Recht voor Allen Anarchist Middelburg, Licht en Waarheid	GERMANY Der Freiheit Berlin—Volks Tribune
	BELGIUM Antwerp—De Werker Ghent—Vooruit Brussels—La Question Sociale	AUSTRIA Vienna—Arbeiter-Zeitung Trieste—Confeder. Operaia Brunn—Arbeiterstimme
	SWITZERLAND Arbeiterstimme	HUNGARY Arbeiter-Wochen-Chronik
	ITALY Rome—L'Emancipazione Milan—Il Fascio Operaio Milan—Cuore e Critica	DENMARK Social-Demokraten Copenhagen—Arbejderen
		SWEDEN Proletaren Stockholm, Social-Demokraten Malmo—Arbetet
		WEST INDIES Cuba—El Productor CAPE COLONY Cape Times Cape Town—Argus
		ARGENTINE REPUBLIC El Perseguido

NOTES ON NEWS.

THE total failure of the postmen's strike is in every way disheartening. The men, who a week ago were full of enthusiasm for their union, are to-day utterly broken down. What is the reason for this? Was the fault theirs, or had they to fight against discouraging circumstances. This was clearly not so, for they showed plenty of pluck at the beginning of the week, and the people were with them,

as was proved by the enthusiasm of the burly butchers of Smithfield, who cheered them heartily on their march to the General Post-office.

Where was the fault then? We are sorry to have to reply in their "leaders," who knew not how to lead, and who had about as poor a notion of managing a strike as a baby in a cradle. It was prophesied by those who knew these gentlemen, when they so kindly took up the cause of the postmen, that they would make a mess of the whole business, and they have amply fulfilled that prophecy.

A few years ago we of the Socialist League were blest by the company of some of these gentlemen in our organisation, and they were always found wanting in times of emergency. The secretary, J. L. Mahon, who has now made himself so ridiculous by his capacity for being "round the corner" or in bed, when there was the greatest need for his services, is a notorious example of instability and vacillation.

It is within our knowledge that he has changed his opinions at least six times within the last five years, during which time he has been everything by turns and nothing long. A Social Democrat, Revolutionary Socialist, Anarchist, then a Parliamentary Revolutionary Socialist, whatever that may mean, then Social Democrat again, and last of all a mild social reformer and secretary of the postmen's union. He will probably end his political career as a Conservative "working-man," and this won't take him long, for, judging by present events, he will soon lose his post as secretary of the union. We can only recommend the men, when they have got rid of Mr. Mahon, to choose a secretary among the discharged men, and to be sure that he is honest, firm, and resolute.

Mr. Stanley is married. Let us hope we have heard the last of him for some little time. We present our respectful sympathy to the bride, for we are sure that a man who has spent his life in murdering hapless savages is not the sort of person with whom she is likely to be happy.

By the way, Reynolds published a portrait of the great explorer on this happy occasion, which, if it resembles him, is the most damning evidence against him. A man with a countenance like that which appeared in our contemporary, would not be content with killing natives but would eat them as well. All we can say is that if any one was brought before a country magistrate, and charged with highway robbery with violence with a face like the portrait in Reynolds, the magistrate would not require any other evidence, but would give him six months on the strength of his countenance.

Mr. Parke has been released. The Government did not want another Mandeville case, so he was treated kindly in jail and was let loose directly it was clear that his health was failing. Mr. Parke has done good revolutionary work—though it may be unwittingly—by exposing the Cleveland Street Scandals. He has dared to speak plainly and boldly concerning these hideous crimes, and for his honesty he had received twelve month's hard labour. Now Tay Pay has cleared out from the Star, we hope Mr. Parke will do the same admirable work upon that paper as he did in the past. Although we differ in opinion from him, we can always recognise honesty and courage even in those who are most opposed to us. D. N.

It appears from Woman, a journal for feminine Tories, that the wives of married constables were brought around the police stations to influence their husbands not to strike, and that the very much married Roberts, so courageous in assailing juveniles and aged people, quailed before their better halves, and "scabbed." "The fiery bachelors gave the most trouble." Just so. We were not concerned for the success of the bludgeoners' strike, such as it was; but the facts so exultingly drawn attention to in Woman are worth noting.

Every upward movement on the part of working men has found its bitterest opponents amongst the wives and female relatives of the men. If in other circles there be marriages of convenience, there are thousands of working-class households wherein the wife only views the male bread-winner in the same light that the boss of the factory does—viz., to get what is possible out of him; and if he rebels against the outside slavery, the wife is too frequently found to be a powerful ally of the boss in coercing him back to toil.

The capitalists are perfectly well aware of this preservative force, and use it unscrupulously in every struggle with their workmen. Hence during the Dock Strike the Fleet Street limners depicted the docker's wife pleading with the docker to resume work. All the enginery of the mission-hall, the muffin struggles, and tea fights, the sewing classes and mothers' meetings (good Lord, deliver us!), are means to the end that the men may be reached by these neuter agencies, and put up with that state of life which it pleases the capitalist to create for him.

We must face this kind of opposition, and not only must it be overcome, but be changed into helpful comradeship. There is, unfortunately a large number of very advanced men who are responsible for the conservatism of women, for they refuse either to recognise or treat them in thought or action as equals. The contending political factions play battledore with the catch-cries of Women's Rights, meaning

thereby only partial political enfranchisement as a part of conservative and reactionary tactics. Socially and economically speaking, the Women's Rights agitators of the Mrs. Lynn Linton stamp would "free" (*sic*!) woman by forcing her into competition with man. Such seek to intensify the economical struggle by bitter sex strife.

The non-political Socialist, and especially our women comrades, have a large field of work in counteracting the reactionary influence which makes the large mass of women—especially working women—a dead weight of opposition and hindrance to progress. Let them penetrate into the tenements with literature and argument, and show the women that the gospel-monger and his ilk are not the only ones who make women and their work their concern. By preaching the mundane gospel of making this world a brighter and happier one, causing them to look with horror and detestation upon the grimy, sordid existence they lead to-day, filled as it is with woes and petty cares, we shall lead them to higher conceptions of life, and obtain their assistance as comrades and equals for their realisation.

F. K.

NEWS FROM NOWHERE:

OR,

AN EPOCH OF REST.

BEING SOME CHAPTERS FROM A UTOPIAN ROMANCE.

CHAP. XXII (*continued*).—HAMPTON COURT. AND A PRAISER OF PAST TIMES.

WE went up a paved path between the roses, and straight into a very pretty room, panelled and carved, and as clean as a new pin; but the chief ornament of which was a young girl, light-haired and grey-eyed, but with her face and hands and bare feet tanned quite brown with the sun. Though she was very lightly clad, that was clearly from choice, not from poverty, though these were the first cottage-dwellers I had come across; for her gown was of silk, and on her wrists were bracelets that seemed to me of great value. She was lying on a sheepskin near the window, but jumped up as soon as we entered, and when she saw the guests behind the old man, she clapped her hands and cried out with pleasure, and when she got us into the middle of the room, fairly danced round us in delight of our company.

"What!" said the old man, "you are pleased, are you, Ellen?"

The girl danced up to him and threw her arms round him, and said: "Yes, I am, and so ought you to be grandfather."

"Well, well, I am," said he, "as much as I can be pleased. Guests, please be seated."

This seemed rather strange to us; stranger, I suspect, to my friends than to me; but Dick took the opportunity of both the host and his grand-daughter being out of the room to say to me, softly: "A grumbler: there are a few of them still. Once upon a time, I am told, they were quite a nuisance."

The old man came in as he spoke and sat down beside us with a sigh, which, indeed, seemed fetched up as if he wanted us to take notice of it; but just then the girl came in with the victuals, and the carle missed his mark, what between our hunger generally and that I was pretty busy watching the grand-daughter moving about as beautiful as a picture.

Everything to eat and drink, though it was somewhat different to what we had had in London, was better than good, but the old man eyed rather sulkily the chief dish on the table, on which lay a leash of fine perch, and said:

"H'm, perch! I am sorry we can't do better for you, guests. The time was when we might have had a good piece of salmon up from London for you; but the times have grown mean and petty."

"Yes, but you might have had it now," said the girl, giggling, "if you had known that they were coming."

"It's our fault for not bringing it with us, neighbours," said Dick, good-humouredly. "But if the times have grown petty, at any rate the perch haven't; that fellow in the middle there must have weighed a good two pounds when he was showing his dark stripes and red fins to the minnows yonder. And as to the salmon, why, neighbour, my friend here, who comes from the outlands, was quite surprised yesterday morning when I told him we had plenty of salmon at Hammer-smith. I am sure I have heard nothing of the times worsening."

He looked a little uncomfortable. And the old man, turning to me, said very courteously:

"Well, sir, I am happy to see a man from over the water; but I really must appeal to you to say whether on the whole you are not better off in your country; where I suppose, from what our guest says, you are brisker and more alive, because you have not wholly got rid of competition. You see, I have read not a few books of the past days, and certainly *they* are much more alive than those which are written now; and good sound unlimited competition was the condition under which they were written,—if we didn't know that from the record of history we should know it from the books themselves. There is a spirit of adventure in them, and signs of a capacity to extract good out of evil which our literature quite lacks now; and I cannot help thinking that our moralists and historians exaggerate hugely the unhappiness of the past days, in which such splendid works of imagination and intellect were produced."

Clara listened to him with restless eyes, as if she were excited and pleased; Dick knitted his brow and looked still more uncomfortable, but said nothing. Indeed, the old man gradually, as he warmed to

his subject, dropped his sneering manner, and both spoke and looked very seriously. But the girl broke out before I could deliver myself of the answer I was framing:

"Books, books! always books, grandfather! When will you understand that after all it is the world we live in which interests us; the world of which we are a part, and which we can never love too much? Look!" she said, throwing open the casement wider and showing us the white light sparkling between the black shadows of the moonlit garden, through which ran a little shiver of the summer night-wind, "look! these are our books in these days!—and these," she said, stepping lightly up to the two lovers and laying a hand on each of their shoulders; "and the guest there, with his oversea knowledge and experience;—yes, and even you, grandfather" (a smile ran over her face as she spoke), "with all your grumbling and wishing yourself back again in the good old days,—in which, as far as I can make out, a harmless and lazy old man like you would either have pretty nearly starved, or have had to pay soldiers and people to take the folk's victuals and clothes and houses away from them by force. Yes, these are our books; and if we want more, can we not find work to do in the beautiful buildings that we raise up all over the country (and I know there was nothing like them in past times), wherein a man can put forth whatever is in him, and make his hands set forth his mind and his soul."

She paused a little, and I for my part could not help staring at her, and thinking that if she were a book, the pictures in it were most lovely. The colour mantled in her delicate sunburnt cheeks; her grey eyes, light amidst the tan of her face, looked kindly on us all as she spoke. She paused, and said again:

"As for your books, I say flatly that in spite of all their cleverness and vigour, and capacity for story-telling, there is something loathsome about them. Some of them, indeed, do here and there show some feeling for those whom the history-books call 'poor,' and of the misery of whose lives we have some inkling; but presently they give it up, and towards the end of the story we must be contented to see the hero and heroine living happily in an island of bliss on other people's troubles; and that after a long series of sham troubles (or mostly sham) of their own making, illustrated by dreary introspective nonsense about their feelings and aspirations, and all the rest of it; while the world must even then have gone on its way, and dug and sewed and baked and built and carpentered round about these useless—animals."

"There!" said the old man, reverting to his dry sulky manner again.

"There's eloquence! I suppose you like it?"

"Yes," said I, very emphatically.

"Well," said he, "now the storm of eloquence has lulled for a little, suppose you answer my question?—that is, if you like, you know," quoth he, with a sudden access of courtesy.

"What question?" said I. For I must confess that Ellen's strange and almost wild beauty had put it out of my head.

Said he: "First of all (excuse my catechising), is there competition in life, after the old kind, in the country whence you come?"

"Yes," said I, "it is the rule there." And I wondered as I spoke what fresh complications I should get into as a result of this answer.

"Question two," said the carle: "Are you not on the whole much freer, more energetic—in a word, healthier and happier—for it?"

I smiled. "You wouldn't talk so if you had any idea of our life. To me you seem here as if you were living in heaven compared with us of the country from which I came."

"Heaven?" said he: "you like heaven, do you?"

"Yes," said I—snappishly, I am afraid; for I was beginning rather to resent his formula.

"Well, I am far from sure that I do," quoth he. "I think one may do more with one's life than sitting on a damp cloud and singing hymns."

I was rather nettled by this inconsequence, and said: "Well, neighbour, to be short, and without using metaphors, in the land whence I come, where the competition which produced those literary works which you admire so much is still the rule, most people are thoroughly unhappy; here, to me at least, most people seem thoroughly happy."

"No offence, guest—no offence," said he; but let me ask you; you like that, do you?"

His formula, put with such obstinate persistence, made us all laugh heartily; and even the old man joined in the laughter on the sly. However, he was by no means beaten, and said presently:

"From all I can hear, I should judge that a young woman so beautiful as my dear Ellen yonder would have been a lady, as they called it in the old time, and wouldn't have had to wear a few rags of silk as she does now, or to have browned herself in the sun as she has to do now. What do you say to that, eh?"

Here Clara, who had been pretty much silent hitherto, struck in, and said: "Well, really, I don't think that would have mended matters; or that they want mending. Don't you see that she is dressed deliciously for this beautiful weather? And as for the sun-burning of your hayfields, why, I hope to pick up some of that for myself when we get a little higher up the river. Look if I don't need a little sun on my pasty white skin!"

And she stripped up the sleeve from her arm and laid it beside Ellen's, who was now sitting next her. To say the truth, it was rather amusing to me to see Clara putting herself forward as a town-bred fine lady, for she was as well-knit and clean-skinned a girl as might be met with anywhere at the best. Dick stroked the beautiful arm rather shyly, and pulled down the sleeve again, while she blushed at his touch; and the old man said laughingly: "Well, I suppose you *do* like that, don't you?"

Ellen kissed her new friend, and we all sat silent for a little, till she broke out into a sweet shrill song, and held us all entranced with the wonder of her clear voice; and the old grumbler sat looking at her lovingly. The other young people sang also in due time; and then Ellen showed us to our beds in small cottage chambers, fragrant and clean as the ideal of the old pastoral poets; and the pleasure of the evening quite extinguished my fear of the last night that I should wake up in the old miserable world of worn-out pleasures, and hopes that were half fears.

WILLIAM MORRIS.

TO BE CONTINUED.]

(This Story began in No. 209, January 11, 1890. A few sets of Back Numbers can still be had.)

THE LABOUR REVOLT.

The Postmen's Strike.

This strike has failed, mainly through the cowardice and weakness of the leaders. It will be remembered that on Monday, July 7, a meeting was held at Holborn Town Hall, to consider what action should be taken on account of the continued suspensions of men for attending the union meetings by the Postmaster-General. Through the advice of the union officials, the men decided to accept the mediation of the London Trades Council, and postponed the strike for twelve days. But the men insisted that if there was any attempt to bring blackleg labour into any post-office, all unionists should strike at once.

On Tuesday morning the men at the General Post-Office discovered, shortly after they had started work, that there were thirty blacklegs in the place. They insisted on these being removed, and as it was evident there would be a strike in the event of a refusal, the officials were obliged to submit, and they were ordered out.

On Wednesday the blacklegs employed at the Parcels-Post Office at Mount Pleasant had to run for their lives before a furious crowd of men. Alarmed at the discontent, and the possibility of a strike, Raikes endeavoured to get the postmen to sign a paper promising that they would not strike during the crisis. This the men refused to do, according to the instructions of the union.

Then on Thursday Mr. Raikes determined on vengeance, and a hundred men were dismissed at Mount Pleasant for ill-treating the blacklegs. This was followed by suspensions and dismissals at other offices. Then the union officials gave the word to strike, and the men turned out at several offices. At Finsbury Park they shut themselves in the office and refused to budge an inch. A number of tradesmen applied for their letters, when the postmen rushed at the bags and dragged them out of their hands, crying, "No letters here unless from postmen." The men were then set upon by our gallant police and dragged from the office with brutal violence. At Leicester Square thirty-five marched out of the office, amid a scene of popular excitement. Everywhere the cowardly police, who had not sufficient pluck to strike to remedy their own grievances, did their utmost to crush the postmen. These slavish bullies seemed to take a delight in the work. Never mind; Sir Edward Bradford will avenge the postmen, as the cowardly crew are already finding out.

But although the men turned out very well at many of the district offices—particularly North Islington, where, according even to official report, 108 left their work—yet at St. Martin le Grand they did not turn out. Here the men had lost confidence through the vacillating conduct of their leaders, and moreover had been deceived by a traitor on the executive of the union, who had informed them that the secretary had ordered them not to come out. Meanwhile Mr. Mahon had mysteriously disappeared, and they could get no word from him. So they remained at work all day Thursday. On Thursday night a meeting was held at Clerkenwell Green, at which the secretary announced "that they had got practically the whole of the London men out on strike," and that all was going well. The events of the next day proved that this was an empty boast. On Friday morning only some eighty or ninety men assembled on Clerkenwell Green by half-past four. There they spent some time waiting for their invaluable secretary, who did not turn up; so they determined to march on without him. He arrived, however, soon after, and caught them up; but before they had arrived at the Post Office, he had vanished again, this time into a hansom cab, which drove off, leaving the men to march along without their "leader." When they reached the Post Office, they were met by Superintendent Foster, a kind old man, despite his position, who asked them "where their leader was"—a question which they could not answer. After they had marched up and down two or three times, the superintendent informed them that he could not allow them to continue to do so, but they must break up and leave the road clear. This they did, and established pickets; but deserted by their "leaders," they had lost all hope, and the strike had evidently gone to pieces.

On Saturday it was evidently all over. A petition was received from 83 of the 94 men who struck in the Eastern district, begging in the most humble tones that the Postmaster-General would be pleased to reinstate them. This humiliating appeal only showed how thoroughly the men were broken down.

But though these postmen may lick the dust beneath Mr. Raikes's feet, it will avail them but little. That gentleman was very amiable to a deputation of postmen that waited upon him on Friday, when there was still a chance that they might strike, yet he shows a very different temper now. On Saturday, when the possibility of a strike had vanished, eight more men were dismissed; therefore it is not likely he will listen to their petition, so they might have saved themselves the humiliation.

The Guards.

The Guards' grievances are being "enquired into," and meanwhile the excessive duty of which the men complained has been reduced. It looks as if they were afraid to punish the men for "mutiny." No wonder, when the whole army is smouldering with discontent, only waiting a breath to blow it into a flame.

Corruption in Parliament.

Many workmen must have often wondered why it so often happens that a man who is honest and upright while working in the popular cause outside

the House of Commons, immediately becomes tainted and corrupt soon after he gets within the walls of that edifice. The following quotation from a speech of Mr. Cremer on the Directors' Liability Bill, given in the *Railway Review*, will perhaps supply an answer to this question:

"If not the poorest member of the House, there were few poorer than he (Mr. Cremer), and there had been no want of temptation put in his way. A few months ago he was asked to become a director of a scheme which it was said had received the sanction of the hon. member for Kirkcaldy (Sir G. Campbell), but knowing the hon. member to be a cautious man, and to belong to a cautious nation, he made enquiry, and found the hon. member had nothing whatever to do with the scheme, and had never lent his name. The remuneration offered to him was £200 a-year. This was the kind of temptation placed in the way of poor members."

This will not only explain why men who were once sincere get corrupted, but will also explain why certain impudent adventurers, who are sincere alone in their self-conceit, are so eager to enter these charmed portals. They ought by rights to bear labels on their breasts, on which, in huge black letters might be inscribed, "This lot can be bought cheap." Certainly no sane man would expect anything but cowardice, treachery, and corruption from these people. They start as "Labour" candidates on money from suspicious sources, and they end by selling themselves and their dupes to the highest bidder. There is a chance that people may be deceived by these humbugs, and they had better keep a wary eye on some of these "Labour" candidates, of whom we are threatened with a perfect swarm at the next election. One consolation is that these swindlers will soon disgust people with "parliamentary action," and will teach them its uselessness. The people then will see that the destruction of the present system by their own action is the only way to salvation. N.

POLICE BRUTALITY.

WE have received several letters concerning the police brutality on Tuesday, July 8th, at Bow Street, and surrounding neighbourhood, of which we think our readers should be informed. The crowd appeared to us to be very peaceable and quiet, and of course the police bullies seized the opportunity of displaying their valour. The big brutes of the G division were specially noted for their ruffianism, and how shamefully they behaved our readers will see from the following:

On Tuesday night, after leaving the soiree of that glorious institution the International Arbitration and Peace Association at Essex Hall, I came upon a very different scene on my way homewards, which lay through Bow Street. I was accompanied by two ladies, one of whom was most eager to see what was going on. On reaching the foot of Bow Street, about 9.30, we found the street blocked by a crowd of policemen, so we remained in Catherine Street, just facing Drury Lane Theatre. The crowd, so far, was not excessively large, and very orderly, moving up and down the street without inconvenience; but there was an air of expectancy about the people, which showed that something was expected. We had not long to wait before the cry was raised, "Here they come!" and the mounted police turned the corner and came down the street at a trot, driving the people before them, accompanied by a number of policemen, who attempted to drive everyone off the sidewalk. There was a rush now for the public-houses and the doorways, and the orderly street instantly became a scene of confusion. One of my companions was hurried into a bar, and the door locked, but the other bravely remained with me in a doorway. The police now tried to make us leave our position by bullying, but as we refused to stir, they passed on. Two or three times this performance was gone through, the crowd each time becoming more irritated and indignant, hooting them on their way down, and accompanying their return with volleys of stones from the dark side streets. On one of their return journeys a more serious outbreak seemed on the point of happening. A woman rushed from the crowd in pursuit of the retreating squad, and tried to pull the hindmost from his horse. He brutally raised his staff to strike her down, when the crowd, with a great shout, surged up and swept her out of the way.

Another incident showed that the art of the barricade is not unknown here, though at present in a very elementary stage. Just before the mounted police were expected down again, a number of men hurried up with a coster's handbarrow, which they overturned right in front of us, and placed broadside across the road; they then retired to await the result. Unfortunately for the success of their scheme, they had placed it in the light from a bar, and just as the horses began to trot down the street, and we were breathlessly awaiting the crash, about a dozen officious bobbies rushed down and carried it off—just in time.

It was now nearly half-past ten, so we made for home, having to make a large detour to reach Tottenham Court Road.

The following glaring instance of police brutality seems to show that by Tuesday night they were so thoroughly cowed by the merciless action of their superiors, that they were ready to do any dastardly act to show their zeal. Between 11 and 12 o'clock on that night I saw a respectable-looking young man standing at the corner of Great Queen Street and Drury Lane. A guardian of the law approached him, and he was told to move on. As he moved away another guardian came forward, and twisting his leg in the young man's threw him violently down on his face. The few people who were about rushed up to try and save him, when several more guardians of the peace ran up and pushed the people back, while four of them gave him what is called the "Frog's March," that is, each policeman took him by a limb and carried him face downwards. The victim, of course, was helpless, and very soon black in the face. The subsequent fate of this young man deponent knoweth not.

The press were very careful to state on the Wednesday that the preceding night's riot in Bow Street and neighbourhood was not marked by violence on the part of the police. As a matter of fact some desperate charges were made by foot and horse police. Amongst the crowd opposite the Novelty Theatre, a foot passenger was knocked down and brutally batoned until insensible. In Drury Lane and Great Wild Street, the police broke into the houses and assaulted the inmates. In the first-named thoroughfare the mounted men rode on the pavements and roadway, and here one man in the crowd was ridden down and had to be conveyed to the hospital.

TO A FOIL'D EUROPEAN REVOLUTIONAIRE.

COURAGE yet, my brother or my sister!
Keep on—Liberty is to be subvert'd whatever occurs;
That is nothing that is quell'd by one or two failures, or any
number of failures,
Or by the indifference or ingratitude of the people, or by any
unfaithfulness,
Or the show of the tushes of power, soldiers, cannon, penal
statutes.

What we believe in waits latent forever through all the con-
tinent,
Invites no one, promises nothing, sits in calmness and light, is
positive and composed, knows no discouragement,
Waiting patiently, waiting its time.

(Not songs of loyalty alone are these,
But songs of insurrection also,
For I am the sworn poet of every dauntless rebel the world
over,
And he going with me leaves peace and routine behind him,
And stakes his life to be lost at any moment.)

The battle rages with many a loud alarm and frequent advance
and retreat,
The infidel triumphs, or supposes he triumphs,
The prison, scaffold, garrote, handcuffs, iron necklace, and lead-
balls do their work,
The named and unnamed heroes pass to other spheres,
The great speakers and writers are exiled, they lie sick in
distant lands,
The Cause is asleep, the strongest throats are choked with their
own blood,
The young men droop their eyelashes toward the ground when
they meet;
But for all this Liberty has not gone out of the place nor the
infidel enter'd into full possession.

When liberty goes out of a place it is not the first to go, nor the
second or third to go;
It waits for all the rest to go, it is the last.

When there are no more memories of heroes and martyrs,
And when all life and all the souls of men and women are
discharged from any part of the earth,
Then only shall liberty or the idea of liberty be discharged
from that part of the earth,
And the infidel come into full possession.

Then courage, European revolter, revoltress!
For till all ceases neither must you cease.

I do not know what you are for (I do not know what I am for
myself, nor what any thing is for),
But I will search carefully for it even in being foil'd,
In defeat, poverty, misconception, imprisonment—for they too
are great.

Did we think victory great?
So it is—but now it seems to me, when it cannot be help'd,
that defeat is great,
And that death and dismay are great.

WALT WHITMAN.

THE SOCIALIST LEAGUE.

OFFICES: 24, GREAT QUEEN ST., LINCOLN'S INN FIELDS, W.C.

The Offices of the Socialist League will be open for the sale of *Commonweal*
and all other Socialist publications from 8.30 a.m. to 9 p.m. every day except
Sunday. The Secretary will be in attendance from 10 a.m. to 9 p.m. daily.

Notice.—The Branches and Allied Societies willing to share in the convoca-
tion of the Conference of August 3rd, are requested to answer the convening
circulars at once.

Branch Subscriptions Paid.—1890:—Leicester and North Kensington,
to end of April. Glasgow, Oxford, Hammersmith, North London, East
London, 'Commonweal' Branch, Manchester, and Norwich, to end of
May. Streatham, to end of December.

(Branch Secretaries will please send with remittances for Capitations the number
of their membership.)

NEW PREMISES FUND.

Collected at Council meet-	£ s. d.	Collected at Council meet-	£ s. d.
ing, July 7th	0 5 7	ing, July 14th	0 5 6
Medical Student	0 5 0		

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	£ s. d.		£ s. d.
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D. Nicoll (2 weeks)	0 1 0	Mrs. S. (Chelsea)	0 10 0
'Commonweal' Branch	1 0 0	Medical Student	0 5 0
H. R. C. N. (2nd donation)	0 2 0	E. C. (Glasgow)	0 2 2
P. Webb (3 weeks)	0 3 0		
B. W. (2 weeks)	0 1 0	Total	3 8 8

REPORTS.

EAST LONDON.—Good meeting at Hoxton Church on Sunday morning, ad-
dressed by Moore and Davis; a large number of 'Anarchist Labour Leaf' dis-
tributed, and 1s. 1½d. collected for same. At Victoria Park on Sunday after-
noon, a large audience was addressed by Mrs. Lahr, Davis, Burnie, and Hicks.
The Social Democrats distributed a number of bills at our meeting, announcing
their so-called "Labour candidates" for the House of Imbeciles at Westminster.
Davis strongly criticised their policy. Burnie made his maiden speech (for this
Park), and gave material support to Anarchism; *Commonweal* and *Freedom* sold
well, and large number of 'Labour Leaf' distributed; collection 1s. 9½d.—H. D.
(For other Reports, see page 226.)

LECTURE DIARY.

LONDON.

Battersea.—All communications to E. Buteux, 45, Inwith Street, Battersea
Park Road.
Commonweal Branch.—24 Great Queen Street, Holborn, W.C. Tuesdays, Sing-
ing Practice. Thursdays, Business meeting. Saturdays, Social Gathering.
East London.—95 Boston Street, Hackney Road. Members' Meeting, Saturday
July 19th, at 8 p.m. Members of St. George's-in-the-East Branch are asked
to turn up. Important business.
Hammersmith.—Kelmescott House, Upper Mall, W. Sunday July 20, at 8 p.m.,
a Lecture. French Class conducted by Mdlle. Desroches on Friday evenings
at 7.30.
Mitcham.—"Lord Napier," Fair Green. Meets every Sunday at 12.30, to enroll
members, etc.
North Kensington.—Clarendon Coffee Palace, Clarendon Road. Meets every
Wednesday at 8 p.m. The branch Band meets every Friday at 8 p.m. for
practice. Comrades wishing to join to give in their names to the Instructor
at the above address.
North London.—6 Windmill Street, Tottenham Court Road. Meets every
Wednesday evening at 8 o'clock.
Streatham.—Address secretary, R. Smith, 1 Natal Road, Streatham.
Whitechapel and St. Georges-in-the-East.—Branch meetings at International Club,
40 Berner Street, Commercial Road. J. Turner, organising secretary.

PROVINCES.

Aberdeen.—Organiser, J. Leatham, 7 Jamaica Street. Branch meets in Hall,
9 Harriet Street, on Sunday evenings at 6.30. Singing practice, etc., in Odd-
fellows' Small Hall, Crooked Lane, Mondays at 8 p.m.
Braintree.—Meetings held alternate Saturdays, at 8 p.m., and Sundays, 11 and
2.30, at the fountain, Market Place. Business meetings, Wednesdays at 8.
All communications to W. Fuller, 74 Manor Street. Miss Lupton, from
London, will speak on July 27th.
Glasgow.—Members are invited to meet on Thursday and Sunday evenings, at
8 o'clock, in the Secretary's house, 250 Crown Street, S.S. All communi-
cations to be sent to that address.
Halifax.—Socialists meet every Sunday at 6.30 p.m. at Helliwell's Temperance
Hotel, Northgate.
Leeds.—International Educational Club. Open every evening. Discussion class
every Friday at 8; lectures every Saturday at 4. All kinds of Socialist
literature on tables and for sale.
Leicester.—Exchange Buildings, Rutland Street. Branch meets on Monday,
Thursday, and Saturday at 8 p.m.
Manchester.—Socialist League Club, 60 Grovesnor Street, All Saints. Open every
evening. Branch weekly meeting on Tuesdays at 8.
Norwich.—Members' meeting held every Tuesday at 8.30
Oxford.—Temperance Hall, 25½ Pembroke Street. First Friday in every month,
at 8.30 p.m.
Sheffield.—Socialist Club, 63 Blonk Street. French Class, Tuesday at 8.30. Dis-
cussion Class, Wednesday at 8.30. Open-air meetings are held as follows:—
Sunday: Monolith, Fargate, at 11.30; Newhall Road, Attercliffe, at 11.30;
Pump, Westbar, at 8; Heeley, Maresbrook Park, at 7.30; Monolith, Fargate,
at 6.30; Rotherham, College Yard, at 3.15. Wednesday: Nursery
Street, Wicker, at 8. Thursday: Bramall Lane, at 8; Eckington, at 6.30.
Friday: Duke Street, Park, at 8. Saturday: Woodhouse, at 7.
Walsall.—Socialist Club, 18 Goodall Street, Walsall. Meetings every night.
Yarmouth.—Socialist League Club, 56 Row, Market Place. Open every evening
Business Meeting Tuesdays at 8 p.m. Elocution Class Friday at 8.30 p.m.
Discussion Class Sunday 3 p.m.

OPEN-AIR PROPAGANDA.

SATURDAY 19.

7.30..... Prince of Wales RoadNicoll and Cantwell

SUNDAY 20.

11 Commercial Road—Union StreetThe Branch
11 Latimer Road StationNorth Kensington Branch
11.30..... Hammersmith BridgeHammersmith Branch
11.30..... Hoxton ChurchThe Branch
11.30..... Kilburn—"Old Plough," Kilburn LaneMainwaring
11.30..... New Cut—Short StreetHolloway, Buckridge, and Miss Lupton
11.30..... Regent's ParkThe Branch
3.30..... Hyde Park—Marble ArchThe Branch
3.30..... Victoria ParkThe Branch
7 Hammersmith BridgeHammersmith Branch
7 Wormwood ScrubsNorth Kensington Branch
8 Walham Green—back of ChurchHammersmith Branch

WEDNESDAY 23.

8 Newport MarketBlundell and Mowbray

FRIDAY 25.

8.15..... Hoxton ChurchKitz and Miss Lupton

PROVINCES.

Aberdeen.—Saturday: Castle Street, at 8 p.m.
Glasgow.—Sunday: Jail Square at 2 o'clock; Paisley Road at 5 o'clock. Fri-
day: Bridgeton Cross, at 8.15.
Leeds.—Sunday: Hunslet Moor, at 11 a.m.; Vicar's Croft, at 7 p.m.
Leicester.—Sunday: Russell Square at 11 a.m.; Humberstone Gate, at 8 p.m.
Liverpool.—Landing Stage, Sundays at 11.30 a.m. and 3 p.m.
Manchester.—Saturday: Middleton market ground, at 7 p.m. Sunday: Philips
Park Gates, at 11; Stevenson Square, at 3. Monday: Market Street,
Blackley, at 8.
Norwich.—Saturday: Haymarket, at 8. Sunday: Market Place at 11, 3, and
7.30.
Yarmouth.—Sunday: Priory Plain, at 11; Bradwell, 11.30; Colman's Granary
Quay, at 7.

London Members' Meeting.—The next monthly meeting of members will
be held on Friday, July 25th, at 8.30 p.m., at the Hall of the Hammersmith
Branch, Kelmescott House, Upper Mall, Hammersmith, W. Special meeting;
important business. All members interested in the propaganda are asked to
attend.

SHEFFIELD.—The *Commonweal* can be obtained every Friday afternoon at Mr.
Kipling's, newsagent, Wicker, Sheffield.

SOUTH LONDON.—All Revolutionary Socialists in South London willing to form
a Branch of the S. L. are requested to send their names to B. Holloway, organ-
iser, 41 Wootton Street, Cornwall Road, Lambeth, or turn up at the open-air
meeting at Short Street, New Cut, on Sunday morning.

NORWICH.—A great Socialist Demonstration will be held in Norwich about the
end of July. The comrades already invited are W. Morris, Kropotkine, C. W.
Mowbray, Mrs. Lahr, Edward Carpenter, Mrs. Schack, Wess, and Ogden (Ox-
ford). Any comrade in London or the provinces willing to take part is asked to
communicate with A. Sutton, 23 Rose Yard, St. Augustines.

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:o:

Leaflets.

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To Working Women and Girls	3 0
What Socialists Want	3 0
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The Skeleton or Starvation Army	2 0

American Literature.

A few remainders—

Wealth Creation (Mongreidin). Cloth ...	3 6
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Labour Capital (Kellogg)	1 0
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Modern Christianity v. Heathenism	0 9
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Socialism (by Starkweather and Wilson)	0 6
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What is Freedom? When am I Free?	0 4
The Railway Kings and an American Empire	0 2
Object of the Labour Movement	0 2

MISCELLANEOUS.

Spaziergänge eines Atheisten. Bei Ferdin- and Heigl	0 8
The Reciter for Clubs and Social Gatherings	0 1

The above Leaflets, at prices given, can be had from the *Commonweal* manager in any quantities by Branches, members, or sympathisers, for distribution, 24, Great Queen Street, Lincoln's Inn Fields, London.

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Virtue's at a discount,
Truth is under par,
Honesty's a scarcity
Wealth is better far.

Knavery's commendable,
Cheating is no sin;
He is the true philanthropist
Who takes the stranger in.

But where, perchance, some honest kindly heart,
While smiling at his fancies, still may say—
"He acts no snarling, mean, or churlish part
Who fain would laugh the follies of the world away."

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THE COMMONWEAL

The Official Journal of the SOCIALIST LEAGUE.

VOL. 6.—No. 239.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 9, 1890.

WEEKLY; ONE PENNY.

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IS THE REVOLUTION COMING?

THE events of the last two years give but one answer to this, the all-important question to every Socialist. To him, as to all who look by the light of history at the throbbing of those mighty forces, which to day are shaking the dilapidated edifice of Society to its foundations, the only uncertainty regarding the question lies in the manner of its accomplishment. And it is in these yet unresolved factors that the avowed Revolutionist holds the key of the situation. For it is the business and the duty of militant Socialists to supply the force which will seize the opportunity to make the Revolution an accomplished fact. What, then, should be our attitude, the attitude of every son of labour who is intelligent enough to be discontented with his condition? The attitude of all who feel the burden of the misery engendered by Capitalism, and who know that it must be borne till the system in which it is inherent, is destroyed?

We have now reached the parting of the ways. The decisive moment has arrived. Let us choose our course. There can be no neutral ground—he that is not for us is against us. We expect no quarter, and we shall give none. The upholders of the existing order stigmatise us as the “dangerous element,” “the enemies of Society,” and by heavens we are determined that their epithets shall not lack occasion. The Revolutionary Party wastes not its time and energies on effete institutions such as Parliament. It believes in Trades Unions merely so far as they can be used as a convenient weapon with which to maintain the Holy War against Capitalism, but which like all implements of warfare, may become obsolete, and require to be superseded by more potent, if less respectable methods. It is therefore more important that it be a party of action than of great numbers. Indeed, the numbers will follow quickly enough upon the action.

The principles of Revolutionary Socialism are thorough, its policy must be the same. We are the enemies of mis-government and disorder, and must fearlessly attack those who mis-govern and maintain disorder. They include all “authority” and robbery, and these must be swept away by “revolutionary” storm. The people must not submit to tyranny of Governments any longer. No! Ignorant the masses may be, and not seldom without the least idea of their own interests on certain questions. But the instinct of self-preservation, if nothing else, will assuredly bring them to see that their very existence may depend on whether they are willing to oppose, even by armed resistance, the hirelings who are kept in readiness by the propertied classes solely to be hurled against the people when they attempt to take their own. The truth of this cannot much longer be concealed from the producing, yet property-less, classes. They are being taught by oft-repeated experience. The people are the raw material of Revolution, and there need be no fear but that when the time arrives they will be ready.

Now, the coming of that time must be hastened and brought about by the Party of Revolutionary Socialism. How? By the most un-

compromising preaching of its principles, and by every means; paying no heed as to the legality, or otherwise, of the methods employed. By resisting and combating “Authority” at every opportunity. We shall then soon have law and order on our track at all points. When we throw down the gauntlet, our rulers will with alacrity pick it up. They will undoubtedly wish to crush us. They know our mission, and fully understand that it means *crushing* them.

Prosecution and persecution we must court, and the more of it we get, the more progress we shall make. The machinery of tyranny was never so much out of gear as at present. The organized brute force which our masters wield to enslave us and secure their own position cannot now be absolutely depended on. The spirit of revolt which is the characteristic of our time has permeated all the forces of “Authority,” civil and military. Not that we can hope much from such weak and futile displays as the recent Police and Postmen’s “Strikes,” but here also experience will prove the most efficient teacher. When these bullies on the one hand, and slaves on the other, find that vacillation, cringing servility, and an utter lack of powerful organisation, are met by their masters in merciless tyranny and coercion, and that to be treated like men they must have the courage to act like men, it will rouse them from their slavish degradation to bold and fierce revolt.

It is precisely amongst those workers who have shown themselves most fearless and determined, who have not scrupled to use violent means where pacific did not answer, and have not considered whether they elicited the sympathy or hatred of a sentimental public, that the most substantial gains have been won. Time serving and timidity can never accomplish anything except the contempt they deserve, and there has been too much of them in the labour struggles in the past.

The advantages to be won in a struggle for Socialism against the present system are so great compared with those for which Labour’s battles are now fought, the gain to every worker so enormous, that it should be the duty of each to see to it, and make the question his own. The Revolution concerns all alike. Its benefits will be shared by all. Then why should anyone stand back? If he is not a traitor to the cause of Labour, it behoves every toiler, though he may not call himself a Socialist, to lend a hand in pushing forward the great crisis which will precede his emancipation.

Let none be deluded with the idea which the enemies of real progress would thrust upon us—that the price to be paid for the change is too dear. They tell us it cannot be got peaceably or constitutionally; that blood must be spilled; civil war and universal massacre are sure to be the result of our teaching. What if they are? Have we not to-day a system which murders and destroys with greater cruelty and more torture than any social upheaval could accomplish? It sounds well to be thus denounced by the classes which are ever perfecting more and more the most fiendish implements of human destruction, to be used on a wholesale scale, not by a few fanatics or enthusiasts, but by millions of trained men, drilled to the utmost precision in the art of human butchery. The governments of Europe spend upwards of four hundred millions sterling annually, which is stolen from labour, in order to maintain those Christian institutions, their enormous armies. But yet we the Socialists, the preachers of brotherhood amongst all men, of universal peace and happiness—we, the lovers and saviours of mankind—are bloodthirsty, callous, sowers of discord and hatred, preachers of violence and murder. There is nothing we can preach, nothing we could do, had we the power, that would entail a tithe of the horrors of the state of things under which we live.

Then let us make war upon the system, and on the ruling powers which maintain it, in every possible way. When called upon at any time to assist the workers in the disputes at all times cropping up, it is our duty to urge upon them to attack the system in every possible way. The power is always with the producers, could they but realise it. When they make a demand, it is not sufficient to passively await the result; they must enforce it if necessary by a strike in every trade. Thus industry may be paralysed and the possessing classes driven into submission.

How long will it take the toilers to appreciate their strength? We revolutionists must answer by our deeds. These will spread our ideas, till we gather force to sweep away the spoilers; and when these robbers are driven away, the people will take their own. W. B.

NEWS FROM NOWHERE:

OR,

AN EPOCH OF REST.

BEING SOME CHAPTERS FROM A UTOPIAN ROMANCE.

CHAP. XXIV. (continued).—UP THE THAMES: THE SECOND DAY.

HOWEVER, that mattered little to us; the nights were light, for the moon was shining in her third quarter, and it was all one to Dick whether he sculled or sat quiet in the boat: so we went away a great pace. The evening sun shone bright on the remains of the old buildings at Medmenham; close beside which arose an irregular pile of building which Dick told us was a very pleasant house; and there were plenty of houses visible on the wide meadows opposite, under the hill; and we had seen before that the beauty of Hurley had compelled people to build and live there a good deal. The sun very low down showed us Henley little altered in outward aspect from what I remembered it. Actual daylight failed us as we passed through the lovely reaches of Wargrave and Shiplake; but the moon rose behind us presently. I should like to have seen with my eyes what success the new order of things had had in getting rid of the sprawling mess with which commercialism had littered the banks of the wide stream about Reading and Caversham: certainly everything smelt too deliciously in the early night for there to be any of the old careless sordidness of so-called manufacture; and in answer to my question as to what sort of a place Reading was, Dick answered—

“O, a nice town enough in its way; mostly rebuilt within the last hundred years; and there are a good many houses, as you can see by the lights just down under the hills yonder. In fact, it is one of the most populous places on the Thames round about here. Keep up your spirits, Guest! we are close to our journey’s end for the night. I ought to ask your pardon for not stopping at one of the houses here or higher up; but a friend who is living in a very pleasant house in the Maple-durham meads particularly wanted me and Clara to come and see him on our way up Thames; and I thought you wouldn’t mind this bit of night travelling.”

He need not have adjured me to keep up my spirits, which were as high as possible; though the strangeness and excitement of the happy and quiet life which I saw everywhere around me was, it is true, a little wearing off, yet a deep content, as different as possible from languid acquiescence, was taking its place, and I was, as it were, really new-born.

We landed presently just where I remembered the river making an elbow to the north towards the ancient house of the Blunts; with the wide meadows spreading on the right-hand side, and on the left the long line of beautiful old trees overhanging the water. As we got out of the boat, I said to Dick—

“Is it the old house we are going to?”

“No,” he said, “though that is standing still in green old age, and is well inhabited. I see, by the way, that you know your Thames well. But my friend Walter Allen, who asked me to stop here, lives in a house, not very big, which has been built here lately, because these meadows are so much liked, especially in summer, that there was getting to be rather too much of tenting on the open field; so the parishes here about, who rather objected to it, built three houses between this and Caversham, and quite a large one at Basildon, a little higher up. Look, yonder are the lights of Walter Allen’s house!”

So we walked over the grass of the meadows under a flood of moonlight, and soon came to the house, which was low and built round a quadrangle big enough to get plenty of sunshine in it. Walter Allen, Dick’s friend, was leaning against the jamb of the doorway waiting for us, and took us into the hall without overplus of words. There were not many people in it, as some of the dwellers there were away at the haymaking in the neighbourhood, and some, as Walter told us, were wandering about the meadow enjoying the beautiful moonlit night. Dick’s friend looked to be a man of about forty; tall, black-haired, very kind-looking and thoughtful; but rather to my surprise there was a shade of melancholy on his face, and he seemed a little abstracted and inattentive to our chat, in spite of obvious efforts to listen.

Dick looked at him from time to time, and seemed troubled; and at last he said: “I say, old fellow, if there is anything the matter which we didn’t know of when you wrote to me, don’t you think you had better tell us about it at once? or else we shall think we have come here at an unlucky time and are not quite wanted.”

Walter turned red, and seemed to have some difficulty in restraining his tears, but said at last: “Of course everybody here is very glad to see you, Dick, and your friends; but it is true that we are not at our best, in spite of the fine weather and the glorious hay-crop. We have had a death here.”

Said Dick: “Well, you should get over that, neighbour: such things must be.”

“Yes,” Walter said, “but this was a death by violence, and it seems likely to lead to at least one more: and somehow it makes us feel rather shy of one another; and to say the truth, that is one reason why there are so few of us present to-night.”

“Tell us the story, Walter,” said Dick; “perhaps telling it will help you to shake off your sadness.”

Said Walter: “Well, I will; and I will make it short enough, though I daresay it might be spun out into a long one, as used to be done with such subjects in the old novels. There is a very charming girl here whom we all like, and whom some of us do more than like; and she very

naturally liked one of us better than anybody else. And another of us (I won’t name him) got fairly bitten with love-madness, and used to go about making himself as unpleasant as he could—not of malice prebense, of course; so that the girl, who liked him well enough at first, though she didn’t love him, began fairly to dislike him. Of course, those of us who knew him best—myself amongst others—advised him to go away, as he was making matters worse and worse for himself every day. Well, he wouldn’t take our advice (that also, I suppose, was a matter of course), so we had to tell him that he *must* go, or the inevitable sending to Coventry would follow; for his individual trouble had so overmastered him that we felt that *we* must go if he did not.”

“He took that better than we expected, when something or other—an interview with the girl, I think, and some hot words with the successful lover following close upon it, threw him quite off his balance; and he got hold of an axe and fell upon his rival when there was no one by; and in the struggle that followed the man attacked hit him an unlucky blow and killed him. And now the slayer in his turn is so upset that he is like to kill himself; and if he does, the girl will do as much, I fear. And all this we could no more help than the earthquake of the year before last.”

“It is very unhappy,” said Dick; “but since the man is dead, and cannot be brought to life again, and since the slayer had no malice in him, I cannot for the life of me see why he shouldn’t get over it before long. Why should a man brood over a mere accident for ever? And the girl?”

“As to her,” said Walter, “the whole thing seems to have inspired her with terror rather than grief. What you say about the man is true, or it should be; but then, you see, the excitement and jealousy that was the prelude to this tragedy had made an evil and feverish element round about him, from which he does not seem to be able to escape. However, we have advised him to go away—in fact, to cross the seas; but he is in such a state that I do not think he *can* go unless someone *takes* him, and I think it will fall to my lot to do so; which is scarcely a cheerful outlook for me.”

“O, you will find a certain kind of interest in it,” said Dick. “And of course he *must* soon look upon the affair from a reasonable point of view sooner or later.”

“Well, at any rate,” quoth Walter, “now that I have eased my mind by making you uncomfortable, let us have an end of the subject for the present. Are you going to take your guest to Oxford?”

“Why, of course we must pass through it,” said Dick, smiling, “as we are going into the upper waters; but I thought that we wouldn’t stop there, or we shall be belated as to the haymaking up our way. So Oxford and my learned lecture on it, all got at second-hand from my old kinsman, must wait till we come down the water a fortnight hence.”

I listened to all this story with much surprise, and could not help wondering at first that the man who had slain the other had not been put in custody till it could be proved that he had killed his rival in self-defence only. However, the more I thought of it, the plainer it grew to me that no amount of examination of witnesses, who had witnessed nothing but the ill-blood between the two rivals, would have done anything to clear up the case. I could not help thinking, also, that the remorse of this homicide gave point to what old Hammond had said to me about the way in which this strange people dealt with what I had been used to hear called crimes. Truly, that remorse was exaggerated; but it was quite clear that the slayer took the whole consequences of the act upon himself, and did not expect society to whitewash him by punishing him. I had no fear any longer that “the sacredness of human life” was likely to suffer amongst my friends from the absence of gallows and prison.

WILLIAM MORRIS.

TO BE CONTINUED.]

(This Story began in No. 209, January 11, 1890. A few sets of Back Numbers can still be had.)

DO YOU WISH TO HELP THE SOCIALIST CAUSE?

IF YOU DO—Then join the Socialist League, or the local Socialist Society, and take your share in the work of educating the slaves of modern society to know how they may win their freedom.

Speak about Socialism in public and in private; at the club, in the local discussion society, or through the local newspapers; among your friends, acquaintances, and shopmates.

Take a few copies of the *Commonweal* and pamphlets weekly, and distribute them where you think they will do most good. Leaflets, too, are very useful. Insist upon your newsagent getting the *Commonweal* for you, and if he refuses get your other papers at another shop where they are more obliging. You might also leave a few other copies, and get him to show a bill by a little “gentle persuasion.”

Leave a *Commonweal* weekly on the table of your club-room, in the meeting-room of your trade society. Better still, order a supply of *Commonweal* from the publishing office every week, and sell them among your shopmates and the members of the societies you belong to, or leave them in the local public reading-room.

If there is no local Socialist Society, get a few sympathisers together and form a propagandist group, collect enough money amongst them to cover railway travelling expenses, and, after selecting a hall or a couple of open-air spots suitable for holding meetings, invite a speaker from one of the nearest towns, or London, to pay you a visit and publicly advocate *Socialism*.

Remember! it is the *ignorance* of the workers that alone postpones the day of the Social Revolution.

NOTES ON NEWS.

THE *Christian Commonwealth* has a leading article anent our late excursion to the Epping Forest, and is so badly served by its reporter as to say that we went in company with Spiritualists and Secularists. As the London Secular Federation had their outing on the same day to another part of the Forest, the *Freethinker* is wroth with the *Christian Commonwealth* for asserting that they danced and drank lager beer with the Socialists, and protests the respectability of the Secularists thereby, viz., "they went by themselves, they took no beer barrels, and they conducted themselves with *perfect propriety*," and concludes its reference to the matter with the amusing statement, "that it is neither Secularists nor Socialists who go to Epping Forest with beer barrels, but certain German clubs."

We can assure the *Freethinker* that the German clubs and the English Socialists are one, and that they did take beer-barrels into the Forest. And now to our Christian foes! The malignant and lying reports which have appeared in the press in connection with this question, including that which appeared in the Christian friend of Czardom, the *Pall Mall Gazette*, was penned by a Christian of Loughton.

We do not believe that the Corporation will yield to the bigots, who are only a narrow clique of parsons and teetotallers in the vicinity of the Forest, who think that it was purchased at public expense to be a private pleasure for them. If we are caused any further inconvenience in our visits to the Forest by these fanatics, we will make it impossible for the Christian Gospeller to keep a single outdoor station in London, and make it generally so hot for these lugubrious saints, that they may come to the conclusion that it will be as well to go their way and to let us go ours without further molestation. Dear, Christian, pious Mr. Lindley, reporter of York Hill, Loughton, please note and—take heed!

Unity, the journal of Friendly Societies, says that they have asked questions of the *Commonweal* which have proved unanswerable. We have no recollection of the unanswerable question. It would be as well, perhaps, to re-state the cause of divergence between ourselves and *Unity*. We say that the benefit societies of the kingdom are only so many agencies in relief of the rates. When we reflect that the average length of life amongst the working-classes is 29 years and amongst the well-to-do 55 years, and that two-thirds of the sickness is caused by unhealthy homes and workshops, adulterated food, and anxiety for the morrow, we believe that the workers should do something more than buy their own medicines and coffins to save the pockets of the exploiters, and work to overthrow instead of patching up the system whereby they are deprived of health and life. Let the dead bury their dead. *Unity* has, however, a friendly word for the *Commonweal* concerning our attitude towards Stanley. F. K.

Scandals and strikes, with an occasional revolution in South America, are the most prominent features of these latter days. We have had so many aristocratic and middle-class scandals, that the students of divorce-court literature must be satiated with their favourite food. What a crop during the last five years, from Jeffries to Dunlo! What a very pious and respectable fashionable world it is! When the people who we are told to look upon by their hirelings in press and pulpit as models whom the poor may contemplate with respectful admiration, at a long distance, yet at same time the time the poor see that these "models" are continually appearing in the Divorce Court, or are "wanted" by the police, not alone for offences against morality, but for crimes so foul and ugly that you shrink from naming them, it strikes me that is rather what is commonly called an "eye-opener" to the poor.

It might be worth pointing out that revolutionary agitation has grown and increased exceedingly with every fresh disclosure of how the upper classes live. Nay, latterly fresh labour revolts, such as the dock strike, have taken place almost at the same time as the discovery of fresh vices on the part of the masters. It is evident that the people are getting sick of supplying wealth for a gang of idlers to spend in debauching their sons and daughters; and every fresh scandal which tells of the rottenness of modern society forms a stronger incitement to social revolution than the most fiery speech of any Revolutionary Socialist.

But let us leave the general question, and speak upon the latest development of "morality" among the people whose peculiar province it is to support the "Crown, Constitution, and Property," whose office it is to be, in fact, the pillars of society. By the by, commercial society must be in a bad way when its "pillars" are so rotten. Lord Arthur Somerset, Colin Campbell, Hughes Hallet, with numerous others, are weak supports to a tottering social system; and yet what we know is not a tithe of what is concealed. If Mrs. Jeffries had published her list of child-violators, we wonder how many models and virtues of respectability it would have included. If Hammond had also given the names of wealthy clients, we should be astonished by the addition of more than one illustrious criminal to the known list.

Lord Dunlo, after all, may plead in his defence that he is no worse than others of his class—those gilded butterflies who lounge at stage doors with the one object in life of buying women for the basest pur-

poses. Nay, he might plead that he is better, for he is willing to give a higher price for his "amusement," although he deserted his wife as if it was just an ordinary case of seduction. His father was naturally shocked. If Lady Dunlo had been a victim of his son's, although she might have been the purest and most virtuous maiden, his father would have taken it as an ordinary incident in the life of a rich, idle youth. But that the heir of all the Clancartys should marry a woman of humble birth, who had not even the merit of being rich, was too much. So he sends his son out of England, leaving the wife penniless, with cool calculation that she must starve or sell herself. What nice notions "our old nobility" have of virtue, humanity, and "piety"!

But it is not the sons of the nobility alone who spend their lives in destroying your daughters, workmen; there are others also who "enjoy" life in a similar fashion. For instance, among the crowd of gilded youth, whose want of intellect is only equalled by their apish imitation of the vices of the aristocrats, are the sons of thousands of rich capitalists, whose fathers having ground heaps of wealth out of the sweat and blood of men and women, and are thus enabled to let their sons live idly upon their stolen wealth. Their tender mercies are not greater than those of the aristocracy, and were the ruling classes entirely composed of capitalists they would be quite as cruel, if not worse. If the aristocracy were swept away to-morrow, the new landowners would develop just the same vices as the old, save perhaps that they would be characterised by the petty meanness peculiar to the bourgeoisie. In America, where there is no titled aristocracy, the people find that their capitalist masters can boast of the same vices. No, the only remedy for the starvation and misery of the people, the prostitution and degradation of women, which, like a deadly cancer, are eating the life out of modern society, is to sweep away all the idle rich, whether they belong to the aristocracy or plutocracy. "War to the idlers" must be the battle-cry of the people, and surely the destruction of a Society, which is already going to pieces with its own rottenness, will be an easy task. N.

Reviews.

SOCIAL SONGS. By Munullog. 1s. Cloth, 2s. R. J. Derfel, Publisher, Manchester.

The practical style of this collection of songs we are unwilling to criticise, but the author is evidently an ardent Socialist. One example will give an indication of his method of versification:

"Men of Labour, with spade in hand,
Go forth to win a barren land;
And at the touch of every spade
The yielding soil sends forth a blade—
And corn and fruit and flowers fair
Wave on the surface everywhere—
At the charm of work by young and old,
Turning the deserts to fields of gold."

JOHN BULL AND HIS OTHER ISLAND. By Arthur Bennett. 1s. Simpkin, Marshall, Hamilton, Kent and Co., London.

This is a narrative of visits to Ulster and Gweedore. The author is evidently one of the Respectables. The whole tone of the book is in the strain of the conversation on Irish topics one hears, when afflicted in cars or railway carriages with the presence of the British snob. The Irish are unthrifty. Emigration is a cure for their ills. We quote from page 85 as follows:

"Though it would have been an interesting experience to have seen the people and all their worldly belongings thrust out of doors, the scene would undoubtedly have had a painful aspect; and, if our curiosity was not quite fully satisfied, neither were our feelings unnecessarily harrowed."

Further on, we read of the kindness of the sheriffs, and the wickedness of the Irish people in boycotting the police and emergency men (the dastardly scoundrels) who thrust them homeless upon the roadside. We come across the "quite English you know" assertion that

"If you want to reach a person's heart, the directest way is through his pocket; and this applies to much bigger children than the barefooted juveniles of Bunbeg."

What price the author?

SCENES FROM THE FRENCH REVOLUTION.

(The following is a complete list of articles which have appeared in the 'Commonweal' on the French Revolution during 1889-90—

"Storming the Bastille," No. 133, July 13th; "Foulon to the Lanterne," No. 184, July 20th; "The Chateaux in Flames," Nos. 187 and 188, Aug. 10th and 17th.—"The Men of the Revolution":—1. Mirabeau and Robespierre; 2. Danton and Marat; Nos. 203 and 204, Nov. 30th and Dec. 7th.—"Scenes from the French Revolution":—1. Paris after the Fall of the Bastille—The Veto; 2. The Black Cockades; 3. The Revolt of the Women; 4. The Women at Versailles; 5. The Triumph of the People—have appeared in Nos. 208, 214, 232, 233, and 234; January 4th, February 15th, June 21, June 28, and July 5. All these Numbers can still be had.)

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The COMMONWEAL is the official organ of the Socialist League; but, unless definitely so announced by the Editors, no article is to be taken as expressing in more than a general way the views of the League as a body. In accordance with the Manifesto and Statement of Principles of the League, the COMMONWEAL is an exponent of International Revolutionary Socialism. On minor differences of opinion the widest freedom of discussion is maintained. As all articles are signed, no special significance attaches to their position in the paper.

Articles and letters dealing with any phase of the social problem are invited and will meet with earnest consideration. They must be written on one side of the paper only, and accompanied by the name and address of the writer, not necessarily for publication. MSS. can only be returned if a stamped directed envelope accompanies them.

Advertisements can only be inserted if unobjectionable in all particulars. Scale of charges and special quotations may be obtained from the Manager.

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TO CORRESPONDENTS.

CORRESPONDENTS who order literature should prepay postage, or state if they wish their parcels to be sent per rail or carrier, "carriage forward."

Periodicals received during the week ending Wednesday August 6.

ENGLAND Belfast Weekly Star Church Reformer Die Autonomie Justice Labour Tribune Norwich—Daylight People's Press Railway Review Sozial Demokrat Seafaring The Journeyman Unity Worker's Friend	New York—Freiheit Volkszeitung Bakers' Journal Workmen's Advocate Boston—Woman's Journal Investigator The Individualist Buffalo—Arbeiter-Zeitung Chicago—Rights of Labour Detroit—Der Arme Teufel Philadelphia—Knights of Labour Paterson Labour Standard S.F.—Coast Seamen's Journal San Francisco Arbeiterzeitung Pacific Union St. Louis (Mo.)—Die Parole Anarchist Valley Falls (Kan.)—Lucifer	Lyon—L'Action Sociale Rouen—Le Salariat
NEW SOUTH WALES Sydney—Bulletin	FRANCE Paris—La Revolte Le Parti ouvrier Le Proletariat Charleville—L'Emancipation	HOLLAND Hague—Recht voor Allen
QUEENSLAND Brisbane—Boomerang	GERMANY Berlin—Volks Tribune	BELGIUM Antwerp—De Werker Ghent—Vooruit
INDIA Bankipore—Behar Herald	HUNGARY Arbeiter-Wochen-Chronik	SWITZERLAND Arbeiterstimme
UNITED STATES New York—Der Sozialist New York—Truthseeker Volne Listy	SPAIN Madrid—El Socialista	ITALY Milan—Cuore e Critica
	GERMANY Berlin—Volks Tribune	SPAIN Madrid—El Socialista
	HUNGARY Arbeiter-Wochen-Chronik	GERMANY Berlin—Volks Tribune
	SWEDEN Malmo—Arbetet Stockholm, Social-Demokraten	HUNGARY Arbeiter-Wochen-Chronik
	GREECE Socialists	SWEDEN Malmo—Arbetet Stockholm, Social-Demokraten

BRADLAUGH AND HYNDMAN.

ANY unprejudiced listener to the debate between Messrs. Bradlaugh and Hyndman, which took place at St. James's Hall on the evening of the 23rd July, must have observed that there are various ways of gaining the confidence and sympathy of a mixed audience. Mr. Bradlaugh, in his closing remarks, described his opponent's eloquence as the "fizz of champagne," and brought forward continually against him the charge of vagueness. However, Mr. Bradlaugh himself, despite his flourish of figures and statistics, was far from explicit at times, and relied greatly upon the demagogic tricks which have often proved so serviceable upon the platform of the Hall of Science. Mr. Hyndman's opening remarks, general and cursory though they necessarily were, contained, we venture to think, some very definite statements. As for example: That the average age of the working man is 27 as against 55 for the class which does no manual labour; that while some men work 15, 18, or even 36 hours at a stretch, twenty, thirty, or even a hundred thousand are starving for lack of opportunity to earn a livelihood, and that all medical opinion testifies that a large proportion of the female population of London fall victims annually to excessive toil undertaken for insufficient wages. These oft-repeated statements may have become stale, but they are by no means "vague," nor did Mr. Bradlaugh make any attempt to disprove them. He, however, addressed himself promptly to the task of proving, "by figures," that the bulk of the textile industries of the country would be ruined at once

if labour was limited to eight hours a-day, and referred to the case of the Northumberland miners, who had declared that a compulsory eight hours day applied to their county would throw thousands out of employment, besides lengthening the working day for many thousands more. At this point the speaker discarded his figures; and his statement as regards the textile industries was proved after all in the very vaguest of ways—viz., by an exhortation. "Let me ask you to consider," said Mr. Bradlaugh, "when the short hours are worked, whether it will be possible to conduct the special industry in question profitably so as to produce the money with which to pay the wages."

Now, the production of money is essentially a vague subject. Even the most statistic-loving legislators have hitherto neglected to throw much light upon it; and consequently a considerable amount of vagueness may co-exist with an extensive and impugnable use of "figures." Science tells us, and the great mass of workers have been allowed to take it for granted, that money is merely a convenient medium of exchange for the establishment of values—only this and nothing more! A mere medium of exchange money may be, in an ideal State, but we do not know of any such utopias. In every State of which we have any cognisance, and where there is money, there is violence—the existence of violence being proved, not indeed by murder and open slavery, but by the necessity laid upon some of the members either to toil or starve, and the ability of others to feast safely and remain idle. It is quite evident that this state of things would not be possible in a State where money was simply a medium of exchange, for there the standard of value would not depend upon the pleasure of any. Each would perforce have to produce the value of the money he desired to possess. There would be no laws or conditions by which he could escape this necessity. The taking away of money in order to give it again in exchange for the production of labour would be accounted, not as the right of a landlord, but as an act of violence and robbery. That ours is no such State Mr. Bradlaugh himself is careful to show us. "If more men are employed, they must be paid, consequently the cost of production must be greatly increased or the wages of those already employed must be reduced." In saying these words Mr. Bradlaugh declared that he appealed, not to revolutionary Socialists, but to "those who had brains": still, we think that even a "revolutionary Socialist" might understand from them how the standard of value of regulated, and how effectually the medium of exchange—money—may be used as a means of violence and oppression. It becomes easy, too, to understand the appeal of the Northumberland and Durham miners, who, finding that the cost of production had increased by 20 per cent. in consequence of reduced hours of labour, earnestly requested that they might be allowed to forego the extra leisure which entailed an insufficiency of food. What is not so easy to understand is that Mr. Bradlaugh should bring a charge of "vagueness" against his opponent, while he was himself speaking in such an unpardonably vague way about the "produce of money," etc. As for the textile industries, we fail to see why they should be in jeopardy. It is not the power of carrying on an industry which is called in question, but rather the power of a few men to fix the value of labour. Does this threaten trade? We cannot see that it necessarily threatens anything but capitalism. For if, as Mr. Bradlaugh complains, no one has given himself the trouble to prove that a certain number of hours of labour (for instance, eight) would be sufficient to conduct the industries of the country, that is only because the fact is proven every day by the existence of many persons who do not work at all—and who even dissipate and destroy the work of others.

Mr. Bradlaugh is a great advocate of thrift. He calls it the life and soul of the country (Thrift is always the life and soul of countries where Mammon is worshipped), but he says not a word about the reckless extravagance of supporting in affluence an absolutely unproductive class. His panegyric of thrift applies only to the few shillings which find their way into the worker's pocket. Of the great economic problem, with the extremes of wealth and poverty, he had not a word to say, except that it was inevitable! Legislation could not cope with it! We may advocate the punishment by law of companies who work their employés unreasonable hours, but we must not take any steps to determine the limit of "reasonableness!" That is to say, we may condemn unreasonable hours when we *feel* them to be unreasonable, but our feelings must not be interfered with in any way by positive and decisive measures. The capitalist must not be cabined, or confined, by Acts of Parliament. At this point Mr. Bradlaugh becomes "vague," and expresses a hope that his audience will not believe that an Act of Parliament can make bread spring out of the ground, or clothe the ragged, or educate the ignorant! It is to be presumed that no one present ever placed any faith in Parliament as a Supernatural Agency. The meeting was convened to debate merely whether an Act of Parliament could not insure some leisure and opportunity of education to the ignorant, while putting it within the power of men willing to cultivate the earth to enjoy some of its fruits. According to Mr. Bradlaugh, Parliament is perfectly helpless in this matter. If such be the case we can only agree with Mr. Hyndman's closing remark, that it is impossible for workmen to obtain justice from a legislature composed of landlords and capitalists. Such a legislature can represent only the will of a class, not the interests of a community. The fact that workmen are obliged to appeal to such an assembly to make laws regulating their labour, only proves how well and singly this devotion to class privilege has been maintained. The deliberations of this assembly may be extremely profound and interesting, but we are continually reminded that so far as the interests of the mass of workers in the community are concerned, they have neither point nor value.

M. McMILLEN.

THE DEVELOPMENT OF MODERN SOCIETY.

(Continued from p. 244.)

To these about the eleventh century were superadded another set of guilds, whose main object was the protection of trade, and which soon became powerful, and establishing themselves in the towns, drew together with the corporations, the freemen of the towns, and were fused with them. They shared in the degeneration of the municipal aristocracies, which reached its height in the beginning of the thirteenth century, and with them were attacked by the third and last set of guilds, whose office was the organization and protection of the handicrafts. These of course had been growing up with the growth of the towns, and the increasing capacity for production, and and at the time I mention were organized pretty completely, and embraced, I think, the whole of the handicrafts.

The greater part of the thirteenth century was taken up by the struggle between these new and quite democratic guilds, which were entirely composed of workmen; that struggle was partly a peaceable one. The municipalities could not quite keep the guilds from all participation in the government of the towns; their officers gradually crept into the corporations, and they began to influence the administration; but this peaceful revolution was supplemented by very hard fighting, especially in the north of Germany. The upshot of this double struggle was the complete victory of the workmen over the municipal aristocracies, and by the end of the thirteenth century the craft guilds, who no doubt had been fostered all along by the increasing productivity of labour, had the towns entirely in their power; but, although the municipal aristocracy had lost its privileged official position, the old families had not lost all their influence, and still formed a kind of middle-class nobility; this is exemplified clearly enough by the incidents in the struggle between the great town of Ghent and its feudal superior, the Earl of Flanders, in which men like James Van Artavelde and his sons clearly had a position akin to that of powerful rich men at the present day. The old struggle also was not forgotten; throughout the men of the mean crafts are on the revolutionary side; while the great crafts, led by the mariners, *i.e.*, the shippers, merchants, and so on, are loyalists.

This victory of the handicraftsmen brings us to the apex of the Middle Ages. Let us therefore stop a little to contrast the condition of labour at that period with its condition under the height of the classical period, and see what it has gained. The classical period gives us a class of privileged persons actually idle as far as any good purpose goes, supporting a huge class of parasites, and an enormous pauper population fed on *charity*, and all this founded on the labour of mere chattel slaves, who were fed clothed and housed according to the convenience of their owners, just as beasts of burden were, but whom they had to buy with hard cash just as they had their horses and mules. There was a certain amount of labour done by freemen, or non-slaves rather, but that did not come to much, and I think we may class these few freemen among the parasites of the rich. The government of all this was aristocratic at first (tempered by the money-bag aristocracy), and at last mere absolutism founded on tax-gathering.

In the fully developed Middle Ages, on the other hand, we have a privileged class of land-holders deduced from the freemen of the conquering tribe, absolutely idle, supported by their serfs, who for their part are somewhat speedily turning into tenants, and so laying part of the foundations of the later middle-class. Between these two classes, which in the beginning of the Middle Ages were the essential constituents of society, lies the great body of the craftsmen, now gathered into towns administered by themselves, oppressed always, no doubt, legally by taxes, and often illegally by war on the part of the nobles, but free in their work except for such regulations as they have imposed on themselves, and the object of which in the main was the equitable distribution of employment, and the reward of employment throughout their whole body. Capitalism does not exist at this time; there is no great all-embracing world-market; production is for the supply of the neighbourhood, and only the surplus of it ever goes a dozen miles from the door of the worker. It must be added that every freeman has the use of land to support himself on, so that he does not depend on the caprice of the market for his bare necessities, and whether employer or employed, he neither sells himself, nor buys others, in the labour market under the rule of competition, but exchanges labour for labour directly with his neighbour, man to man and hand to hand.

Now, you will probably agree with me in thinking that this was a much better state of things for the worker than his condition under what have been called the "*free* peoples of antiquity," but whose freedom was confined to the rich and powerful. One other thing I note in this contrast, that whereas in the ancient world, the intelligence, the high mental qualities, which have made the ancient days so famous, came from the idle classes, who were in good sooth an aristocracy of intellect as well as of position, in the Middle Ages, the intelligence lay with the great craftsmen class,—and that again, I think, was a decided advantage, both for them and for us; since it has given us, amongst other treasures not so famous, but scarcely less glorious, the poems of Shakespear.

Now, on this high tide of mediæval life supervened two things: the Black Death, and the gradual decay of the guilds, both of which got the times ready for the next great change in the condition of labour. I will say little about the first, space not serving for it. I will only remark first, that the Statute of Labourers of Edward III., which was one consequence of it, and which has been so useful to enquirers into the

condition of labour at that time, represents in the account of wages and labour-hours to be drawn from it, the state of things *before* the terrible plague, not *after* it, since it was avowedly enacted against the labourers in order to lower their wages to the standard of reward before the Black Death.

Furthermore, I must say that all antiquarians must be fully conscious of the decline in art that took place in Northern Europe, and in England especially, after the reign of Edward III. Before the middle of the fourteenth century the English were in these matters abreast with, and in some matters ahead of, the Italians, and in the art of architecture especially, produced works which have never been surpassed, and seldom equalled. By the end of the fifteenth century our arts had for the most part become rude, unfinished and barbarous, and lacking altogether in that self-respect and confidence which the arts are always full of in their fine periods.

Looking carefully at the gradual change, I conclude that the Black Death was answerable for some of this degradation, but that the main part of it was the natural consequence of the great change which was coming over society. For during the next century, a new plague invaded Europe, compared with which the slaughter of the Black Death was but a trifle. That plague was the pest of Commercialism; capitalism aided by bureaucracy and nationalism, began to show itself, and took away from labour the hope of a happy life on the earth.

At the end of the fourteenth century, there were no journeymen in the guilds; every worker in them was certain to become a master if he only did his duty fairly; and the master was not the master in our sense of the word, he was the man who had learned his craft thoroughly, and could teach the apprentices their business, and all sorts of restrictions were laid on him to prevent his becoming a capitalist, *i.e.*, forcing men as good as himself to pay him for his privilege of providing them with work. But in the early days of the fifteenth century the journeyman began to appear; there were men in the workshops who were known as "servants," and, who though necessarily affiliated to the guild, and working under its regulations, would never become crafts-masters. They were few and unimportant enough, but they grew in numbers, till, *e.g.*, about 1480 the non-guildsmen of the merchant-tailors in London attempted to form a guild under the old craft guild, just as those latter had formed their guilds under the trades guilds. In this attempt they failed, showing thereby how the times were changing, and how employment for profit was raising its hideous head. This falling of the craft guilds from their old simplicity of equality, was doubtless a token rather than a cause of the change. Capitalism was advancing from other directions. The productivity of labour was increasing, though slowly; more wealth was being produced, and men's greedy desires grew with it. The landed nobility began to see how they might recover their losses in war, and become as rich in relation to other people as they had been when the latter were so poor; and they were no longer contented, as they once were obliged to be, to live on the rents of their land, whether those rents were the enforced service of serfs, or the money rent of tenants, both limited by the custom of the manor. The Peasants Rebellion in England had foiled them in their attempt to rack-rent their tenants, growing prosperous, by forcing them to pay serfs' services on villeinage tenures as well as tenant's rent. But no matter; in spite of the high wages and comfort of the craftsmen and yeomen, *they* were the powerful people, since they were the makers and interpreters of the laws, and since the meetings round the Shire Oak and the folkmotes of the freemen of the Hundred, and other such direct local assemblies, had been swallowed up in the representative assembly, the central parliament, the King's taxing machine. So they set to work to steal, not a purse here, or a bale of goods there, or the tolls of a market in another place; but the very life and soul of the community, the *land* of the country, which was of the more importance, as in those days no direct rent could be got out of anything save the land. They got the yeomen and tenants off the land by one means or another; legal quibbling, direct cheating, down-right violence; and so got hold of the lands and used their produce, not for the livelihood of themselves and their retainers, but for profit. The land of England, such of it as was used for cultivation, had been mostly tillage where tillage was profitable; it was the business of the land thieves to turn this tillage into pasture for the sake of the sheep, *i.e.*, the wool for exportation. This game not only drove the yeoman and tenant off the land, but the labourer also, since, as More says "Many sheep and one shepherd now take the place of many families." As a result, not only was a pauper population created, but the towns were flooded by crowds of the new free labourers, whom the guilds, grown corrupt, were ready to receive as journeymen. The huckstering landlord and the capitalist farmer drove the workman into the hands of the new manufacturing capitalist, and a middle-class of employers of labour was created, the chief business of whose fathers was to resist the rich, and the business of whose sons was to oppress the poor.

WILLIAM MORRIS.

(To be concluded).

MODERN RADICALS.—There is a class of revolutionists named Girondins, whose fate in history is remarkable enough! Men who rebel or urge others to rebel, ought to have other than formulas to go upon. Men who discern in the misery of the toiling, complaining millions not misery, but only a raw material which can be wrought upon and traded in, for one's own poor hide-bound theories and egoisms; to whom millions of living human creatures, with beating hearts in their bosoms, beating, suffering, hoping, are "masses," mere "explosive masses for blowing down Bastilles with," for voting at hustings for us: such men are of the questionable species.—*Carlyle: 'Chartism.'*

THE LABOUR STRUGGLE.

The Strike on Channel Steamers.

Last Tuesday, July 29th, the blacklegs engaged on the steamer 'Wave' were attacked by the firemen and stokers on strike. For a time the police were helpless, but in the end with their assistance the blacklegs were enabled to get upon the vessel. On Saturday sixteen firemen and stokers were charged before the Dover magistrates with "disobeying the captain's orders," under the Merchant Shipping Acts. Of course they were found guilty, and a fine of £5 5s. was imposed. Notice of appeal was given.

Crisis in South Wales.

Affairs look very serious, as the strike and lock-out of 150,000 men threatens to entirely paralyse trade in the district. The colliery proprietors are banking their coal, and on the Cardiff Exchange absolutely no business has been done during the past week. The railway-men, despite the determined hostility of the railway directors, have shown themselves marvellously moderate, and have made a final offer to submit all points in dispute to Lord Brassey or Lord Aberdare. Surely this tribunal should commercial and aristocratic for even railway directors.

Strike at Crosse and Blackwell's.

A strike broke out on Thursday July 31st at Crosse and Blackwell's pickling factory, East Ham, when the women, to the number of 400, who are employed in skinning and cleaning onions for pickling came out for an increase of pay. They have been paid 8½d. for tub of seven quarts, but now demand 1s. 3d. The women have joined a union, and are very determined.

The Postmen.

As we expected, the postmen have got rid of their secretary Mr. Mahon, who has "resigned." Mark Burke, a postman from Notting Hill, has been appointed an "interim secretary, till a proper election by ballot can be made." The "executive" of the Postmen's Union is also going after its secretary. It is a pity both did not go long ago. All subscriptions for the benefit of the out of work postmen, many of whom are in deep distress, should be sent to W. Saunders, Palace Chambers, Westminster. N.

CHRISTIAN MISSIONS AND INDIAN MORALITY.

The *Behar Herald* of June 28th, says, "Christian missionaries are sent to India at an enormous cost by the English people, under a mistaken notion that the Indian people are 'savages' and have no religion of their own, and to 'reclaim' them by converting to Christianity will be an act of humanity. But the efforts of the Christian missionaries in India have proved to be a failure." The *Behar Herald* further quotes from the *Tablet*, which paper remarking on the "newly published official reports about the material and moral conditions of natives in India," says, "It appears from the figures that not alone do we, by converting the natives to our belief, decidedly lower their moral status, but the standpoint of their natural morality is so high that, although they become Christians, we cannot make them so immoral as we ourselves are. The figures, which show the comparative moral status among the different classes, are as follows: Europeans, 1 of 274; Native Christians, 1 of 709; Hindoos, 1 of 1,361; Eurasians, 1 of 509; Mahomedans, 1 of 856; and Buddhists, 1 of 3,787. The last figure is a tribute to the noble purity of Buddhism, but the statistics impart to us here at home another teaching—that as regards our social life, we would do better if we for a generation or two contributed our superfluous pennies and our energies to the moral improvement of our own countrymen, in place of trying to destroy the morality and religion of other people, people who in truth could send us their missionaries to convert us."

Whenever any canting and hypocritical humbug is about to make a collection in any church or chapel for the avowed object of destroying the morality of the natives of India, a few copies of this issue of the *Commonweal* judiciously distributed among the congregation would have a beneficial effect by limiting the funds raised for these immoral purposes. People also who have robbed the poor of this country, and done their best to morally degrade them; people who figure conspicuously as supporters of missions, should also have the enormity of their crimes pointed out to them. I therefore trust our comrades will send copies of this issue to these notorious criminals of bad repute. A. BROOKES.

GLADSTONE AND THE LABOUR MOVEMENT.—Mr. Gladstone has never been able to thoroughly free himself from the traditions and prejudices of his class, though as a political leader he has been hurried forward by events and partisan exigencies into a position far in advance of them. Hence the inconsistency between his policy in dealing with Irish landlordism and his solicitude for the fate of capitalism in what he regards as the remote contingency of labour getting the upper hand. Despite his famous epigram of "the classes and the masses," his ideal is evidently a society of grades and ranks—a capitalistic caste living in idleness on investments or profits, and a labouring class indoctrinated with the idea that the tribute levied by these favoured ones is just and legitimate. He very greatly misjudges the aim and spirit of the labour movement, however, if he imagines that in the "indefinitely remote" contingency of labour's ascendancy any religious or economic scruples will restrain the workers from destroying, root and branch, the entire capitalistic system. The Tory of the old school, who opposes popular education and would keep the masses ignorant so that they may be willing slaves, is a far wiser and more practical man than the "Liberal" of the Gladstone type, who wants to see the people educated, intelligent and politically free, and yet fancies that when they reach this point they will respect politico-economical traditions and continue to toil patiently and amass fortunes for the favoured few. Popular intelligence means death to capitalism.—*Journal of the Knights of Labour.*

(Reports must be sent in by first post on Tuesday, or they will be too late for insertion. Monthly Reports must arrive on Monday morning to appear in ensuing issue.)

JAMAICA AND SOCIALISM.

THE Jamaica labour question, at the present time, is somewhat interesting to Socialists. The march of the workers towards Socialism has thrown the English and Jewish exploiters of the negroes into "a dreadful state of excitement." The editor of the *Jamaica Gleaner*—owned by Jews—in a leader says:

"We are thrown into a feverish state of excitement when we are told that these fiendish individuals (Anarchists and Fenians, Socialists, and the wild and reckless members of the extreme Labour Party) have threatened to take the life of His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales. A note addressed to the Prince of Wales, containing the words 'Give us bread if you would reign,' and signed 'Thousands of Starving Englishmen,' is said to have been found in the courtyard of Marlborough House. But this is not all. They also want to take—and take it they will if they are allowed the opportunity—the life of England's Premier, the Marquis of Salisbury. News such as this is sufficient to, and has doubtless, thrown Jamaica and the whole world into a dreadful state of excitement."¹

Say, friends, is "the whole world" still moving? What does this hysterical verbiage mean? Does it arise from the effects of a tropical sun on a weak brain, or is it the villain's paid part this man has to play in the drama of Duping the Dunces? If the former, he ought to be secured at once as a special attraction to the Jamaica Exhibition of 1891. "Hi! ho! People of the whole world, throw off your dreadful state of excitement at the fates of Wales and Salisbury by coming here to see the man in a feverish state of excitement conducting a daily paper on business principles! His excitement is for a consideration." Now, as it is more than likely that the cause of this hysterical editor's "feverish," and the alleged "whole world's dreadful," "excitement" originated in a simple practical joke of some of the Prince's pals or the scullery-maids' young men, than in threats of labour leaders. But happily the reason is to be found in the same sheet as the nauseous froth of his fit.

It appears that the negroes of Jamaica are showing signs of a determination not to be any longer mere machines for the making of money, and they are beginning in Socialist fashion to protest against being stolen from. Strikes have hitherto been unnecessary in Jamaica, because the principal industry is agriculture. In place of strikes, the labourer can withdraw from hired employment and cultivate as much for himself as satisfies all his wants. This the negro labourers have done, and now the planters call upon the Government to assist them by acquiring labour from abroad—East Indian coolies. This was done for a considerable period; but as the expenses came out of the revenue, to which the working negroes were contributors, they very naturally objected to being taxed to provide against themselves the means of competition in the labour market. Now, the money-mongers who annex profits and interest affect to see a reasonableness in the negroes' arguments and actions so far, but when the negroes only work for enough to supply their own wants and do not extend their enterprise to permit of the money-monger operating on the surplus balance, then it is alleged the negroes are acting unrighteously. The Jamaica negroes have somehow come to distinguish between the value of the product of their labour and the rate of wages, and because the latter cannot rise to the former and provide also all the perquisites to the parasites who will not work, the negroes prefer—on business principles, be it observed—to stick to their product and work no more than is necessary for their needs. The "business-principle" men are consequently hoist with their own petard.

The negroes have grasped one central fact—viz., a sufficient livelihood is enough. They have no desire to be possessed of that they cannot themselves personally use, and what they cannot use belongs to their neighbour. This contentedness will bring them through, and all such interested piping as our hysterical hireling indulges in will not induce them to dance to his money-mongers' tune—viz., "The more a man works the greater becomes not only his employer's success, but his own prosperity." They laugh at such pipers, and say, "When cockroach make feast, him no invite fowl," or "Fowl be ever so drunk, him no invite fox to dance." The negroes have apparently got beyond their would-be teachers and advisers in their theory of wages. This editor, in feverish excitement, says: "Ere concluding, we very much regret to have to admit that a great many of the Jamaica workmen do not perform the amount of labour which their employers reasonably expect." With "reasonably" deleted, that sentence states a fact, for the wages paid are not what the negroes reasonably expect. "Reasonably" belongs rightly to the last sentence, for the negroes strive only to render to Cæsar his due.

The march and acceptance of Socialist ideas is what causes the "feverish" and "dreadful" state of excitement in the Jew's office in Jamaica, as it does in the same class throughout "the whole world." It has the same effect on them as the Communists' notice, "All Thieves will be Hanged" is said to have had on a famous Jew in Paris, who fled when he saw it. This brilliant Jamaica editor in his assumed terror shrieks "when labour is in the ascendant, and when Mr. Cunningham Graham is the leader of the dominant party in the State we may look for violence on a scale which shall be to all past violence as the French Revolution is to Trafalgar Square." Our feverish one wrings his hands and weeps over the conflict of capital and labour, which, as he says, "is the result of a natural law, and can never be brought to a permanent settlement." "It is heartily to be wished," he says, "that the working-classes had many such counsellors as Sir Michael Hicks-Beach and Mr. Charles Bradlaugh" (*sic*), and "If these two classes (employer and employed) were left to adjust their difficulties without extraneous interference, those differences would be adjusted on business principles, that is to say according to the laws which regulate demand and supply; but, unfortunately, a political spirit of a debased character known as Socialism has been introduced into the dispute, etc." Awful, isn't it?

Hence these bad nicknames, foul calumnies, and feverish excitements "in Jamaica" and "the whole world." The negroes of Jamaica sit and sing under their palm-trees, contented because they have raised sufficient yarns for their needs and gathered sufficient mangoes for their indulgences, and while they dance to their shadows in the moonlight, the money-mongers of Jamaica and the market manipulators of the whole world can be "feverish" and "dreadful" in their excitement at the negroes' obliviousness to commercial enterprise. What do they care, they *live*, and that is enough.

GEORGE McLEAN.

¹ We think the editor must be insane, as we have heard nothing yet of this alarming note, and we are rather nearer Marlborough House than the editor of a Jamaica newspaper.—EDS.

SOCIALISM IN THE PROVINCES.

MANCHESTER.

ALTHOUGH we cannot give such a glowing report of progress during the past month as some of our friends, yet our record is fairly satisfactory. We have held good meetings every Sunday at Phillip's Park, Stevenson Square, and Higher Cheetham Street, besides our usual ones at the outside villages—Middleton on Saturday night and Blackley on Monday nights. We have also sent speakers to Heywood and to Crumpsell, and intend keeping these stations on, while we are also making attempts to get a footing in Hyde and other surrounding places where the gospel of human freedom and equality has not yet been spread. We held a large demonstration in Stevenson Square on June 15th, to protest against conferring the freedom of the city on H. M. Stanley, our comrade W. P. Parker (of London) being present, which was very successful. John Ward also addressed a good meeting the following Sunday, and we have had a fairly good sale of literature during the month, so that we have done much to stir up sleepy Lancashire considering the small number of active members. We have also been considerably enlivened lately by our "active and intelligent" blue-coats. Thinking that there could be no harm in "obstructing" a thoroughfare without any traffic, and where the Salvation Army hold their meetings and howl and beat the big drum every Saturday night, we thought we might occupy the same place on Sunday evenings. Alas! for our socialistic innocence! On Sunday, July 6th, the speaker, Barton, was interrupted in his harangue by the voice of authority, which ordered him to stop. This, of course, was not done, and the result was a summons to appear in court on July 17th. This was dismissed on a technical point, the minion of law-'n'-order not having the intelligence to put the name of the right street down; result, a fresh summons, which ended in 5s. fine and costs, the magistrate informing our comrade that what other bodies did had nothing to do with the matter, that where there was a crowd there must be obstruction, presumably whether there was traffic or not, and that the police knew their duties without any one telling them. We, however, intend to continue holding the meetings in spite of the law and the police, and we trust that it will not be long before law, magistrate, and police have vanished, and a free life be possible for all men.

ALFRED BARTON.

THE SOCIALIST LEAGUE.

OFFICES: 24, GREAT QUEEN ST., LINCOLN'S INN FIELDS, W.C.

The Offices of the Socialist League will be open for the sale of *Commonweal* and all other Socialist publications from 8.30 a.m. to 9 p.m. every day except Sunday. The Secretary will be in attendance from 10 a.m. to 9 p.m. daily.

Branch Subscriptions Paid.—1890:—North Kensington, to end of April.

Glasgow, Oxford, Hammersmith, 'Commonweal' Branch, Manchester, and Norwich, to end of May. Leicester, North London, and Yarmouth, to end of June. East London, to end of July. Streatham, to end of December.

(Branch Secretaries will please send with remittances for Capitations the number of their membership.)

SPECIAL NOTICE.

Funds are urgently needed for special work in connection with Propaganda. These funds will be used at the discretion of the Propaganda Committee, and to prevent confusion all money must be sent to Secretary of Propaganda Committee, at 24, Great Queen Street, Lincoln's Inn Fields, W.C., and will be acknowledged by him the *Weal*.
D. J. NICOLL, Sec. to Propaganda Committee.

REPORTS.

ABERDEEN.—At conference of the Branch held on 28th ult. very little was done, but at the adjourned meeting to be held to-night (Monday) probably some headway will be made. On Saturday night a splendid meeting was addressed in Castle Street by W. Cooper, Rennie, and Leatham—the latter replying to a number of good questions at close. Over a gross of pamphlets were sold, besides *Commonweal* and *Justice*, which about represents our average weekly sale during the past two months of open-air work. Judging by Aberdeen and Dundee, we should say that a distinct "boom" is setting in in the revolutionary movement. The many unsuccessful strikes that are occurring have the effect of turning men's minds to Socialism as the only thing that will do.—L.

LEEDS.—On Sunday last we held three good meetings, at which Samuels and Sollit spoke; 3½ quires of *Commonweal* sold and many pamphlets, besides 3s. 8d. collected.—H. S.

SHEFFIELD.—The propaganda here is being carried on with the same vigour as in the past. On Sunday, July 20th, H. Samuels (of Leeds) paid us a visit. The Sunday following, July 27th, C. Reynolds (of Hull), and on Sunday last, R. Unwin (Chesterfield) spoke for us. Among local comrades, Bullas, Kent, May, Palfreyman, Robinson, Smith, Charles, Cores, R. and J. Bingham have been actively at work in the propaganda. Our literature sales do not diminish, and during the month we have opened up a new station at Attercliffe, a suburb of the town.—F. C.

EDINBURGH—SCOTTISH SOCIALIST FEDERATION.—We had good meetings at Leith and on the Meadows on Sunday, addressed by comrades Hamilton, Pearson, Ritchie, Smith, Bell, and Mackenzie. On the Meadows we encountered some opposition from one known to the "Evening Squeak" readers as "Burniewin," who has evidently trusted too much to the second-hand bookstalls for his knowledge of economics. Needless to say, those who took him in hand made very short work of him.—W. D. T.

ANTI-PARLIAMENTARY CONFERENCE.

THE Conference of Revolutionary Societies passed off with the most remarkable success. The utmost enthusiasm was shown by all present, and the occasion will long be remembered by all London Revolutionists. A full report of the speeches, etc., will appear in next week's *Commonweal*. We have only to say that the Conference has given us all fresh vigour and determination for the work that stands before us.

An Appeal.—Comrade Lessner appeals to us on behalf of A. Weiler, who, with his wife and three children, is in a terrible condition of poverty. Weiler is an old veteran in the Revolutionary Cause, who has worked in the Continental movement for twenty years, from the beginning of the International Workingmen's Association. Help is most urgently needed, and should be sent to the Secretary of the Communist Working Men's Club, 49 Tottenham Street, Tottenham Court Road, W.C., or to F. Lessner, 12 Fitzroy Street, Fitzroy Square.

LECTURE DIARY.

LONDON.

- Battersea*.—All communications to E. Buteux, 45, Inwith Street, Battersea Park Road.
- Commonweal Branch*.—24 Great Queen Street, Holborn, W.C. Tuesdays, Singing Practice. Thursdays, Business meeting. Saturdays, Social Gathering. Sunday August 10, at 8 p.m., A. Brookes, a lecture.
- East London*.—A meeting of members will be held at Berner Street on Sunday, August 10th, at 7.30. Members of St. George's-in-the-East Branch are invited to attend.
- Hammersmith*.—Kelmescott House, Upper Mall, W. Sunday Aug. 10, at 8 p.m., a Lecture. French Class conducted by Mde. Desroches on Friday evenings at 7.30.
- North Kensington*.—Clarendon Coffee Palace, Clarendon Road. Meets every Wednesday at 8 p.m. The branch Band meets every Friday at 8 p.m. for practice. Comrades wishing to join to give in their names to the Instructor at the above address.
- North London*.—6 Windmill Street, Tottenham Court Road. Meets every Wednesday evening at 8 o'clock.
- Whitechapel and St. Georges-in-the-East*.—Branch meetings at International Club, 40 Berner Street, Commercial Road. J. Turner, organising secretary.

PROVINCES.

- Aberdeen*.—Organiser, J. Leatham, 7 Jamaica Street. Branch meets in Hall, 9 Harriet Street, on Sunday evenings at 6.30. Singing practice, etc., in Odd-fellows' Small Hall, Crooked Lane, Mondays at 8 p.m.
- Braintree*.—Meetings held alternate Saturdays, at 8 p.m., and Sundays, 11 and 2.30, at the fountain, Market Place. Business meetings, Wednesdays at 8. All communications to W. Fuller, 74 Manor Street.
- Glasgow*.—Members are invited to meet on Thursday and Sunday evenings, at 8 o'clock, in the Secretary's house, 250 Crown Street, S.S. All communications to be sent to that address.
- Halifax*.—Socialists meet every Sunday at 6.30 p.m. at Helliwell's Temperance Hotel, Northgate.
- Leeds*.—International Educational Club, Templar Street. Open every evening. Discussion class every Friday at 8; lectures every Saturday at 4. All kinds of Socialist literature on tables and for sale.
- Leicester*.—Exchange Buildings, Rutland Street. Branch meets on Monday, Thursday, and Saturday at 8 p.m.
- Manchester*.—Socialist League Club, 60 Grovesnor Street, All Saints. Open every evening. Branch weekly meeting on Tuesdays at 8.
- Norwich*.—Members' meeting held every Tuesday at 8.30.
- Oxford*.—Temperance Hall, 25½ Pembroke Street. First Friday in every month, at 8.30 p.m.
- Sheffield*.—Socialist Club, 63 Blonk Street. French Class, Tuesday at 8.30. Discussion Class, Wednesday at 8.30. Open-air meetings are held as follows:—Sunday: Monolith, Fargate, at 11.30; Newhall Road, Attercliffe, at 11.30; Pump, Westbar, at 8; Heeley, Maresbrook Park, at 7.30; Monolith, Fargate, at 6.30; Rotherham, College Yard, at 3.15. Wednesday: Nursery Street, Wicker, at 8. Thursday: Bramall Lane, at 8; Eckington, at 6.30. Friday: Duke Street, Park, at 8. Saturday: Woodhouse, at 7.
- Walsall*.—Socialist Club, 18 Goodall Street, Walsall. Meetings every night.
- Yarmouth*.—Socialist League Club, 56 Row, Market Place. Open every evening. Business Meeting, Tuesday at 8. Singing Practice, Wednesday at 8.30. Discussion Class, Thursday at 8.30. Elocution Class, Friday at 8.30.

OPEN-AIR PROPAGANDA.

- SATURDAY 9.
- 7.30..... Prince of Wales RoadThe Branch
- SUNDAY 10.
- 11 Commercial Road—Union StreetLeggatt
- 11 Latimer Road StationNorth Kensington Branch
- 11.30..... Hammersmith BridgeHammersmith Branch
- 11.30..... Hoxton ChurchThe Branch
- 11.30..... Kilburn—"Old Plough," Kilburn LaneMainwaring
- 11.30..... New Cut—Short StreetCollins, Miss Lupton, and Buckeridge
- 11.30..... Regent's ParkNicoll and Cantwell
- 3.30..... Hyde Park—Marble ArchThe Branch
- 3.30..... Victoria ParkThe Branch
- 7 Hammersmith BridgeHammersmith Branch
- 7 Wormwood ScrubsNorth Kensington Branch
- 8 Walham Green—back of ChurchHammersmith Branch
- WEDNESDAY 13.
- 8 Newport MarketThe Branch
- FRIDAY 15.
- 8.15..... Hoxton ChurchKitz and Mrs. Lahr

PROVINCES.

- Aberdeen*.—Saturday: Castle Street, at 8 p.m.
- Glasgow*.—Sunday: Jail Square at 2 o'clock; Paisley Road at 5 o'clock. Friday: Bridgeton Cross, at 8.15.
- Leeds*.—Saturday: Woodhouse Moor, at 7.30 p.m. Sunday: Hunslet Moor, at 11 a.m.; Vicar's Croft, at 7 p.m.
- Leicester*.—Sunday: Russell Square at 11 a.m.; Humberstone Gate, at 8 p.m. Tuesday: Sanvey Gate, at 8 p.m.
- Liverpool*.—Landing Stage, Sundays at 11.30 a.m. and 3 p.m.
- Manchester*.—Saturday: Middlemarket ground, at 7 p.m. Sunday: Philips Park Gates, at 11; Stevenson Square, at 3. Monday: Market Street, Blackley, at 8.
- Norwich*.—Saturday: Haymarket, at 8. Sunday: Market Place at 11, 3, and 7.30.
- Yarmouth*.—Saturday: Church Plain Trees, at 8 p.m. Sunday: Priory Plain, at 11; Bradwell, at 11.30; London Boat Landing Stage, at 3; Colman's Granary Quay, at 7. Monday: Belton, at 8 p.m.

J. Walther, Stenhousemuir, Scotland, is agent for *Commonweal*.

ROCHDALE SOCIALISTS.—Meetings held every evening at 28 Blackwater Street. LIVERPOOL SOCIALIST SOCIETY.—1 Stanley Street, Dale Street.—Meets every Tuesday at 8 p.m.

SOUTH LONDON BRANCH.—This Branch has taken the St. George's Coffee Tavern, 106 Westminster Bridge Road, for discussions and Branch meetings, and the first discussion will take place on Monday August 11, at 8 p.m., when, after branch discussion, Buckeridge will give an address on Anarchist-Communism. All members of Branch and Freedom Group are earnestly requested to attend.

EDINBURGH—SCOTTISH SOCIALIST FEDERATION.—Labour Hall, 50 South Bridge. Business meeting every Friday at 8 o'clock. Communications, etc., to be addressed there. Meeting at foot of Leith Walk, Sunday at 3 p.m., and on the Meadows, at 6 p.m.

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The Great Strike: the Irrepressible Con- flict between Capital and Labour	0 4
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The Reciter for Clubs and Social Gatherings	0 1

The above Leaflets, at prices given, can be had from the *Commonweal* manager in any quantities by Branches, members, or sympathisers, for distribution, 24, Great Queen Street, Lincoln's Inn Fields, London.

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STATEMENT OF PRINCIPLES.

THE Socialist League advocates International
Revolutionary Socialism. That is to say the
destruction of the present class society, which
consists of one class who live by owning prop-
erty and therefore *need not work*, and of
another that has no property and therefore
must work in order that they may live to keep
the idlers by their labour. Revolutionary
Socialism insists that this system of society,
which is the modern form of slavery, should
be changed to a system of Society which would
give every man an opportunity of doing useful
work, and not allow any man to live without
so doing, which work could not be useful unless
it were done for the whole body of workers
instead of for do-nothing individuals. The
result of this would be that livelihood would
not be precarious nor labour burdensome.
Labour would be employed in co-operation,
and the struggle of man with man for bare
subsistence would be supplanted by harmon-
ious combination for the production of com-
mon wealth and the exchange of mutual
services without the waste of labour or mater-
ial.

Every man's needs would be satisfied from
this common stock, but no man would be
allowed to own anything which he could not
use, and which consequently he must *abuse*
by employing it as an instrument for forcing
others to labour for him unpaid. Thus the
land, the capital, machinery, and means of
transit would cease to be private property,
since they can only be *used* by the combination
of labour to produce wealth.

Thus men would be *free* because they would
no longer be dependent on idle property-owners
for subsistence; thus they would be *brothers*,
for the cause of strife, the struggle for subsis-
tence at other people's expense, would have
come to an end. Thus they would be *equal*,
for if all men were doing useful work no man's
labour could be dispensed with. Thus the
motto of Liberty, Fraternity, and Equality,
which is but an empty boast in a society that
upholds the monopoly of the means of produc-
tion, would at last be realised.

This Revolutionary Socialism must be In-
ternational. The change which would put an
end to the struggle between man and man,
would destroy it also between nation and
nation. One harmonious system of federation
throughout the whole of civilisation would
take the place of the old destructive rivalries.
There would be no great centres breeding race
hatred and commercial jealousy, but people
would manage their own affairs in communities
not too large to prevent all citizens from taking
a part in the administration necessary for the
conduct of life, so that party politics would
come to an end.

Thus, while we abide by the old motto

Liberty, Fraternity, Equality,

we say that the existence of private property
destroys Equality, and therefore under it there
can be neither Liberty nor Fraternity.

We add to the first motto then this other
one—

**FROM EACH ACCORDING TO HIS
CAPACITY, TO EACH ACCORDING
TO HIS NEEDS.**

When this is realised there will be a genuine
Society; until it is realised, Society is nothing
but a band of robbers. We must add that
this change can only be brought about by com-
bination amongst the workers themselves, and
must embrace the whole of Society. The new
life cannot be *given* to the workers by a class
higher than they, but must be *taken* by them
by means of the abolition of classes and the
reorganisation of Society.

COUNCIL OF THE SOCIALIST LEAGUE.

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VOL. 6.—No. 240.

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WEEKLY; ONE PENNY.

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THE LABOUR WAR IN WALES.

MORE depends upon the conflict that is now raging in South Wales than a careless observer might imagine. It is not alone a battle between the South Wales railway men and the rich railway company, it is really a fight between the railway companies and railway workers of Britain. South Wales has been chosen as the battle-field, and that is all. If the railway company is beaten, every one of these rich corporations in England, Wales, and Scotland may look forward to reduced dividends. If the men are defeated it may be the Sedan of the New Unionism, and the Norwoods and Liveseys may rejoice, for Labour will be once more a crushed slave beneath their feet. No wonder, then, that all who love the people are looking with so much interest to South Wales.

But there is another reason why Socialists should be interested in this Great Strike. If capitalists have united against labour, then on the other hand labour stands in serried ranks against capital. Sympathy is universal among the workers with the strikers. The dockers will not take coal from blackleg railway men, and the miners on their side not only will not dig coal, but they threaten that they will prevent by main force the running of trains by blacklegs. What with the men on strike, and the miners and the dockers who are locked out, the strike is practically a general one. This fact has been recognised even by the scribes of the capitalist press. The *Weekly Dispatch*, among other capitalist newspapers, has pointed this out. It says:

"Another point to be noted is this. The Welsh strike for the moment simply paralysed the life of the community. And why? Because it was a case where labour operated not merely by one combination, but by a combination of combinations, and because it contrived to neutralise the blackleg. The strikers first shut up the seaport of the district, and then strangled its railway system. If that were done in London—and it can be done—we leave it to our readers to say what would happen within twenty-four hours. The alternative would be surrender or civil war, and the sooner this ugly fact is faced the better."

We do not think that a General Strike even in London would involve civil war, because we do not know who would do the fighting on the part of the capitalist classes. With outbreaks among the soldiers in our garrison towns, and with a fierce discontent among them, of which these revolts are only the outward symptoms, it will not do for fat railway directors and other sweaters to rely too much on their army. As for the police they would simply, to use a graphic Americanism, be "chawed up" in the event of a popular outbreak. Robert knows this, and he will if he is a sensible man take care to be out of the way when trouble comes. We fear that so great is the unpopularity of the force, that a blue uniform would be a certain passport to Paradise. Of course, we would not insult the "respectable" police by hinting that they would be sent anywhere else by a revolutionary mob. Therefore, provoking general strikes by "smashing unions" is not to be such a safe amusement as some capitalists appear to think. Let them listen to the words of wisdom of the *Weekly Dispatch* again:

"Moreover, do people know what the effect of 'smashing up unionism' must be? As Professor Lugo Brentano, of Breslau, told the Germans in his great work on English guilds, nothing but the trades union stands between England and the social revolution."

What do you think of that, ye Norwoods and Liveseys? The *Dispatch*, and other papers that have said the same thing, are right, but

it will not be the social revolution of legality that these people are forcing on. Do you know what you are doing, you rich respectable gentlemen of the middle classes? When unions are smashed, what will happen then? Will the workers sink into the old condition of miserable slavery? Are the "resources of civilisation" exhausted when the unions are defeated? Do you know what you are doing?—you are provoking, not the Red, but the Black Terror. You are putting the torch into the hands of the incendiary to fire your mansions; you are urging on the masses to use those dread forces which the science of your civilisation has placed in their hands; you are whetting the sword for your own slaughter. That is what you are doing, gentlemen of the middle classes.

There is one thing which strikes us particularly in this crisis in South Wales—how much more advanced the men are than their leaders. Mr. Harford, the delegate of the men, accepts a compromise. The men, knowing their own business better than any trade-union leader, reject Mr. Harford's compromise, and stick to their original terms. But it has been reserved for William Abraham (Mabon) to treat the public to an exhibition of unexampled cowardice and treachery. He and two other gentlemen have issued a disgraceful document, in which they recommend the miners to let the company run the trains with their blacklegs, knowing well all the time that it is only the fear of having every bone in their bodies broken by the stalwart miners of Rhondda Valley that has kept shoals of blacklegs out of the district. We advise the miners not to follow this cowardly and treacherous advice. All the gentlemen who signed that document—we give their names, it is right that they should be remembered: William Abraham (Mabon), M.P.; William Evans (miners' agent); T. Pascoe Jenkins (president of the Rhondda Labour and Liberal Association, Pentre)—are in the pay of the Liberal party, a party that has always sold and betrayed the people. For all we know, they may be in the employ of the railway directors. We therefore advise the miners not to let a single train pass along the line manned by blacklegs. If the miners do, the treachery of Messrs. Abraham and Co. will be successful and the railway men will be defeated.

D. J. NICOLL.

NEWS FROM NOWHERE:

OR,

AN EPOCH OF REST.

BEING SOME CHAPTERS FROM A UTOPIAN ROMANCE.

CHAP. XXV.—STILL UP THE THAMES.

As we went down to the boat next morning, Walter could not quite keep off the subject of last night, though he was more hopeful than he had been then, and seemed to think that if the unlucky homicide could not be got to go over-sea, he might at any rate go and live somewhere in the neighbourhood pretty much by himself; at any rate, that was what he himself had proposed. To Dick, and I must say to me also, this seemed a strange remedy; and Dick said as much. Quoth he:

"Friend Walter, don't set the man brooding on the tragedy by letting him live alone. That will only strengthen his idea that he has committed a crime, and you will have him killing himself in good earnest."

Said Clara: "I don't know. If I may say what I think of it, it is that he had better have his fill of gloom now, and, so to say, wake up presently to see how little need there has been for it; and then he will live happily afterwards. As for his killing himself, you need not be afraid of that; for, from all you tell me, he is really very much in love with the woman; and to speak plainly, until his love is satisfied, he will not only stick to life as tightly as he can, but will also make the most of every event of his life—will, so to say, hug himself up in it; and I think that this is the real explanation of his taking the whole matter with such an excess of tragedy."

Waiter looked thoughtful, and said: "Well, you may be right; and perhaps we should have treated it all more lightly; but you see, guest" (turning to me), "such things happen so seldom, that when they do

happen we cannot help being much taken up with it. For the rest, we are all inclined to excuse our poor friend for making us so unhappy on the ground that he does it out of an exaggerated respect for human life and its happiness. Well, I will say no more about it; only this, will you give me a cast up stream, as I want to look after a lonely habitation for the poor fellow, since he will have it so, and I hear that there is one which would suit us very well on the downs beyond Streatley; so if you will put me ashore there I will walk up the hill and look to it."

"Is the house in question empty?" said I.

"No," said Walter, "but the man who lives there will go out of it, of course, when he hears that we want it. You see, we think that the fresh air of the downs and the very emptiness of the landscape will do our friend good."

"Yes," said Clara, smiling, "and he will not be so far from his beloved that they cannot easily meet if they have a mind to—as they certainly will."

This talk had brought us down to the boat, and we were presently afloat on the beautiful broad stream, Dick driving the prow swiftly through the windless water of the early summer morning, for it was not yet six o'clock. We were at the lock in a very little time; and as we lay rising and rising on the in-coming water, I could not help wondering that my old friend the pound-lock, and that of the very simplest and most rural kind, should hold its place there; so I said:

"I have been wondering, as we have passed lock after lock, that you people, so prosperous as you are, and especially since you are so anxious for pleasant work to do, have not invented something which would get rid of this clumsy business of going up-stairs by means of these rude contrivances."

Dick laughed. "My dear friend," said he, "as long as water has the clumsy habit of running down hill, I fear we must humour it by going up-stairs when we have our faces turned from the sea. And really I don't see why you should fall foul of Maple-durham lock, which I think a very pretty place."

There was no doubt about the latter assertion, I thought, as I looked up at the overhanging boughs of the great trees, with the sun coming glittering through the leaves, and listened to the song of the summer blackbirds as it mingled with the sound of the backwater near us. So not being able to say why I wanted the locks away—which, indeed, I didn't do at all—I held my peace. But Walter said—

"You see, guest, this is not an age of inventions. The last epoch did all that for us, and we are now content to use such of their inventions as we find handy, and leaving those alone which we don't want. I believe, as a matter of fact, that some time ago (I can't give you a date) some elaborate machinery was used for the locks, though people didn't go so far as to try to make the water run up hill. However, it was troublesome, I suppose, and the simple hatches, and the gates with a big counterpoising beam, were found to answer every purpose, and were easily mended when wanted with material always to hand: so here they are, as you see."

"Besides," said Dick, "this kind of lock is pretty, as you can see; and I can't help thinking that your machine-lock, winding up like a watch, would have been ugly and would have spoiled the look of the river: and that is surely reason enough for keeping such locks as these. Good-bye, old fellow!" said he to the lock, as he pushed us out through the now open gates by a vigorous stroke of the boat-hook. "May you live long, and have your green old age renewed for ever!"

On we went; and the water had the familiar aspect to me of the days before Pangbourne had been thoroughly cocknified, as I have seen it. It (Pangbourne) was distinctly a village still—i.e., a definite group of houses, and as pretty as might be. The beech-woods still covered the hill that rose above Basildon; but the flat fields beneath them were much more populous than I remembered them, as there were five large houses in sight, very carefully designed so as not to hurt the character of the country. Down on the green lip of the river, just where the water turns toward the Goring and Streatley reaches, were half a dozen girls playing about on the grass. They hailed us as we were about passing them, as they noted that we were travellers, and we stopped a minute to talk with them. They had been bathing, and were light clad and bare footed, and were bound for the meadows on the Berkshire side, where the haymaking had begun. At first nothing would content them but we must go with them into the hayfield, and breakfast with them; but Dick put forward his theory of beginning the hay-harvest higher up the water, and not spoiling my pleasure therein by giving me a taste of it elsewhere, and they gave way, though unwillingly. In revenge they asked me a great many questions about the country I came from and the manners of life there, which I found rather puzzling to answer; and doubtless what answers I did give were puzzling enough to them. I noticed both with these pretty girls and with everybody else we met, that in default of serious news, such as we had heard at Maple-durham, they were eager to discuss all the little details of life: the weather, the hay-crop, the last new house, the plenty or lack of such and such birds, and so on; and they talked of these things not in a fatuous and conventional way, but as taking, I say, real interest in them. Moreover, I found that the women knew as much about all these things as the men: could name a flower, and knew its qualities; could tell you the habitat of such and such birds and fish, and the like.

It is almost strange what a difference this intelligence made in my estimate of the country life of that day; for it used to be said in past times, and on the whole truly, that outside their daily work country people knew little of the country, and at least could tell you nothing about it; while here were these people as eager about all the goings

on in the fields and woods and downs as if they had been Cockneys newly escaped from the tyranny of bricks and mortar.

I may mention as a detail worth noticing that not only did there seem to be a great many more birds about of the non-predatory kind, but their enemies the birds of prey were also commoner. A kite hung over our heads as we passed Medmenham yesterday; magpies were quite common in the hedgerows; I saw several sparrow-hawks, and I think a merlin; and now just as we were passing the pretty bridge which had taken the place of Basildon railway-bridge, a couple of ravens croaked above our boat, as they sailed off to the higher ground of the downs. I concluded from all this that the days of the game-keeper were over, and did not even need to ask Dick a question about it.

WILLIAM MORRIS.

TO BE CONTINUED.]

(This Story began in No. 209, January 11, 1890. A few sets of Back Numbers can still be had.)

SOCIALISM IN THE PROVINCES.

NOTTINGHAM.

WE are still pegging away in Nottingham. On Sunday July 6, our comrade Proctor spoke twice—in Sneinton Market in the morning on "Quack Remedies for Poverty"; in the evening, in the Great Market Place, on "The Historical Development of Trade Unions." On Sunday July 13, comrade W. K. Hall, of Manchester, visited us, and gave three addresses in his excellent style before good audiences, our comrade Peacock silencing some working-men politicians who were giving some opposition on the temperance question. On Sunday July 20th comrade Andrew Hall, of Chesterfield, gave three stirring addresses to very large audiences. He created great interest by the way in which he spoke of gaining our object by any means. He advocated the same methods in defence of our cause as were used against us. We are expecting some lively meetings when our comrade again visits us, which he has promised to do in a few weeks' time. On Sunday July 27th no meetings were held, our members having the annual picnic, the place chosen this year being Naughton, on the borders of Charnwood Forest. The weather was all that could be desired, and we all spent a most enjoyable day, rambling amongst the bracken and foxgloves, mounting the rocks, and trespassing in the woods in defiance of Law-'n'-order, arriving in Nottingham about 11 p.m. On Sunday August 3rd our comrade Harry Carless, of Walsall, visited us again, and spoke in his usual eloquent and able manner, his addresses producing a great impression on capital audiences. Last night, August 9, comrade Proctor assisted at the first meeting held in Derby by the Midland Counties Socialist Federation, a splendid start in preaching Socialism being made, this being the first Socialist meeting held in this town. During the past month we have increased the sale of the *Commonweal* at our meetings, also having disposed of a number of pamphlets, especially the "Rights of Labour," "Monopoly," and "True and False Society." We have also had good collections. Although this is not such a glowing report as has been made by some of our comrades, we consider it a very satisfactory one, and hope to produce better results in the future by dint of hard work and preaching the cause in season and out of season. Our lecturers for the ensuing month are Mowbray, Bingham, Leonard Hall, George Cores, and Miss Lupton. A. CLIFTON.

LEICESTER.

UNDER the auspices of the Leicester Branch of the S.L. and the Midland Counties Socialist Federation, meetings have been held at the villages of Oadby, Ansty, and Wigston, and the towns of Loughborough and Derby. These meetings have been addressed by comrades Chambers, Taylor, Proctor, Barclay, Purcell, and Mowbray, of London. Notwithstanding that it has been Bank Holiday week, and money must necessarily be scarce, we have sold a very large quantity of literature. The meeting in Derby was to me a great surprise. Some 2,000 people answered the announcement made on the posters and handbills, and gathered early in the Market Place in order to hear what Socialism is. There was little or no opposition worth mentioning, and about 15s. worth of literature was sold by our Nottingham comrades and the Leicester Branch; £1 0s. 3d. was collected towards expenses. This is the first meeting that has been held in Derby, and to my mind the results only prove more conclusively than ever the need for more country propaganda. Owing to the rain, our meeting at Russell Square, Leicester, was shorter than usual; but, as if to make up for the loss in the morning, a very large meeting indeed was held in Humberstone Gate. Mowbray spoke out strongly and vigorously, and after his address was finished the audience kept up a discussion until 11 p.m. Filled by the spirit of emulation, our Leicester comrades are intent on entering the lists with the comrades of Sheffield, whose work recently shows what metal they are made of. The sale of literature in Leicester has been for the week about 8s., and 9s. 4d. has been collected towards expenses. I have been compelled to promise the Nottingham comrades that I will give Nottingham a turn as soon as possible. I can safely say that everything shows me that if we only work hard at our propaganda as Socialists, we shall make better headway than we have done before. Three hearty cheers for the Social Revolution is the greeting we send from the Midlands. C. W. M.

'COMMONWEAL.'—On Sunday, August 10th, Miss Lupton and McGinn held a good meeting at Hyde Park, and collected 3s. 7d. In our hall, A. Brookes addressed fair audience on "Labour."

STREATLEY.—At Fountain on Sunday night, a short but interesting meeting was held, interesting on account of interference by the law-'n'-order lads, short on account of a heavy pour of rain; Gospellers on the path and Revolutionary Socialists on their track, makes it necessary for "pass along, please" to the respectably-dressed crowd and "get away here" to the underpaid groaning worker; our purpose was served, however, and a good meeting was held.

ABERDEEN.—At adjourned Conference held on Monday, August 4th, among a good deal of other business, a set of rules for the regulations of branch business was gone over, amended, and adopted. On Tuesday and Wednesday nights new ground was broken at the Quayside, good meetings being addressed there by Duncan, Atkinson, and Leatham. At Castle Street on Saturday night, W. Cooper and Leatham spoke to the usual large crowd. At Sunday night meeting (indoors) a paper on "German Railways" was read and discussed.—L.

GLASGOW.—Last week we had a visit from comrade R. S. Bingham (of Sheffield), who was taking a holiday in Scotland. Bingham, who gave us a cheering account of the progress of the Cause in Sheffield, spoke at mid-day on Jail Square, and in the evening at Paisley Road Toll; Glasier and Joe Burgoyne also spoke.

NOTES ON NEWS.

UNDER the heading "Chickens Coming Home to Roost," our American contemporary, *The Rights of Labour*, after quoting the remarks in the *Commonweal* re the disposition to humbug the Socialist Cause by bogus ories, says "The error lies in so persistently insisting that reliance must be placed in the State." Pray where does the anonymous writer of this refreshing piece of news hail from? Has any of the U.S.A. lunatic asylums been depleted of an inmate who has found employment on the staff of the *Rights of Labour*, and written the notice regarding the *Commonweal*?

Such mis-quotations and mis-representations are part of the burden we sufferingly have to bear, because the advocates of soup-kitchens and parochialism in this country persist in waving red flags and calling themselves Socialists. I suppose that this sort of thing must be endured as patiently as it can be, until these folk reach their haven of rest in the den of thieves at Westminster, and if we let them make laws for us. But we expected better things of our American contemporary than to be classed with the mob who are striving to be our future masters.

F. K.

It is just as well to give our readers a word of warning. There is a danger that many honest and enthusiastic Socialists may be deceived by the pretended zeal of certain capitalist newspapers in the cause of the workers, and may take advice given by them as coming from thoroughly honest sources. If the workmen knew, however, who was behind these papers their confidence might not be given so generously.

Take, for instance, the *Star*. It is not Messrs. Parke and Massingham, who we believe are both thoroughly honest in their Socialist Radicalism, who really direct the policy of that paper, but it is Professor Stuart who in reality sets the pace. And who is Professor Stuart? He is the son-in-law of Mr. Colman, who owns the big mustard works at Norwich, and who has made an immense fortune out of the labour of men, boys, and girls, not always, if common report is true, paying the most magnificent wages. Professor Stuart is also the boon friend and trusted political agent of Mr. Gladstone! Do you smell a rat, gentle reader? Does it not seem rather probable that the "advanced" tone of the *Star* is only assumed by direction of the Grand Old Sham himself, who wants the workmen's votes for the next General Election?

This opens up a fruitful field of conjecture, but I leave this alone, as it was not this that I meant particularly to refer to. We were told the *Star* was going to be as "advanced" as ever. But the *Star* has not gone back to its old form. During several periods of crisis in the labour movement recently the paper has become suddenly wonderfully moderate,—during which periods people have laughed and said Stuart was getting frightened. Now, can any man put his confidence in a paper that is under the control of a hired hack of the official Liberal gang, who are without exception the worst enemies of the working class?

I have no love for the Tory party, but they at least are honest in their enmity. But the whining old humbugs who sit on the front opposition bench are not only really your foes, but they add hypocrisy to their other vices, and pretend to be the workman's friends while they are picking his pocket or stabbing him in the back. We have not forgotten the treason of the *Star* a few months ago, and there is some danger that under the able directorship of Professor Stuart that treason may be repeated.

Even now the *Star* gives treacherous advice. Only the other day, when the Welsh railway strike had "frightened" its able director, the paper was very busy recommending boards of conciliation to the people. Strikes were "barbarous." Quite so; but we had better have barbarous realities than civilised shams. And boards of conciliation and arbitration are shams and frauds. They are simply a means of cheating the worker out of his just rights. Who are the people who want boards of conciliation? The capitalist classes; they have been crying out for them for the last year—ever since the great Dock Strike. Do the workmen want them? No. A few leaders of the old school, who get their living by blacking the boots of capitalists, and who ought by rights to wear plush breeches to show in whose employ they are, join their hired voices to the general cry. But the mass of the working classes have no desire to be swindled by these "impartial" tribunals.

What does a board of conciliation consist of? An equal number of trade-union leaders and capitalists, with an "impartial" capitalist in the chair to hold the scales of justice. Let us suppose all the trade-union leaders are honest and cannot be bribed either by money or fair words—a very bold supposition. What about the capitalist in the chair, who gives the casting vote? Why, the mere fact of his being a capitalist means that he will always act with his own class, and the workers will find themselves bound by the decisions of a tribunal of which the majority is composed of their worst enemies. No, Professor Stuart; the workmen would rather do without boards of conciliation.

"Will you walk into my parlour, said the spider to the fly,

It is the prettiest little parlour that ever you did spy."

But the fly does not care about it, he does not want to be devoured by the capitalist spider. Let the workman stick to the big strike, the combined strike of all trades and industries.

It is a very inconvenient method to the Liberal capitalist. It is barbarous, brutal, unconstitutional. But the workman will get a good deal more by it than he will get out of a board of conciliation. Stick to the General Strike, boys, and you will get what you want.

John Burns's wages as a County Councillor are running short, and he has been talking of going back to the bench again. Several papers have expressed themselves strongly about the ingratitude of the London workman. Well, if the London workman believes that Burns can do anything for him on the County Council, the London workman is acting very stupidly in not paying him for his work there. But has John Burns been able to do much there? We don't think so. In our opinion the best work he has done has not been done in the Council, but outside, and could have been done equally well if he had remained plain John Burns, and had never been a County Councillor. It was Burns's reputation as a Socialist which made him the leader of the Dock Strike, as it made him the leader of the unemployed, and we are only sorry that a man who has done such good revolutionary work, and who we believe, with all his "constitutionalism," is still at heart a revolutionist, should "waste his time" among the second-rate mediocrities, insipid respectables, and corrupt jobbers who compose the bulk of the London County Council.

The capitalist press is in an awful state of alarm regarding the spread of revolt among the troops. The *Leeds Mercury* declares that the revolt among the Guards was caused by the underground work of the Anarchists and Socialists. The *Dublin Express*, the organ of high and dry Toryism, says that these outbreaks will increase and multiply, and then in a tone of deepest horror informs us that there are "paid revolutionary agents" in every garrison town who have a most "evil influence" upon the troops. Dreadful, isn't it? It seems that the "gifted" writer on the *Dublin Express* knows more about the revolutionary movement than we do. We know nothing about any "paid agents," but we have plenty of friends in garrison towns who have done good work in supplying soldiers with revolutionary literature. Only they do this work not for payment, but for the love of their principles. They are not like the hired scribes of the Tory press, and we are glad to see that the efforts of our comrades have not been unfruitful. Any one who wishes to aid in this good work can send subscriptions to us, and we will take care that the money is well expended.

N.

"Free" Labour is one of the catch-cries of avowed enemies of the people. Such papers as the *St. James's Gazette*, and its like, are at one with the directors in Wales, who are attempting to crush the workers. "Free" Labour, forsooth! What does it mean? The "right" of masters to employ the workers at starvation terms; a neat little dodge to deal with the workman as an individual, and not, as in large industries where men have united, collectively. The latter may be best while Commercialism stays!

Blacklegs versus Trade Unionists! This is the grievance; not only in Wales, but in every large movement for the advancement of wages affecting the standard of comfort, as represented by money, remember. The masters object to collective bargaining; they demand individual bargaining. The workers themselves are divided on the matter, and this, unfortunately, enables the capitalist to still hold a trump card. What does this schism among the workers come to? Why, just this, that a trades' unionist is at the best only a respectable slave, while the blackleg is an unrespectable one. Trade unionists contend that non-unionists have to thank them somewhat for even the wages they command in the labour-market. To a very large extent there is much truth in this.

Some pretty plain talk is required on the subject, and here it is. The trade unionist who contends he has done his duty when he has paid his weekly "subs.", and, maybe, kept this up since "coming out of his time" till he has reached the two score and ten period, is the veriest dolt. It is perfectly true he has done his best in so far as keeping up, at the very most, a miserable standard of comfort. We admit that this standard is better than any blackleg can expect under existing circumstances, unless he is good at "lifting" without being cothed.

But such a trade unionist has not done his duty! The broad platform of humanitarianism should have taught a bolder lesson. When unionists have reached that stage in human affairs, where men and women would act fraternally, and, in short, where the worker's interests are identical, something will have been done. When will they recognise that masters (capitalists) are not necessary for the carrying on of industry? The very system which gives cause for unions to spring up for the avowed purpose of protecting industry and its "reward," as against masters who contend for "free" labour, should convince the trades' unionist that something much more aggressive than uniting together and holding delegate and annual meetings is the course that must be taken, and to which, by the way, events are fast tending.

You want free labour, do you? Free in its proper sense! Very well, we must have abolition of capitalists, then; the taking over of the means of life, i.e., the land, machinery, tools, factories, and so on, each industry managing its own affairs; rent, interest, and profit must go; production and distribution for workers and by workers! These are matters that should and must be worth the consideration of even blacklegs and unionists.

W. B.



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Periodicals received during the week ending Wednesday August 13.

ENGLAND Belfast Weekly Star Justice Labour Tribune Norwich—Daylight People's Press Hallway Review Sozial Demokrat Seafaring The Whirlwind Worker's Friend	Chicago (Ill)—Vorbote Cincinnati (O.) Volks-Anwalt Detroit—Der Arme Teufel Philadel.—Knights of Labour Paterson Labour Standard S. F.—Coast Seamen's Journal San Francisco Arbeiterzeitung Pacific Union San Diego—Calif. Nationalist Valley Falls (Kan.)—Lucifer	SPAIN Madrid—El Socialista Barcelona—El Productor
INDIA Bankipore—Behar Herald	FRANCE Paris—Bourse du Travail Paris—La Revolté Le Parti ouvrier La Revue Europeenne Charleville—L'Emancipation Lille—Le Cri du Travailleur Rouen—Le Salarial	PORTUGAL Lisbon—O Protesto Operario
UNITED STATES New York—Der Sozialist New York—Truthseeker New York—Freiheit Freie Arbeiter Stimme Twentieth Century Phrenological Journal, etc. United Irishman Volkszeitung Bakers' Journal Workmen's Advocate Boston—Woman's Journal Boston—Liberty Investigator Buffalo—Arbeiter-Zeitung	GERMANY Berlin—Volks Tribune Halberstadt, Sonntags-Zeitung	GERMANY Berlin—Volks Tribune Halberstadt, Sonntags-Zeitung
	AUSTRIA Vienna—Arbeiter-Zeitung Brunn—Arbeiterstimme	HUNGARY Arbeiter-Wochen-Chronik
	HOLLAND Hague—Recht voor Allen	DENMARK Copenhagen—Arbejderen
	BELGIUM Antwerp—De Werker Ghent—Vooruit	SWEDEN Malmo—Arbetet Stockholm, Social-Demokraten
	SWITZERLAND Arbeiterstimme	WEST INDIES Cuba—El Productor
	ITALY Milan—Il Fascio Operaio	CAPE COLONY Cape Times
		ARGENTINE REPUBLIC Buenos Ayres—Vorwärts
		GREECE Socialists

THE DEVELOPMENT OF MODERN SOCIETY.

(Concluded from p. 253.)

THUS fell the Society of the Middle Ages, by Capitalism establishing itself on the ruins of Feudality, and the rise of a middle-class who were either parasites of the nobility, themselves become commercial, trading on the grossest monopolies, and exacting rack-rent, and practically doing the state no service—partly parasites of the nobility, or partly employers living on the profit wrung out of workmen employed at a very low rate of wages. I have been giving the story of the change as it happened in England. On the Continent the divorce of the people from the land was not so sudden or complete, I think because there was less resistance possible to the centralised bureaucracy here than on the Continent. There, on the other hand, the rise of definite nations with stiff political demarcations gave rise to most horrible wars, which reduced the peasants to the last stage of misery, hampered new-born commerce, and in the long run ruined the land-owning aristocracy, and at last made the French Revolution both possible and necessary. It is no exaggeration to say that Germany is only now within the last twenty years recovering from the Thirty Year's War which went on at the end of the sixteenth and beginning of the seventeenth centuries.

But with the birth of capitalism and the world-market, the relative importance of agriculture and manufacture began to alter; and that again especially in England, a country so rich in coal and minerals, and so well furnished with harbours on all sides. The new-born power of making profit out of the employment of handicraftsmen had to be

exercised and developed. The craftsmen were in a changed position; they had been completely masters of their own work with other resources, which forbade the work mastering them; they were so no longer; they were working for other people, driven by competition to sell themselves at a poor price in the market. In short, they had become wage-slaves; but they were still handicraftsmen working in an isolated way. They were not being made the most of, and could only be the instruments of a timid scanty commerce. If they could have remained thus I think that they would have been less degraded than they became afterwards, and are now; but then the last word of progress would have been said, the hope of revolution would never have arisen.

What happened was very different. Capitalism was no sooner born than she was forced to sow the seed of her decay and final destruction; she was forced to develop the power of Labour to the utmost; that was indeed her work. The mechanical invention of man had lain dormant since the early days that had invented the plough, the cart, the row-boat, and the simple machines that help man's labour and do not supersede it, such as the grist-mill, the potter's wheel, the lathe, the simple loom, the crane, etc.; that invention was now to wake up, but not very suddenly; the fuller organisation of handicraft was to precede its abolition. I say when Capitalism began to grow towards manhood at the end of the sixteenth century, production was wholly by handicraft little organised.

The work of the seventeenth century was that gradual organisation by means of the division of labour. In handicraft (supposing a man to take no pleasure in his work, to be no artist) the single worker's whole intelligence is wasted on a piece of commonplace goods; a small part of that intelligence will suffice, if the whole of some one else's intelligence is employed in organising. Therefore, set him, the single man, at doing one small portion of that work, and you can soon dispense with almost all his intelligence, while at the same time you will quicken the habit of his hand, his mechanical power, prodigiously; in short, you will at last make of him a very delicate machine, or part of a machine, for performing the small piece of work you apportion to him; but you must take care that the whole machine of him and his fellows must be properly built up. This was the work of the seventeenth century. In the eighteenth it was complete, and the unit of labour was no longer a single man but a group of men.

Commerce was now, one would think, as well provided as she needed to be; but happily she could not stop there, or there would still have been no revolution possible for us. Now, indeed, she stirred up the sleeping invention of man, and with the latter half of the eighteenth century began that marvellous series of inventions, which one would have thought should have set mankind free from the greater part of his labour, but which, as it is, has done, on the face of it, little more than make a new and enormously rich middle-class, and multiply the working population many times over in order to provide them with due wage-slaves, who work not less, but more than they did in the days before the organisation of labour, and get not higher wages, but lower for their more burdensome labour.

My briefly told tale is over now, for I need not go through the often-told story of the fly-shuttle, the spinning jenny, the steam-engine, the power-loom, and the rest of it. I will only remark that the last development of machinery is to make the factory itself the machine, of which these wonderful machines, and the men that manage them (the most wonderful of all) are only parts. There remains only on this side of human life, production to wit, one thing to do as long as machine production lasts (which I prophecy will not be for ever). That one thing is this: The machines were invented that some men might work harder and others softer than they used to do, and they have well fulfilled their purpose; but though they have in that process seized hold of the bodies of the hard-working ones, the wage-slaves, though the factory has their bodies in its grip, it has not got hold of their intelligence, and does not want it, nay, sedulously keeps it out. Suppose that intelligence to wake up and to say, The hard work and the soft work, let us no longer keep these two separate for two classes of men, but throw them together and divide them equally amongst all, so that there should be no classes! In that case would not life in general, the only holy and sacred thing we know, be purified and made far holier by taking away from it the sorrow and misery that come of anxious seeking for toil, and the need for accepting the sickening burden. Surely that is so. Surely there is nothing in the machines themselves and the invention of man which created them, that they should forbid the true use of them, the lightening the burden of human labour.

That is what we Socialists under the machine and factory system are striving for at present, leaving the consideration of what is to be done to the machines and factories to future ages, who will be free to consider it, as we are not. Freedom first at any price, and then if possible happiness, which to my mind would be the certain result of freedom. Or are we free? I have told you what was the condition of the civilised world in the days of the late Roman Republic, and the Absolutist Empire which followed it. What is its condition now that we have gone through chattel-slavery and serfdom to wage-slavery? It can be told nearly in the same words.

A privileged class partly composed of a landed nobility, partly of a money-bag aristocracy; a parasite class, ministering to their pleasures and their corruption, drinking of their cup, eating of their dish, flattering them and flattered by them but despised by them, and (woes me!) sharing in their crime of living on the misery of the poor. And those by whose labour they live? A huge population of miserable and hopeless labourers, to whom are superadded a crowd of paupers, far

less joyous than the old Roman ones, fed by the fears, the remorse—the charity we call it—of the rich; and a few, a very few, free workmen, who as they work not for the workers, but the idle, must be turned back again to herd with the crowd of parasites aforesaid. Who can dare to say that this is not true of our society? And how does it differ from that of Roman corruption? Can its end be otherwise then—or worse?

Remember this, that in the days of that Roman corruption there was valiancy outside it which was ready to help the then world by destruction and new life combined; its enemies were the friends of the world, and were as good in their way as the early classical peoples had been in theirs, and I say they were outside that society, but at hand for its regeneration. All that the last two thousand years have used up; there is nothing outside civilisation that we can turn to for new birth; whatever there is to help us must come from within.

How are we to get at that? you will say. The answer to that question is the fact that we admit that the workers of to-day are wage-slaves. Those that feel themselves slaves must have been driven to desire freedom. But, again, what is the freedom which we desire? For the word has been used so often that men have forgotten its meaning. I think the answer is the freedom to develop our capacities to the utmost without injuring our neighbours. And how can that be done? By each of us working for the welfare of the whole of which we each form a part, and feeling sure that only so can we each of us fare well. Shall we not then have to give up a great deal in order to reach this point? Yes, we who are trying to bring people to that point will have to, but when people have reached it, they, when Socialism is realised, will turn round and find that their loss has only been imaginary. The rich man will have lost riches, *i.e.*, dominion over others, and find that he is happy; the intellectual man will have given up his claim to be worshipped by the masses, and will find that he is understood by them and loved by them—and the poor man, what has he to give up? He will have to give up his chance of becoming rich—a valuable possession truly—and he will find that he is not rich, but wealthy; that is, that he has whatever a man healthy in mind and body can wish for, and that poverty has become an evil dream but half remembered.

In short, even now, while the realisation of Socialism, though it is already going on, is neither desired nor understood by most men, the mere breath and rumour of its coming can at least hold out to true men who will join our ranks one gift at least—that they shall be glad to live and not afraid to die. And is that not a wonderful contrast to the spirit of the life of those who are still living placidly, because ignorantly, amidst the dishonesty of our present society? wherein how many there are, and those not always the poorest or most ignorant, but men of culture, men of genius, who do at once hate life and fear death. Friends, join us in helping to throw off this bugbear, so that you may be no longer wage-slaves or their masters, or their masters' parasites. So shall we be our own Goths, and at whatever cost break up again the new tyrannous Empire of Capitalism. WILLIAM MORRIS.

THE REVOLUTIONARY CONFERENCE.

AN Anti-Parliamentary Conference of revolutionary bodies and groups was held at the Autonomie Club on Sunday, August 3rd. The following societies and groups were represented: Autonomie Club, Berner Street Club, East London Anarchist-Communist Group, Gleichheit Club, Hull Freiheit Club, Freedom Group, Italian, French, and Scandinavian Groups, Knights of Liberty Group, Sheffield Socialist Society, and the West-end Anarchist-Communist Group; and the following Branches of the Socialist League—North London, Hammersmith, Streatham, East London, North Kensington, South London, 'Commonweal,' Leicester, Norwich, Oxford, and Yarmouth.

The Conference having assembled, Kitz, at noon, on behalf of the Socialist League, stated the general objects aimed at—*viz.*, greater unity and efficiency in revolutionary work and propaganda. He asked the comrades present to decide whether they would elect a chairman or not. It was unanimously agreed to dispense with any such quasi-constitutional official. It may here be also mentioned that throughout the proceedings no vote or division was taken, but that, nevertheless, perfect order and harmony were maintained. The undersigned were appointed Secretaries, and the Conference was constituted.

The first question on the agenda for discussion was—

"To secure United International Action on the part of the Revolutionary Party in the event of a European crisis, so that the Cause be not injured by indecision in such event."

Mowbray thought that the gist of the matter was to secure ourselves from waiting or indecision. In the first place, we should meet at least quarterly together. As to what he would do "in the event of a crisis," he would do his best to get the groups called together for consultation; but as to preliminary steps he should form himself into a committee of one. In the event of a crisis at home, the first thing to do was to fire the slums and get the people into the West-end mansions. In the event of a crisis abroad, the first thing to be done was to prevent help to foreign capitalists being sent from here.

Cores thought that for example in the Leeds business strong revolutionary placards might have been issued and meetings called in the neighbouring towns, so as to keep the police of those towns employed at home. He hoped that what we discussed to-day would not be kept to ourselves, but spread abroad. Workmen understood unflinching propaganda better than theoretic discussions.

Kitz said our chief enemies, strange to say, were amid the dregs of the populace. We were largely to blame for this, because of the academic mode in which the propaganda had been carried on. We should preach to the thieves, the paupers, and the prostitutes. The Christians already reached them by their emotional superstition; we might do so by preaching heaven here on earth. The first act of the Revolution ought to be to open the prison doors.

Charles (Sheffield) was sure the spirit of revolt would spread here as well as abroad. Leeds showed this. The very children looted the little provision shops for their fathers who were fighting in the streets. The women collected stones for the men to throw. If we only spread ourselves a bit in the provinces we should soon light a fire that would end the whole damned thing.

Malatesta said the problem of the best means of assuring combined international action had been often discussed. The authoritarian solution was to have committees everywhere. The committees were always too late or ill-informed, and consequently the movement was paralysed. Another system was to renounce all system. The results of this course were no better. By all means trust to individual initiative, but let every individual have a clear idea of what he should do, without necessity for any word of command. To establish an initiative of this kind the individual must know the strength behind him. As a rule men were not heroes, and they wanted to be assured that if they did some great thing they would have the sympathy of their comrades. For practical purposes, too, we should distinguish future plans from present action. For instance, as to the future, we might be either Communists or Collectivists; but both schools of Anarchists were at one as to what was to be done immediately. Each school was determined to seize property and put it in common by means of a tumultuous revolution. Why should not the two schools agree together, so long as the Revolution was yet to be made? Let us urge the people to seize property and go and dwell in the mansions of the rich; do not let us paralyse our efforts by discussions as to the future. Some organisation was desirable. There was an authoritarian system of organisation, which encouraged spies and accustomed the people to the system of delegation; but there was also a system of organisation which was spontaneous and Anarchist. A party which did not believe in organisation would do nothing; a party which believed in organisation only would soon join the Social Democrats or the politicians. In all things we went from one exaggeration to another before finding the mean. It was so in discussing the problem of how to make the Revolution. At one time Anarchists had abandoned trade-unions and strikes, and thought of nothing but making the Revolution by force. Then we found the bourgeois too strong for us upon this ground, and after the great Dock Strike we began to fancy that the General Strike would do everything. A strike, however, was not the Revolution, but only an occasion to make it. The General Strike would be good if we were ready to make use of it at once by immediate military action, whether by barricades or otherwise.

After Malatesta's speech the Conference adjourned at 1.30 for dinner. Upon resumption of business at 3 p.m.,

Ogden (Oxford) said that it would be very indiscreet, as we had no pretensions to be prophets, for us to lay down laws as to what any individual should do or as to what the future society should be like. We could at any rate here to-day make doubters understand that we were at war with the present society. What should be our immediate practical action? He answered, to bring into existence elements out of which the Revolution would be made. Natural leaders there must be, but do not let us make gods—Gladstones or Bradlaugh—of them. That was what we were in revolt against.

Pearson (Freedom Group) said that we must know what we were to put in place of the present system. The Social Democrats were revolutionists, but we could never work with them because they would not abolish authority. The Social-Democratic system was as bad as the present one. Coercion in any shape—dictating to people what was right and what was wrong—was bad. Our organisations in the past had gone wrong by electing people to do our work. We should recognise individuality. We should get into harmony with those with whom we could work and whom we could trust. For example, we had got to make it unsafe to send English soldiers to put down rioters and revolters elsewhere. This should be done by individual guerilla warfare. Don't let us try to organise the Revolution upon fixed lines beforehand, and bring people into the streets to be shot down. The Commune was ruined by councils and governors.

Kent (Sheffield) spoke of the impending colliery strike. Leaders would be required to prevent people acting all together in mobs and to utilise them individually. We wanted to know where the gatling guns and other instruments of destruction were kept, so that we might find them when wanted. So we wanted to know where the storehouses of food and clothing were, that we might take them.

Bordes said that whenever the people had conquered any advantage, it had been by means of individual initiative. It was so in the great French Revolution. At the time of the Commune, too, people did not wait for the Central Committee, but acted for themselves. Organisations of every kind had only sold the people. The thing to be done was to show the producers that everything that existed was false, and to put into their hands the means of getting rid of their masters.

Miss Lupton believed in assembling the people in the streets; only by teaching them together could we infuse courage into them. Revolt, too, was generated in this way, as fire by the sharpening of flint against flint. There must be leaders—(some cries of "No!")—but they must arise when the time came. Leadership was necessary—(renewed dissent)—but we must not plan it. We must not make a trade of it; only we must be ready to utilise it when necessary.

Casey suggested that we should stick to what he called the basic line of this discussion, *viz.*, that our Revolution was a Revolution against property. He thought Miss Lupton's views of leadership somewhat dangerous.

Louise Michel said that the General Strike was the Revolution. In the Revolution there was no Group, no League,—only Humanity. We should not be always talking; we should act. By action the Revolution would be begun; all would understand action. In France, too, there had been too much talking. Comrades have endeavoured to make propaganda before the law courts, but they had only made themselves drunk with their own words and moved no one. The 1st of May showed they had been working on wrong lines.

Wess thought the result of the discussion was that personal and local initiative was the best means to our end. He also thought that we should not depend upon bourgeois papers for news, but upon our own journals and personal information.

The Conference then proceeded to discuss the second question on the agenda, *viz.*:

"To determine the best methods of propaganda."

With this question was also considered the following suggestion from the Council of the Socialist League:

"To push on the Cause by the advocacy of a General Strike and Non-Payment of Rent."

H. Davis, reverting to the previous discussion for a moment, spoke against

all idea of leadership. Leadership had ruined every movement. The very fact that a leader was asked for to make a Revolution showed that the time was not ripe for a complete Revolution. Anarchism was the simplest doctrine in the world. There were scores of systems of society. The Anarchist said, "Let us have no system; the only thing we want is inter-dependence one upon the other." We ought to be more definite in our propaganda and policy. There was no half-way house between Social Democracy and Anarchism.

Netlow thought the General Strike should not be made too prominent. It might become a fetish, and take the same place in our movement as the Eight Hours with the Social Democrats. He took the same view as to a No-Rent propaganda; a strike was apt to kill individual initiative. We had too much to do to devote much time to it.

Nicoll said there was no need to preach the General Strike so as to lose sight of principles. When we were asked what practically was to be done, we must have some answer. The General Strike coupled with a No-Rent movement, would deal a heavy blow at the present system. An Eight Hours' Day, on the other hand, would tend to prolong the present system.

Mowbray thought that if we clearly advocated the taking over of the means of life, a General Strike might also be advocated as a means to that end. A propagandist should keep clear of trades' union disputes.

Mrs. Lahr thought we should do our utmost to get among the soldiers. We should distribute leaflets among them, and teach them not to fire on their brethren. She would advocate the General Strike as a revolt against the whole system. We must make sacrifices, and be courageous in preaching revolt; we had been mild too long.

Brooks said a general cessation of work meant the destruction of mastership. A General Strike meant the International Revolution.

Saint thought slavery was not to be abolished by using the means of authority. A General Strike meant authority. No-Rent he supported. The Revolution must be brought about by economic means.

Schmidt (Hull) wanted to know why, instead of going out of the shops and leaving the masters in, we should not kick the masters out? Men would not act in the way of a strike without an order from their union executive. He thought some share might well be taken in the unions, but no doubt any true Socialist would soon be kicked out of them. We should preach Socialism in the unions and everywhere else, only do not let us help any comrade to become a paid official.

Wess showed how the demand for a General Strike originated in Tortelier's Eight Hours' proposition. We must tell the people "Whatever you want you must get for yourselves." So would the General Strike be prepared. The next Revolution should be final. He also thought some good work might be done within the trades' unions.

Casey was thoroughly opposed to too much stress being laid on the General Strike; by advocating it you weakened your position. It might be used to obtain only an Eight Hours' day. We might take advantage of it, if it came. It was very dangerous to advocate it except by putting it forward as a means to an end.

Nicoll thought the General Strike meant the Social Revolution. It was not necessary to tell everybody so; all revolutions hitherto had been made by minorities. A General Strike would mean the streets thronged with desperate hungry crowds ready for anything, and that would mean the Revolution.

Cores said strikes and crowds would come of themselves; we were only going to take advantage of them when they came. As Socialists, we should preach and encourage every kind of revolt. The General Strike was the easiest way of attacking the masters.

A collection was taken for the wives and children of the men murdered by the Austro-Hungarian Government during the recent mining disturbances in that country, and realised £1.

The Conference at 6.30 adjourned for an hour. Upon resumption the following matter was referred to the various societies and groups:

"The support of the recognised organs of the party, and the printing and publication of leaflets and periodicals."

It was agreed to publish the proceedings of the Conference in the Revolutionary Press.

After a long discussion it was also agreed that the next meeting in Conference should be appointed for Easter-day, 1891, but that the groups should be requested to call a Special Conference should any urgent occasion arise.

A collection was then taken for the different anti-Parliamentary newspapers.

So terminated a most successful Conference, pervaded throughout by a spirit of comradeship and good feeling. Although all red-tapeism and quasi-authoritarianism were banished, the order maintained set an excellent example to that "den of thieves" the House of Commons. Exigencies of space have compelled us to give only the barest outlines of the speeches, and to omit some altogether. Comrades must pardon these enforced deficiencies.

W. WESS,
R. W. BURNIE, } Secs.

The Onion-peelers Win.

The onion-peelers' strike at Crosse and Blackwells, East Ham, was settled on Thursday August 7. The women asked for 1s. for white onions and 6d. green onions, and they are to get it in future. The strike has also improved the condition of the women who gather beans for the farmers. On the same day they demanded 8d. instead of 6d. a-basket, and they got it.

NOTICE.

Next Week's Issue will contain an Article on

"REVOLUTIONARY GOVERNMENT,"

By PETER KROPOTKINE.

Branches and Newsagents are requested to order early.

INTERNATIONAL NOTES.

GERMANY.

The thirty-four Social-Democratic Members of Parliament have issued an address to their party, in which the party is requested to send delegates to a congress which is to be held on the 12th October and following days at Halle. The coercion law against the Socialists has lasted nearly twelve years, and will come to an end on the 30th September, and the party is asked to select their delegates on the 1st October. The order of the day at the congress will be rather rich, as it is proposed to discuss the following items: 1. Report on the condition of the party; 2. Report of the auditors; 3. Report of the parliamentary section; 4. The organisation of the party; 5. Election of officials; 6. The programme or platform of the party; 7. The press of the party; 8. Our attitude to strikes and boycotts; 9. Free propositions. The old question about centralisation and federalisation will be once more thoroughly chewed—in fact, it has already started in some papers of the party, pro and con. No doubt the big pots of the movement are very much in favour of a strict centralistic organisation, and are strongly against a too free development of private ideas and the desire for liberty in some members of the party. They also object to their trying to communicate their ideas to their fellow members. It is very sad indeed that men like Bebel and Liebknecht, who once upon a time defended their independence and federalistic principles so ably in *Der Volkstaat*, are now up in arms against anyone who dares to be independent. It is very doubtful whether the great mass of our comrades in Germany will be led so easily; they have outgrown their leading-strings, and very likely soon will break the strings and perhaps kick out the leaders in the bargain, even if the majority in the congress carry such measures. To talk about the necessity of closed, disciplined ranks because we are in constant warfare, is all very well, and no doubt the rank and file will work in a body if the circumstances demand such action, but if allowed freedom the local bodies will be more able and understand much better how to fight and how to win. What was the good of the centralisation at the time when the coercion laws were declared? The party had been used to look to the heads of the party; and the heads, what did they do? Nothing; they simply lost their heads. If there had been no centralisation or combination whatsoever, the chaos could not have been worse, and it would have been a deal better if the people had been used to stand on their own legs. Well, we shall soon see what resolutions the congress will come to.

AUSTRIA-HUNGARY.

The last act of a great tragedy, which was played in a northern part of Bohemia, and in which two men were killed and many wounded, has begun. Eighty-seven glass-workers have been arraigned before the Reichenberg District Court, on the charge of riotous conduct, open revolt against the established law, plundering, etc. Out of the voluminous acts of accusation, we learn the following facts of the case. The splitting of glass into rough beads, during many years, was done by the workmen at home, and many thousands earned their living in this trade; a quick workman could split 5,000 dozen in a day, at 7½d. per 1,000 dz. In the last two years the trade has been very bad, beads being not very fashionable, and as a consequence the prices got lower and lower; the competition was also great with Venetian beads made by machines. In 1887 a large firm put some machines up, and in 1888 another firm, L. Breit, himself an engineer, improved the machines to such an extent that one machine can do more work than a hundred hands. The beads are even in better condition for further improvement. The average wages went down to 2½d. a-day, and by degrees, horrible suffering were the consequences. On the 28th January, at a secret meeting of the men a resolution was taken, and on the next day several hundred workers went from factory to factory destroying all machines and machine-made beads. The police had no knowledge of the movement, and the few in the place had enough to do to save and protect the owners until the arrival of the military. In the first instance the bourgeois papers made a hue and cry against the "Socialist agitators"; but they had no luck there; it was too well known that hardly any Socialists are in the district, and even the public prosecutor puts the revolt solely down to the horrible misery under which the people suffered. The ignorant people think the machines are the source of the evil, whereas the evil is that the machines are in the hands of the capitalist; and the evil will last until all instruments of production will be common property. The end of the tragedy will be—the accused sent to a long term of imprisonment, the wives and children in the workhouse, thousands of men, willing to work, in unspeakable misery, and the younger ones absorbed by another branch of industry equally as bad. O, ye ladies! do you think sometimes, donning your fine dresses ornamented with beads, on the many hot tears out of the eyes of the poor mixed with them?

DENMARK.

The director of the United Steamship Society, Mr. Tietgen, who was sent by the king as council delegate to the International Workmen's Protection Congress in Berlin, called together by the "Socialistic" Kaiser, used the following words: "As long as a tear can be dried from the face of a labourer we must not be lax in our endeavour to create better circumstances for them." Now the seamen and sailors are on strike for a pittance of mere wages, and, of course, the gentleman can do nothing in the matter. At a meeting the women have carried a resolution to go in procession to him with the fine sounding words on a banner, and we hope they will make him eat them, the miserable hypocrite.

SWITZERLAND.

A new paper, called the *Textil Arbeiter*, has made its appearance, and we wish it success. At the same time we learn that a movement is on foot to hold an international congress of the workers in the textile industry, to consider the means for an improvement of their position. They need it, indeed; it is one of the worst paid branches of industry.

Some great patriots want to erect a monument to Tell, the tyrant-remover, the personification of bold manliness and love of freedom. A Swiss labour paper says: "If to-day a Tell was to do his deed in another country and fly to us for protection, we would give him up, or turn him out of the country at least, as many a brave fighter for liberty has been insulted and hunted from our mountains. The agitation for a Tell monument by those who cry 'Bravo!' and clap their hands at the infamous deeds of the political police, is therefore a detestable hypocrisy and a barefaced lie." Rrr.

LIVERPOOL SOCIALIST SOCIETY.—1 Stanley Street, Dale Street.—Meets every Tuesday at 8 p.m.

THE SONG OF HATRED!

Yes, Freedom's war!—though the deadly strife
 Makes earth one charnel bone-yard!
 The last kiss now to the child and wife,
 And the first firm grasp of the poniard!
 Blood soon shall flow in rivers above
 The bright flowers we to-day tread;
 We have all had more than enough of love,
 So now for a spell of Hatred!
 We have all had more than enough of love,
 So now for a spell of Hatred!

How long shall the hideous ogre, Power,
 Rear column of skulls on column?
 Oh, Justice! hasten thy judgment-hour,
 And open thy doomsday volume!
 No more oiled speech!—it is time the drove
 Of despots should hear their fate read—
 We have all had quite enough of love,
 Be our watchword henceforth Hatred!
 We have all had quite enough of love,
 Be our watchword henceforth Hatred!

Cold steel! to that it must come at length—
 Nor quake to hear it spoken!
 By the blows alone we strike in our strength
 Can the chains of the world be broken!
 Up, then! No more in city or grove,
 Let Slavery and Dismay tread!
 We have all had more than enough of love,
 Let us now fall back upon Hatred!
 We have all had more than enough of love,
 Let us now fall back upon Hatred!

My friends; the tremendous time at hand
 Will show itself truly in earnest!
 Do you the like!—and take your stand
 Where its aspect frowns the sternest!
 Strive now as Tell and Korner strove!
 Be your sharp swords early and late red!
 You have all had more than enough of love—
 Test now the talisman, Hatred!
 You have all had more than enough of love,
 Test now the talisman, Hatred!

HERWEGH. Translated by CLARENCE MAGNAN.

THE LABOUR STRUGGLE.

The Great Strike in Wales.

On Wednesday August 6th the strike began, as the directors not only refused to agree to the terms of the men, but had even refused to meet the secretary of union, Mr. Harford. 1,500 men came out on Wednesday evening and Thursday morning. The directors had talked very loudly about getting blacklegs, but blacklegs were scarce. The whole population sympathising strongly with the strikers, the blacklegs were very easily "persuaded" to go home. In illustration of the terror caused by the threatening attitude of the people, I may mention an amusing incident which occurred on Thursday morning at half-past three. Mr. Harford, who did not wish to "inconvenience the public," gave permission for a mail train to be run. The attitude of the working-class public who had gathered along the line was so menacing that men could not be got to run the train, and "her majesty's" mails had to go in brakes by road. On one train that did run the driver and fireman had to beat a hasty retreat before the people, the fireman being knocked about severely. The directors, seeing the blackleg game was up for the time, then entered into negotiations with Mr. Harford, who rather weakly consented to a compromise by which the men could work 240 hours a-month instead of the sixty hours a-week demanded by the men. The men, however, very rightly rejected this compromise, and declared that they would stick to their demands. They adhere to their claim for a sixty hours' week, but they are willing in the case of the colliers' monthly holiday to guarantee a week of fifty hours. The railway men have the support of both dockers and miners. The dockers will not load coal that is brought down with blacklegs, and the miners will not dig for these people. Meanwhile the miners have been everywhere locked out, and the dockers, too, are idle, so what is practically a general strike prevails in South Wales.

The strike on Saturday was beginning to be felt in the district; there was a famine in garden produce, and meat supplies except the local hill sheep were beginning to run short, while in many large towns not a single London paper had been seen since Wednesday. Trade was completely paralysed. The condition of affairs is thus described by a *Times* correspondent: "Nobody had anything to do, and nobody was doing anything. In the East, West, and Roath docks, everywhere, the scene was the same. Huge colliers, sailing and steam vessels, great ocean liners, lay in absolute idleness, for the very sufficient and very deplorable reason that there was not a ton of coal to place in them. The railway lines are the arteries, and the coal which they bring down are the blood and life of many hundreds and thousands of tons of shipping. The shipping lay motionless and inert. There had been, said the experienced officials, bad times during former strikes, but the appearance of the docks has never been so depressing as upon this occasion. The average arrivals have dropped from 10,000 net tonnage to 2,000. There were in the docks on Saturday steamers of a registered tonnage of nearly 59,000, and sailing vessels of nearly 68,000 tons register, of which at least two-thirds ought to have gone away. Such figures speak for themselves." The directors contrived to smuggle a large number of blacklegs into their premises while a big demonstration was being held on Saturday. Encouraged by the presence of these blacklegs, the directors refused the men's terms on Monday. The police are being got together, and troops are held in readiness. It is evident these gentlemen intend to massacre the people if they can get a chance.—*Later*.—No blackleg trains ran on Tuesday. The directors complain bitterly of threats of force and the talk of "hot receptions" for blacklegs among the miners. At the same time the directors do not mind using "threats," the latest of which is a proposal to work the line by "Royal Engineers." We do not think, however, these gallant soldiers will turn blacklegs, even if they are "ordered."

LECTURE DIARY.

LONDON.

- Battersea*.—All communications to E. Buteux, 45, Inwith Street, Battersea Park Road.
- Commonweal Branch*.—24 Great Queen Street, Holborn, W.C. Tuesdays, Singing Practice. Thursdays, Business meeting. Saturdays, Social Gathering.
- Hammersmith*.—Kelmescott House, Upper Mall, W. Sunday Aug. 17, at 8 p.m., a Lecture. French Class conducted by Mdle. Desroches on Friday evenings at 7.30.
- North Kensington*.—Clarendon Coffee Palace, Clarendon Road. Meets every Wednesday at 8 p.m. The branch Band meets every Friday at 8 p.m. for practice. Comrades wishing to join to give in their names to the instructor at the above address.
- North London*.—6 Windmill Street, Tottenham Court Road. Meets every Wednesday evening at 8 o'clock.
- South London*.—St. George's Coffee Tavern, 106 Westminster Bridge Road. Monday August 18, at 8.30, J. Casey, "Government and Palliatives."
- Whitechapel and St. Georges-in-the-East*.—Branch meetings at International Club, 40 Berner Street, Commercial Road. J. Turner, organising secretary.

PROVINCES.

- Aberdeen*.—Organiser, J. Leatham, 7 Jamaica Street. Branch meets in Odd-fellows' Small Hall, Crooked Lane, on Sunday evenings at 6.30. Singing practice, etc., Mondays at 8 p.m.
- Glasgow*.—Members are invited to meet on Thursday and Sunday evenings, at 8 o'clock, in the Secretary's house, 250 Crown Street, S.S. All communications to be sent to that address.
- Halifax*.—Socialists meet every Sunday at 6.30 p.m. at Helliwell's Temperance Hotel, Northgate.
- Leeds*.—International Educational Club, Templar Street. Open every evening. Discussion class every Friday at 8; lectures every Saturday at 4. All kinds of Socialist literature on tables and for sale.
- Leicester*.—Exchange Buildings, Rutland Street. Branch meets on Monday, Thursday, and Saturday at 8 p.m.
- Manchester*.—Socialist League Club, 60 Grovesnor Street, All Saints. Open every evening. Branch weekly meeting on Tuesdays at 8.
- Norwich*.—Members' meeting held every Tuesday at 8.30.
- Oxford*.—Temperance Hall, 25½ Pembroke Street. First Friday in every month, at 8.30 p.m.
- Sheffield*.—Socialist Club, 63 Blomk Street. French Class, Tuesday at 8.30. Discussion Class, Wednesday at 8.30. Open-air meetings are held as follows:—Sunday: Monolith, Fargate, at 11.30; Newhall Road, Attercliffe, at 11.30; Pump, Westbar, at 8; Heeley, Maresbrook Park, at 7.30; Monolith, Fargate, at 6.30; Rotherham, College Yard, at 3.15. Wednesday: Nursery Street, Wicker, at 8. Thursday: Bramall Lane, at 8; Eckington, at 6.30. Friday: Duke Street, Park, at 8. Saturday: Woodhouse, at 7.
- Walsall*.—Socialist Club, 18 Goodall Street, Walsall. Meetings every night.
- Yarmouth*.—Socialist League Club, 56 Row, Market Place. Open every evening Business Meeting, Tuesday at 8. Singing Practice, Wednesday at 8.30. Discussion Class, Thursday at 8.30. Elocution Class, Friday at 8.30.

OPEN-AIR PROPAGANDA.

- SATURDAY 16.
- 7.30..... Prince of Wales RoadThe Branch
- SUNDAY 17.
- 11 Commercial Road—Union Street.....Davis
 - 11 Latimer Road StationNorth Kensington Branch
 - 11.30..... Hammersmith BridgeHammersmith Branch
 - 11.30..... Hoxton ChurchBurnie and Mrs. Lahr
 - 11.30..... Kilburn—"Old Plough," Kilburn LaneMainwaring
 - 11.30..... New Cut—Short StreetCasey, Buckeridge, and Pearson
 - 11.30..... Regent's Park.....Nicoll and Cantwell
 - 11.30..... Streatham—Fountain.....Smith
 - 3.30..... Hyde Park—Marble Arch.....Mrs. Lahr
 - 3.30..... Victoria Park.....The Branch
 - 3.30..... Streatham CommonMiss Lupton and Gregory
 - 7 Hammersmith BridgeHammersmith Branch
 - 7 Wormwood ScrubsNorth Kensington Branch
 - 7.30..... Streatham—Fountain.....Smith
 - 8 Walham Green—back of ChurchHammersmith Branch

MONDAY 18.

- 7.30..... Westminster Bridge Road—Pearman Street.....Smith and Holloway

THURSDAY 21.

- 7.30..... New Cut—Short StreetBuckeridge and Casey

FRIDAY 22.

- 8.15..... Hoxton ChurchKitz

PROVINCES.

- Aberdeen*.—Saturday: Castle Street, at 8 p.m.
- Glasgow*.—Sunday: Jail Square at 2 o'clock; Paisley Road at 5 o'clock. Friday: Bridgeton Cross, at 8.15.
- Leeds*.—Saturday: Woodhouse Moor, at 7.30 p.m. Sunday: Hunslet Moor, at 11 a.m.; Vicar's Croft, at 7 p.m.
- Leicester*.—Sunday: Russell Square at 11 a.m.; Humberstone Gate, at 8 p.m. Tuesday: Sanvey Gate, at 8 p.m.
- Liverpool*.—Landing Stage, Sundays at 11.30 a.m. and 3 p.m.
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- Norwich*.—Saturday: Haymarket, at 8. Sunday: Market Place at 11, 3, and 7.30.
- Yarmouth*.—Saturday: Church Plain Trees, at 8 p.m. Sunday: Priory Plain, at 11; Bradwell, at 11.30; London Boat Landing Stage, at 3; Colman's Granary Quay, at 7. Monday: Belton, at 8 p.m.

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THE Socialist League advocates International Revolutionary Socialism. That is to say the destruction of the present class society, which consists of one class who live by owning property and therefore *need not work*, and of another that has no property and therefore *must work* in order that they may live to keep the idlers by their labour. Revolutionary Socialism insists that this system of society, which is the modern form of slavery, should be changed to a system of Society which would give every man an opportunity of doing useful work, and not allow any man to live without so doing, which work could not be useful unless it were done for the whole body of workers instead of for do-nothing individuals. The result of this would be that livelihood would not be precarious nor labour burdensome. Labour would be employed in co-operation, and the struggle of man with man for bare subsistence would be supplanted by harmonious combination for the production of common wealth and the exchange of mutual services without the waste of labour or material.

Every man's needs would be satisfied from this common stock, but no man would be allowed to own anything which he could not *use*, and which consequently he must *abuse* by employing it as an instrument for forcing others to labour for him unpaid. Thus the land, the capital, machinery, and means of transit would cease to be private property, since they can only be *used* by the combination of labour to produce wealth.

Thus men would be *free* because they would no longer be dependent on idle property-owners for subsistence; thus they would be *brothers*, for the cause of strife, the struggle for subsistence at other people's expense, would have come to an end. Thus they would be *equal*, for if all men were doing useful work no man's labour could be dispensed with. Thus the motto of Liberty, Fraternity, and Equality, which is but an empty boast in a society that upholds the monopoly of the means of production, would at last be realised.

This Revolutionary Socialism must be International. The change which would put an end to the struggle between man and man, would destroy it also between nation and nation. One harmonious system of federation throughout the whole of civilisation would take the place of the old destructive rivalries. There would be no great centres breeding race hatred and commercial jealousy, but people would manage their own affairs in communities not too large to prevent all citizens from taking a part in the administration necessary for the conduct of life, so that party politics would come to an end.

Thus, while we abide by the old motto

Liberty, Fraternity, Equality,

we say that the existence of private property destroys Equality, and therefore under it there can be neither Liberty nor Fraternity.

We add to the first motto then this other one—

**FROM EACH ACCORDING TO HIS
CAPACITY, TO EACH ACCORDING
TO HIS NEEDS.**

When this is realised there will be a genuine Society; until it is realised, Society is nothing but a band of robbers. We must add that this change can only be brought about by combination amongst the workers themselves, and must embrace the whole of Society. The new life cannot be *given* to the workers by a class higher than they, but must be *taken* by them by means of the abolition of classes and the reorganisation of Society.

COUNCIL OF THE SOCIALIST LEAGUE.

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MEN WHO ARE NOT SOCIALISTS.

VI.

THE POLICE.

THE only sensible thing acted in our theatres nowadays is the harlequinade, and I never miss seeing it. It is so thoroughly socialistic—from the stealing of hams and sausages out of the butcher's shop, to the dipping of the policeman in a barrel of treacle, burning him with a red-hot poker, and passing him through a mangle! It is the social revolution in miniature, and I enjoy it immensely—especially the treatment of the policeman. It is so full of instruction, too, and moral benefit to the young. When I have a family, I will take the youngsters regularly to see the harlequinade, and also to witness labour and free speech riots, and if they do not play a lively part in the Social Revolution it won't be the fault of their early impressions.

In olden times people walked in lonely places at night-time in dread of evil spirits—warlocks, witches, and goblins; nowadays, alike in the day-time and night-time and in busy and lonely places, they go about in terror of the police. The presence of a policeman at his door, or the touch of a policeman's hand on his shoulder, excites as much apprehension in the breast of a free-born Briton to-day, as the sight of the horns of the devil peeping over a peat-stack did to his serf-bound ancestor.

In olden times when folk suffered no skait from evil-disposed persons, when they found their horses safe in their stalls and the grain unbroken in their barns, they held that they had been warded by good spirits; nowadays, when people live without molestation, when their houses are not entered by thieves, or their children stripped of their clothes in the streets, they attribute their good fortune to the ministrations of the police.

The inhabitants of these islands have thus devised a new superstition; they have become a police-fearing and a police-trusting people. Mankind has sought out many inventions of idolatry and demonolity—there has been stone-worship, tree-worship, bird-worship, serpent-worship, crocodile-worship, cat-worship, and cow-worship; but surely police-worship is lowest and will be the last!

The cry of "Police!" lies at the bottom of the heart of every Briton, and becomes articulate upon his lips in every case of public alarm or fear of violence to his own or his neighbour's person or property. If any one assaults him he screams "Police!" and if he sees another assaulted he screams "Police!" If two drunken people fight, if a fire breaks out, if a child is run down, if an old lady trips over her poodle, if a wild bull or a mad dog rushes down the street, if some one attempts suicide by leaping over a bridge, if a purse is stolen, a window broken, or a water-main bursts—the cry of "Police!" announces the occurrence and puts the neighbourhood in a panic. Yes, the cry of "Police!" is as instinctive to the adult Briton as the cry of "Ma!" was to him when a child, and it leaps forth spontaneously, oftentimes in the most untoward and compromising occasions.

During the miners' riots at Blantyre some years ago, when a number of shops were looted, an old man was seen trudging up the street with a cheese in his arms, of which he had become possessed as his portion of the "general divide" of a grocery store. On his way some miner's wives, wishing to still further extend the application of the temporarily

triumphant socialist principle, ran after him demanding shares, on observing which the poor fellow clasped the cheese despairingly to his bosom and took to his heels, yelling "Police! Police! Police!"

So habituated have people become to depending upon the police for protection, that they have surrendered the right of protecting themselves, and have ceased to recognise their own and their neighbour's duty to preserve the public peace and guard the commonweal. They have grown so familiar with the intrusion and interference of the police in the concerns and discipline of public life, that they are no longer conscious of the powers which the police have usurped. They allow the police to bully them in the streets, overawe them in their workshops and dwellings, and coerce them into submission to the most degrading restrictions and behests of class tyranny; and have actually convinced themselves that their own and the common well-being depends upon their submission, and that without the presence and dominion of the police, Commerce, Art, Science, and life itself would be impossible in a civilised community! A man may publicly disavow belief in God, the Constitution, and the Church, and no one expresses disapproval or surprise, but if he dares deny the necessary existence of the police he is laughed at as a lunatic or denounced as a scoundrel. I have seen an audience of working-men greet with applause the assertion that society could endure without landlords, capitalists, lawyers, doctors, clerks, and commercial travellers, but when the speaker added policemen, the applause ceased, a murmur passed round the crowd, and in a few minutes the apparently most sensible and intelligent portion of the audience had disappeared in disgust!

Still, although it seems almost blasphemous to say so, the police are merely men, having heads that will crack if belaboured with a truncheon, and necks that will break if suspended by a rope, just like yours or mine. Yes, stripped of their blue clothes, their helmets, and their tackety boots, policemen are not differently formed in body and not differently constituted in mind from peers, members of Parliament, lawyers, judges, burglars, parsons, editors, or tramps. The recognition of this fact enables us to consider the habits and functions of the police without that superstitious awe that clouds the perception and perverts the judgment of our fellows.

Policemen are not selected on account of their mental but their physical proportions. Intellectual policemen are few, and they seldom get promotion or pensions. Intellectuality hampers them in the execution of their duties, and is always getting them into trouble with their superior officers. It was proposed at one time to recruit the police from the discharged criminal class, but the principle didn't work well. It was found that while criminals could easily be trained up to the requisite standard of honesty, they could not be trained down to the official standard of stupidity and brutality. They were too clever and vigilant; they discovered crimes which the authorities did not wish discovered, and arrested criminals whom the authorities did not want arrested. They were much too civil towards the common people, and not sufficiently obsequious towards the rich; while their indiscreet avowal of the truth in giving evidence tended to sully the prestige of the police and sap the foundations of public order.

I often chasten my moral pride by thinking that I might have been a policeman myself!—that instead of being a Socialist, endeavouring to put down crime, I might have been a policeman promoting and encouraging it. I can never forget the circumstance that a boy who was born next door on the same day as myself is now a policeman!

Sometimes policemen may be seen everywhere, and at other times nowhere. On bright sunny days, when the toilers are locked in factories and fields under the surveillance of their masters, and when rich thieves are peacefully pursuing their calling in offices and exchanges and poor thieves are hiding in their dens—the police seem legion. Alike amid the throng of our cities and the quiet lanes of our villages their blue coats and tin-plate mounted helmets shine conspicuously, like thistles in a quarry-pit. Their decorative effect, as well as their utility, appears to be indispensable to civilised life. They are paraded on all state and civic occasions. They are stuck on either side of our theatres, public halls, art galleries, general post offices, and sometimes our churches. They are placed with flower-pots at the doors of the city residences of lords and gentlemen during important receptions. Together with lamp-posts they are the sole decoration provided at public expense on our streets; and they divide with public

urinals the glory of ornamenting the junction of important thoroughfares.

Policemen perform many offices which they are not compelled to do by statute. They watch shebeens lest detectives pounce upon them unawares; they procure half-pint bottles of whiskey in the night-time for belated swells on payment of a trifling commission; they assist the Society for the Suppression of Vice by levying taxes upon prostitutes and brothel-keepers; they render thieving a less remunerative profession by exacting blackmail from thieves and reseters; and they save the public the cost of extending police-office accommodation by accepting "tips" from respectable criminals and permitting them to go home to their own more commodious and comfortable mansions.

The marvellous gift which policemen acquire of being able to testify as eye-witnesses concerning occurrences which they have not seen, has been frequently noted and commented upon. The fact that this faculty becomes sometimes so objective or hyllo-ideal that they aver to having witnessed incidents which never occurred, has brought it and the police themselves into disrepute with matter-of-fact people. But it should be borne in mind, in all fairness to the police, that the disadvantages which result from the possession of this gift are not infrequently balanced by the possession of another of an opposite tendency, which prevents them seeing—or at least recollecting having seen—incidents which transpired before their eyes and in which they themselves prominently participated. This peculiar mental endowment is the one intellectual characteristic which gives policemen an advantage over their fellows, and it inspires in common people more terror than even their truncheons and big boots. Divested of it, they would be as Parliament without party or newspapers without advertisements—their dominion over the citizens would speedily perish.

The notion that policemen are bigoted upholders of law and fanatical respecters of public order has been somewhat shaken by recent events. There never was, indeed, the slightest foundation for such an opinion. As a matter of fact, the police are, and always have been, practical Anarchists in their own way. They break the law in private as naively as they break the heads of the citizens in public; and half a dozen of them placed in the middle of a crowd will produce more anarchy in five minutes than all the foreign sections could do in five years. Wherever two or three policemen are gathered together, riot and disorder dwell in the midst of them.

Policemen have no political principles and they belong to no political party. They are not Socialists, but neither are they Tories, or Liberals, or Radicals—they are simply policemen. They are not opposed to Socialism; they are simply opposed to Socialists. They are not in favour of landlordism or capitalism; they are simply in favour of landlords and capitalists. They would club down Liberals and Tories, landlords and capitalists, as jauntily as they do Socialists, crofters, and tenant-farmers if their pay and pensions depended upon their so doing;—and perhaps they shall some day.

J. BRUCE GLASIER.

(To be concluded).

NEWS FROM NOWHERE:

OR,

AN EPOCH OF REST.

BEING SOME CHAPTERS FROM A UTOPIAN ROMANCE.

CHAP. XXVI.—THE UPPER WATERS.

WE set Walter ashore on the Berkshire side, amidst all the beauties of Stratley, and so went our ways into what once would have been the deeper country under the foot-hills of the White Horse; and though the contrast between half-cocknified and wholly unsophisticated country existed no longer, a feeling of exultation rose within me (as it used to do) at sight of the familiar and still unchanged hills of the Berkshire range.

We stopped at Wallingford for our mid-day meal; and though of course all signs of squalor and poverty had disappeared from the streets of the ancient town, and many ugly houses had been taken down and many pretty new ones built, I thought it curious that the town still looked like the old place I remembered so well; for indeed it looked like that ought to have looked.

At dinner we fell in with an old, but very bright and intelligent man, who seemed in a country way to be another edition of old Hammond. He had an extraordinary detailed knowledge of the ancient history of the country-side from the time of Alfred to the days of the Parliamentary Wars, many events of which, as you may know, were enacted round about Wallingford. But what was more interesting to us, he had detailed record of the period of the change to the present state of things, and told us a great deal about it, and especially of that exodus of the people from the town to the country, and the gradual recovery by the town-bred people on one side and the country-bred people on the other of those arts of life which they had each lost; which loss, as he told us, had at one time gone so far that not only was it impossible to find a carpenter or a smith in a village or small country town, but that people in such places had even forgotten how to bake bread, and that at Wallingford, for instance, the bread came down with the newspapers by an early train from London, worked in some way, the explanation of which I could not understand. He told us also that the townspeople who came into the country used to pick up the agricultural arts by carefully watching the way in which the machines worked,

gathering an idea of handicraft from machinery; because at that time almost everything in and about the fields was done by elaborate machines used quite unintelligently by the labourers. On the other hand, the old men amongst the labourers managed to teach the younger ones gradually a little artizanship, such as the use of the saw and the plane, the work of the smithy, and so forth;—and once more, by that time it was as much as—or rather, more than—a man could do to fix an ash pole to a rake by handiwork; so it would take a machine worth a thousand pounds, and a group of workmen, to do five shillings' worth of work. He showed us, among other things, an account of a certain village council who were working hard at all this business; and the record of their intense earnestness in getting to the bottom of some matter which in time past would have been thought quite trivial, as, for example, the due proportions of alkali and oil for soap-making for the village wash, or the exact heat of the water into which a leg of mutton should be plunged for boiling.—all this joined to the utter absence of anything like party feeling, which even in a village assembly would certainly have made its appearance in an earlier epoch, was very amusing, and at the same time instructive.

This old man, whose name was Henry Morsom, took us, after our meal and a rest, into a biggish hall which contained a large collection of articles of manufacture and art from the last days of the machine period to that day; and he went over them with us and explained them with great care. They also were very interesting, showing the transition from the makeshift work of the machines (which was at about its worst a little after the Civil War before told of) into the first years of the new handicraft period. Of course, there was much overlapping of the periods: and at first the new handwork came in very slowly.

"You must remember," said the old antiquary, "that the handicraft was not the result of what used to be called material necessity: on the contrary, by that time the machines had been so much improved that almost all necessary work might have been done by them; and indeed many people at that time and before it used to think that machinery would entirely supersede handicraft; which certainly, on the face of it, seemed more than likely. But there was another opinion, far less logical, prevalent amongst the rich people before the days of freedom, which did not die out at once after that epoch had begun. This opinion, which from all I can learn seemed as natural then, as it seems absurd now, was, that while the ordinary daily work of the world would be done entirely by automatic machinery, the energies of the more intelligent part of mankind would be set free to follow the higher forms of the arts as well as science and the study of history. It was strange, was it not, that they should thus ignore that aspiration after complete equality which we now recognise as the bond of all happy human society?"

I did not answer, but thought the more. Dick looked thoughtful, and said:

"Strange, neighbour? Well, I don't know. I have often heard my old kinsman say that the one aim of all people before our time was to avoid work, or at least they thought it was; so of course the work which their daily life forced them to do seemed more like work than that which they seemed to choose for themselves."

"True enough," said Morsom. "Anyhow, they soon began to find out their mistake, and that only slaves and slaveholders could live solely by setting machines going."

Clara broke in here, flushing a little as she spoke: "Was not their mistake once more bred of the life of slavery that they had been living?—a life which was always looking upon everything, except mankind, animate and inanimate—'nature,' as people used to call it—as one thing, and mankind as another. It was natural to people thinking in this way that they should try to make 'nature' their slave, since they thought 'nature' was something outside them."

"Surely," said Morsom; "and they were puzzled as to what to do, till they found the feeling against a mechanical life, which had begun before the Great Change amongst people who had leisure to think of such things, was spreading insensibly, till at last under the guise of pleasure that was not supposed to be work, work that was pleasure began to push out the mechanical toil, which they had once hoped at the best to reduce to narrow limits indeed, but never to get rid of; and which, moreover, they found they could not limit as they had hoped to do."

"When did this new revolution gather head?" said I.

"In the half-century that followed the Great Change," said Morsom, "it began to be noteworthy; machine after machine was quietly dropped under the excuse that the machines could not produce works of art, and that works of art were more and more called for. Look here," he said, "here are some of the works of that time—rough and unskilful in handiwork, but solid and showing some sense of pleasure in the making."

"They are very curious," said I, taking up a piece of pottery from amongst the specimens which the antiquary was showing us; "not a bit like the work of either savages or barbarians, and yet with what would once have been called a hatred of civilisation impressed upon them."

"Yes," said Morsom, "you must not look for delicacy there: in that period you could only have got that from a man who was practically a slave. But now, you see," said he, leading me on a little, "we have learned the trick of handicraft, and have added the utmost refinement of workmanship to the freedom of fancy and imagination."

I looked, and wondered indeed on the deftness and abundance of beauty of the work of men who had at last learned to accept life itself

as a pleasure, and the satisfaction of the common needs of mankind and the preparation for them as work fit for the best of the race. I mused silently; but at last I said—

"What is to come after this?"

The old man laughed. "I don't know," said he; "we will meet it when it comes."

"Meanwhile," quoth Dick, "we have got to meet the rest of our day's journey; so out into the street and down to the strand! Will you come a turn with us, neighbour? Our friend is greedy of your stories."

"I will go as far as Oxford with you," said he; "I want a book or two out of the Bodleian Library. I suppose you will sleep in the old city?"

"No," said Dick, "we are going higher up: the hay is waiting us there, you know."

Morsom nodded, and we all went into the street together, and got into the boat just above the town bridge. But just as Dick was getting the sculls into the rowlocks, the bows of another boat came thrusting through the low arch. Even at first sight it was a gay little craft indeed—bright green, and painted over with elegantly drawn flowers. As it cleared the arch, a figure as bright and gay-clad as the boat rose up in it; a slim girl dressed in light blue silk that fluttered in the draughty wind of the bridge. I thought I knew the figure, and sure enough, as she turned her head to us, and showed her beautiful face, I saw with joy that it was none other than the fairy godmother from the abundant garden on Runnymede—Ellen, to wit.

WILLIAM MORRIS.

TO BE CONTINUED.]

(This Story began in No. 209, January 11, 1890. A few sets of Back Numbers can still be had.)

NOTES ON NEWS.

WE admire Mr. Cunninghame Graham greatly, and we especially like his command of forcible language, which puts our vocabulary to shame. But we think it would be better if Mr. Graham, in his zeal for "constitutionalism," would occasionally be a little more accurate. It is quite true he might have thought he was quite safe in repeating a wretchedly stale commonplace, very popular among constitutional trade-unionists and peace-at-any-price Radicals, when he told the English people last week in a contemporary that "violent revolution is alien to the spirit of tradition of your race." When we hear this sort of thing from an educated man, you are tempted to ask whether historical study has formed a part of his education. We will ask Mr. Graham, however, if it is not a fact that the English working class, before they were starved down and crushed into cowardly submission, were not the boldest, most stubborn and rebellious race in Europe?

Did you ever hear of Wat Tyler, Mr. Graham, and have you read what Professor Thorold Rogers says about the effect of "violent revolution" in his time? Let us quote the passage from the Professor's book, 'Six Centuries of Work and Wages':

"Once in the history of England only—once, perhaps, only in the history of the world—peasants and artizans attempted to effect a revolution by force. They nearly succeeded; at least they became for a short time the masters of the situation. That they would have held the advantages they gained at Mile End had they provided against the tragedy of Smithfield, is improbable. But they caused such terror by what they actually did, that they gained all that they claimed, and that speedily. The English labourer for a century or more became virtually free and certainly prosperous."

Now, Mr. Graham, what do you think of that? Do you know that "the golden age of the English labourers," the famous fifteenth century, followed close upon that revolt, which was conducted according to "Continental methods," and included the burning of palaces, and hanging and beheading of lawyers, tax-gatherers, and other enemies of the public weal? Do you also know, Mr. Graham, that Henry VII., one of the most grasping of English kings, was afraid to tax the people because he knew they would rebel, and preferred to tax the nobles instead? Mr. Hallam's 'Constitutional History' is our authority for this statement. Have you ever heard of Jack Cade, Kett the Tanner, Robert Aske, Lilburne and the Levellers, the Luddites and the physical-force Chartists? Why, Mr. Graham, a man of your courage and ability ought to be ashamed to talk Manchester Quakery. Let's have no more of it.

We are glad to welcome another accession to the "moderate" party. Parliamentary candidates run with money from "a friend" suit ill with "Revolutionary Social Democracy." We are not surprised, therefore, to see that Mr. Hyndman is opposed to the "general strike," and thinks the people are "short-sighted" who advocate it. It would lead to a "dictatorship." Indeed? Well, in these days of dynamite and other dangerous explosives we don't envy the "dictator." But one thing does astonish us. In our ignorance we always thought that a dictatorship was rather in Mr. Hyndman's line. Is it possible that his dwindling popularity leads him to believe that he wouldn't be the "dictator," and it is this which makes him suddenly such a "determined" opponent of "tyranny"? We should like to know.

There are still some kind-hearted people who believe in that venerable fraud and child kidnapper, Doctor Barnardo. For their benefit we quote part of a report of the meeting of the Chorlton Board of

Guardians from the *Manchester Evening News* of August 18th, in which the story is told of a boy who had been sent into slavery and brought back to England at the request of his friends.

"Mr. Tomlinson said he had seen the boy. He was ten years of age and the story that he told of the life he had led in Canada rather shocked us (Mr. Tomlinson's) opinion as to the value of emigration. Here was a lad of ten years of age, who had not passed the fifth standard, and who was made to work on a farm from five in the morning till ten o'clock at night. He was not supplied with the food to which boys in England were accustomed, and said he had not tasted beef since he left this country. His story altogether was more like an account of 'white slavery' than anything else. If that was a sample of the treatment accorded to boys who were sent to Canada, the sooner juvenile emigration was stopped the better."

The fact is the whole business is a philanthropic fraud. Poor little boys without any friends are sent out to Canada by hypocritical scoundrels of the Barnardo type, to be worked like slaves by brutal farmers. We have very strong reasons to believe that all the atrocities of our old factory system are committed by those slave-drivers upon these helpless children. These guardians are going to investigate the affair. We hope it will be done thoroughly, and are also of opinion that when it is done that, that philanthropic swindler Barnardo will find the East-end rather too hot for him. N.

Our old friend Reynolds last Sunday had the ineffable effrontery to advocate in set terms the unconditional "endowment" of John Burns with a handsome annuity for life at the expense of the workers, and as a "reward" for his past labours in their cause! This preposterous proposal throws much light on the motives of some self-dubbed "friends of the people."

No writer in the *Commonweal*, no member of the League (so far as I know), has ever joined in the ignoble attacks on Burns which have been made in certain quarters. We, at any rate, have always thought well of his motives, and recognised the thoroughly good work done by him, both in spreading revolt and even in organisation, although (as anti-Parliamentarians) we deplored his wasting his energies on County Councils and such-like tomfoolery.

The fact, however, that such a suggestion as this should be seriously entertained, shows how demoralising the whole system of "leadership" is to those "led." If Burns does not repudiate the indiscreet zeal of his friends, it will show also (not for the first time) how demoralising the system is to the "leader" himself. In any case we assume that Free Communists have something better to do with such coin they possess than to contribute in any form to the support of any "leader." R. W. B.

LANDLORDISM AND POVERTY.

LANDLORDISM for centuries has been, and is now, the curse of civilisation and the progenitor of crime, vice, and misery. Poverty follows landlordism as surely as light follows darkness; where we find exorbitant rents, so in proportion do we find an equivalent amount of extreme poverty.

The question then arises—how are we to remove the cause, so as to banish the effect? Is it to be done by constitutional means, or philanthropical schemes, or even the working-men's dwellings? No! What we want to do, and what every British worker ought to do, is to overthrow it themselves, and wait no longer for those who say they have the workers' interests at heart, but unite together and fight for that liberty to live which is the birthright of all men, even though it may cost us our lives. The land for the people shall ever be our watchword.

Such is the tenacious grip of this monster that its victims dare not lift up their heads to protest against the cruel oppression that enthral them. The outcome of landlord usurpation we find has been fully and graphically illustrated in Ireland, where the cruelties of the police, soldiery, and "civic" authorities for the last century have been especially horrible and cold-blooded.

The very materials of the houses in which the workers are forced to live have been paid for several times over, and yet their occupants have still to slave in order to keep those in idleness who toil not. Then it appears to me, and I think any man with a spark of humanity in him, will agree that the causes of poverty are not, as many well-meaning people would lead us to suppose—namely, that of drunkenness, extravagance, and so forth—but of landlordism.

I have examined this subject very closely, and I find that the harder the masses work the more wretched and unhappy they become; for if by chance they do succeed in obtaining a rise of wages (which is seldom), the land-thief scoops down upon them and adds another lash to the already bleeding backs of his victims, and extorts from them in rent the additions they may have obtained by strikes.

Not long ago a friend of mine related to me (what is an everyday occurrence) how he settled some twenty years ago in a very poor neighbourhood, agreeing to pay £60 a-year for his house to carry on his business. After a time he managed to build up a decent concern, till about six months ago, when his lease expired, and he applied in the usual course for a renewal, when he was told that £100 would in the future be the yearly rental. Now this man had to get this extra rent from somewhere, consequently down went his workmen's wages, and then these workmen had either to deny themselves some article of food or clothing, or go and live in a worse slum than that in which they already existed, in order to pay this extra demand made upon their master for rent.

Well, to give way to the sentiments of my mind upon this matter, I will quote the words of a celebrated divine: If men are such cowards to put up with this, they deserve to be slaves.

I am glad that we Socialists are fully alive to the situation, and are leading the people in a No-Rent crusade. It is time something practical was done to drive this hellish monster, Landlordism, into oblivion. C. A. STONE.



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JOHN BURNS AND FOREIGN COMPETITION.

JOHN BURNS is reported to have said at Hartlepool that Englishmen could always beat the foreigner. There's a smell of mildew about this statement; it smacks of the period of Gillray's satires upon the foreigners, and when it was impossible for anyone of foreign aspect and speech to pass unmolested about the streets of London. It ranks with the boast that one Englishman can fight six foreigners, and that all Englishmen dine daily off roast beef and plum pudding.

No doubt the position occupied by Burns is an equivocal one, and necessitates some pondering to the prejudices of his following. Such swallowing of principles is part of the penalty of leadership; but Burns could use his position to preach internationalism, instead of talking down to the grossest form of jingoism extant. A large proportion of his followers believe in England for the English, and all the world for them too if it can be grabbed. They want, in short, an international system of commerce handled solely by Englishmen, which very modest aspiration is not likely to be gratified.

The next commercial depression will leave its mark on the New Unionism, if it does not utterly destroy it. Burns might utilise the interval by rooting out the narrow nationalist prejudices of his followers, to preach the international solidarity of labour. It would fit them for the time when their New Unionism will be as a broken reed in their hands, and instead of looking upon a gain of 1d. per hour as a final solution of the labour problem, cause them to strive for the total overthrow of masterdom.

F. K.

BE BOLD AND RESOLUTE!

ONE of the most hopeful signs of our hopeful time is the universal discontent, rising here and there (as the other day at Leeds, or in the Wellington Barracks) into open rebellion and "mutiny," which is beginning to animate the braver and more desperate of our wage-slaves to practical protest against the hideous mockery of society under which we live to-day. The motto of our League enjoins us to "agitate" and "organise," as well as to "educate," and surely we cannot but rejoice and take courage at every blow struck at bourgeois institutions and bourgeois law,—even although the striker may never have read 'Das Kapital,' and may even be quite ignorant of scientific economics.

Economics are (let us concede at once) good to know. The work of Karl Marx and the rest can never, in the nature of things, be forgotten in the happy days to come after the Revolution. Thanks to them (and to other still more daring and original thinkers), we know, roughly at least, how to assist the evolution of the new and better world. But if we are to wait, before beginning the general overthrow, until every combatant on our side has mastered the scientific aspect of Socialism, then indeed (as that Fabian said) we shall "die in the wilderness." Fortunately, even were we willing to wait, the current which is—silently for the most part, yet surely—bearing us onward towards Niagara would not wait for us. Precisely how near the catastrophe may be, we cannot tell. He would be a foolish man indeed who should pledge himself that it will not come next year; on the other hand, we may have to wait for years for the final emancipation of mankind. Come when it may, it is surely much to be desired that, if it may be, it should come as the result of passionate detestation of capitalist rule—passionate longing for the reign of equality—and not merely as a consequence of economic necessity. If so, we should foster and cherish, by all means in our power, this same passionate detestation of things as they are,—in other words, the spirit of revolt and insurrection. "What?" our doctrinaire Socialist of the arm-chair may ask, "would you stimulate and encourage aimless mutiny, aimless destruction, for the sake of mutiny and destruction?" The present writer answers, for his part, "Assuredly I would. 'Civilisation' and so-called society to-day form so vile and hateful a tyranny that, even were there nothing to put in their places, I should sympathise heartily with any attempt to destroy them. Better, a hundred times better, unknown chaos than such a loathsome system of organised robbery and murder as that under which we live now." But it is unnecessary to consider any such question. Come the destruction of middle-class society when it may, it is clear now that the race is prepared to enter on the next stage in its long history. Mistakes may be made at first; it may even go hard with our doctrinaire friend, unless he see the error of his ways (so well-read a person will surely remember the tale of the Girondists, and be warned in time); but we are certain in the long run Free Communism will replace wage-slavery, and the tyranny and robbery of landlordism and capitalism will be known no more.

It is not our business, then, as revolutionists, to fear the Revolution or to hinder its coming, but rather to hurry it on as best we can. The very finest lever we have to work with in our attack on the possessing classes is the fierce and growing hatred of the workers for the robbers who live on their labour. That hatred should be encouraged and strengthened at all hazards. Our aim is to fan the smouldering class war into a blaze which shall fire the world. Deliberately do I for my part say that hatred of capitalists is, from our standpoint, an excellent thing, as well as hatred of capitalism. We are not Christians, that we should love our enemies, do good to them that spitefully use us, or turn the other cheek to the smiter. That line of policy has been tried for nineteen hundred years, and the result is that the present representatives of the Galilean carpenter and street agitator (a "labour-leader" in his own way) are "His Holiness Pope Leo XIII.," "His Grace the Lord Archbishop of Canterbury," and "General" Booth. Revolutionary ethics are robuster and more manly, and likely, let us trust, to prove more successful as a working theory of life. As has been well said by a French comrade, "Only those who know how to hate can really love." Only those who hate a Livesey or a Norwood can sincerely love humanity. "Do I not hate them, Lord, who hate thee?" said the old Jewish singer, addressing his Jehovah, his national deity, the mythical Spirit of his tribe. Do we not hate them who hate mankind (the only mankind worth considering, the proletariat)? Let us who look not to the tribe but to the race, and with the force generated by this ever-intensifying hatred, organise revolt everywhere. Riot, conflict, and disorder will multiply and grow as the doomsday of theft and mastership draws near. The more they multiply and grow the better for us. "Mutiny" and revolt does not necessarily mean the beginning of the Revolution itself; but it is an excellent preparation and, so to speak, education for the Revolution. Wherever there is excuse or opportunity, let us strike at the odious-bourgeois in such fashion as to train ourselves for action and to make him understand that his hour has nearly come. Whenever we get the chance, let us preach detestation of him and all his deeds, contempt of his laws, resolution to re-take from him his ill-gotten wealth for the benefit of all. This is the really pressing work. When these feelings are once fairly roused it will be time to turn to theories of the future—theories which, after all, have now been tolerably well discussed, and which it is time to put in practice.

R. W. BURNIE.

London Members' Meeting.—The next monthly meeting of members will be held on Wednesday, August 27th, at 8.30 p.m., at the Autonomie Club, Windmill Street, Tottenham Court Road, W. Comrade Kitz will give an address on "Revolutionary Propaganda." All members invited to attend.

REVOLUTIONARY GOVERNMENT.

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH OF PETER KROPOTKINE.

I.

THAT the existing governments ought to be abolished, so that liberty, equality, and fraternity may no longer be vain words but may become living realities; that all the forms of government which have been tried up to the present have been only so many forms of oppression, and ought to be replaced by a new form of organisation,—so far, all those who think, and whose temperament is, however little, revolutionary, are perfectly agreed. To tell the truth, it is not even necessary to be much of an innovator to come to this conclusion; the vices of the existing governments, and the impossibility of reforming them, are too striking not to be seen at once by every reasonable observer. And as to overthrowing the governments, we know, speaking generally, that at certain periods that takes place without much difficulty. There are moments when the governments fall to pieces almost of their own accord, like houses of cards, before the breath of the revolted peoples. That was seen quite clearly in 1848 and 1870: it will be seen again very soon.

To overthrow a government—that is the *end* for a middle-class revolution. For us it is only the *beginning* of the Social Revolution. The machinery of the State once thrown out of gear, the hierarchy of the officials fallen into disorganisation and no longer knowing how to act, the army of the defenders of capital once put to rout—it is then that we have to face the great work of destroying the institutions which serve to perpetuate economical and political slavery. The possibility of free action is acquired;—what are the revolutionists going to do?

To this question there are only the Anarchists who reply, "No more government—Anarchy." All the others say, "A revolutionary government." They differ only as to the form to give to this government. Some desire that it shall be elected by universal suffrage in the State or in the commune; others declare in favour of a revolutionary dictatorship.

A "revolutionary government"! Those are two words which sound very strangely to the ears of those who understand what the Social Revolution ought to signify and what is the meaning of a government,—two words which contradict each other, which destroy one another. We have seen often enough despotic governments—it is the essence of all governments to be for the reaction against the revolution and necessarily to be despotic—but we have never seen a revolutionary government, and for a very good reason. It is because the revolution—synonym of "disorder," of destruction, of the overthrow in a few days of venerable institutions, of violent demolition of the established forms of property, of destruction of castes, of rapid transformation of the ideas accepted about morality, or rather, about the hypocrisy which occupies its place, of individual liberty and spontaneous action—is precisely the opposite, the negation of government, that being the synonym of "the established order," of conservatism, of the preservation of the existing institutions, the negation of individual initiative and action. And nevertheless, we continually hear people speak of this white blackbird as if a "revolutionary government" was the most simple thing in the world, as common and as well-known to everyone as royalty, empire, or the papacy.

That the self-styled revolutionists of the middle-class should preach this idea it is easy to understand. We know what they mean by revolution. It is simply a patching up of the middle-class republic; it is the taking possession by the self-styled republicans of the lucrative employments reserved to-day for the Bonapartists and the Royalists. It is, at the outside, the divorce of the Church and State replaced by the concubinage of the two; the confiscation of the wealth of the clergy for the benefit of State, and above all for the benefit of the future administrators of this wealth: perhaps even the referendum, or some other machine of the same kind. But that the revolutionary Socialists should make themselves the apostles of this idea—we can explain it only in supposing one of two things: either those who accept it are imbued with the middle-class prejudices which they have unconsciously drawn from the literature, and especially from the history, written for the use of the middle class by members of that class, and, still full of the spirit of servility produced by centuries of slavery, they cannot even imagine themselves free; or they do not desire this Revolution, the name of which is always upon their lips—they would be contented with a mere patching up of the existing institutions, on condition that they were put in power and left free to find out later on what it would be necessary to do to quiet the "mob," that is to say, the people. They are against those who govern to-day only because they wish to take their place. With these people we do not desire to reason. We will speak, then, only to those who are honestly deceived.

Let us commence by the first of the two forms of "revolutionary government" which are extolled—the elected government.

Authority, royal or otherwise, is overthrown, the army of the defenders of capital is routed; everywhere there is fermentation, the discussion of public affairs, the desire to march forward. The new ideas come to the front, the necessity of serious changes is understood; it is necessary to act, it is necessary to commence without mercy the work of demolition in order to clear away the ground for the new life. But what is proposed to be done? To convoke the people for the elections and to elect a government immediately afterwards, to confide to it the work that we all, every one of us, ought to do on our own initiative!

This is what Paris did after the 18th of March, 1871. "I shall always remember," said a friend to us, "these beautiful moments of emancipation. I had descended from my garret in the Latin Quarter to enter that immense meeting in the open-air, which was filling the Boulevards from one end of Paris to the other. Everybody was discussing the public business, all personal pre-occupation was forgotten, there was no longer any question of buying and selling, all were ready to throw themselves forward body and soul towards the future. Even some members of the capitalist class, carried away by the general enthusiasm, regarded with pleasure the beginning of a new existence. 'If we have to make the Social Revolution, very well, we will make it; let us put everything in common, we are ready!' The elements of the revolution were there; all that had to be done was to bring them into action. When in the evening I returned to my room, I said to myself, 'After all, humanity is grand! We did not understand it; it had always been calumniated!' Then came the elections, the members of the Commune were named, and the power of devotion, the zeal for action, was extinguished little by little. Every one returned to his accustomed work, saying, 'Now we have an honest government, let us leave it to act!'" We know what followed.

Instead of acting themselves, instead of marching forward, instead of throwing themselves boldly into a new order of things, the people, confiding in their government, left to it the work of taking the initiative. There was the first consequence, the fatal result of the elections. What, then, would this government do invested with the confidence of all?

Never were elections more free than those of March, 1871. The adversaries of the Commune have themselves recognised it. Never were the great mass of the electors more strongly imbued with a desire to put the best men into power, the men of the future, the revolutionists. And this is what they did. All the revolutionists of renown were elected by formidable majorities; Jacobins, Blanquists, Internationalists, the three revolutionary factions, were found represented in the councils of the Commune. Elections couldn't possibly produce a better government.

We know the result. Shut up in the Hôtel de Ville with instructions to proceed in accordance with the forms established by previous governments, these ardent revolutionists, these reformers, found themselves unable to do anything to produce any good result. With all their good will and their courage they did not even know how to organise the defence of Paris. It is true that to-day the blame is thrown upon the men, upon individuals, but it was not individuals who were the cause of this catastrophe—it was the method applied.

In fact, universal suffrage when it is free can at the most only give an Assembly representing an average of the opinions which are current at the moment amongst the people; and this average at the commencement of revolution is generally only a vague idea, very vague, of the work which is to be done, without taking into account how it should be done. Ah! if the bulk of the nation, of the commune, were able to understand one another before the movement as regards what they would have to do as soon as the government was overthrown! If this dream of the Utopians of the drawing-room could be realised, we would never have had any bloody revolutions; the will of the bulk of the nation having been expressed the remainder would submit with good grace. But it is not in this way things take place. The Revolution burst forth before a general understanding is possible, and those who have a clear idea of what they will have to do on the morrow of the rising are at that moment only a small minority. The great mass of people have as yet only a general idea of the end which they wish to see realised, without knowing very well how to act in order to bring about this end, without having much confidence as to the steps they ought to take. The practical solution will be found, will become clear, only when the change has already commenced; it will be the product of the revolution itself and the people in action—or else it will be nothing; the intelligence of a few people being absolutely incapable of finding the solutions which can arise only from the life of the people.

It is this situation which is reflected in the body elected by the suffrage, even when it has not all the vices inherent to representative governments in general. The few men who represent the revolutionary idea of the period find themselves overwhelmed amongst the representatives of the revolutionary schools of the past, or of the existing order of things. These men who are so necessary in the midst of the people, precisely in the revolutionary days, to scatter their ideas broadcast, to put the masses in motion, to demolish the institutions of the past—find themselves compelled to stop there in a room discussing at greater length than they imagined in order to tear some concessions from the moderates, to convert some of their enemies, whilst there is only one possible means of bringing them round to the new ideas—to put those new ideas into execution. The government changes in parliament, with all the vices of the capitalist parliaments. Far from being a "revolutionary" government it becomes the greatest obstacle to the revolution, and to stop its "marking time" the people find themselves compelled to dismiss it, to turn away those who only yesterday they hailed as their elected. But it is no longer an easy matter. The new government, which feels called upon to organise an entirely new administration in order to extend its rule and make itself obeyed, is not inclined to give way so quietly. Anxious to maintain its power, it clings on to it with all the strength of an institution which has not yet had time to fall into senile decomposition. It is resolved to oppose force to force, and there is only one way to dislodge it—to take up arms and make the revolution over again, in order to get rid of those in whom the people had placed all their hopes.

And in this way the revolution is divided. After having lost precious time in coming to terms with its opponents, it is about to lose its strength in internal dissensions between the friends of the young government and those who have realised the necessity of doing away with it! And all this through not having understood that a new life requires new methods, that it is not by clinging to the old forms that a revolution is effected! All this because the incompatibility of revolution and government has not been comprehended, because it has not been foreseen that the one, under whatever form it is presented, is always the negation of the other, and that outside of Anarchism there cannot be a revolution.

It is just the same as regards that other form of "revolutionary government" which is so much cried up—the revolutionary dictatorship.

THE LABOUR STRUGGLE.

THE DOCKERS' DEMONSTRATION.

The Dockers' Demonstration was immensely successful. Sunday was one of the brightest and finest days I have seen during this dull and gloomy summer. There was no mist, no gloom to veil the brightness of the glorious sun; the weather was radiant, and everyone's spirits was up to the weather. It is quite true that the demonstration was not so large as that of the Eight Hours Day, but there were at least no leaden skies to make the demonstrators feel miserable. I shall say nothing of the muster on the Embankment or the march through the streets; that has been described again and again in the ordinary press; but there was one incident that the capitalist press has not, in most cases, described at all, for very obvious reasons. When the front of the procession reached Wellington Barracks, the bands that headed struck up "The British Grenadiers," and the whole crowd burst into a thundering shout, waving their hats wildly in the air. The sentries at the gate looked on with seeming apathy; they did not present arms this time, for commissioned and non-commissioned officers had their eyes upon them; but from the open barrack windows, where the soldiers were lounging in their shirt-sleeves, hands and handkerchiefs were waved, several men in their enthusiasm seizing their red coats and waving them. On the procession passed, and as every band reached the barracks "The British Grenadiers" rang merrily out, and there was nought but cheering from one end of the procession to the other, soldiers and people cheering each other as the procession marched by. This was certainly the most interesting incident of the whole demonstration.

Another fact of interest to revolutionists is also worth noting. The "Marseillaise" was the popular tune of the day. Even the *Tory Evening News* notes that it was the only tune to which the men marched with any spirit. Probably with a view of getting rid of that "dreadful tune," with its memories of revolution and of the men "who knew how to die," so comforting to the "hupper suckles," the *Evening News* recommends "a good labour march," and laments piteously that until it is written "the 'Marseillaise' seems to be the only piece of music which makes the London workman step in time." Probably a combination of "We don't want to Fight," "God save the Queen," and "Rule Britannia" is the sort of thing the *Evening News* would like. Whether it would suit the workmen is quite another question. We note with interest that the procession did not pass in front of Buckingham Palace. The police probably had made other arrangements. Popular processions must not annoy the royal flunkies with the "Marseillaise." The old woman was out of town, according to her usual custom, so her feelings could not be offended.

The speakers on the platforms all exulted in the progress of the New Unionism.

John Burns gave an indication of aggressive policy when he declared that he wished they would relieve him from the County Council and his candidature for Parliament, so that for five years he might labour to elevate the lot of the agricultural labourers, and prevent them from flocking to the large towns to depreciate an already overstocked labour market. In our opinion John Burns would be far better employed in stirring up a labour revolt among the agricultural labourers than in electioneering or in endeavouring to turn County Councillors into honest men. The latter is a very hopeless task.

Mr. Freaque, who said he was not a Socialist, was the only man to give the Socialists credit for their work in the past. He said it was the Socialists who had taught the workers to rebel by their preaching in the highways and byways.

Ben Tillet curiously enough made the best speech from a revolutionary point of view. Ben Tillet is getting on. His peroration is worth quoting:

"We call upon the pulpit to help us, we call upon the Senate; but if they won't help us we will help ourselves. We want them to come and assist us; we ask them as Christians to come and assist us. With the settlement of this difficulty there will be the advent of a time when the nation will be upright and true, when immorality and starvation will not exist, when every wife will be a happy wife, and every home a comfortable home, when every man will be an honest and a dignified man, when one generation will hand to its successor a heritage of happiness and prosperity."

If this is the ideal of the New Unionism, we can only wish it success and prosperity, for it will be found that the only way to realise this is for the workers to sweep the idlers and robbers away who live upon their labour, and to take possession of their own, *i.e.*, the land, factories, mines, railways, docks, and all other means of producing and distributing wealth, must be seized by the people for their own use and enjoyment, and then indeed "one generation will hand to its successor a heritage of happiness and prosperity."

The Welsh Railway Strike.

On Thursday, just after an "accidental" fire, through which a signal-box was burnt down, the directors suddenly gave in. It is worth noting that this signal-box caught fire just after the directors had threatened to use soldiers as blacklegs. Perhaps the reason the directors gave in was that they thought that if they did not surrender there might be some more "accidents." It is dangerous to drive workmen to desperation. The terms of the agreement are as follows: That the company undertake to pay for a week of sixty hours, subject to the conditions that the men will not be paid for time lost through the monthly holiday at the collieries, or through strikes or other unusual interruptions or undertakings connected with the

railway; the ordinary holidays at Easter, Whitsuntide, and Christmas to be treated as heretofore on the Taff Valley Railway. The hours of the pilot men, engine men, and shunting men are to be eleven per day, with six hours per week allowed, reducing the net hours worked to sixty. Signalmen's time is to be twelve hours per day, with twelve hours in the week allowed off, again reducing the total hours to sixty.

The Eight Hours Day.

The London Compositors have not only decided in favour of the legal eight hours, but have refused to allow their secretary Mr. Drummond, one of the worst of the "old gang," to go as a delegate to the Trades Congress. In his place they have appointed Mr. Matthews, a young man who is not ashamed of being a Socialist. The London Trades Council, by 62 to 30, have also decided to instruct their delegates to vote for the legal eight hours day at the Congress. Poor Shipton does not stand much chance of the Parliamentary Secretaryship. As to the legal eight hours, we do not believe that a Parliament of capitalists and landlords will ever give it to the workers, and we are sure they will have to take it themselves by a general strike of every trade and industry; and that that strike will probably end in winning much more than an eight hours day.

Lock-out of Borough Scale-makers.

Messrs. Doyle and Sons, Borough, have locked out their men because they refused to work with a man who had blacklegged for Livesey during the strike at the South Metropolitan Gas-works. Good luck to these brave fellows! We hope they will beat their masters and the blackleg.

IN SOUTHERN AFRICA.

SINCE last writing you, there has been a considerable falling-off in the demand for labour of all kinds in all parts of South Africa. Many men of all trades and no trades are going idle in Johannesburg, Transvaal, Durban, Natal, and in Port Elizabeth and other parts of Cape Colony. Wages in Johannesburg have been reduced all round, in many cases as much as 20 and 30 per cent. In the Diamond Fields there are numbers of unemployed whose condition—as if it were not bad enough—the De Beers Company have set themselves to try and make worse in different ways. The first way was by shutting up the Du Toitspau and Bullfontieu mines for no other reason but that the profits (and there has always been a considerable profit from both mines) were not large enough to satisfy the cursed greed of the Hon. Cecil Rhodes and other shareholders in the De Beers Company. The other way was by refusing many workmen leave to work as "debris-washers." Here it is perhaps necessary to explain that ever since the Diamond Fields were discovered, heaps of "debris," or earth that has been washed and searched for diamonds, have been accumulating in different places. Owing to faulty methods in washing and neglect in searching the clay, a number of diamonds were left in the debris, and the re-washing and more careful searching of this rubbish has up till recently given employment and a livelihood—precarious enough, it is true—to a goodly number of men. But the "Hon. Cecil," Lord of the (South African) Heavens and Earth, for his ambition or greed—which is it?—is such that nothing short of the annexation of the upper hemisphere or the demonstrating to him of the impossibility of such a task will satisfy himself and "pals."

And now, craving pardon for this digression, or series of digressions, let me hark back, giving our modern Alexander his full title. The Hon. Cecil, Lord of the (South African) Heavens and Earth, Premier of the Cape Colony, Amalgamator of the Diamond Mines, Paramount Chief of Mashono and Matabele lands, Commissioner of Crown Lands, and God only knows what else, seeing that the competition of these debris-washers might reduce the profits of himself and pals, instantly prohibits such work by laying claim to said debris. But the best part of the whole business is that after the debris-washers had ventilated their grievances pretty well in Kimberly (Diamond Fields), they thought—like a good many more foolish men in a country some six thousand miles away—to obtain justice by appealing to Government. And so a deputation from the Diamond Fields waited last week upon the Governor, Henry Loch, who, after giving them what the local press termed a "patient hearing," and appearing considerably interested, expressed the hope "that the Government" (the Hon. Cecil, the amalgamator, and the most interested man in the company whose action the deputation complained of) "would see their way to assist the debris-washers at Kimberly. The deputation then thanked the Governor and withdrew." And now that the mantle of Elisha Sprigg, the late Premier, has descended upon the shoulders of the Hon. Cecil, we will see what *redress* or manner of *relief* the Government will give these workers.

Which way the wind will blow is pretty plainly shown by the following motion which Mr. Laing, member for Fort Beaufort, gave notice of in the House a few days ago: "That in the interests of the country it is impolitic and undesirable that the official representative of the British South Africa Company should be Prime Minister of this colony." There are a good many other things, my dear Mr. Laing, done in the Cape Legislative Assembly which are also undesirable and impolitic in the interests of the country. What about the Masters and Servants Act, and the amendment to it sanctioning the flogging of workers, but in no way applying to masters? What about the Native Location Bill? and Mr. Trower's Bill to prohibit Amaqueta dances amongst natives? Since the native population is increasing out of all proportion to the whites, I have no doubt that at no very distant date Mr. Trower or the "Hon. Cecil" will be quite agreeable to introduce and pilot a Bill for the prevention of breeding amongst natives. And to wind up, what about the "Stock Thefts Repression Bill"? and the pass system?—all of which are directed against the natives. What the late Premier, Gordon Sprigg, would not do—*viz.*, speak in favour of the Flogging Bill for workers—the present Premier, Cecil Rhodes, did, and was quite prepared to vote for it if a *precedent* could only be established, and straightway set himself the task to find one—and proved it, to the satisfaction of all concerned. Is there anything the modern politician would not vote for—precedent or no precedent—so long as it was in the interests of his own class?

In Cape Town the agitation for an eight hours' working-day still goes on, and has taken form in an organisation called the "Cape Town Trades and Labour Council," which, unlike the narrow-minded, selfish, exclusive trades unionism of Britain, is composed of workers of all kinds; the only qualification is that the members must be workers. The membership is increasing, and though there are perhaps only about 170 or 180 men employed as joiners

and carpenters in Cape Town, yet the membership now numbers about 150. One of the last acts of the late ministry was the granting of the "eight hour day" to the engineering departments of the government railways, so that now the working-day commences in winter at 6.50 a.m., ending at 5 p.m., working till 12 o'clock on Saturdays. In summer, from 6.30 a.m. till 4.30 p.m. All over the colony there are more labourers than there is a demand for, so that no workmen ought to leave Britain to come here on "spec"—were I to speak more to the point, I might say that no worker ought to leave Britain if his only motive in doing so is to get higher wages. Higher wages are to be had in the United Kingdom if the workers will but fight for them. However, I trust to see the day when men the world over will work for something more than a mere wage.

The "Chartered Company" are pushing their "Filibustering Expedition" slowly up into the Matabele Country, and unless I am much mistaken they will come down country much faster than they went up. It is rumoured that troops are to be sent up from Natal to assist, I suppose, in increasing the dividends of Mr. Fife and Aberdeen, and others of a like kidney. Now that the "Hon. Cecil" is "bossing" the show, shares in the S.A.C. Co. may reasonably be expected to "boom" again, and seeing that the Chartered Company in point of dividend paying are about to put the Automatic Photographic Company into the shade completely, I suppose that Messrs. Wales, Fife, and Aberdeen will stick to what shares they have got like so many limpets to a rock. They need not be in the least afraid but that their interests will be well looked after. With Mr. Rhodes, the originator of the company, as Premier of the Cape Colony, and shareholders in the Cabinet, and a paid director of the company acting as Commissioner of Crown Lands, the "Jammery Ring" can take a back seat. When Mr. Laing, member for Fort Beaufort, brought his motion before the House of Assembly and challenged Mr. Rhodes as to what he would do in the event of Colonial interests clashing with those of the Chartered Company, the Premier was heard to say "that he would resign, but that he could not conceive of the interests conflicting." Of course not; but what has Mr. Rhodes to say about the smuggling of the guns into the interior last year, in which he as an official of the South Africa Company played the chief part? and what about the colonys interest being likely to suffer by the war which sooner or later will result from robbing the Matabeles of their territory? Of course, the motion was negatived by a large majority; no one but an idiot would have expected the result to turn out otherwise. To satisfy themselves and blind outsiders, a number of members of the "House" expressed the opinion that the Hon. Cecil meant well, but that at the same time they would "keep an eye on him"—so that whilst at home you "keep your eye on Paisley," colonists will find it worth their while to "keep their eye on Cecil," and a few other things as well.

J. BAIN.

Cape Town, July 23, 1890.

THE SOCIALIST LEAGUE.

OFFICES: 24, GREAT QUEEN ST., LINCOLN'S INN FIELDS, W.C.

The Offices of the Socialist League will be open for the sale of *Commonweal* and all other Socialist publications from 8.30 a.m. to 9 p.m. every day except Sunday. The Secretary will be in attendance from 10 a.m. to 9 p.m. daily.

NEW PREMISES FUND.

Collection by Council on August 11th, 5s. 6d.; Aug. 18th, 4s. 3½d.; D., 2d.

"COMMONWEAL" GUARANTEE FUND.

£ s. d.		£ s. d.	
H. R.	0 1 0	P. Webb (3 weeks)	0 3 0
Saunders	0 2 0	Nicoll	0 0 6
(on July 10th)	0 3 0	North London (2 weeks)	0 8 0
R. F. H.	0 1 6	F. H. James (Buenos Ayres)	0 6 0
Collection (Aug. 3rd)	0 1 5	Glasgow Branch	0 5 0
McKenzie	0 0 6		
B. W. (3 weeks)	0 1 6	Total	1 13 5

SPECIAL PROPAGANDA FUND.

£ s. d.		£ s. d.	
H. Samuels (Leeds)	0 3 6	Returned Subscription pro	
J. Bines	0 1 0	Grenadier Guards from the	
Banco	0 0 9	<i>Daily Chronicle</i>	0 4 1
		Total	0 9 4

For Grenadier Guards.—W. S., 1s.; collected by S.L., 3s. 1d. This has been placed to Special Propaganda Fund, the *Daily Chronicle* having closed the fund.

SPECIAL NOTICE.

Funds are urgently needed for special work in connection with Propaganda. These funds will be used at the discretion of the Propaganda Committee, and to prevent confusion all money must be sent to Secretary of Propaganda Committee, at 24, Great Queen Street, Lincoln's Inn Fields, W.C., and will be acknowledged by him the 'Weal'.
D. J. NICOLL, Sec. to Propaganda Committee.

REPORTS.

NORTH LONDON.—At Regent's Park our meeting was addressed by Stone, Nicoll, Edwards, and Turner; collection, 6s. In Hyde Park Miss Lupton and Nicoll addressed a good meeting. We have sold this week 110 *Commonweal*, some Chicago Speeches and other literature.

LEEDS.—We held three good meetings here on Sunday—speakers Sollit, Sweeney, Corkwell, and Samuels. *Commonweal* and pamphlets sold well. At a special club meeting it was resolved that we get up a demonstration here for Mowbray on September 7.

ABERDEEN.—At Quayside (foot of Market Street), on 14th, Rennie and Leatham addressed good meeting. At Castle Street on Saturday night Aiken, Duncan, and Rennie addressed a large crowd while Addie and Leatham vigorously pushed the sale of literature. A word ought to be said in praise of the exertions of the choir just now, the members of which are turning up at meetings in unusual force and making the singing correspondingly effective.—L.

An Appeal.—Comrade Lessner appeals to us on behalf of A. Weiler, who, with his wife and three children, is in a terrible condition of poverty. Weiler is an old veteran in the Revolutionary Cause, who has worked in the Continental movement for twenty years, from the beginning of the International Workingmen's Association. Help is most urgently needed, and should be sent to the Secretary of the Communist Working Men's Club, 49 Tottenham Street, Tottenham Court Road, W.C., or to F. Lessner, 12 Fitzroy Street, Fitzroy Square.—Received from the Hammersmith Branch S. L., 9s. 6d.

LECTURE DIARY.

LONDON.

- Battersea*.—All communications to E. Butenz, 45, Inwith Street, Battersea Park Road.
- Commonweal Branch*.—24 Great Queen Street, Holborn, W.C. Tuesdays, Singing Practice. Thursdays, Business meeting. Saturdays, Social Gathering. Sunday, 8.30 p.m., Aug. 24, Adjourned Discussion on "What are the best Revolutionary Methods?"
- East London*.—A special meeting of members will be held at International Club, Berner Street, on Sunday, August 24th, at 7.30 p.m.
- Hammersmith*.—Kelmscott House, Upper Mall, W. Lecture every Sunday at 8. French Class conducted by Mdlle. Desroches on Friday evenings at 7.30.
- North Kensington*.—Clarendon Coffee Palace, Clarendon Road. Meets every Wednesday at 8 p.m. The branch Band meets every Friday at 8 p.m. for practice. Comrades wishing to join to give in their names to the Instructor at the above address.
- North London*.—6 Windmill Street, Tottenham Court Road. Meets every Wednesday evening at 8 o'clock.
- South London*.—St. George's Coffee Tavern, 106 Westminster Bridge Road.
- Whitechapel and St. Georges-in-the-East*.—Branch meetings at International Club, 40 Berner Street, Commercial Road. J. Turner, organising secretary.

PROVINCES.

- Aberdeen*.—Organiser, J. Leatham, 7 Jamaica Street. Branch meets in Odd-fellows' Small Hall, Crooked Lane, on Sunday evenings at 6.30. Singing practice, etc., Mondays at 8 p.m.
- Glasgow*.—Members are invited to meet on Thursday and Sunday evenings, at 8 o'clock, in the Secretary's house, 250 Crown Street, S.S. All communications to be sent to that address.
- Halifax*.—Socialists meet every Sunday at 6.30 p.m. at Helliwell's Temperance Hotel, Northgate.
- Hull*.—Club Liberty, 1 Beets Court, Blanket Row.
- Leeds*.—International Educational Club, Templar Street. Open every evening. Discussion class every Friday at 8; lectures every Saturday at 4. All kinds of Socialist literature on tables and for sale.
- Leicester*.—Exchange Buildings, Rutland Street. Branch meets on Monday, Thursday, and Saturday at 8 p.m.
- Manchester*.—Socialist League Club, 60 Grovesnor Street, All Saints. Open every evening. Branch weekly meeting on Tuesdays at 8.
- Nottingham*.—Socialist Club, Woodland Place, Upper Parliament Street. Club contribution, 1d. per week; Dancing every Wednesday, 8 till 10.30—fee 3d.
- Norwich*.—Members' meeting held every Tuesday at 8.30.
- Oxford*.—Temperance Hall, 25½ Pembroke Street. First Friday in every month, at 8.30 p.m.
- Sheffield*.—Socialist Club, 63 Blonk Street. French Class, Tuesday at 8.30. Discussion Class, Wednesday at 8.30. Open-air meetings are held as follows:—Sunday: Monolith, Fargate, at 11.30; Newhall Road, Attercliffe, at 11.30; Pump, Westbar, at 8; Heeley, Maresbrook Park, at 7.30; Monolith, Fargate, at 6.30; Rotherham, College Yard, at 3.15. Wednesday: Nursery Street, Wicker, at 8. Thursday: Bramall Lane, at 8; Eckington, at 6.30. Friday: Duke Street, Park, at 8. Saturday: Woodhouse, at 7.
- Walsall*.—Socialist Club, 18 Goodall Street, Walsall. Meetings every night.
- Yarmouth*.—Socialist League Club, 56 Row, Market Place. Open every evening. Business Meeting, Tuesday at 8. Singing Practice, Wednesday at 8.30. Discussion Class, Thursday at 8.30. Elocution Class, Friday at 8.30.

OPEN-AIR PROPAGANDA.

SATURDAY 23.

- 7.30..... Prince of Wales RoadThe Branch

SUNDAY 24.

- 11 Commercial Road—Union StreetLeggatt and Kitz
11 Latimer Road StationNorth Kensington Branch
11.30... Hammersmith BridgeHammersmith Branch
11.30... Hoxton ChurchBurnie and Mrs. Lahr
11.30... Hyde Park—Marble Arch.....Miss Lupton
11.30... Kilburn—"Old Plough," Kilburn Lane.....Mainwaring
11.30... New Cut—Short StreetCasey, Buckeridge, and Pearson
11.30... Regent's Park.....Nicoll and Cantwell
11.30... Streatham—Fountain.....Smith
3.30... Hyde Park—Marble Arch.....Mrs. Lahr
3.30... Victoria Park.....The Branch
3.30... Streatham CommonThe Branch
7 Hammersmith BridgeHammersmith Branch
7 Wormwood ScrubsNorth Kensington Branch
7.30... Streatham—Fountain.....Smith
8 Walham Green—back of ChurchHammersmith Branch

MONDAY 25.

- 7.30..... Westminster Bridge Road—Pearman Street.....Smith and Holloway

THURSDAY 28.

- 7.30..... New Cut—Short StreetBuckeridge, Casey, and Kitz

FRIDAY 29.

- 8.15..... Hoxton ChurchMrs. Lahr, Kitz, and Burnie

PROVINCES.

- Aberdeen*.—Saturday: Castle Street, at 8 p.m.
- Glasgow*.—Sunday: Jail Square at 2 o'clock; Paisley Road at 5 o'clock. Friday: Bridgeton Cross, at 8.15.
- Leeds*.—Saturday: Woodhouse Moor, at 7.30 p.m. Sunday: Hunslet Moor, at 11 a.m.; Vicar's Croft, at 7 p.m.
- Leicester*.—Sunday: Russell Square at 10.45 a.m.; Humberstone Gate, at 8 p.m. Monday: Belgrave, at 7.30. Tuesday: Sanvey Gate, at 8. Wednesday: Oadby, at 7.30. Friday: Anstey, at 7.30. Saturday: Wigston, at 7.
- Liverpool*.—Landing Stage, Sundays at 11.30 a.m. and 3 p.m.
- Manchester*.—Saturday: Middleton market ground, at 7 p.m. Sunday: Philips Park Gates, at 11; Stevenson Square, at 3. Monday: Market Street, Blackley, at 8.
- Nottingham*.—Sunday: Sneinton Market, at 11 a.m.; Great Market, at 7 p.m.
- Norwich*.—Saturday: Haymarket, at 8. Sunday: Market Place at 11, 3, and 7.30.
- Yarmouth*.—Saturday: Church Plain Trees, at 8 p.m. Sunday: Priory Plain, at 11; Bradwell, at 11.30; London Boat Landing Stage, at 3; Colman's Granary Quay, at 7. Monday: Belton, at 8 p.m.

LOUGHBOROUGH.—Meetings every Friday at 7.45 p.m. in the Market Place.

DERBY.—In connection with the Midland Counties Socialist Federation, open-air meetings are held every Saturday in the Market Place, at 7.45 p.m. Aug. 23, J. C. Chambers, of Leicester. Socialists in Derby willing to assist in forming a Branch, please communicate with W. G. Purcell, 12 Society Place.

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The above Leaflets, at prices given, can be had from the *Commonweal* manager in any quantities by Branches, members, or sympathisers, for distribution, 24, Great Queen Street, Lincoln's Inn Fields, London.

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STATEMENT OF PRINCIPLES.

THE Socialist League advocates International Revolutionary Socialism. That is to say the destruction of the present class society, which consists of one class who live by owning property and therefore *need not work*, and of another that has no property and therefore *must work* in order that they may live to keep the idlers by their labour. Revolutionary Socialism insists that this system of society, which is the modern form of slavery, should be changed to a system of Society which would give every man an opportunity of doing useful work, and not allow any man to live without so doing, which work could not be useful unless it were done for the whole body of workers instead of for do-nothing individuals. The result of this would be that livelihood would not be precarious nor labour burdensome. Labour would be employed in co-operation, and the struggle of man with man for bare subsistence would be supplanted by harmonious combination for the production of common wealth and the exchange of mutual services without the waste of labour or material.

Every man's needs would be satisfied from this common stock, but no man would be allowed to own anything which he could not use, and which consequently he must *abuse* by employing it as an instrument for forcing others to labour for him unpaid. Thus the land, the capital, machinery, and means of transit would cease to be private property, since they can only be *used* by the combination of labour to produce wealth.

Thus men would be *free* because they would no longer be dependent on idle property-owners for subsistence; thus they would be *brothers*, for the cause of strife, the struggle for subsistence at other people's expense, would have come to an end. Thus they would be *equal*, for if all men were doing useful work no man's labour could be dispensed with. Thus the motto of Liberty, Fraternity, and Equality, which is but an empty boast in a society that upholds the monopoly of the means of production, would at last be realised.

This Revolutionary Socialism must be International. The change which would put an end to the struggle between man and man, would destroy it also between nation and nation. One harmonious system of federation throughout the whole of civilisation would take the place of the old destructive rivalries. There would be no great centres breeding race hatred and commercial jealousy, but people would manage their own affairs in communities not too large to prevent all citizens from taking a part in the administration necessary for the conduct of life, so that party politics would come to an end.

Thus, while we abide by the old motto

Liberty, Fraternity, Equality,

we say that the existence of private property destroys Equality, and therefore under it there can be neither Liberty nor Fraternity.

We add to the first motto then this other one—

FROM EACH ACCORDING TO HIS
CAPACITY, TO EACH ACCORDING
TO HIS NEEDS.

When this is realised there will be a genuine Society; until it is realised, Society is nothing but a band of robbers. We must add that this change can only be brought about by combination amongst the workers themselves, and must embrace the whole of Society. The new life cannot be *given* to the workers by a class higher than they, but must be *taken* by them by means of the abolition of classes and the reorganisation of Society.

COUNCIL OF THE SOCIALIST LEAGUE.

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THE COMMONWEAL

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WEEKLY; ONE PENNY.

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"A NEW SAVIOUR OF HUMANITY."

THE *Review of Reviews* for this month gives us the following information, which is of the utmost importance to Anarchists, Socialists, and revolutionists generally:

"July has been a month of peace congresses and international agreements, and it has seen the breaking out of a war as a corollary to the formation of a League of Peace. But it is possible that all these imposing international political acts and demonstrations count for less in the future of the world than the ingenious mechanical contrivance which was exhibited at the headquarters of the London Scottish Rifle Volunteers on July 18th by a French engineer named Giffard. To outward appearance it was a simple thing enough, consisting of a small tube of toughest steel only nine inches in length, containing nothing that when opened the eye can see, the ear hear, the nose smell, or the fingers touch. Yet that small tube may yet be destined to destroy empires, check the progress of Socialism [?], and establish throughout the world the principle of government by consent of the governed [*sic*!]. Whether it will abolish war is a question for discussion; but if all that is claimed for it is true, it will abolish gunpowder and convert all the armaments of the modern world into old iron. The tough steel tube, nine inches long, is charged with liquified carbonic acid gas, the same that we breathe from our lungs after every respiration, but converted by liquefaction into one of the most powerful propulsives known. It is fixed to the barrel of the rifle in such a way that when the trigger is pulled a drop of the liquified gas is forced into the breech of the gun behind the bullet, where, instantaneously resuming a gaseous condition, it develops a force equal to 500 lb. pressure on the square inch. The bullet is then expelled at any degree of velocity desired, for the power can be increased or diminished by a simple turn of the screw. The pressure is equally distributed and continuously increased until the bullet leaves the barrel. A slight fizz like the escape of gas from a ginger-beer bottle is the only sound which announces the dispatch of the bullet, which flattens itself against the wall at 1,200 yards. The new propellant is indifferent to heat or damp. It will not burst under the impact of a heavy blow, and it is so cheap that 250 bullets can be fired at the cost of a penny."

If this be true (and we have every reason to believe it is, seeing that Messrs. Colt, the American gun-makers, have paid £200,000 for the American rights of the patent), then at last we have something which will be better than all the firearms ever yet introduced. The firing of a rifle or revolver always betrays the whereabouts of those using them. The new weapon will not, at least, do that; and it strikes us forcibly that the Giffard gun will not check the progress of Socialism, Mr. Stead, but, on the other hand, will rather be one of the most powerful and speedy means of realising it. We would also like to say that even in the workshops of the Government it may be quite possible that our comrades will be working and learning what, though an advantage to our masters for the time being, may yet prove of infinite value to us also. The Giffard gun, like dynamite, which only gave them a temporary advantage, may some day be useful to us.

We must also remember that Col. Knollys, equerry in waiting to the Prince of Wales, has given us a valuable hint as to the most effective method of guerilla warfare about two years since in the *Fortnightly Review*, and again in the last number of the same magazine he thinks the smokeless powder (I suppose they mean the noiseless gun) will largely increase the list of killed and wounded, especially where large army corps are moved, for he thinks it certain that some of them may be completely annihilated. This will give the comrade who acts individually a great advantage, and individual action will

in future be the best method that could be adopted, as it will render conspiracies useless, and thus leave no room for the police spy to fill the prisons with our best comrades.

With the new gun, the smoke, the noise, and the perils of powder will disappear, and the expert mounted butcher, whose past delight has been in riding people down, may be taught even a better lesson than that of the ginger-beer bottle of Bow Street. In future, the Warrens or Bradfords, the Bismarcks or Czars, may not find the butchering of unarmed crowds such a safe business, for as they ride in their pride through the streets they will tremble as they remember that the air is filled with "swift death" for them. We must also not forget that, owing to our propaganda among our comrades in the army, that with renewed effort on our part in that direction it is just possible that they will reverse their rifles and rid the world of their tyrants!

Bravo for Science! The Giffard gun can be used by the poor as well as the rich. Ways and means have always been found in the past, and depend upon it will be in the future. What to-day fills our Christian masters and others with delight, may yet be the cause of deepest remorse to them and their class, unless they are content to take their places in the workers ranks and leave off thieving for a living!

Yet one point more. The Giffard gun cannot compel men to work who refuse to do so, and the General Strike may yet be a weapon in the hands of the workers, which if used resolutely for Socialism may compel our masters to give way. For force if once resorted to can be used quite as effectively on our side as on the side of our masters. It would be well for most of our comrades, who wish to see our ideas spread into the country districts and among the troops, to do their utmost to help us with money. We are only prevented from doing this by want of means, and all our friends would do well to listen more especially now to the appeal for funds for the Special Propaganda; the Committee can make good use of all the money entrusted to them.

But do not let us be downcast at this latest man-destroyer of our masters, for as gunpowder preceded a great revolution in the past, so also may the Giffard gun be the means that will enable us to achieve our freedom. So I will conclude by saying "All hail to the Giffard gun!" which may yet be the New Saviour of Mankind.

C. W. MOWBRAY.

MEN WHO ARE NOT SOCIALISTS.

VI.

THE POLICE.

(Concluded from p. 266.)

I HAVE known a number of policemen intimately, and have, by condescending to the level of their intelligence and sympathies, gained from them a deal of knowledge of human nature. To fraternise in this way properly with a policeman, one must contrive to meet them in a friendly way in a country public-house after the authorised closing time. I have spent many a sociable hour with them on such occasions, and have noticed how soon all their official characteristics except their clothes disappear under the influence of Scotch whisky. I've got them to join in singing the "Marseillaise," dance the "Car-magnole," and toast the "Social Revolution!"

I remember a sergeant of police with whom I got on friendly terms in this way. He knew I was a Socialist, and I knew that he procured smuggled tobacco, and occasionally accepted hares and rabbits which had been poached on a neighbouring preserve. There was thus a magnetism between us as it were. We used to walk arm in arm down a country road after leaving the tavern at midnight, when he confided to me suppressed information about the crimes and scandals of the well-to-do people in the district, and revealed to me many of the secrets of his profession. Having been many years a city constable, his information regarding the theory and practice of "law-'n'-order" was extensive and interesting.

He was much perplexed regarding some points of religion, and seemed to derive much consolation from my exegetical remarks. He was especially interested in the bearing of scientific investigation upon the question of the six day's creation, the flood, and similar old-

fashioned points of biblical controversy. I had a deal of trouble in persuading him to give up the orthodox notion of eternal torment. We stood—I remember, some two hours under the moonlight one night arguing the point, and as I bade him "Good morning!" he pressed my hand warmly, and with emotion told me that a new light had dawned upon his soul, and that I had made him a happy man; he then pulled a flask from his hip-pocket, and we drank affectionately and separated.

He was removed to another district shortly afterwards, because a local pawnbroker, who was also a Justice of the Peace, had taken a set against him for discovering some valuable stolen property on his shelves. He was much hurt at this, for, as he explained to me, he was forced to make the discovery against his inclination, and he had befriended the pawnbroker many a time at great risk to himself. Before leaving he assured me that if the Socialists could have given him a salary to go round the country denouncing the police system—as the Irish National party had done in the case of several Irish constables—he would most readily have resigned; and he begged of me that should a favourable opportunity occur, to mention the matter to Morris or Hyndman.

My acquaintance with policemen in their ordinary-mortal capacity led me in the early stages of my propagandist career to regard them as not unfavourable material for operating upon, and for a time I had great ideas of converting them to Socialism wholesale, as the Spaniards converted the Moors to Christianity. I conjured visions of the ranks of the constabulary becoming honeycombed with our proselytes, who would refuse to act in case of a strike or popular revolt. I used, therefore, to direct my remarks so that the policemen who decorated the fringe of the crowd might be conciliated and attracted towards our principles. Oftentimes I was certain that I observed beneath their affected indifference or disdain, a glimmer of sympathy twinkle in their lordly souls. When I had occasion to pass near them I looked kindly in their faces, and if perchance I received a nod of friendly recognition my heart bounded within me. I contrived sometimes to get into conversation with them, and esteemed the vaguest expression of sympathy from one of them as of more importance than an avowal of full acceptance from twenty common citizens.

But it was all a hallucination! Ere long I discovered that their sympathy was without substance—that they were mostly incapable of an honest opinion upon any subject—and that I was only making an ass of myself. All my subsequent experience of them confirms this notion, and convinces me that it is as hard for a policeman to be a Socialist as for a bishop to be a Christian or a politician a patriot.

I never attempt to convert policemen now—I have, I hope, become a wiser man. I have reasoned the matter impartially, and have concluded that even if we could convert a few here and there—and we could not hope to do more—it would serve no useful purpose. If, after being converted, they remained in the force, they would not be men worth converting, and if they left the force others would take their place, and our proselytes being then no longer policemen, we would only have gained a few additional ordinary members—and not likely very good ones either. Besides, I think the fact of policemen becoming Socialists would tend to lower the moral and intellectual status of the movement. They may do all very well for the Salvation Army and other Christian bodies, where the acquisition of heathens and sinners adds lustre to their names and money to their treasuries; but in the Socialist movement we find that the acquisition of honest and intelligent men serves and pays best. We can look at things from a business point of view as well as our neighbours!

So much, indeed have my sentiments changed, that I now feel quite uncomfortable when I think my speeches are making a favourable impression upon any of them. The thought suggests issues that are perplexing. It seems unfair to enlist a policeman's sympathy towards us to-day and perhaps have to heave bricks at him to-morrow. It mars the field and spoils the fight. Of course, if a policeman insists upon becoming a Socialist we cannot prevent him; but it would be better if he didn't. Not that I have any animosity against them personally—none in the least. Although I regard them as destroyers of the public peace, devourers of public rights, maltreaters of the poor, and hired hacks of the privileged class; although I regard them as being mostly ignorant, lazy, bullying, cowardly, conceited rascals; and although at the beginning of this paper I expressed delight in witnessing their public execution,—yet I bear them no malice. Why should I? Are they not victims of civilisation like the rest of us? They are bad, but why should we thirst for their gore? Nay, I regard them rather as Stanley regards Congo niggers—as obstacles in the path of progress: and may not I delight in seeing policemen annihilated in the abstract for freedom's sake, just as Stanley delights to kill Congo niggers in the concrete for civilisation's sake,—without bearing any ill-will against them? Thank heaven! I have enough philosophy in me to enable me to fight and even kill a man without hating him in the least!

When the revolution is accomplished we shall be glad to open our doors to "all that is left of them"; meanwhile let them keep at a respectable fighting distance. If they don't meddle with us we won't meddle with them; if they do meddle with us, then heaven help their poor widows and orphans!

J. BRUCE GLASIER.

EAST LONDON AND SOUTHWARK.—Good meeting was held last Sunday at Union Street, Commercial Road, addressed by Leggatt, who spoke for one hour and a-half; 42 'Weals sold; enthusiastic audience and no opposition. We were quite as successful on Mile End Waste at 7.30; 27 'Weals sold, and a meeting announced for next Sunday. Saturday night at Bermondsey Square, a good meeting by Leggatt, who spoke for Leather Trade strikers; 'Weals sold out.—L.

NEWS FROM NOWHERE:

OR,
AN EPOCH OF REST.

BEING SOME CHAPTERS FROM A UTOPIAN ROMANCE.

CHAP. XXVI. (continued).—THE UPPER WATERS.

WE all stopped to receive her. Dick rose in the boat and cried out a genial good morrow; I tried to be as genial as Dick, but failed; Clara waved a delicate hand to her; and Morsom nodded and looked on with interest. As to Ellen, the beautiful brown of her face was deepened by a flush as she brought the gunwale of her boat alongside ours, and said:

"You see, neighbours, I had some doubt if you would all three come back past Runnymede, or if you did, whether you would stop there; and besides, I am not sure whether we—my father and I—shall not be away in a week or two, for he wants to see a brother of his in the north country, and I should not like him to go without me. So I thought I might never see you again, and that seemed uncomfortable to me, and—so I came after you."

"Well," said Dick, "I am sure we are all very glad of that; although you may be sure that as for Clara and me, we should have made a point of coming to see you, and of coming the second time if we had found you away the first time. But, dear neighbour, there you are alone in the boat, and you have been sculling pretty hard, I should think, and might find a little quiet sitting pleasant; so we had better part our company into two."

"Yes," said Ellen, "I thought you would do that, so I have brought a rudder for my boat: will you help me to ship it, please?"

And she went aft in her boat and pushed along our side till she had brought the stern close to Dick's hand. He knelt down in our boat and she in hers, and the usual fumbling took place over hanging the rudder on its hooks; for, as you may imagine, no change had taken place in the arrangement of such an unimportant matter as the rudder of a pleasure-boat. As the two beautiful young faces bent over the rudder, they seemed to me to be very close together, and though it only lasted a moment, a sort of pang shot through me as I looked on. Clara sat in her place and did not look round, but presently she said, with just the least stiffness in her tone:

"How shall we divide? Won't you go into Ellen's boat, Dick, since, without offence to our guest, you are the better sculler?"

Dick stood up and laid his hand on her shoulder, and said: "No, no; let Guest try what he can do—he ought to be getting into training now. Besides, we are in no hurry; we are not going far above Oxford; and even if we are benighted, we shall have the moon, which will give us nothing worse of a night than a greyer day."

"Besides," said I, "I may manage to do a little more with my sculling than merely keeping the boat from drifting down stream."

They all laughed at this, as if it had been a very good joke; and I thought that Ellen's laugh even amongst the others was one of the pleasantest sounds I had ever heard.

To be short, I got into the new-come boat, not a little elated, and taking the sculls, set to work to show off a little. For—must I say it?—I felt as if even that happy world were made the happier for my being so near this strange girl; although I must say of all the persons I had seen in that world renewed, she was the most unfamiliar to me, the most unlike what I could have thought of. Clara, for instance, beautiful and bright as she was, was not unlike a *very* pleasant and unaffected young lady; and the other girls also seemed nothing more than specimens of very much improved types which I had known in other times. But this girl was not only beautiful with a beauty quite different from that of "a young lady," but was in all ways so strangely interesting; so that I kept wondering what she would say or do next to surprise and please me. Not, indeed, that there was anything startling in what she actually said or did; but it was all done in a new way, and always with that indefinable interest and pleasure of life, which I had noticed more or less in everybody, but which in her was more marked and more charming than in anyone else that I had seen.

We were soon under way and going at a fair pace through the beautiful reaches of the river between Bensington and Dorchester. It was now about the middle of the afternoon, warm rather than hot, and quite windless; the clouds high up and light, pearly white, and gleaming, softened the sun's burning, but did not hide the pale blue in most places, though they seemed to give it height and consistency; the sky, in short, looked really like a vault, as poets have sometimes called it, and not like mere limitless air, but a vault so vast and full of light that it did not anyway oppress the spirits. It was the sort of afternoon that Tennyson must have been thinking about, when he said of the Lotos-Eaters' land that it was a land where it was always afternoon.

Ellen leaned back in the stern and seemed to enjoy herself thoroughly. I could see that she was really looking at things and let nothing escape her, and as I watched her, an uncomfortable feeling that she had been a little touched by love of the deft, ready, and handsome Dick, and that she had been constrained to follow us because of it, faded out of my mind; since if it had been so, she surely could not have been so excitedly pleased, even with the beautiful scenes we were passing through. For some time she did not say much, but at last, as we had passed under Shillingford Bridge (new built, but somewhat on its old lines), she bade me hold the boat while she had a good look at the landscape through the graceful arch. Then she turned about to me and said:

"I do not know whether to be sorry or glad that this is the first time that I have been in these reaches. It is true that it is a great pleasure to see all this for the first time; but if I had had a year or two of memory of it, how sweetly it would all have mingled with my life, waking or dreaming! I am so glad Dick has been pulling slowly, so as to linger out the time here. How do you feel about your first visit to these waters?"

I do not suppose she meant a trap for me, but anyhow I fell into it, and said: "My first visit! It is not my first visit by many time. I know these reaches well; indeed, I may say that I know every yard of the Thames from Hammersmith to Cricklade."

I saw the complications that might follow, as her eyes fixed mine with a curious look in them, that I had seen before at Runnymede when I had said something which made it difficult for others to understand my present position amongst these people. I reddened, and said, in order to cover my mistake: "I wonder you have never been up so high as this, since you live on the Thames, and moreover row so well that it would be no great labour to you. Let alone," quoth I, insinuatingly, "that anybody would be glad to row you."

She laughed, clearly not at my compliment (as I am sure she need not have done, as it was a very commonplace fact), but at something which was stirring in her mind; and she still looked at me kindly but with the above-said keen look in her eyes, and then she said:

"Well, perhaps it is strange, though I have a good deal to do at home, what with looking after my father, and dealing with two or three young men who have taken a special liking to me, and all of whom I cannot please at once. But you, dear neighbour; it seems to me stranger that you should know the upper river, than that I should not know it; for, as I understand, you have only been in England a few days. But perhaps you mean that you have read about it in books, and seen pictures of it?—though that don't come to much, either."

"Truly," said I. "Besides, I have not read any books about the Thames: it was one of the minor stupidities of our time that no one thought fit to write a decent book about what may fairly be called our only English river."

The words were no sooner out of my mouth than I saw that I had made another mistake; and I felt really annoyed with myself, as I did not want to go into a long explanation just then, or begin another series of Odyssean lies. Somehow, Ellen seemed to see this, and she took no advantage of my slip; her piercing look changed into one of mere frank kindness, and she said:

"Well, anyhow I am glad that I am travelling these waters with you, since you know our river so well, and I know little of it past Pangbourne, for you can tell me all I want to know about it." She paused a minute, and then said: "Yet you must understand that the part I do know, I know as thoroughly as you do. I should be sorry for you to think that I am careless of a thing so beautiful and interesting as the Thames."

She said this quite earnestly, and with an air of affectionate appeal to me which pleased me very much; but I could see that she was only keeping her doubts about me for another time. WILLIAM MORRIS.

TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE ST. LUKE'S EVICTIONS.

WE preserve the following taken from the *Star*, which should teach our Radical friends that cruel and merciless evictions are quite as common in London as Ireland:

"The drama of Golden Lane is working itself out. While the evictor and his emergency men were exulting over their victory at Clerkenwell Police-court, there was a scene of a different character going on in the filthy little court over which the dispute has taken place. Amongst the evicted was an old man, 84 years of age. He has for many years occupied one of the tumbledown rooms in this awful slum, and has weekly paid over 2s. 6d. to Mr. Marmaduke Matthews for the privilege of being poisoned with foul air and squalor. His total weekly income was 3s. 6d., a pension from a cabinet-making firm in Hackney for which he used to work in his younger days. To this he added about 1s. 3d. a month by making book-slides in his feeble old way. He has been moved twice during these cruel evictions, but he will not trouble the house jobber again. He will offer no resistance to being taken out next time, for he died after the worry and anxiety of being driven like a dog from one wretched kennel to another. Shortly after the old man died, having expressed on his death-bed a wish not to have a pauper's funeral, Marmaduke Matthews, the recipient of that weekly 2s. 6d. for rent, came along, and graciously contributed sixpence—a whole sixpence, mind you—towards the cost of a burial not at the expense of the parish. When a *Star* man visited the poor fellow a few days ago in his wretched room, whose only furniture was a broken bed propped up with a box, two chairs, and a table saved from falling by leaning against the wall, he found Johnson cooking his meal of rice and water, and feeding with a few grains a little linnet, which was his only companion in the world. He complained then of the cruelty with which he was being moved on, and told our man how, out of his scanty income, he had regularly paid over two-thirds for rent, and yet they were evicting him. People who imagine that good samaritanism is confined to respectable well-to-do folk ought to have seen how, even in this frightful slum, with all its horde of rough inhabitants, this old man owed many a real addition to his means to the kindness of neighbours who could ill afford the gift."

When are the English people going to be men enough to stop these brutalities by greeting the bailiff with bricks, stones, and hot water after the Irish fashion? Liberal ministers may then remember that landlord tyranny is not confined to Ireland! Don't forget Johnson was a "Free Englishman," and he lived in a place not fit for a dog and on Chinese diet—rice and water! But we all know the English workman is so much better off than the foreigner, and so superior in every way!

SOCIALISM IN LONDON AND THE PROVINCES.

WEST-CENTRAL LONDON ('COMMONWEAL').

THE 'Commonweal' Branch have been very active during this month with propaganda work, such as the pushing of the paper, distribution of leaflets, and general dissemination of anti-Parliamentarian tactics. Indoor work has proved very successful, good audiences having been addressed in our hall on Sunday evenings. The singing class practices have not been so well attended, and your secretary suggests that as it is but a step from the class to the street corner, comrades might turn up; the singing of our revolutionary songs helps to draw large audiences, relieves the speakers, and tends to sell our paper and song-books. Outdoor meetings have been held regularly at Hoxton on Friday evenings and Sunday mornings. On Friday, August 15, we took large red flag with us, and were taken for the time being as apostles of the Salvation Army, in some instances receiving groans and hisses, but this suddenly disappeared when we began speaking. A large audience was addressed by Leggatt, Kitz, Mrs. Lahr, and Blundell; at one point of the meeting some miserable half-hearted opposition on the foreign bogey came from some half-starved and pinch-faced women, who were all hat and feathers and no boots, but they were more to be pitied than blamed; our comrade Kitz let them down very gently, and the meeting at last expressed evident signs of satisfaction at what had been said by our comrades. At same place on the following Sunday morning, comrades Burnie, Mrs. Lahr, and Blundell addressed very good meeting, the flag this time proving a good attraction. The No-Rent Crusade was advocated pretty plainly by the speakers, and altogether seemed to be received with approbation. Several of our comrades attended the Docker's Demonstration in the afternoon, and distributed several thousand leaflets and pushed the *Commonweal*. At this meeting we had a strange experience. A meeting was started by us, and some reference made to the fact that the New Unionism was due to the work of the Socialists, but that now those who have benefited by their work shrink from the name of Socialist, and would wear anything but red as a badge, the dockers intolerantly refused to hear this lecture and broke up the meeting. It was, however, reformed further on, and a large amount of *Commonweals* disposed of. On Friday, August 22, at Hoxton, a large and enthusiastic meeting was addressed for three hours and a-half by Leggatt, Burnie, Kitz, Mainwaring, and Blundell, also White (S.D.F.). The usual drunken fool turned up, but disappeared after some kindly treatment of his special case. Some opposition came from a "good Christian young man," who thought our doctrines were erroneous, and would only lead to bloodshed and disorder, and further exhorted the people not to listen to us because we only made working-people more miserable and discontented than they were before, and that no good could come out of it. He also expressed regret that we should criticise the police, because in his case on one occasion, when he was on tramp, and in the town of Hastings, cold and weary, some good and kind policeman there gave him a pot of nice hot tea. He agreed with a good deal that had been said by our speakers, but as a Christian he had more faith in charity, the giving away of soup, blankets, and other little dodges which are resorted to by the mission-hall hypocrites to delude the workers. Kitz replied, and informed the good young man that the police had killed and cruelly beaten and injured many of our comrades, and that there should be no surprise at our expressions of bitterness. We think if this good Christian will read our paper, and attend some more of our meetings, it will not be long before even he will see eye to eye with us. On Sunday morning, August 24, good audience addressed by Mrs. Lahr, Kitz, and Blundell; very sympathetic and no opposition. Our meetings have closed with an endeavour to get names of the Hoxton men and women as members, and we think it will not be long before a good strong branch will be established here. Branch comrades have sold at the different meetings some 157 'Weals, besides distributing some thousands of leaflets.

W. B.

SHEFFIELD AND MANCHESTER.

LEAVING Leicester on Monday week, I went to Sheffield and at once began spreading discontent by holding meetings on Monday at the Pump, West Bar, Tuesday at Bramall Lane and Monolith, Wednesday at Wicker, going on Thursday out into the country to Eckington with comrade Cores, distributing 'Weals and leaflets from house to house, and preparing the way for a meeting which we held in the same town on Friday. The doctrine goes very well among the miners, who seemed only too eager to listen, and were sorry when we had to leave to catch a train back to Sheffield. These meetings will now be kept up by the comrades here. Comrade Bulas and myself went to Woodhouse on Saturday, but owing to all the available ground being taken up by the annual fair, etc., we were unable to hold a meeting. I went to Manchester on Sunday morning, and began by addressing a very large meeting of strikers in the water-proof trade, whose chief speakers were the official clique of the Trades' Council here, and who were so shocked at my utterances that they hastily left the platform. I will give them some more during the week. At night I addressed a very large meeting indeed at the spot where our comrades have been prosecuted. The police did not interfere, nay, what is more they never turned up; and though our Social Democratic friends of Salford promised to turn up and help, yet they failed to put in an appearance. Free speech for Social Democrats is their cry, but down with Anarchists is their action. I am going to stir up Manchester and Salford this week, and shall show our somewhat friends that "We're not asleep!" Good meetings and good sale of literature have been the result of all our meetings.

C. W. M.

NORTH LONDON.—On Saturday, our meeting was addressed by Cantwell, Nicoll, and Edwards; good discussion. Sunday morning an excellent meeting gathered to hear Miss Lupton, Stone, Edwards, and Nicoll; some discussion was replied to by Miss Lupton and Nicoll; collection, 7s. 3d. In Hyde Park, Cantwell, Miss Lupton, Emerson, Coulon, and Furlong spoke; a man of bourgeois appearance, describing himself as a working-man, a well-known leader of workmen's societies in the East-end, etc., but who refused his name, offered some opposition. He proved to be a Guardian of the Poor Law, and on being fixed with a couple of questions he declined to answer and skulked off; collection was 1s. 4d. We also held a meeting at King's Cross on Sunday evening, where Miss Lupton, Edwards, and Nicoll spoke. We have sold 7 quires of 'Weal this week and 3s. worth of literature.

LEEDS.—On Sunday last a very successful meeting was held on Hunslet Moor, speakers Allworthy, Cores, Sollit, Sweeney, and Samuels. Good sale of *Commonweal* and pamphlets, and 3s. 3d. collected. Afternoon, at 3, we held a good meeting and opened up a fresh station at New Wortley recreation ground, Cores, Samuels, and Wormald speaking; good sale of *Commonweal*. At 6.30, in the "Croft," another very good meeting was held, speakers Cores and Samuels, when 2s. more was collected and the last of our 3½ quires *Commonweal* sold; good sale of "Monopoly."—H. S.

Socialist Delegates to the Trades Congress.—The Liverpool Socialist Society will be glad to welcome, at 1 Stanley Street, Dale Street, Socialists who are delegates to the Trades Congress to be held in Liverpool next week.



OFFICES: 24 GREAT QUEEN STREET, LONDON, W.C.

HAVE YOU NOT HEARD HOW IT HAS GONE WITH MANY A CAUSE BEFORE NOW: FIRST, FEW MEN HEED IT; NEXT, MOST MEN CONTEMN IT; LASTLY, ALL MEN ACCEPT IT—AND THE CAUSE IS WON

The COMMONWEAL is the official organ of the Socialist League; but, unless definitely so announced by the Editors, no article is to be taken as expressing in more than a general way the views of the League as a body. In accordance with the Manifesto and Statement of Principles of the League, the COMMONWEAL is an exponent of International Revolutionary Socialism. On minor differences of opinion the widest freedom of discussion is maintained. As all articles are signed, no special significance attaches to their position in the paper.

Articles and letters dealing with any phase of the social problem are invited and will meet with earnest consideration. They must be written on one side of the paper only, and accompanied by the name and address of the writer, not necessarily for publication. MSS. can only be returned if a stamped directed envelope accompanies them.

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TO CORRESPONDENTS.

CORRESPONDENTS who order literature should prepay postage, or state if they wish their parcels to be sent per rail or carrier, "carriage forward."

A. J. WINSTANLEY.—We have not space for the object you mention.

WILL Branch Secretaries please write Reports and Orders for Literature on separate pieces of paper.

TO CONTRIBUTORS.—Workmen could help us greatly by sending in accounts of capitalist tyranny and sweating in London and the provinces. We want the names of the sweaters. Those who write must send us their name and address, not necessarily for publication, but as a guarantee of good faith. We shall not fear to publish the truth.—EDS.

Periodicals received during the week ending Wednesday August 27.

ENGLAND Arbitrator Belfast Weekly Star Justice Labour Tribune Norwich—Daylight People's Press Railway Review Sozial Demokrat Seafaring The Whirlwind Worker's Friend	Boston —Woman's Journal Investigator Nationalist Buffalo—Arbeiter-Zeitung Chicago—Rights of Labour Detroit—Der Arme Teufel Philadel.—Knights of Labour Paterson Labour Standard S.F.—Coast Seamen's Journal San Francisco Arbeiterzeitung Pacific Union Valley Falls (Kan.)—Lucifer	BELGIUM Antwerp—De Werker Ghent—Vooruit
NEW SOUTH WALES Sydney—Bulletin	FRANCE Paris—Bourse du Travail Paris—La Revoltue Le Parti ouvrier Le Proletariat Charleville—L'Emancipation Lyon—L'Action Sociale Nancy—Le Tire-Pied Rouen—Le Salarial	ITALY Rome—L'Emancipazione Palermo—Avanti Milan—Il Fascio Operaio
QUEENSLAND Brisbane—Boomerang	SPAIN Madrid—El Socialista Madrid—La Anarquia Barcelona—El Productor	PORTUGAL Lisbon—O Protesto Operario Porto—A Revolucao Social
INDIA Bankipore—Behar Herald	AUSTRIA Vienna—Arbeiter-Zeitung Brunn—Arbeiterstimme	HUNGARY Arbeiter-Wochen-Chronik
UNITED STATES New York—Der Sozialist New York—Truthseeker New York—Freiheit Twentieth Century Volkszeitung Bakers' Journal Workmen's Advocate	DENMARK Copenhagen—Arbejderen	SWEDEN Malmo—Arbetet
	HOLLAND Hague—Recht voor Allen	WEST INDIES Cuba—El Productor
	SWITZERLAND Arbeiterstimme	

REVOLUTIONARY GOVERNMENT.

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH OF PETER KROPOTKINE.

II.

THE dangers to which the revolution is exposed if it allows itself to be mastered by an elected government are so evident, that a whole school of revolutionists have boldly renounced this idea. They understand that it is impossible for an insurgent people to give itself by means of elections a government which does not represent the past, and which will not be a cannon-ball attached to the feet of the people, especially at the time when it is necessary to accomplish this immense work of regeneration—economic, political, and moral—which we designate the Social Revolution. They throw aside, then, the idea of a "legal" government, at any rate for the period during which the revolt against legality continues, and they cry up the "Revolutionary Dictatorship."

"The party," they say, "which will have overthrown the government will take its place by force. It will possess itself of all power

and proceed in a revolutionary manner. It will take the measures necessary to ensure the success of the uprising; it will demolish the old institutions; it will organise the defence of the country. And for those who will not recognise its authority there is the guillotine; for those, workers or capitalists, who refuse to obey the orders which it issues in order to regulate the progress of the revolution—also the guillotine!" This is the reasoning of the Robespierres in embryo—of those who have only remembered the closing scenes of the great drama of the last century, those who have only learnt the speech of the Public Prosecutors under the First Republic.

For us who are Anarchists the dictatorship of an individual or of a party—at bottom it is the same thing—has been definitely rejected. We know that a Social Revolution cannot be directed by the intelligence of a single man or a single organisation. We know that Revolution and Government are incompatible; the one must kill the other, no matter what name is given to the government—dictatorship, royalty, or parliament. We know that the strength and the truth of our party is contained in its fundamental formula, "Nothing good and durable can be done except by the free initiative of the people, and all authority tends to kill it." This is why the best amongst us, if their ideas had no longer to pass through the crucible of public opinion in order to be put into execution, and if they became masters of this formidable machine, the government, so that they would be able to act according to their will, they would become scoundrels in less than a week. We know to what a dictatorship leads—even the best intentioned—to the death of the Revolution. And, moreover, we know that this idea of a dictatorship is always only an unhealthy product of governmental fetishism, which, in conjunction with religious fetishism, has perpetuated slavery.

But to-day we are not speaking to Anarchists. We are speaking to those amongst the revolutionary governmentalists, who, misled by the prejudices of their education, are honestly deceived, and desire nothing better than to discuss their position. We will speak to them then from their own standpoint.

First of all, let us make a general observation. Those who advocate a dictatorship do not generally perceive that in sustaining this prejudice they are only preparing the ground for those who will cut their throats later on. There is a saying of Robespierre's which his admirers would do well to remember. He did not deny dictatorship on principle, but "Mark my words!" he exclaimed suddenly to Mandar, when the latter was speaking to him on the subject one day, "Brissot will be dictator!" Yes, Brissot, the malignant Girondin, the deadly enemy of the equalitarian tendency of the people, the indignant defender of property (which he had formerly described as theft); Brissot, who would gladly have inscribed the names of Marat, Hébert, and all the moderate Jacobins in the prisoners' book of L'Abbaye Prison.

But this saying dates from 1792! At this time France had already been three years in the revolutionary state! In fact royalty no longer existed, there was nothing more to do but to give it the finishing stroke; indeed, the feudal regime was already abolished. Nevertheless, even at this period, when the waves of revolution were freely disporting themselves, it was the reactionary Brissot who had all the chances of being appointed dictator! And before this, in 1789, who had the chance? Mirabeau would have been recognised as the authoritarian chief, the man who was making a bargain with the king for the sale of his eloquence. Those are the men who would have been carried to power at this period if the insurgent people had imposed its sovereignty, supported by pikes, and if they had not followed up the accomplished deeds of the Jacquerie by rendering illusory all constituted power at Paris and in the departments.

But the government prejudice so blinds those who speak of dictatorship, that they would rather prepare the dictatorship of a new Brissot or of a Napoleon than renounce the idea of giving another master to the men who break their chains!

The secret societies of the period of the Restoration, and of Louis Philippe, have powerfully contributed to maintain this prejudice in favour of dictatorship. The middle-class Republicans of the time, assisted by the workers, made a long series of conspiracies to overthrow royalty and proclaim the republic. Not taking into account the immense transformation that would have to take place in France, even for the establishment of a middle-class republican regime to be commenced, they imagined that by means of a vast conspiracy they would overthrow royalty some fine day, take possession of power, and proclaim a republic. For nearly thirty years these secret societies continued to work with unbounded devotion, with perseverance, and heroic courage. If the republic resulted quite naturally from the revolution of February, 1848, it was due to these societies, it was thanks to the propaganda by deed which they carried on during thirty years. Without their noble efforts even now the Republic would be impossible.

Their end then was to take possession of power, and to install the representatives of their ideas in a republican dictatorship. But, as might have been expected, they never succeeded in doing this. As is always the case, as an inevitable result of the existing condition of things, the conspiracy could not overthrow royalty. The conspirators had prepared the fall. They had widely spread the republican idea. Their martyrs had put the ideal before the people. But the last effort, that which definitely overthrew the bourgeois king, was much greater and much stronger than could possibly come from a secret society—it came from the mass of the people.

Everyone knows the result. The party who had prepared the fall of royalty found itself driven away from the steps of the Hôtel de Ville. Others who were too prudent to run the risks of a conspiracy,

but better known and also more moderate, waiting for the moment to take possession of power themselves, took the place that the conspirators thought to conquer in the noise of the cannon. Some journalists and lawyers, fine speakers, who were working to make themselves a name whilst the real republicans were forging arms or dying in the convict prison, possessed themselves of power. Some already well known were acclaimed by the crowd; others pushed themselves forward and were accepted because their name represented nothing but a programme of agreement with everybody.

Let no one tell us that this was due to a want of practical thought on the part of the party of action; that others would do better! No, a thousand times, no! It is a law like that which rules the motions of the stars, that the party of action shall remain outside whilst the intriguers and talkers take hold of power. They are better known among the great mass who give the last push. They get the most votes, for with or without voting papers, by acclamation or through the intermediary of the ballot box, at bottom it is always a sort of tacit election that takes place at such a moment by acclamation. They are chosen by everybody, especially by the enemies of the revolution, who prefer to push to the front those who will do nothing, and acclamation thus recognises as chiefs those who are at bottom either enemies of the movement or indifferent to its success.

The man who more than anyone else was the incarnation of this system of conspiracy,¹ the man who paid for his devotion to this system by a life in prison, threw out just before his death these words, which are a programme in themselves, "Neither God nor Master."

CORRESPONDENCE.

"JOHN BURNS AND FOREIGN COMPETITION."

Sir,—In your issue of last week you state that "John Burns is reported to have said at Hartlepool that Englishmen could always beat the foreigner." Without taking the trouble to enquire if such a statement was true, or if true the conditions under which it was made, you at once criticise the statement as if I had made it. Besides this liberal assumption, you go further and lecture me as to what I could have said upon the question of Internationalism, and conclude by saying "Burns might preach the International Solidarity of Labour."

Before you criticise any speeches of mine taken from garbled and condensed reports in capitalist papers, which alone ought to make you suspicious, it is your duty to read the speech in the local papers where it appeared. If you had done so, you would have found that I dealt with the Foreign Competition question from the Socialist point of view entirely. But in answer to a speech made by Sir Charles Palmer, I thought it necessary to prove, as I did, that even from an insular point of view that the masters were not justified in asking for a reduction or resisting an increase of wages in the coal, iron, and shipbuilding trades through foreign competition, as facts were dead against them.

You then insult the intelligence and honesty of the workmen who listened to me by saying it was necessary to pander to them. They did not desire it. I did not do it. The fact is your note was written in entire ignorance of what was really said, and with a view, I believe, of simply adding me with Graham to the already long list of people whom it seems to be your special mission to misrepresent.

In your report also of the docker's demonstration (and such is Socialist editing!) you credit Ben Tillett with the best speech from the revolutionary point of view. In this you may be right, but in *Justice* of this week he and Tom Mann were credited with the very opposite. Which is right?

For what I said at the meeting I would refer you and your readers to the *Times*, to which or any other capitalist paper I would rather look for fair reporting than to either of the Socialist papers now in existence. You were so busy denouncing me and all my works on Sunday last in the Park that you could not hear what we said. If you had heard, your report of the demonstration might have been different to what it was.

In your last week's issue you also sneer at my work on the London County Council. I can justly claim to have done a little work in London really revolutionary and also constitutional; but of all the work I have been capable of, none gives me greater satisfaction than the raising of the wages of the workmen of the L.C.C. staff and the reduction of their hours in many cases from twelve to eight.

I know this is regarded as a "dirty palliative" and labelled as mere "constitutionalism" by men who don't know anything about the working-class movement. But I intend to go on with it, in spite of deliberate misrepresentation on the part of men who talk about the reconstruction of society and denounce others who work for it, and have themselves not yet shown capacity enough to run a decent-sized apple-stall.

Take the trouble to hear what the ideal of the New Unionism is, and see, as you easily can, what is the work that Tom Mann, Ben Tillett, and others have really done, and in doing have been impeded by men calling themselves Socialists, and whose chief object seems to be to jealously wreck the good work that they themselves are incapable of doing.

In justice to your readers who read last week's note, this reply ought to be inserted.—Yours truly,

JOHN BURNS.

[The blame, if any, for taking what Burns describes as the garbled and condensed reports of the capitalist press as a basis of criticism, rests with the *People's Press*, the organ of the New Unionism, the quotation about foreigners being taken from it. We did not insult the intelligence and honesty of the working-men who listened to Burns, but we do know from bitter experience the hide-bound prejudices the bulk of such audiences have against foreigners, and we recognise it as one of the chief hindrances to our propaganda. We protest, therefore, against even the shadow of an attempt to foster them. As a matter of fact, we were not specially engaged in attacking Burns in the Park, but asserted that the principles of International Socialism had been preached to the disorganised workers of London, and that the present upheaval was partly the result of such work. But now a number of men seek to ignore the root principles of Socialism, and

¹ Blanqui.

to turn the New Unionism into an Aristocracy of Labour. If any further proof were needed the following excerpt from Burns's speech to the dockers on Tower Hill will suffice:

"The docks of London had been too long the haven of refuge for all the loafers, tramps, and deadbeats of Great Britain; for too long had the flotsam and jetsam of the labour market drifted there, to knock down the wages and increase the hours of the legitimate dockers. If these loafers, who wanted to earn money for drink, could not get work, let them go to the poor-law, and throw themselves upon the pockets of the middle and upper classes, and not upon the poor dock labourers. Let them go to the Government and demand a legal eight hours day. They were not going to allow 3,000 or 4,000 loafers and ne'er-do-wells, whom society must support, drive down the wages earned by legitimate workers. In his opinion this was the best and wisest thing they had ever done. Now agricultural labourers and others will know that the docks were not the cesspool for the residuum of labour."

And this is the end of all the tall talk about the dawning day of Labour's Emancipation, etc., etc.

Burns advises us to learn what the ideal of the New Unionism is; judging from the above it seems to be the devil take the hindmost. The complaint about attacks by those who call themselves Socialists is refreshing after our experience of the *Labour Elector* during John Burns's connection with it and its editor. It would be, perhaps, superfluous to remind Burns what is the ideal of the Socialists, and especially of the International Revolutionary Party; but for the enlightenment of the New Unionists it may be stated that it means the inculcation of the doctrine that the unfortunates who compose the wreckage of our rotten civilisation to-day, are the direct results of the hideous competition around us. Further, that our foreign comrades are one with us in the Order of Labour, and when Commercialism pits them against us we shall attack it and not them.

Emphatically Revolutionary Socialism does not mean the carving out of a new and close order of labour, which will help to kick those already down, meanwhile stigmatising them as loafers, tramps, etc. The exigencies of the New Unionism no doubt compels them to adopt self-protective measures; but to do this and at the same time wish to be credited with holding fast still to the old faith is expecting a little too much. If to carry a kindlier message to the fallen and the dregs is a task at once too heavy and incompatible with the existence of the New Unionism, that is not the fault of the Socialists. Their task, at all events, is clear, and that is, to preach incessantly for the complete overthrow of wage-slavery.

Let us take the other points raised by Burns. As to Cunninghame-Graham, he does not need Burns's protection; if he thinks he has been "misrepresented," he has a tongue and pen and can defend himself. With regard to the Dockers' Demonstration, we stick to our opinion; we have no connection with *Justice*, and what that organ says is nothing to us. Our criticisms of Burns's work on the County Council were perfectly fair; we did not sneer, we only said he had done better work outside; and surely the stirring up of the labour revolt of 1889 was in the opinion of most reasonable people a greater feat than any work he has done on the County Council. The words "dirty palliative" have never been used in the *Commonweal*, and we shall trouble ourselves to reply to any personal abuse on the part of Mr. Burns. It is untrue—and Burns knows it is untrue—to say we have "impeded" or have tried to "wreck" the new movement. We have always been friendly to it, when it has done good work, as witness our reports of the dock strike and of the strike of the chocolate girls, and even Burns has acknowledged this in the past.

We do not think the last sentence was necessary. We believe in "free speech." We are neither "New Unionists" nor "New Journalists," and if we give hard knocks we are not afraid of them in return. In conclusion, we say we shall continue to speak out, and we are not to be silenced even by Mr. John Burns.—Eds.]

INTERNATIONAL NOTES.

FRANCE.

At Grenoble lately the trial took place against our comrades accused of riot on the 1st of May at Vienne. Peter Martin was sentenced to five years' imprisonment, Thenevin to two years, and Buisson to one year. The other accused have been discharged. In spite of the silence of the press, the public who attended were very friendly to the accused, and the opinion of the people is very favourable, so that we may consider this trial as having been very useful to the propaganda of our ideas. Comrade Martin, who has been very prominent in the movement, and who led the people to the plundering of the stores of Mr. Brocart, defended himself splendidly; endorsing all the responsibility of his action, he explained that the workers had the right to take from the rich the possessions which they have stolen from the people, and it was this robbery which has caused the workers to be in distress and want. He described the pitiful condition of the working classes in Vienne, and especially of the working women; he proved that the bourgeoisie will only yield to the legitimate pretensions of the workers when pressed by force, and that if there was any improvement in the condition of the working classes during the last few weeks, that had been in fact through the fright the capitalists had had from the riots of the 1st May. We are very satisfied, he said in his plea, with what we have done, and we are largely repaid for it, for through the walls of our prison the blessings of the working women of Vienne will reach us. I wish, he concluded, that the conscience of our judges might be as peaceful as my own.

The plea of comrade Martin ended amidst the enthusiastic applause of the crowd; everybody was highly affected, even the press people and lawyers who attended.

Thenevin, who was not at Vienne the 1st of May, was accused for a speech made the day before. Buisson was charged with having taken an official by the collar and pushing him out of the meeting, saying, "I abandon you to the justice of the people."

Comrade Louise Michel, who had in the case of Vienne the same responsibility as the others, made it possible for her to be included in the trial; but the Government were afraid that the popularity and the eloquence of this valuable comrade would be dangerous to existing institutions, so they made a vile excuse for not trying her.

In connection with the Grenoble trial, the *Intransigent* of M. Rochefort, seizing the opportunity that our comrade Martin is in prison and could not answer, said that he was a spy, which base calumny could only be expected from such vile mercenary people.

At Grenoble 10,000 working women and girls are occupied in the glove trade. Of these one-tenth work in factories at the rate of 6s. to 12s. a-week. The rest, who work in the manufacture of gloves from four o'clock in the

morning till nine or ten at night, never earn 10s. a-week. In spite of these low wages, the manufacturer puts the work out in the country at yet lower prices, and the working women, who can hardly earn their piece of bread with the hard labour of fifteen hours daily, have to suffer the fearful consequences of want of work.

The people have not forgotten the fearful explosion in the collieries of St. Etienne. The miners are indignant against the greediness of capitalists who can send to their death 120 working-people; and the day won't be long when the united miners will force the capitalist to work underground themselves if they want coals.

ITALY.

A new Socialist paper has appeared at Adria, called *Il Polesine*. At Macerata (Marche) there has also appeared the Anarchist paper *La Campana*, specially for the propaganda among the peasants.

An enquiry made by our comrades about the spinning factories of the Calabria (S. I.) has given the following results. There are only women employed at the factories, except for the working of the steam-engines. They work fifteen hours in winter (six in the morning till nine at night) and fourteen in summer, with only half an hour for their meals. There are young girls employed there under twelve years of age. The work is continual and without rest; no holidays, neither Sundays nor weekdays. They are subject to all kinds of penalties, and no excuse is received in case of sickness. If they do not attend to the factory on Sundays they are punished with double penalty. The average wages are 2s. 6d. a-week, the minimum being 1s. 8d. and the maximum 5s.

In Rome at the last bye-elections, out of 29,398 registered electors 3,500 only attended; half voted for the ministers, the other half against. At Faenza, with 4,346 registered electors, only 800 attended, and the local press are satisfied with such a big figure. At Recanati (Marche), out of 1,900 registered electors, only 700 voted; last year the number of voters was 1,200.

At Urbino the women working in spinning factories have obtained a reduction of their work hours; they work twelve hours instead of fourteen. They earn about 3s. a-week.

BELGIUM.

A great miners' strike has broken out in Belgium, chiefly in the district of Mons, on Thursday 21st. At Liège a partial strike has also been declared, and the workers are irritated with the employers because an important company has announced that every workman who on any day does not come to his work without leave of absence shall be fined a sum equal to his day's salary. Meetings have been held at several places.

On Friday night the number of strikers reached 14,000. The men assumed a decided attitude. The solidarity which exists between the miners is remarkable; most of them are on strike in the interest of their fellows. The organisation of the workmen is formidable enough to oblige the authorities and employers to come to some agreement. At Liège they have already obtained an increase of wages.

The great demonstration on the 10th of August in favour of the universal suffrage was enormous, and it will be only a question of a very little time before the people will secure this so-much-desired right. What energy and hard-earned money is wasted in following this will-o'-the-wisp! Napoleon in France, Bismarck in Germany, gave it to the people; they did not think it so very dangerous to their class, but thought it a good safety-valve; and we see constantly what it lets off—"words, words, words."

GERMANY.

On the 30th of July the term of imprisonment (three and a half years) came to an end to which our Russian comrade, Slavinsky, was condemned in the great Socialist trial in Posen (Prussia). A great number of workmen went to the prison Plötzensee near Berlin, eager to grasp him by the hand once more; but several policemen were also in attendance, and as soon as Slavinsky came out he was handcuffed and again locked up. In accordance with the new extradition law, he has been given up to Russian authorities, now claim him for being suspected of having taken part in the removal of a certain justice of the peace in Warsaw in 1884. This is how the authorities oblige each other. A reason is soon invented, just to give it a lawful appearance; we know what being "suspected" means in Russia: if after the cruellest tortures not sufficient proofs can be brought against the accused, the unfortunate person simply disappears in the ice and snow fields of Siberia. It is a pity that no attempt was made at rescue. The people must have been perfectly paralysed; and I am afraid the constant cry of the Social-Democratic leaders, "Don't be provoked to do anything unlawful," has a great deal to do with it; it lames the movement and makes the people afraid to act quickly and on the impulse of the moment. It will be some time before such a good opportunity offers itself again. Later on an attempt was made on the frontier to free Slavinsky, but they had their prey too well secured.

The Home Minister, Herrfurth, has sent a ukase to the provincial presidents, in which he orders that the Socialist movement shall be strictly watched, and suppressed as far as the law can be stretched. Coercion or common law, they strike always in the same way; we are still to be gagged in the good old style. Freedom of speech, press, meeting, and combination is under the merciful consideration of the gentlemen in blue. To us Socialists it makes very little difference by what law we get treated—or rather, ill-treated; our enemies can do and try as they like, there is only one way to stop the movement, and that is by the turning of the private property into common property, the distribution of the stored-up necessities of life to those in want of them, and the use of all machines, tools, and means of communication by the people, for the people. That the present owners will never peacefully submit to these terms any child can see, and it is best to tell the people that the time will come when they will have to show their teeth to get it, and more so to hold it when they have got it. RTR.

The "Postmen's" Gazette' and the 'Commonweal.'

The *Postmen's Gazette* accuses us of telling "lies" about the secretary of the Postmen's Union, J. L. Mahon. The lies are as follows. We first accused J. L. Mahon of losing the postmen's strike through cowardly mismanagement. Of the truth of this accusation, the public, who read the accounts of the strike in not only the ordinary press, but in the labour press, can judge for themselves. We then said that Mr. Mahon had repeatedly changed his opinions within the last few years, and we especially noticed his apostasy from Revolutionary Socialism to mild Parliamentarism. His frequent changes of opinion are so notorious that Socialists of all schools know our accusation to be true. We beg respectfully to inform the editor of the *Postmen's Gazette* that lying is not in our line. We need some lessons in that useful art from the small gang of political swindlers who boss what is left of the Postmen's Union.

THE LABOUR STRUGGLE.

Tom Mann makes a Revolutionary Speech.

The leaders of the New Unionism are beginning to speak out. The following speech by Tom Mann delivered last week at a meeting of the Seamen's and Firemen's Union at Bermondsey Town Hall may be of interest to our readers:

"Their objects as trade-unionists were not only to obtain an advance of wages, but to obtain what was far more necessary, the extirpation of poverty and the causes of poverty. There was nothing in nature that said that any one man, woman, or child should be short of the necessaries and comforts of life, and they were working not only for a bare existence wage, but for conditions of affluence. He believed that a greater educational work had been carried on amongst the workers of London during the past year than during any period of their history. Discontent was rankling in their breasts, but it was discontent on a higher plane, a discontent appreciating knowledge and thirsting for it, thinking less of the public-house and more of the lecture-hall and concert-room. They were not content to be thought good women and praised as steady fellows; that was all very well as far as it went, but it did not go far enough. They could, some of them, make fine houses, yet they had to dwell in miserable slums and leave others who had done nothing to live in the splendid mansions they had been building. Others of them were able to make splendid furniture, yet they had to be content with a few squalid sticks. They could build Pullman cars, and yet they let the parasites who lived on their labour travel in them, whilst they were relegated to cattle-trucks. All good things came as the result of labour. Nothing ever came that dropped from heaven, or was shot from hell. Workmen make all the good things of life, and then go without them. Those who created ought to enjoy, and they were striving to alter the word 'ought' into the word 'shall.' These ideas might be called revolutionary. Very likely. So was every great idea that inspired the human race when it was first mooted; but was not the cause of their own welfare and well-being as well worth fighting for as any great cause that had ever been fought for? They were taking part in a great movement, and there was a shaking of their chains, which was frightening a good many people—the German Kaiser, for instance, who began to recognise that if he valued his own skin he must do something for the workers. It was frightening their own statesmen, too, although he had not one atom of confidence in what they could do for them, but he had far more confidence in what they could do for themselves."

Tom Mann must be congratulated. A Revolutionary Socialist could not have made a better speech.

The Dockers.

The dockers' leaders have drawn up a co-operative scheme by which work is to be offered to the men at a certain agreed price, and the men will then form themselves into a company to undertake the work on co-operative principles. Each member of the company will be allotted his share of the work and his wages, the contract stipulating only that the work shall be carried on under the direction and to the satisfaction of the company's official. Under such a system there would, of course, be no guarantee of the sixpence an hour. But if the directors fall in with the suggestion that they shall officially recognise and deal only with the union, it will sweep away the necessity for such a guarantee. We fear, however, that the directors will not agree. Norwood never forgives or forgets. The executive of the union has also issued a resolution declaring that no candidates for admission to the union will be accepted in future. We think it is a mistake; already the clouds of trade depression are beginning to overhang the land, and Norwood is waiting his opportunity. When the crash comes, this notice will not prevent unemployed men flocking into the London labour market. Norwood can provoke a strike when he chooses by insisting on the "freedom of labour," and there will be plenty blacklegs to take the strikers' places. Knowing how much they will then need public sympathy, we do not think that resolutions of this description, or calling the broken-down outcasts of our present system hard names, will help the dockers in the coming struggle. We think, therefore, the resolution should be withdrawn, and that it would be a good thing if a little more sympathy was shown for "criminal tramps," whose help is sometimes very effective in a labour revolt. Remember it was the memory of the "casual labourer" fighting madly at the dock gates for a few hours' work at a miserable wage, that brought in the big subscriptions which enabled the dockers to win the Great Strike.

The Dockers and the Trades Congress.

The dockers' executive have passed the following resolutions as instructions to its Trades Congress delegate:

1. Believing that the time is now ripe for the trade unionists of this country to take united action to secure the payment of trades union rates of wages and a maximum day of eight hours in Government dockyards, and believing that the Union of Dockyard Labourers is not sufficient in itself to enforce the same, we hereby instruct our delegate to urge upon the Trades Congress the need for pledging itself to use its best efforts to secure such trades union wages and a maximum working day of eight hours to dockyard workers.
2. Recognising that no trade union can be sure of success in its action unless free from blacklegs taking the places of unionist strikers, and believing that at the present time blacklegs mostly come from agricultural labourers, owing to their scanty pay and unorganised condition, we hereby instruct our delegate to urge upon the Trades Congress the need of at once taking steps to organise the agricultural labourers for the protection of the trade unionists already existent.
3. Believing that the organisation of labour in this country has now reached a stage when a general system of boycott might be effectively used to bring pressure to bear on unscrupulous employers, we hereby instruct our delegate to the Trades Congress to bring that subject up for discussion, and to urge upon the delegates to that body to pledge themselves to use their best efforts in their respective societies to get the members to boycott all goods, railways, and establishments where the employers refuse to comply with trade union regulations.

We think the ideas of organising the agricultural labourers and boycotting unfair employers are excellent, and we know them both to be thoroughly practical. We doubt, however, if the Trades Congress can do much for the dockyard labourer. According to Cunninghame Graham in *Monday's Star*, Liberal capitalists and Tory leaders have formed a coalition against the Eight Hour movement. If they have not done so already they will, and a General Strike will be the only way in which the people can effect a change in their condition.

The Trades Congress.

Arrangements are almost complete in connection with the twenty-third annual congress of the trades unions of the United Kingdom, which will be opened in Hope Hall, Mount Pleasant, Liverpool, on September 1, and will

be continued throughout the week. The preliminary programme of subjects to be discussed with a view to the next parliamentary session includes (1) the Employers' Liability Bill; (2) certificates of competency for men in charge of steam-engines and boilers; (3) the desirability of increasing the number of factory and workshop inspectors; (4) the right of relatives of deceased miners to be represented at coroners' inquests; (5) public contracts and fair wages; (6) co-operation and its relation to trades unionism; and (7) representation of labour in Parliament.

Strike of Women Fur-pullers.

Herbert Burrows sends the following appeal to the press:

"Sir,—Will you kindly allow me to make an appeal to your readers, especially to women? Between fifty and sixty girls and women employes of a firm in South London—J. Vancailli, 186 Old Kent Road—have been on strike for three weeks against a system of work which involves a considerable addition to their already too laborious toil. The details are technical, but it may be shortly stated that fur-pulling is hard and dirty work, and that by an unfair method of giving out too large a proportion of heavy skins a reduction of wage (the work is piecework) is effected. At the best, the pullers can only earn 11s. or 12s. a-week, and sometimes only from 5s. to 7s. The employer has acknowledged to me that they work hard and 'earn the money,' and such an admission from an employer means much. One great cause of the difficulty is the foreman, who, to quote the women's phrase, treats them as if they were 'the scum of the earth,' and who has told them when they have complained about low wages to 'go round Charing Cross and the Elephant and Castle.' Your readers will know the meaning of that. The behaviour of the women during the strike has been most quiet and exemplary; so quiet that during the more exciting labour commotions they have been almost overlooked. I ask those of your readers who can, particularly the women, to send me at once what sums they can afford for the help of their sisters who are bravely struggling, not simply for themselves, but for womanhood.

"All fur-pullers are requested to avoid Vancailli's while the strike is going on, and I shall be much obliged if any carmen or railway-men who know of any goods being sent out by the firm will at once communicate with me."

Subscriptions to be sent to Herbert Burrows, 283 Victoria Park Road, N.E. The foreman seems to be modelling himself upon that eminent philanthropist Samuel Morley. I wonder if, like his great exemplar, he professes to be pious.

Lock-out of Gas-workers.

The gasmen at Enfield have been locked-out. The company wanted to drive the men back into their old slavery of twelve hours a-day. This the men resisted, and were paid a week's wages instead of notice on Thursday August 21st. Some blacklegs have been supplied by Livesey, but otherwise the company are rather short of hands. The men who work at the Small-Arms Factory and the workpeople of the neighbourhood are standing by the locked-out men.

"COMMONWEAL" CONCERT.

THE North London Branch gave a very successful concert for the benefit of the *Commonweal* Fund on Wednesday, August 20th. Songs were given by Cantwell, Mrs. Mackenzie, Mrs. Leatham, and Williams. Darwood and Nicoll were the reciters. Comrade Fox gave us a splendid solo on the violin, which was loudly encored. McKechniewas an excellent accompanist to the singers. Lurache sang the "Carmagnole" with great effect, and Blundell was equally successful with the "Starving Poor," the chorus of both songs being taken up vigorously by the audience. Dancing was kept up till three o'clock in the morning. Altogether we spent a very jolly evening, and the concert will result in a substantial addition to the *Commonweal* Fund. Other Branches might follow suit.

THE SOCIALIST LEAGUE.

OFFICES: 24, GREAT QUEEN ST., LINCOLN'S INN FIELDS, W.C.

The Offices of the Socialist League will be open for the sale of *Commonweal* and all other Socialist publications from 8.30 a.m. to 9 p.m. every day except Sunday. The Secretary will be in attendance from 10 a.m. to 9 p.m. daily.

Branch Subscriptions Paid.—1890:—North Kensington, to end of April. Glasgow, Oxford, Hammersmith, 'Commonweal' Branch, Manchester, and Norwich, to end of May. Yarmouth, to end of June. Leicester, North London and East London, to end of July. Streatham, to end of December.

(Branch Secretaries will please send with remittances for Capitations the number of their membership.)

"COMMONWEAL" GUARANTEE FUND.

	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.
H. R.	0	3	0	J. B. G. (Glasgow)	0	5	0
F.C.S.S.	0	1	0	B. W.	0	0	6
P. Webb (2 weeks)	0	2	0				
Nicoll	0	0	6	Total	0	12	0

Propaganda.—Change, 10d.

SPECIAL NOTICE.

Funds are urgently needed for special work in connection with Propaganda. These funds will be used at the discretion of the Propaganda Committee, and to prevent confusion all money must be sent to Secretary of Propaganda Committee, at 24, Great Queen Street, Lincoln's Inn Fields, W.C., and will be acknowledged by him the 'Weal'.
D. J. NICOLL, Sec. to Propaganda Committee.

REPORTS.

ABERDEEN.—A good meeting was held on Castle Street on Thursday night; the speakers were Leatham and Duncan. On Saturday night, at the same place, Aiken, W. Cooper, and Leatham spoke to a large crowd; the latter was kept answering questions until half-past eleven o'clock; literature sold well.—C.

GLASGOW.—On Friday night Glasier spoke at Bridgeton Cross. On Saturday evening, in response to an invitation from a number of new comrades in Beith, we held an open-air meeting in that town at the Star Hotel. Comrade McLagan (Beith) presided and made an earnest appeal to his fellow-townsmen to study Socialism. Glasier then addressed the meeting at length on the general aims of Socialism, and was followed by Joe Burgoyne, both of whom were listened to with marked attention and sympathy. Two quires of *Commonweal* were sold, and a large number of pamphlets. It is obvious that our Beith comrades are awaking great interest in the question in their little town, and there is every likelihood of a Branch of the League being formed there. On Sunday evening Glasier spoke at Paisley Road Toll, where *Commonweal* was sold out and 4s. 2d. worth of literature sold.

LECTURE DIARY.

LONDON.

- Battersea.**—All communications to E. Buteux, 45, Inwith Street, Battersea Park Road.
- Commonweal Branch.**—24 Great Queen Street, Holborn, W.C. Tuesdays, Singing Practice. Thursdays, Business meeting. Saturdays, Social Gathering. Sunday, August 31, at 8 p.m., Edith Lupton will lecture on "Woman." Women specially invited. Free discussion after lecture.
- East London.**—H. McKenzie, 10 Victoria Dwellings, Clerkenwell Road, E.C.
- Hammersmith.**—Kelmescott House, Upper Mall, W. Lecture every Sunday at 8. French Class conducted by Mde. Desroches on Friday evenings at 7.30.
- North Kensington.**—Clarendon Coffee Palace, Clarendon Road. Meets every Wednesday at 8 p.m. The branch Band meets every Friday at 8 p.m. for practice. Comrades wishing to join to give in their names to the instructor at the above address.
- North London.**—6 Windmill Street, Tottenham Court Road. Meets every Wednesday evening at 8 o'clock.
- South London.**—St. George's Coffee Tavern, 106 Westminster Bridge Road.
- Whitechapel and St. Georges-in-the-East.**—Branch meetings at International Club, 40 Berner Street, Commercial Road. J. Turner, organising secretary.

PROVINCES.

- Aberdeen.**—Organiser, J. Leatham, 7 Jamaica Street. Branch meets in Odd-fellows' Small Hall, Crooked Lane, on Sunday evenings at 6.30. Singing practice, etc., Mondays at 8 p.m.
- Glasgow.**—Members are invited to meet on Thursday and Sunday evenings, at 8 o'clock, in the Secretary's house, 250 Crown Street, S.S. All communications to be sent to that address.
- Halifax.**—Socialists meet every Sunday at 6.30 p.m. at Helliwell's Temperance Hotel, Northgate.
- Hull.**—Club Liberty, 1 Beets Court, Blanket Row.
- Leeds.**—Socialist League Club, 1 Clarendon Buildings and Front Row. Open every evening. Business meeting Saturdays at 8.—International Educational Club, Templar Street. Open every evening. Discussion class every Friday at 8; lectures every Saturday at 4. All kinds of Socialist literature on tables and for sale.
- Leicester.**—Exchange Buildings, Rutland Street. Branch meets on Monday, Thursday, and Saturday at 8 p.m.
- Manchester.**—Socialist League Club, 60 Grovesnor Street, All Saints. Open every evening. Branch weekly meeting on Tuesdays at 8.
- Nottingham.**—Socialist Club, Woodland Place, Upper Parliament Street. Club contribution, 1d. per week; Dancing every Wednesday, 8 till 10.30—fee 3d.
- Norwich.**—Members' meeting held every Tuesday at 8.30.
- Oxford.**—Temperance Hall, 25½ Pembroke Street. First Friday in every month, at 8.30 p.m.
- Sheffield.**—Socialist Club, 63 Blonk Street. French Class, Tuesday at 8.30. Discussion Class, Wednesday at 8.30. Open-air meetings are held as follows:—Sunday: Monolith, Fargate, at 11.30; Newhall Road, Attercliffe, at 11.30; Pump, Westbar, at 8; Heeley, Maresbrook Park, at 7.30; Monolith, Fargate, at 6.30; Rotherham, College Yard, at 3.15. Wednesday: Nursery Street, Wicker, at 8. Thursday: Bramall Lane, at 8; Eckington, at 6.30. Friday: Duke Street, Park, at 8. Saturday: Woodhouse, at 7.
- Walsall.**—Socialist Club, 18 Goodall Street, Walsall. Meetings every night.
- Yarmouth.**—Socialist League Club, 56 Row, Market Place. Open every evening. Business Meeting, Tuesday at 8. Singing Practice, Wednesday at 8.30. Discussion Class, Thursday at 8.30. Elocution Class, Friday at 8.30.

OPEN-AIR PROPAGANDA.

SATURDAY 30.

- 8 Bermondsey Square Leggatt and Mrs. Lahr
- 8 Prince of Wales Road Nicoll

SUNDAY 31.

- 11 Commercial Road—Union Street Leggatt and Mrs. Lahr
- 11 Latimer Road Station North Kensington Branch
- 11.30 Hammersmith Bridge Hammersmith Branch
- 11.30 Hoxton Church Nicoll
- 11.30 Kilburn—"Old Plough," Kilburn Lane Mainwaring
- 11.30 New Cut—Short Street Kitz and Buckeridge
- 11.30 Regent's Park Burnie
- 11.30 Streatham—Fountain Smith
- 3.30 Hyde Park—Marble Arch Miss Lupton
- 3.30 Victoria Park Burnie, W. and Mrs. Blundell
- 3.30 Streatham Common The Branch
- 7 Hammersmith Bridge Hammersmith Branch
- 7 Wormwood Scrubs North Kensington Branch
- 7.30 Streatham—Fountain The Branch
- 8 Kings Cross—Liverpool Street... Edwards, Miss Lupton, Mrs. Blundell
- 8 Mile end Waste Leggatt and Mrs. Lahr
- 8 Walham Green—back of Church Hammersmith Branch

MONDAY 1.

- 7.30 Westminster Bridge Road—Pearman Street The Branch

THURSDAY 4.

- 7.30 New Cut—Short Street Leggatt, Mrs. Lahr, and Kitz

FRIDAY 5.

- 8.15 Hoxton Church Leggatt and Mrs. Lahr

PROVINCES.

- Aberdeen.**—Saturday: Castle Street, at 8 p.m.
- Glasgow.**—Sunday: Jail Square at 2 o'clock; Paisley Road at 5 o'clock. Friday: Bridgeton Cross, at 8.15.
- Leeds.**—Saturday: Woodhouse Moor, at 7.30 p.m. Sunday: Hunslet Moor, at 11 a.m.; Vicar's Croft, at 7 p.m.
- Leicester.**—Sunday: Russell Square at 10.45 a.m.; Humberstone Gate, at 8 p.m. Monday: Belgrave, at 7.30. Tuesday: Sanvey Gate, at 8. Wednesday: Oadby, at 7.30. Friday: Anstey, at 7.30. Saturday: Wigston, at 7.
- Liverpool.**—Landing Stage, Sundays at 11.30 a.m. and 3 p.m.
- Manchester.**—Saturday: Middleton market ground, at 7 p.m. Sunday: Philips Park Gates, at 11; Stevenson Square, at 3. Monday: Market Street, Blackley, at 8.
- Nottingham.**—Sunday: Sneinton Market, at 11 a.m.; Great Market, at 7 p.m.
- Norwich.**—Saturday: Haymarket, at 8. Sunday: Market Place at 11, 3, and 7.30.
- Yarmouth.**—Saturday: Church Plain Trees, at 8 p.m. Sunday: Priory Plain, at 11; Bradwell, at 11.30; London Boat Landing Stage, at 3; Colman's Granary Quay, at 7. Monday: Belton, at 8 p.m.

DERBY.—In connection with the Midland Counties Socialist Federation, open-air meetings are held every Saturday in the Market Place, at 7.45 p.m. Socialists in Derby willing to assist in forming a Branch, please communicate with W. G. Puroell, 12 Society Place.

SOCIALIST LEAGUE PUBLICATIONS.

Leaflets.

All pamphlets not published by the Socialist League will in future be charged to Branches and Allied Societies at the following rates:—1d. each, 1s. 6d. per quire of 26; 2d. each, 3s. ditto.

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Socialism and "Public Opinion" ...	2 0
Songs for the Workers (2 leaflets)—each	2 0
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Speeches of the Chicago Anarchists ...	1 0
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MISCELLANEOUS.

Spaziergänge eines Atheisten. Bei Ferdinand Heigl ...	0 8
The Reciter for Clubs and Social Gatherings ...	0 1

The above Leaflets, at prices given, can be had from the *Commonweal* manager in any quantities by Branches, members, or sympathisers, for distribution, 24, Great Queen Street, Lincoln's Inn Fields, London.

"There will come a time when our silence will be more powerful than the voices you strangle to-day."
—AUGUST SPIES.

THE

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But where, perchance, some honest kindly heart,
While smiling at his fancies, still may say—
"He acts no snarling, mean, or churlish part
Who fain would laugh the follies of the world away."

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History of the Insurrection of China. (Translated from the French.) By John Oxenford ...	0 3

Those comrades who have already bought books will please clear them as soon as possible, as the money is urgently needed.

The above prices do not include postage.

Apply to the Manager, 24 Great Queen Street, Lincoln's Inn Fields, London, W.C.

STATEMENT OF PRINCIPLES.

THE Socialist League advocates International Revolutionary Socialism. That is to say the destruction of the present class society, which consists of one class who live by owning property and therefore *need not work*, and of another that has no property and therefore *must work* in order that they may live to keep the idlers by their labour. Revolutionary Socialism insists that this system of society, which is the modern form of slavery, should be changed to a system of Society which would give every man an opportunity of doing useful work, and not allow any man to live without so doing, which work could not be useful unless it were done for the whole body of workers instead of for do-nothing individuals. The result of this would be that livelihood would not be precarious nor labour burdensome. Labour would be employed in co-operation, and the struggle of man with man for bare subsistence would be supplanted by harmonious combination for the production of common wealth and the exchange of mutual services without the waste of labour or material.

Every man's needs would be satisfied from this common stock, but no man would be allowed to own anything which he could not use, and which consequently he must *abuse* by employing it as an instrument for forcing others to labour for him unpaid. Thus the land, the capital, machinery, and means of transit would cease to be private property, since they can only be *used* by the combination of labour to produce wealth.

Thus men would be *free* because they would no longer be dependent on idle property-owners for subsistence; thus they would be *brothers*, for the cause of strife, the struggle for subsistence at other people's expense, would have come to an end. Thus they would be *equal*, for if all men were doing useful work no man's labour could be dispensed with. Thus the motto of Liberty, Fraternity, and Equality, which is but an empty boast in a society that upholds the monopoly of the means of production, would at last be realised.

This Revolutionary Socialism must be International. The change which would put an end to the struggle between man and man, would destroy it also between nation and nation. One harmonious system of federation throughout the whole of civilisation would take the place of the old destructive rivalries. There would be no great centres breeding race hatred and commercial jealousy, but people would manage their own affairs in communities not too large to prevent all citizens from taking a part in the administration necessary for the conduct of life, so that party politics would come to an end.

Thus, while we abide by the old motto

Liberty, Fraternity, Equality,

we say that the existence of private property destroys Equality, and therefore under it there can be neither Liberty nor Fraternity.

We add to the first motto then this other one—

FROM EACH ACCORDING TO HIS CAPACITY, TO EACH ACCORDING TO HIS NEEDS.

When this is realised there will be a genuine Society; until it is realised, Society is nothing but a band of robbers. We must add that this change can only be brought about by combination amongst the workers themselves, and must embrace the whole of Society. The new life cannot be *given* to the workers by a class higher than they, but must be *taken* by them by means of the abolition of classes and the reorganisation of Society.

COUNCIL OF THE SOCIALIST LEAGUE.

Printed in the Socialist League Printery, and published in the name and on behalf of the Socialist League, by FRANK KIRZ, at 24 Great Queen St., Lincoln's Inn Fields, London W.C.

THE COMMONWEAL

The Official Journal of the
SOCIALIST LEAGUE.

VOL. 6.—No. 243.

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 6, 1890.

WEEKLY; ONE PENNY.

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THE PARLIAMENTARY FRAUD.

"WHY do we not believe in Parliamentary action?" is a question often asked by inquirers. We answer because we believe it is useless, not only to effect a revolution but even to effect the smallest change in the condition of the people. We see also that to send a honest man into Parliament is the best way to turn him into a knave, and even if his honesty is untainted, yet he can do nothing, for the whole force of the privileged classes is there arrayed against him.

We are told by its members that the House of Commons is composed of "freely elected representatives of the people." Indeed! Who are these "representatives"? Let us see. All save 8 "labour" representatives, most of whom are hired to black the boots of the "respectable" members, belong to the robber classes. The *Financial Reform Almanack*, not a Socialist authority but a capitalist Liberal publication, gives the following list of the "trades" and "professions" of the House of Commons:

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"Oh! Gemini! What a bloody crew!" a certain well-known painter once exclaimed on hearing the names of certain Royal Academicians. We echo this exclamation on reading this list of the "interests" represented in the House of Commons. And yet some people, the "friends" of the working-classes, are anxious to get M.P. after their names. They appear to think that the moral atmosphere of the House of Commons would be improved by their presence. We are very doubtful, however, if the "moral atmosphere" will improve them. The House of Commons was a "den of thieves" a hundred years ago in Cobbett's time; it has not altered since, unless the presence of Broadhurst, Howell, and Co., has improved its general character. But even our friends, the New Unionists, might doubt that.

Those people who are still idiots enough to expect to get an Eight Hour Bill through the present House of Commons, might read with advantage Cunninghame Graham's letter in the *Star* of Monday, August 25th. It does not give much hope for "labour" legislation. We quote the most important passages in it:

"For five years have I striven to get one day to discuss my Eight Hours Bill for miners. Why had I no success? 'Oh!' cry some, 'the Tories cannot stand the idea of it.' Fair and softly, my friend. The Tories! Oh, yes, the Tories. I quite believe none of them, except a small modicum, would vote for such a project. Did not Lord Randolph Churchill, in order to catch votes and win popularity, make a fair pretence to the miners on the question; and did he not, when we discussed the question of the Berlin Conference, funk and climb down, not daring to vote against his party on a mere labour question; though on the Parnell trial, an affair of almost microscopic import compared to labour, he strutted and swaggered like a brass Napoleon on a Palais Royal clock. No; the Tories will do nothing.

But what gives them confidence to do nothing on labour questions but the consciousness that they have the tacit approval of the commercial Liberals? It was stated openly in and about the lobbies that influential Liberals had made representations to the Government that there was nothing in the eight hours movement; that it was the work of agitators. If they act thus (and I firmly believe they did) on the eight hours, thus also will they act upon the land question. Many of the Parliamentary Liberals who, at the beginning of the Parliament, were loud on the land question, have now, since the assault on capital fairly began, drawn in their horns on land, seeing to what their land theories would lead."

Mr. Graham has toiled for five years to get a day to discuss his Eight Hours Bill for miners, and he has not got a "day" yet. How long will it take to get an eight hour law for all trades and industries through the House of Commons? Here is a pretty little conundrum for those who are good at guessing them. We should imagine that at this rate of "progress" the present generation will be in their graves before that "valuable" measure is passed. Nor will a capitalist Liberal House of Commons like we are promised in a little while make much difference. Does not Mr. Graham say that the Government have been backed up in their opposition by "influential Liberals"?—in plain English, the leaders of the Liberal party, Gladstone, Morley, Harcourt, and Co. And will these gentlemen be any more friendly to the "labour cause" when they are in power? By past experience of them, we should say not. But let us take another supposition. Suppose there is a Labour party in the next House of Commons, composed of thirty men, all honest and trustworthy: could not they do something? We answer no. The stronger in numbers the Labour party is in the House of Commons, the weaker it will be in reality. Tory and Liberal both know that, however "moderate" the "leaders" may be, the people are not; and capitalist and landlord, Liberal and Tory, will fight tooth and nail for their threatened property and privileges. So the Labour party will find they are helpless, and will be forced, if they are honest men, to go back to the people and tell them that parliamentary action is hopeless, and that the people must help themselves. Or if they are knaves and dastards, they will join with the capitalist and landlord in keeping up the parliamentary fraud—for a time.

D. J. NICOLL.

REVOLUTIONARY GOVERNMENT.

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH OF PETER KROPOTKINE.

III.

To imagine that the Government can be overthrown by a secret society, and that this society can implant itself in its place—this is an error into which all the revolutionary organisations which have sprung up from the republican middle-class in France since 1820 have fallen. But other instances are plentiful which illustrate this delusion. What devotion, what abnegation, what perseverance, have we not seen displayed by the secret republican societies of Young Italy—and yet all this immense work, all these sacrifices made by the youth of Italy, before which pale even those of the revolutionary youth of Russia, all these corpses heaped up in the casemates of Austrian fortresses, which have fallen under the knife and the bullet of the executioner—all these had for heirs the wretched middle-class and royalty.

It is the same in Russia. It is difficult to find in history a secret organisation which has obtained with such limited means such immense results as those secured by the Russian youth, who have given proofs of an energy and an action so powerful as that of the Executive Committee. It has shaken Tzarism—that Colossus which appeared invulnerable,—and it has rendered autocratic government henceforth impossible in Russia. Nevertheless, they are very stupid who believe that the Executive Committee will become the master of power on the day in which the Crown of Alexander III. is thrown into the gutter. Others, the prudent ones, who are working to make a name for themselves, whilst the revolutionists are digging their mines and perishing in Siberia; others, the intriguers, the talkers, the lawyers, the journalists, who from time to time drop a tear, very swiftly wiped away, on the tombs of the heroes and pose as friends of the people. These are they who will come to take the vacant place of government,

and will put the unknown people who will have prepared the revolution into the background.

It is inevitable; it is fatal; and it cannot possibly be otherwise. For it is not the secret societies, not even the revolutionary organisations who give the finishing stroke to governments. Their function, their historical mission, is to prepare the people's minds for the revolution, and when minds are prepared and the other conditions are favourable, the last effort comes, not from the initiatory group but from the mass which has remained outside the organisation of the society. On the 31st of August, 1870, Paris was dumb to the appeals of Blanqui. Four days later it proclaimed the fall of the government; but then it was no longer the Blanquists who were the prime movers in the uprising; it was the people, the millions, who dethroned the man of December and hailed the place-hunters, whose names had resounded in their ears for two years previously. When the revolution is ready to take place, when the movement is in the air, when success has already become certain, then a thousand new men on whom the secret organisation has never exercised a direct influence, come to take a part in the movement—like birds of prey who are come to the battle-field in order to share the spoil of the victims. These help to make the final effort, and it is not from the ranks of the sincere and irreconcilable conspirators, but from amongst the men on the fence that they select their leaders, so long as they are inspired with the idea that a chief is necessary.

The conspirators who maintain the prejudice of dictatorship are then working unconsciously to enable their own enemies to mount to power.

But if what we have just said is true as regards political revolutions—or rather risings—it is still more true with regard to the revolution to which we are looking forward—the Social Revolution. To promote the establishment of any government whatsoever—an authority which is strong and obeyed by the mass—is to hamper the progress of the revolution from the start. The good that this government might do is nothing whilst the evil is immense.

In fact, what is it that we desire?—what do we understand by the Revolution? It is not a simple change of rulers. It is the taking possession by the people of all the social wealth. It is the abolition of all the authorities which continue to hinder the development of humanity. But is it by decrees emanating from a government that this immense economic revolution can be accomplished? We saw during the last century the Polish revolutionary dictator, Kosciusko, decree the abolition of personal slavery, but slavery continued to exist eighty years after the issuing of the decree.¹ We have also seen the Convention, the all-powerful Convention—the Terrible Convention as its admirers say—decree the general division of all the communal lands taken from the aristocracy. Like so many others this decree remained a dead letter, because in order to put it into execution the proletarians of the country would have had to make a new revolution, and revolutions are not made by the issuing of decrees. So that the taking possession of the social wealth by the people may become a real fact it is necessary that the people should have their hands free, that they should shake off the servility to which they are too much habituated, that they should act of their own individual initiative, going forward without waiting for the orders of anyone. Now it is just this which will prevent a dictatorship, even if it were the best intentioned in the world, and, moreover, it would be incapable of helping on the revolution in the slightest degree.

But if the government—be it even an ideal revolutionary government—does not create a new force and presents no advantage for the work of destruction which we have to accomplish, still less have we to count on it for the work of reorganisation that must follow the demolition. The economic change which will result from the Social Revolution will be so great and so deep, it must alter so thoroughly all the relations based to-day on property and exchange, that it is impossible for one or many individuals to elaborate the social forms which will arise in the future society. This elaboration of new social forms can only take place by the general work of the masses. To satisfy the immense variety of conditions and wants which will spring up the moment that individual property is abolished requires the flexibility of the entire wisdom of the country; all outside authority would be only an impediment, only a hindrance to this organic work which will have to be done; and in addition it would be a source of discord and hatred.

But it is quite time to abandon this illusion of revolutionary government, which has so many times proved a failure in practice, and for which we have had to pay so dearly. It is time to tell ourselves once for all, and to admit this political axiom, that a government cannot be revolutionary. We are reminded of the Convention, but we do not forget that the few measures which had a revolutionary character, however slight, were but the sanction of deeds already done by the people, who were at that moment marching over the heads of all governments. As Victor Hugo has said in his picturesque style, Danton was pushing Robespierre, Marat was watching and pushing Danton, and Marat himself was pushed forward by Cimourdain—that personification of the clubs, of the "madmen," and of the rebels. Like all the governments which have preceded or followed it, the Convention was only a weight attached to the feet of the people.

The facts which history has taught us are so conclusive in this connection; the impossibility of a revolutionary government and the

uselessness of that which is described by this name, are so evident that it seems difficult to explain the tenacity with which a certain school describing itself as Socialist holds to the necessity of maintaining a government. But the explanation is very simple. It is that, as Socialists as they term themselves, the adepts of this school have quite another idea to ours of the Revolution which it is our duty to work for. For them—as for all the middle-class French Radicals—the Social Revolution is rather an affair of the future, which is not worth dreaming about to-day. What they are thinking about, in the bottom of their hearts, without daring to admit it, is quite another thing. It is the establishment of a government like that of Switzerland or the United States, making some attempts to appropriate to the State that which they ingeniously term the "public services." It is a cross between the ideal of Bismarck and that of the workman who strives to elevate himself to the dignity of president of the United States. It is a compromise made beforehand, between the Socialist aspirations of the masses and the greed of the middle class. They would like complete expropriation, but, not having the pluck to attempt it, they put it off for another century, and before the beginning of the struggle they have already begun to negotiate with the enemy.

For us who understand that the moment is at hand to give the capitalist class a mortal blow, that it will not be long before the people will lay their hands upon all the social riches and reduce the exploiting classes to powerlessness—for us, I say, there can be no hesitation whatsoever. We throw ourselves body and soul into the Social Revolution; and as with such a programme a government, whatever it may call itself, is an obstacle, we shall render powerless and sweep away from before us the ambitious individuals who may seek to put themselves forward as rulers of our destiny.

Enough of governments; room for the people, for Anarchy!

MEN WHO ARE NOT SOCIALISTS.

THE POLICE.

WITH APOLOGIES TO J. B. GLASIER.

THE Committee of Enquiry into the allegations against the Cheshire County Police made by Mr. Slater Lewis (county councillor) held its eighth day's sitting at Chester Castle last week, Sir Horatio Lloyd presiding.

A great mass of correspondence was read by the Clerk of the Peace, the first letters being from ex-Chief Superintendent Egerton, of Birkenhead, to ex-Inspector O'Donnell, and upon these Mr. Slater Lewis said he based his case.

In the first letter Superintendent Egerton stated that O'Donnell's case had been treated by the Joint Committee just as he had anticipated, and proceeded: "I think you were unwise in mixing up with the Radical side. You know all the Home Rulers and their supporters hate the police as they do poison, and would be a rotten stick to lean on, from old Gladstone down to the mad fanatic O'Brien, and at present they are greatly in the minority. Perhaps in long years to come, when neither I nor even yourself inhabit the sublunary globe, things may have been changed. We may be then living again, but the mischief is we shan't remember what has occurred in this decade." . . . "You must bear in mind that, according to Holy Writ, since our Saviour left this world and returned to Heaven miracles ceased, except in the minds of silly women and superstitious men, and those of the Church who invent them and get them up, so as to impress the ignorant portion of their flocks, and keep them under their priestly domination—so the worthies you have named must bide their time. And you may possibly live to see your desire on your enemies."

In the course of another letter Superintendent Egerton says: "As regards the strikers, no words in my vocabulary could half convey my detestation of the hounds. I trust they will get shot down if they begin rioting, as they richly deserve. The paid delegates who are fattening on the misery they cause don't deserve such an honourable fate. Cunningham Graham, Burns, etc., down to the lowest agitator in the scale, I would hang, along with the Irish members; and Lord Randolph should be the executioner. That office would suit his tastes, as he is always ready to stab his best friends. . . . As to Lewis, they have given him a sop to keep him quiet. You know when a man becomes troublesome and mischievous at St. Stephen's, if he possesses talent sufficient to make him dangerous he always gets a sop, such as a Foreign Secretary or the governorship of an island." . . .

"It has always a shady appearance to wait until you are injured before you complain of malpractices in carrying out the law. I don't mean it is requisite to see those of higher rank if they happen to get tight—this would be certain to make enemies all round. . . . Of course there are always individuals who do wrong—bobbies who go night-looking with keepers, accept tips from justices who are game-preservers, etc. This class of men—I should say a few of them—will probably be ruined by the immaculate Mr. Lewis. . . . Men have an objection to cut their own throats when they come to the point, and deny former statements or put different colour on those given, perhaps, under the influence of whiskey-toddy and sympathy, which dies away on reflection afterwards."

"I have not much faith in the Secretary of State, or, in fact, any of them. All men of high or low office are simply placemen, whether they be Whigs, Tories, or Radicals."

ST. LUKE'S EVICTIONS.—The Fair Rents Union is doing some useful work. Last Sunday, after the removal of the corpse of poor Johnson, an indignation meeting was held on a vacant piece of land adjoining Golden Lane. Useful advice, couched in language none too strong, was given by several speakers, which was evidently well appreciated by the best part of the audience, and if acted upon would create quite a small revolution in the relations between landlord and tenant. The first resolution, proposing to municipalise the land of London, was carried unanimously. How or by what means this was to be effected no speaker attempted to point out. Surely the people who would go so far as to agree to municipalise the land of London could be persuaded without much extra effort to agree to a No-Rent campaign, which would end in the communisation of the lands.—A. B.

¹ This decree was decided upon on the 7th of May, 1794, and made public on the 30th of May in the same year. If it had been carried into effect it would have been, in point of fact, the abolition of personal slavery and of patrimonial justice.

THE "RESPECTABLE" WORKING-MAN.

ONE often meets with the type of workman to whom no argument can appeal, except the one of the breeches pocket. He has been so often patted on the back by his clergyman and employer, who have held out all the glories of "thrift" before him, and encouraged him with the hope that he himself might become some day a master of slaves, or failing in that "ideal," he might by diligent becking and boring become a foreman or overseer, and keep his more unfortunate fellows, who then become his "inferiors," with their noses to the grindstone.

He has a horror of anything suggestive of the discontent that awakens the people to a sense of their true manhood, and which when once awakened places them in the position of rebels to a canting society that thrives only on their continued degradation, and the hope that they will ever act the mere part of machines in the production of superfluities for others, and the barest necessities of life for themselves.

The type of workman to whom I refer is, unfortunately, so common, that a full description of his peculiarities is not needed—everyone has met him, and most I hope have meted out to him the contempt which he deserves. He is a regular attendant at church, and is to be met with in every teetotal society, where he finds scope enough for the display of his distorted manhood and all the pride and uncharitableness of his stunted nature.

His conception of Christianity is so loathsome that I do not wonder at strong sensitive natures flying to the other extreme, and finding relief in an active crusade against everything pertaining to that name. His life is one long blasphemy against the "lowly Nazarene," and he believes in the eternal reign of Wrong on earth, and takes care that every act of his at least shall help to prolong it. With the hope of rising in the social plane a little above his fellows, he cants about the position in which it "pleases providence" to place people, and teaches that submission to poverty is a Christian acquiescence in the divine order of things.

He is a perfect pattern of the morality taught by the bourgeoisie to the workers. He neither spends money upon himself nor his fellows; loves with all the little heart he possesses every form of approved respectability, and is prepared to go off the beaten track only when wealthy brigands lead the way. To show that he is a "man of feeling," he will at some "mothers' meeting" shed a tear for the aborigines of South Africa, protesting against the "indecent" of their nakedness, and wonders at the apathy of a Christian nation not sending out more bibles and guns. He is a born "blackleg," and is ready to take the place of his comrades during a strike, for he abhors "agitators," and is more covetous of the friendly eye of his employer than the manly approval of his brother workmen.

Old in heart and decrepit in spirit, all ideal of a better and nobler life on earth is dead to him. Selfish to the core, he cannot believe in the disinterestedness of human conduct nor understand the generous enthusiasm of the Socialist. With a steady weekly wage and a shilling or two in his pocket of overplus, his whole energies are bent in making people believe that he is not a mechanic or mere handicraftsman, but a clerk—or better still, an "overseer" or small capitalist. He holds aloof (with a comic air of superiority) from his brother artizans, and is shocked if he finds himself in company with a shabbily dressed mortal; his look then protests against acquaintanceship, and he summons into his expressionless eyes a look of far-off recognition. His panacea for all our social sores—for all our sweated workmen and workwomen—is in total abstinence from strong drink and a more regular attendance at church. This cheap gospel he trots out on every occasion, in total ignorance of the economic factors that govern our competitive society. His conception of morality can go no further, and to be "respectable" is to fulfil the law and the prophets. His notion of love is of the most brutish kind, and the dream of a true comradeship has never once dawned upon him; he laughs at the higher qualities of love, and believes that only somewhere in the damp clouds (where we have no bodies to gratify or to hurt) will the realisation of peace and brotherly feeling be attained, when such as he will be presented with a harp and golden crown, and make one in a procession through the orthodox New Jerusalem, croaking their cuckoo-cry of Hallelujah, while the Socialist agitators are getting their deserts in doses of fire and brimstone.

That this strange product of our civilisation is by no means rare, everyone will admit; but his power for doing evil in the world is slowly passing away. He is no longer looked up to as a pattern of "behaviour" by workmen, and "not all the king's horses nor all the king's men" can ever reinstate him in his former position of an "ideal." All the big and little Smiles may write him up as much as they like, but "the word has gone forth," and derision and well-deserved contempt meet him at every turn. He can no longer enter the councils of the workers and plead on behalf of the profits of the employer and the "reward to capital," seeking for an increase in the "benefit fund," and urging that this only ought to be the main object of combination. He finds his place now at the street corner degrading the teaching of the Jewish Carpenter—getting up evangelical meetings and striving by sneers and words of hate to stem the rising tide of the divine discontent, that will sweep him with our rotten society out of sight for ever.

J. M. B.

NOTICE.—Next week there will appear a Special Article on the life of the country workers, entitled,

"THE AGRICULTURAL LABOURER."

Branches and Newsagents are requested to send their orders early.

"DINNER-PAIL AVENUE."

(On the North-West Side of Chicago, for nearly four miles, there is an avenue which, morning and evening, presents a crowded thoroughfare. Milwaukee Avenue, or as it is more popularly called, "Dinner-Pail Avenue," lies through a section of the city where thousands of our sturdy toilers reside. At close of the day, from five to seven, there is a constant jam of men and women returning home from their work.]—'RIGHTS OF LABOUR.'

O, the city is great,
With its pomp and state,
With its towering piles,
With its parks and miles,
With its wealth and gold,
With its pride unrolled—
But stand in the dawn, or twilight hour,
And gaze on the city's vital power!

Close to its beating heart,
Close to its centered mart,
Where the angles meet
Is a crowded street
That resounds to the tramp of the toilers' feet!

Feet that are young, and feet that are old,
Through the summer's heat and the winter's cold,
Must measure the distance, mile by mile,
Must save the cost of the ride meanwhile,
For the pittance gained means fire and bread,
To the pinched, and hungry, and poorly-fed!

There grey-haired men, that are bowed, and bent
With the weight of the years, and the burdens sent,
With their faces wrinkled, and seamed, and worn,
With their garments scanty, and patched, and torn—
So they stumble along, on tottering feet,
To the rugged toil they must daily meet,
Through the winter's cold and the summer's heat—
And with them all are the pails of tin,
The pails they carry their dinners in!

There are children, too, of the tenderest age,
Little ones learning to turn life's page!
There are boys and girls of every size,
With hollow cheeks and with hollow eyes—
They are trudging along through dust and din,
And they swing, as they walk, their pails of tin!

So childhood and age march side by side,
To the toil that builds for the city's pride—
Through the days, and the years, that have just begun,
Through the days, and the years, that are almost done,
The child and the man must steadily tramp
Through the crowded street, through its dust or damp—
Down "Dinner-Pail Avenue" moves the throng,
With its joy, and its sorrow, its right, and its wrong!

Watch, if you will, this wonderful force,
Measure the power that flows from this source,
As these thousands all pour
Into workshop and store,
Into channels of labour—the higher and lower!

Mark the creative touch that shapens and forms,
The grandeur that crowns, the skill that adorns,
This city far-reaching, this city of pride—
Where the need of its toilers should ne'er be denied—
The toilers who stand for the work of the world,
With their right arms upraised and their banners unfurled!

Let fashion take heed and let beauty beware,
Though the hands that have wrought may be horny and bare,
To these hands they are owing an unceasing debt,
And the services done they should never forget—
O, let the streets of the city, its finest and best,
Give "Dinner-Pail Avenue" its rights with the rest!

Ridgeland, Ill.

ELLA DARE.

INTERNATIONAL NOTES.

HOLLAND.

We have received the following communication from the Dutch Railway Workers' Union:

Since last year a Railway Workers' Union has existed in Holland, called "Steeds Voorwaarts" (Always Forward), and bearing the initials "S. V." The object of this union is, besides the management of trade interests and the obtaining of political rights—the improvement of social conditions.

Though the union has not yet joined the Social Democratic Federation, it is more and more working in our direction, and its members are for the most part convinced Socialists.

The union has been going ahead since its establishment at extraordinary speed. At the end of February, 1889, eight railway-men joined together, who, helped by thirty-two others, formed in March a provisional committee to establish a union. On July 1st, 1890, the strength of the new organisation was 2,000 members, divided into ten sections and about forty branches. The organ of the union, named *De Seingever* (Signal-giver) is published every fortnight.

Our railway-men regret that our efforts have not yet been seriously devoted to the formation of an international railway-workers' union. Let us take an example, for instance, by the miners of different countries, who have joined together already. The time is now arrived for the slaves of the steam-engine to act like their gallant companions the miners. The Dutch railway-men therefore call on their fellow-workers to form an international organisation.

The address of the S. V. Union is: Mr. J. Hoekstra, Roggeveenstraat 54, The Hague, Holland. The initials S. V. are not to be forgotten. Railway slaves of all countries, let us join together!

G.



OFFICES: 24 GREAT QUEEN STREET, LONDON, W.C.

HAVE YOU NOT HEARD HOW IT HAS GONE WITH MANY A CAUSE BEFORE NOW: FIRST, FEW MEN HEED IT; NEXT, MOST MEN CONTEMN IT; LASTLY, ALL MEN ACCEPT IT—AND THE CAUSE IS WON

The COMMONWEAL is the official organ of the Socialist League; but, unless definitely so announced by the Editors, no article is to be taken as expressing in more than a general way the views of the League as a body. In accordance with the Manifesto and Statement of Principles of the League, the COMMONWEAL is an exponent of International Revolutionary Socialism. On minor differences of opinion the widest freedom of discussion is maintained. As all articles are signed, no special significance attaches to their position in the paper.

Articles and letters dealing with any phase of the social problem are invited and will meet with earnest consideration. They must be written on one side of the paper only, and accompanied by the name and address of the writer, not necessarily for publication. MSS. can only be returned if a stamped directed envelope accompanies them.

Advertisements can only be inserted if unobjectionable in all particulars. Scale of charges and special quotations may be obtained from the Manager.

SUBSCRIPTIONS, including postage:—For British Islands, Europe, United States, and Canada, a year, 6s.; six months, 3s.; three months, 1s. 6d. For Australia, New Zealand, Cape of Good Hope, Natal, Transvaal, and the Argentine Republic, a year, 8s.; six months, 4s.; three months, 2s. For India, Ceylon, China, Hong Kong, and the Straits Settlements; a year, 10s.; six months, 5s.; three months, 2s. 6d.

Subscribers who receive a RED WRAPPER are thereby reminded that their subscriptions have expired and must be renewed immediately if they wish to continue to receive COMMONWEAL.

All P. O. orders should be made payable to Post-office, 42 Drury Lane, W.C.

Remittances from abroad must be made by International Money Order.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

WILL Branch Secretaries please write Reports and Orders for Literature on separate pieces of paper.

J. S.—We propose at an early date to have a course of articles such as you mention. Meanwhile, a discussion might be raised by a criticism of Kropotkin's "Revolutionary Government."

Periodicals received during the week ending Wednesday September 3.

ENGLAND	Boston—Woman's Journal	BELGIUM
Belfast Weekly Star	Boston—Liberty	Antwerp—De Werker
Church Reformer	Investigator	Ghent—Vooruit
Free Life	Buffalo—Arbeiter-Zeitung	ITALY
The Journeyman	Chicago (Ill)—Vorbote	Milan—Il Fascio Operaio
Justice	Detroit—Der Arme Teufel	Palermo—Avanti
Labour Tribune	Milwaukee—Die Wahrheit	SPAIN
Magazine and Book Review	Philadel.—Knights of Labour	Madrid—El Socialista
People's Press	San Francisco Arbeiterzeitung	Barcelona—El Productor
Postman's Gazette	Pacific Union	Madrid—La Anarquía
Railway Review	St. Louis (Mo.)—Die Parole	GERMANY
Scots Observer	Anarchist	Berlin—Volks Tribune
Sozial Demokrat	Valley Falls (Kan.)—Lucifer	Halberstadt, Sonntags-Zeitung
Seafaring	FRANCE	AUSTRIA
Unity	Paris—Bourse du Travail	Vienna—Arbeiter-Zeitung
Worker's Friend	Paris—La Revolte	Brunn—Volksfreund
QUEENSLAND	Le Parti ouvrier	Reichenberg—Freigeist
Brisbane—Boomerang	Charleville—L'Emancipation	HUNGARY
INDIA	Lyon—L'Action Sociale	Arbeiter-Wochen-Chronik
Bankipore—Behar Herald	Lille—Le Cri du Travailleur	DENMARK
UNITED STATES	Rouen—Le Salariat	Copenhagen—Arbejdereen
New York—Truthseeker	HOLLAND	SWEDEN
New York—Freiheit	Hague—Recht voor Allen	Stockholm, Social-Demokraten
Twentieth Century	Anarchist	Malmö—Arbetet
Volkszeitung	SWITZERLAND	ARGENTINE REPUBLIC
Bakers' Journal	Arbeiterstimme	Buenos Ayres—Vorwärts
Volne Listy		

NEWS FROM NOWHERE:

OR,

AN EPOCH OF REST.

BEING SOME CHAPTERS FROM A UTOPIAN ROMANCE.

CHAP. XXVI. (continued).—THE UPPER WATERS.

PRESENTLY we came to Day's Lock, where Dick and his two sitters had waited for us. He would have me go ashore, as if to show me something which I had never seen before; and nothing loth I followed him, Ellen by my side, to the well-remembered Dykes, and the long church beyond them, which was still used for various purposes by the good folk of Dorchester; where, by the way, the village guest-house still had the sign of the Fleur-de-luce which it used to bear in the days when hospitality had to be bought and sold. This time, however, I made no sign of all this being familiar to me; though as we sat for a while on the mound of the Dykes looking up at Sinodun and its clear-cut trench, and its sister manelon of Whittenham, I felt somewhat uncomfortable under Ellen's serious attentive look, which almost drew from me the cry, "How little anything is changed here!"

We stopped again at Abingdon, which, like Wallingford, was in a way both old and new to me, since it had been lifted out of its nineteenth century degradation, and otherwise was as little altered as might be.

Sunset was in the sky as we skirted Oxford by Osney. It was a

matter of course that so far as they could be seen from the river, I missed none of the towers and spires of that ~~once~~ don-beridden city; but the meadows all round, which, when I had last passed through them, were getting daily more and more squalid, more and more impressed with the seal of the "stir and intellectual life of the nineteenth century," were no longer intellectual, but had once again become as beautiful as they should be, and the little hill of Hinksey, with two or three very pretty stone houses new-grown on it (I use the word advisedly; for they seemed to belong to it) looked down happily on the full streams and waving grass, grey now, but for the sunset, with its fast-ripening seeds.

The railway having disappeared, and therewith the various level bridges over the streams of Thames, we were soon through Medley Lock and in the wide water that washes Port Meadow, with its numerous population of geese nowise diminished; and I thought with interest how its name and use had survived from the older imperfect communal period, through the time of the confused struggle and tyranny of the rights of property, into the present rest and happiness of complete Communism.

I was taken ashore again at Godstow, to see the remains of the old nunnery, pretty nearly in the same condition as I had remembered them; and from the high bridge over the cut close by I could see, even in the twilight, how beautiful the little village with its grey stone houses had become; for we had now come into the stone-country, in which every house must be either built, walls and roof, of grey stone or be a blot on the landscape.

We still rowed on after this, Ellen taking the sculls in my boat; passed a weir a little higher up, and about three miles beyond it came by moonlight again to a little town, where we slept at a house thinly inhabited, as its folk were mostly tented in the hay-fields. We started before six o'clock the next morning, as we were still twenty-five miles from our resting place, and Dick wanted to be there before dusk. The journey was pleasant, though to those who do not know the upper Thames there is little to say about it. Ellen and I were once more in her boat, though Dick, for fairness' sake, was for having me in his, and letting the two women scull the green toy. Ellen, however, would not allow this, but claimed me as the interesting person of the company. "After having come so far," said she, "I will not be put off with a companion who will be always thinking of somebody else than me: the guest is the only person who can amuse me properly. I mean that really," said she, turning to me, "and have not said it merely as a pretty saying."

Clara blushed and looked very happy at all this; for I think up to this time she had been rather frightened of Ellen.

As we passed through the short and winding reaches of the now quickly lessening stream, Ellen said: "How pleasant this little river is to me, who am used to a great wide wash of water; it almost seems as if we shall have to stop at every reach-end. I expect before I get home this evening I shall have realised what a little country England is, since we can so soon get to the end of its biggest river."

"It is not big," said I, "but it is pretty."

"Yes," she said, "and don't you find it difficult to imagine the times when this little pretty country was treated by its folk as if it had been an ugly characterless waste, with no delicate beauty to be guarded, with no heed taken of the ever fresh pleasure of the recurring seasons, and changeful weather, and diverse quality of the soil, and so forth? How could people be so cruel to themselves?"

"And to each other," said I. "Dear neighbour, I may as well tell you at once that I find it easier to imagine all that ugly past than you do, because I myself have been part of it. I see both that you have divined something of this in me; and also I think you will believe me when I tell you of it, so that I am going to hide nothing from you at all."

She was silent a little, and then she said: "My friend, you have guessed right about me; and to tell you the truth I have followed you up from Runnymede in order that I might ask you many questions, and because I saw that you were not one of us; and that interested and pleased me, and I wanted to make you as happy as you could be. To say the truth, there was a risk in it," said she, blushing—"I mean as to Dick and Clara; for I must tell you, since we are going to be such close friends, that even amongst us, where there are so many beautiful women, I have often troubled men's minds disastrously. That is one reason why I was living alone with my father in the cottage at Runnymede. But it did not answer on that score; for of course people came there, as the place is not a desert, and they seemed to find me all the more interesting for living alone like that, and fell to making stories of me to themselves—like I know you did, my friend. Well, let that pass. This evening or to-morrow morning I shall make a proposal to you to do something which would please me very much, and I think would not hurt you."

I broke in eagerly, saying that I would do anything in the world for her; for indeed, in spite of my years and the too obvious signs of them (though, indeed, I felt much younger already than when I first woke up in that new world)—in spite of my years, I say, I felt altogether too happy in the company of this delightful girl, and was prepared to take her confidences for more than they meant perhaps.

She laughed now. "Well," she said, "meantime for the present we will let it be; for I must look at this new country that we are passing through. See how the river has changed character again: it is broad now, and the reaches are long and very slow-running. And look, there is a ferry!"

I told her the name of it, as I slowed off to put the ferry-chain over our heads; and on we went till the stream narrowed again and

deepened, and we passed through walls of tall reeds, whose population of reed-sparrows and warblers were delightfully restless, twittering and chuckling as the wash of the boats stirred the reeds from the water upwards in the still, hot morning.

She smiled with pleasure, and her lazy enjoyment of the new scene seemed to bring out her beauty doubly as she leaned back amidst the cushions, though she was far from languid; her idleness being the idleness of a person, strong and well-knit both in body and mind, deliberately resting.

"Look!" she said, springing up suddenly from her place without any obvious effort, and balancing herself with exquisite grace and ease; "look at the beautiful old bridge ahead!"

"I need scarcely look at that," said I, not turning my head away from her beauty. "I know what it is; though" (with a smile) "we used not to call it the Old Bridge time ago."

She looked down upon me kindly, and said, "How well we get on now you are no longer on your guard against me."

And she stood looking thoughtfully at me still, till she had to sit down as we passed under the middle one of the row of little pointed arches of the oldest bridge across the Thames.

"O the beautiful fields!" she said; "I had no idea of the charm of a very small river like this. The smallness of the scale of everything, the short reaches, and the speedy change of the banks, give one a feeling of going somewhere, of coming to something strange, a feeling of adventure which I have not felt in bigger waters."

I looked up at her delightedly; for her voice, saying the very thing which I was thinking, was like a caress to me. She caught my eye and her cheeks reddened under their tan, and she said simply:

"I must tell you, my friend, that when my father leaves the Thames this summer he will take me away to a place near the Roman wall in Cumberland; so that this voyage of mine is farewell to the south, of course with my goodwill in a way; and yet I am sorry for it. I hadn't the heart to tell Dick yesterday that we were as good as gone from the Thames-side; but somehow to you I must needs tell it."

She stopped and seemed very thoughtful for awhile, and then said smiling:

"I must say that I don't like moving about from one home to another; one gets so pleasantly used to all the detail of the life about one, it fits so harmoniously and happily into one's own life, that beginning again, even in a small way, is a kind of pain to one. But I daresay in the country which you come from you would think this petty and unadventurous, and would think the worse of me for it."

She smiled at me caressingly as she spoke, and I made haste to answer: "O, no, indeed; again you echo my very thoughts. But I hardly expected to hear you speak so. I gathered from all I have heard that there was a great deal of changing of abode amongst you in this country."

"Well," she said, "of course people are free to move about; but except for pleasure-parties, especially in harvest and hay-time, like this of ours, I don't think they do so much. I admit that I also have other moods than that of stay-at-home, as I hinted just now, and I should like to go with you all through the west-country—thinking of nothing," concluded she, smiling.

"I should have plenty to think of," said I.

WILLIAM MORRIS.

TO BE CONTINUED.

(This Story began in No. 209, January 11, 1890. A few sets of Back Numbers can still be had.)

Religious Humbug.

Multifarious are the forms and numerous are the devices through which young intellects are swindled out of their rights and power by the zealous piety and charity of religious teachers (alack for the perversion of words!), who cunningly aim at impressing the way while it is too soft to resist, and sagely imagine that the hypocrisy and falsehood indented there will grow indelible hardness, so to be applied to their use as stepping-stones to mind and soul domination; for intrenching the intellectual slavery they inculcate, and for building up walls that shall securely enclose their usurpations. A few of their victims may continue through life too cowardly indolent, too bigotedly depraved, too hypocritically dissolute to make an independent effort towards ascertaining in their riper years whether those tales were true; but the many, the majority will read, and will find other interpretations of scripture than those which were imposed by the fraudulent tyranny of an established domination, the craft of a creed, or the selfishness of a priestly greediness of lucre. The man will remember—and he will have all the scenic getting up of the gorge-heaving mummery strongly placed before his mental retina—how when he was a poor child in one of their fens of cant, craft, and catechism—the National Schools—he and his little comrades were examined on texts of scripture, in order to prove to the pious patronesses present how religious was their training. He will remember his quoting, or rather gabbling like a parrot, "Render unto Cæsar the things which are Cæsar's, and to God the things which are God's"—and he will again see the pious and condescending smile on the face of the begowned parson; again hear the said parson's "Well, my child, and what does that text of scripture teach you?" and he will feel sick at the recollection of the answer which said parson had taught him to squeak—"to pay taxes and tithes cheerfully"; and his face will burn with shame and self-scorn at the remembrance of the delighted vanity (under which he blushed, even to the tips of his fingers) with which he received said parson's "Right, my good child." And the bitterness of pity will swell in his heart for those clever women, and those bright-minded men, who then and there lauded the success of their scheme and prophesied the important and fruitful results to "true religion." "Train up a child in the way he should go, and when he is old he will not depart from it."—From *'The History of Ivel Verjuice,'* 1853.

CORRESPONDENCE.

JOHN BURNS.

COMRADES,—I notice that Burns complains in last week's *Commonweal*, not only of a leaderette on certain alleged statements of his concerning foreign competition, but also of a "Note on News" written by me. I may, perhaps, say that in speaking of "County Council tomfoolery." I was obviously sneering not at Burns but at the London County Council—an institution which, as an Anarchist, I cannot be expected to hold in reverence. The main point in the note, however, Burns leaves quite unanswered. I invited him to repudiate the indiscreet zeal of his friends in asking for an unconditional life-endowment of him. As he has condescended to notice the paragraph at all, it would surely have been easy for him to supply the asked for repudiation. Are we, then, to infer that he approves of the monstrous suggestion that he should receive an annuity for life in consideration of his past services? It is a sad illustration of the evils of "leadership" to note the truculent tone of his whole communication. "I am, Sir Oracle," he seems to say, "and when I ope my lips, let no dog bark." Anarchists at any rate, are not to be either conciliated or terrified by his bad temper.—Fraternally yours,
R. W. BURNIE.

THE COSMOPOLITAN RESEARCH ASSOCIATION.

Sir,—This Association has been started by a number of working-men with the sole object of getting their fellow-workers to take an interest in the discussion of all questions which affect their interest. Meetings will be held every Wednesday evening at 8.30, at the Temperance Bar, 46, Wharfedale Road, King's Cross, and discussion on the question of the evening will be cordially invited. It is to be hoped that working-men of the district will rally up and help to make this venture a success. All inquiries concerning condition of membership, management, etc., should be addressed as above, or to Yours fraternally,
C. GRASON, Secretary.
22, Middlesex Street, Euston Road, London.

NOTES ON NEWS.

ALL the plagues of Egypt seem to be descending upon us. Cyclones, tornados, tempests, storms of rain and hail, showers of frogs, blight, famine, influenza, and cholera are among the pleasant things which the "power that stands behind evolution," or whoever it may be that presides over the affairs of this terrestrial globe, is now inflicting upon suffering humanity. The "world is out of joint"; very much so, and the poor old planet is in some danger of going to pieces. Nature is in travail; what will she bring forth?

Man is the child of Nature, and when she is feverish and excited he gives way also to the prevailing influence. Therefore we hear of big strikes and boycotting, and revolt once more seems likely to break out among all sections of Labour. But we have another epidemic lately, which is also worth noticing, as it perhaps may be ascribed to the agency of man—an epidemic of big fires breaking out in every part of this immense city. Let us remember that all these fires break out in warehouses, wharves, and factories, and in every case the cause was "unknown." What was this "unknown" cause?

Possibly in some cases the fire was really accidental; in others perhaps the "owners" could tell us more about it than any one else. An "accidental" fire is an excellent way of avoiding bankruptcy, especially when an approaching trade depression threatens to throw you into that unhappy condition, but you first must take care to be heavily insured. But we are firmly convinced this will not account for all the "big blazes" we have seen in London recently.

Some time ago there were several big fires at Mr. Whiteley's establishment, and both these theories were brought forward by many people to account for these remarkable occurrences. But it came out that Mr. Whiteley was not insured against the last fire, so the latter theory fell through. The *Pall Mall Gazette* then started a new one; it said that a shameful system of tyranny prevailed in Mr. Whiteley's establishment, and it believed that some one driven to desperation had set fire to the place. Whether this was correct or not, the employes of that firm have been treated better since the last fire, and the public have not been startled by the announcement on the press placards, "Another Great Fire at Whiteley's" since that period. It would be interesting to inquire if sweating prevails in any of the establishments that have been in flames recently.

This might form a good subject for study to employers who talk so glibly of "smashing unions." Men in whom the spark of divine discontent has been aroused, will not be driven back into their old slavery like whipped curs. Capitalists who hate the unions should remember that the time of the middle-classes has come. "Gentlemen, you have got to be shaved, and if you wriggle you will get cut." Unions may be "smashed." Smash away, gentlemen of the middle-classes, but you haven't got rid of the discontent, you have only made it more fierce and dangerous. Woe to the commercial classes who are driving the people into a corner, at a time when matches are so cheap and factories so inflammable. It might be well for these commercial autocrats to pause, and reflect whether they had not better allow themselves to be "peacefully" improved out of existence. It is not pleasant, but it is much more comfortable than the other process.
N.

THE LABOUR STRUGGLE.

THE TRADES CONGRESS.

The twenty-third annual Trades Congress opened on Monday at Hope Hall, Liverpool. The first breeze occurred on the question of the credentials of John Williams, but the Parliamentary Committee quailed before the storm it saw was rising, and the question was left for the new Standing Orders Committee to report upon on Tuesday. This committee consists of John Wilson, M.P., Durham; J. M. Jack and Henry Tate, Glasgow; Judge, Leeds; and Haslam, Derbyshire. John Burns then moved a resolution pledging the Congress to help the Australian strikers with sympathy and monetary aid. John Burns spoke eloquently upon the "international solidarity of labour," which shows that the teaching of the *Commonweal* has not been without effect. Advanced revolutionists who speak their minds sometimes influence "public men." See our comrade Kropotkin's article this week. Burns's resolution was carried with acclamation. The resolution of H. Quelch, that the Congress do not adjourn till five o'clock, a direct negative to the proposition that Congress do adjourn for a trip up the river and a tea at the Town Hall under the auspices of the Mayor of Liverpool, only received the support of 31 votes. This is not a healthy sign. Surely trade-unionists ought not to take river trips and feeds from the Corporation of Liverpool, which won't allow its workmen to become unionists, and which only a few months ago imported troops into the town to shoot down the strikers like dogs if they laid a hand upon the blacklegs who were robbing them of their means of existence. If the New Trades Unionism goes on in this way it will soon become as corrupt as the old. The capitalist is the deadliest enemy of the working class, and those who parley with him and are feasted by him are treading in the steps of Shipton and Broadhurst. If they go on in this style it won't be long before their treason will be discovered, and they will be denounced and repudiated by the men whom they have betrayed.

Tuesday's events were rather amusing. Mr. Matkin, the president, made a speech—a "splendid speech"—in which he declared himself in favour of the Social-Democratic programme. But when James Macdonald moved a resolution pledging the Congress to vote for no candidates save those who would pledge themselves to this programme, it was quite evident that the Broadhurst mob, with whom the Congress was packed, did not agree with the president; for these braying asses and yelping curs kicked up such a hideous row that not a word could be heard of Macdonald's speech. What nice, reasonable, rational people these orthodox trade-unionists are. John Burns supported Macdonald, and gave it hot to Broadhurst and Co. In the end the resolution was lost, 55 voting for and 263 against in a Congress composed of 457 delegates.

Co-operation among the Lightermen.

One result of the Dock Strike is that the lightermen have formed a co-operative society, which seems to be worked upon better principles than most co-operative enterprises. The company formed is no mere commercial speculation; there are no founders' shares, no promotion money is paid, and the directors receive no remuneration (excepting those who are licensed lightermen) until a dividend of 5 per cent. has been declared and the bonuses paid, and then only such sum as may be voted to them by the shareholders. Every person employed by the company is a shareholder—this being an indispensable condition. The £10,000 capital is divided into 10,000 shares of £1 each, most of which are in the hands of the watermen and lightermen of the Thames. The articles of association provide that the profits should be divided as follows: (1) 5 per cent. is paid into a reserve fund; (2) a dividend upon the share capital of 5 per cent. is declared. The remainder is divided as follows—one-third is paid as a bonus to the workmen, one-third to merchants and shipowners who have been customers, and one-third to the shareholders; so that the watermen and lightermen get nearly 75 per cent. of the profits earned, besides being paid the maximum rate of wages under Brassey's award. It is needless to say that the proceedings of the new co-operative society are viewed by the Masters' Association with no friendly eye; in fact, there was the greatest difficulty in the first instance in obtaining barges from the builders, as when the destination of the barges was discovered, for some mysterious reason the barge-builders were unable to carry out the order. The same difficulty arose in obtaining the service of tugs, but this has been got over, as the new society have now a tug of their own. Thirty-nine barges are at present owned by the society, and the amount of work done this month is already quite double that done during the whole of July. The Master Lightermen's Union took advantage of the late strike to run up their charges enormously, and while in no case were the men's wages increased more than 25 per cent., in many cases the rates have been doubled. Take the case of rum: before the strike the rate for 41-50 puncheons was 47s. 6d.; it is now £5. Under the old scale the rate for sago was 1s. 3d.; it is now 2s. So that there is no wonder at the cry about trade leaving the port of London, when the master lightermen are making a 25 per cent. increase in wages the excuse to double their profits.

This is an experiment in productive co-operation which should be watched with interest by Socialists, and we wish it every success. N.

The Norwich Shoe Strike.

No doubt many of the readers of the *Commonweal* have read the notices of the above strike which appeared in it. Comrade Sutton gave a few instances of the way it was being carried on. One of them was when the secretary of the union, Mr. Inskip, came down and described a new scheme to the men, which he said would not be a compromise—viz., to assimilate the wages for Norwich to those as paid in other towns. This the men accepted in good faith, but there were yells of "No compromise!" when he first appealed to them. The men when they first came out had a uniform statement for the city; they came out with the intention of fighting for the original statement, which was a good advance all round for the men, with very few reductions, if any, to the highest paid wages in the city. Finding in a few days the masters wouldn't give way, and the secretary thought more of public opinion, apparently, than the men's demands, they were foolish enough to listen to his appeal to take into consideration his offer. But when the men had given way, it was all up; it seemed to be in the hands of a few committee men, who bungled the whole business, the masters practically getting things all their own way. After close upon six weeks' fighting, there was a statement agreed to, which is an immense reduction almost all over the city. Notwithstanding the quality of the new statement, some of the masters are continually giving the work out in the wrong classification, which means about three, four, or five shillings a-week reduc-

tion in the men's wages. Some of the masters are so "benevolent" that they are letting the men work on their old wages. There has scarcely been a day passed without the men of some firm or the other being several days on strike, as the men's committee repudiate the printed list the masters have got out, and say that is not the list they adhered to. Horobin, who was boss of the show, advised the men to go in before they did; but they would not, but greeted the humbug with some very objectionable remarks, for which he had to keep himself quiet for a time. This Horobin is boss of the committee which objected to the idea of paying "No Rent" when placards were posted around the city, and advised the men to take no notice of the above, though over a thousand men were only drawing about five or six shillings a-week. While I was in London at work, one of the shop-mates showed me a handbill, which was an extract from Horobin's speech which he made after the London strike about the London people down at Leicester, for which they pulled him up to London and made him apologise; which is one of the hardest things in the world for an official—a treasurer—of any union to do. When the strike terminated there was a mutual agreement agreed to that the men should go to work as if nothing had occurred. As per usual, the employers played the game of autocrats, and signed an agreement that they should set no one on to work unless they could get a written agreement from their last exploiter of labour to say that they had no need for them. After the strike was over, they discharged some of the men who they thought were the agitators, and so they are left on their own resources. As to the rest of the men, they are in a fearful mess, and many of them say that they are worse than before the strike. Some of the men declare they will go in for a twelve and a half per cent. advance next spring if they can get enough financial members, so they can stand out longer and fight the capitalists. Such is the position of affairs after six weeks' endurance of poverty, untold misery, unhappy homes, and semi-starvation. This ought to be a lesson to the trade-union workmen. The question they now have to ask themselves is this to be our only aim, to strike for a semi-subsistence and find after all that they have gained nothing; or shall we organise to take possession of all the wealth produced by our labour? But all these failures only increase the numbers of revolutionists and bring the present system nearer to its end. The workmen are finding out that not a paltry rise in pay or a shorter day will save them from their wretchedness, but that in the Social Revolution lies the only hope of the working class. M.

The General Strike.

Our comrade H. Hopkins sends us a cutting from the *Bobcaygeon Independent* of July 18th, which, after giving extracts from the *Commonweal*, makes the following pertinent comments: That is the present position of the leading Socialists in Britain. They desire to make the masses thoroughly discontented with their position, and to awaken in them a sense of the unfairness of that position. That is the present purpose of the Socialists, and they are accomplishing the end they have in view. When the masses have awakened generally to a sense of the unfairness of their position, then they propose to organise a general strike. Provided the strike were sufficiently extensive, the whole social machine would collapse. There should be no mistake made as to the strength and depth of the movement of which Mr. Morris is one of the leaders. Only the silly will pooh-poo it. There is grave discontent among the wage-earners in all civilised countries; that discontent has a substantial foundation in reason and justice; and the strike has already been found to be a most efficient weapon. When Mr. Morris's general strike takes place, modern "civilisation" will probably be considerably modified.

Labour and Capital.

Labour can not be patient, for while it deliberates and plans it starves. The crimes which capital perpetrates are too numerous to mention in detail. Oppressive and tyrannical governments depend upon and result from wealth. All the horrors of centuries committed through the feudal age are the results flowing from privileged and wealthy classes clothed with political power. Slavery, from the period of the patriarchs, through the Roman era down to the Civil War in America, is but one and the lesser of the evils penetrated by the privileged and wealthy few. Standing armies, wars, and dynastic conflicts for succession and for empire, come from few other causes. Trusts, corners, combines, and moneyed syndicates, all are criminal organisations which men of wealth resort to in order to enhance the values of the necessaries of life indispensable to sustain physical strength necessary to enable the working-man to endure the hours of toil which the master exacts—unscrupulous interest, a monopoly of lands, special laws for the protection of property, the cost of legal expenses. There is only one proceeding at law which is conducted by the State at the expense of the tax-paying public, and that is prosecution for crime. The rich may oppress the poor by corporate or other exactions, may deprive the poorer man of his land or estate and drive him to a ruinous defence at law, the success of which may impoverish him. If against any of these modes of oppression and devices to which rich and unscrupulous men resort to increase their capital, there should be strikes and unlawful combinations, and out of them should result destruction of life and property and an interruption of the law, let all reasonable, intelligent, and just-minded men calmly consider whether labour has not causes for dissatisfaction, which it has not the intelligence to consider nor the time to remedy. The world is in the throes of rebellion. The working-man has revolted from his yoke, and if he does not lie down in his furrow and patiently wait for relief, it is because the labour he must perform is the penalty of the original sin which the church has imposed upon him as a religious belief. The Church and the State are in conspiracy to bind the toilers' conscience and control his acts that capital may secure more than it earns in its co-operation with labour. The two are working in co-partnership upon unjust terms, and this revolution will never go backward or be stayed till the classes who possess the wealth, the brains, and the leisure to consider the relations between labour and capital, shall adjust them more rationally and equitably.—*The Argonaut*, San Francisco, Col.

Agents for *Commonweal*—

Hammersmith—Nice, 3 Beadon-road.

Clerkenwell—Skeats, 123 Farringdon-road. Williams, 7 Exmouth-street.

Kings Cross—Harrison, 306 Grays Inn-road.

A Tonic Sol Fa Class meets every Thursday evening at 8 o'clock at Kelmescott House, Hammersmith; comrade J. Munday conductor. All members of the League are cordially invited to attend and assist.

LOUISE MICHEL will lecture at the Autonomie Club, 6 Windmill Street, Tottenham Court Road, W., on Saturday, September 6, at 8.30—subject, "Internationality." Admission free.

THE SOCIALIST LEAGUE.

OFFICES: 24, GREAT QUEEN ST., LINCOLN'S INN FIELDS, W.C.

The offices of the Socialist League will be open for the sale of *Commonweal* and all other Socialist publications from 8.30 a.m. to 9 p.m. every day except Sunday. The Secretary will be in attendance from 10 a.m. to 9 p.m. daily.

Branch Subscriptions Paid.—1890:—North Kensington, to end of April. Glasgow, Oxford, Hammersmith, 'Commonweal' Branch, Manchester, and Norwich, to end of May. Yarmouth, to end of June. Leicester, North London and East London, to end of July. Streatham, to end of December.

(Branch Secretaries will please send with remittances for Capitations the number of their membership.)

NEW PREMISES FUND.

Collection by Council on September 1st, 3s. 3d.

"COMMONWEAL" GUARANTEE FUND.

£ s. d.		£ s. d.	
H. R.	0 1 0	S. (Norwich)	0 1 0
P. Webb	0 1 0	Norwich Comrades	0 1 7
Nicoll	0 0 6	B. W.	0 0 6
W. Hearn	0 5 0		
North London (2 weeks)	0 8 0		
A. H. (Norwich)	0 5 0	Total	1 3 7

SPECIAL PROPAGANDA FUND.

S. (Norwich), 1s.

SPECIAL NOTICE.

Funds are urgently needed for special work in connection with Propaganda. These funds will be used at the discretion of the Propaganda Committee, and to prevent confusion all money must be sent to Secretary of Propaganda Committee, at 24, Great Queen Street, Lincoln's Inn Fields, W.C., and will be acknowledged by him the 'Weal'.
D. J. NICOLL, Sec. to Propaganda Committee.

SOCIALISM IN LONDON AND THE PROVINCES.

YARMOUTH.

HAIL the Social Revolution! is the greeting the Yarmouth comrades send to the readers of *Commonweal*. Since our last report we have been pegging away with all our might at the foundation of our present rotten system of wage-slavery. On Sunday, July 27th, some thousand or over assembled on the Priory Plain to hear a lecture from comrade Turner, who had been announced the week previous, but he was unable to attend, owing to severe illness. Headley, however, distributed 300 or 400 *Commonweal* and *Freedom* back numbers, and a large bundle of leaflets. Sunday following we held the last meeting at Bradwell until after the harvest, the labourers having to sweat too much during the week to be able to attend any meetings on Sundays, they have to make up for the loss of sleep, etc., on the day of rest; nature will make herself felt, even in the down-trodden agricultural slaves. On Sunday, August 10th, comrade A. Coulon, of Paris, paid us a visit for a few days. In the morning, on Priory Plain, a few 'Weals' were sold, but no meeting held, owing to bad weather. In the afternoon, on the London Boat Landing-stage, Coulon had a large audience and any amount of opposition, one opponent threatening to throw him in the river if it wasn't for the law. In the evening, on Colman's Quay, another large meeting and exciting opposition; some pious robber of the middle-class cursed the "blarsted furriners" for coming to England to spread discontent amongst the British slaves. Our comrade assisted with his accordion at each meeting. Sunday, August 17th, comrade Darley, of Norwich, assisted us; in the morning on Priory Plain he was listened to with marked attention, special reference being made to the Welsh strike; and in the evening on Colman's Quay, although the audience was small, there was great interest shown in the speaker's remarks. On Sunday, August 24th, comrade Sparling, of London, addressed two large meetings here; in the morning on Priory Plain, subject "The Leprosy of Politics." Although our comrade attacked the political fraud pretty roughly, no one in the audience had the courage to oppose any of his remarks. In the evening on Colman's Quay, subject "How we Live and How we Might Live." This interesting subject was well handled by Sparling; the audience, or most of them, went away wiser than they came. Sparling kept his audiences together well by his occasional witty remarks. Comrades R. Turner and W. Wess, of London, are staying with us for a week, and we have had some enjoyable evenings in the club-room during their stay. Comrade Hindes has been compelled to emigrate to London, owing to the boycott of the capitalists. This and the want of funds is the greatest drawback to the Cause in Yarmouth, for as soon as a comrade takes an active part in the propaganda he is spotted, which of course means starvation in this degrading hole. Comrades Brightwell and Headley assisted at all meetings. Since our last report we have sold 240 *Commonweal* and collected 7s. 3d. for local propaganda. But still, despite suffering and starvation, we look forward hopefully when the evils of our present society will have vanished like an ugly dream.
J. HEADLEY.

LEEDS.

SPLENDID meetings here on Sunday, at Hunslet Moor in the morning and in the "Vicars Croft" in the afternoon and evening. Audiences thoroughly sympathetic with revolutionary Socialist ideas. 3s. 6d. collected, and good sale of *Commonweal*. Speakers were Allworthy, Sollit, Sylvester, Menkey, Dyche, and Cores. Comrade Mowbray will be here next week, when we expect to have grand times. We hope to bring Leeds to front in the future.
H. S.

COMMONWEAL BRANCH.—At Union Street last Sunday morning a large and attentive audience was addressed by Leggatt and Mrs. Lahr; 49 *Commonweal* sold; collection, 1s. 1½d. We held a meeting on Sunday afternoon in Victoria Park; very good audience, who seemed very interested; speakers Burnie, Mrs. Lahr, Mrs. Blundell, and W. Blundell; 37 *Commonweal* sold, and could have sold more if we had had them; collection, 3s. On Mile-end last Sunday a very large gathering was addressed at 8 o'clock in the evening by Mrs. Lahr and Leggatt; good sale of 'Weal'. We have sold this week six quires. In our hall E. Lupton addressed us on "Woman"; animated discussion; collection £1 4s. 4d.

SOUTH LONDON.—Good meeting at New Cut on Thursday evening by Mrs. Lahr and Leggatt; one quire of 'Weal' sold. On Friday evening good meeting at Oxford Market by Miss Lupton and Leggatt; 20 'Weal' sold. Bermondsey Square on Saturday, meeting of leather trades on strike; good meeting by Leggatt; 25 'Weal' sold. At Oxford Market the police interfered and told Miss Lupton to leave off speaking and go away, but she declined to move and told them they could carry her if they liked; they then left us alone.—L.

ABERDEEN.—On Sunday evening 24th August the first chapter of Matthew Arnold's "Culture and Anarchy" was read and discussed. A meeting was held on Castle Street on Thursday night; the speakers were Duncan, Rennie, and G. Cooper. Another meeting was held in the same place on Saturday night, when Duncan and Leatham spoke to a large crowd. The literature sold well.

LECTURE DIARY.

LONDON.

Battersea.—All communications to E. Buteux, 45, Inwith Street, Battersea Park Road.
Commonweal Branch.—24 Great Queen Street, Holborn, W.C. Tuesdays, Singing Practice. Thursdays, Business meeting. Saturdays, Social Gathering. Sunday, September 7, at 8.30 p.m., Adjourned discussion on "Woman," to be opened by A. Brookes. Women specially invited.
East London.—H. McKenzie, 10 Victoria Dwellings, Clerkenwell Road, E.C.
Hammersmith.—Kelmscott House, Upper Mall, W. Lecture every Sunday at 8. French Class conducted by Mlle. Desroches on Friday evenings at 7.30.
North Kensington.—Clarendon Coffee Palace, Clarendon Road. Meets every Wednesday at 8 p.m. The branch Band meets every Friday at 8 p.m. for practice. Comrades wishing to join to give in their names to the instructor at the above address.
North London.—6 Windmill Street, Tottenham Court Road. Meets every Wednesday evening at 8 o'clock.
South London.—St. George's Coffee Tavern, 106 Westminster Bridge Road.
Whitechapel and St. Georges-in-the-East.—Branch meetings at International Club, 40 Berner Street, Commercial Road. J. Turner, organising secretary.

PROVINCES.

Aberdeen.—Organiser, J. Leatham, 7 Jamaica Street. Branch meets in Odd-fellows' Small Hall, Crooked Lane, on Sunday evenings at 6.30. Singing practice, etc., Mondays at 8 p.m.
Glasgow.—Members are invited to meet on Thursday and Sunday evenings, at 8 o'clock, in the Secretary's house, 250 Crown Street, S.S. All communications to be sent to that address.
Hull.—Socialists meet every Sunday at 6.30 p.m. at Helliwell's Temperance Hotel, Northgate.
Hull.—Club Liberty, 1 Beets Court, Blanket Row.
Leeds.—Socialist League Club, 1 Clarendon Buildings and Front Row. Open every evening. Business meeting Saturdays at 8.—International Educational Club, Templar Street. Open every evening. Discussion class every Friday at 8; lectures every Saturday at 4. All kinds of Socialist literature on tables and for sale.
Leicester.—Exchange Buildings, Rutland Street. Branch meets on Monday, Thursday, and Saturday at 8 p.m.
Manchester.—Socialist League Club, 60 Grovesnor Street, All Saints. Open every evening. Branch weekly meeting on Tuesdays at 8.
Nottingham.—Socialist Club, Woodland Place, Upper Parliament Street. Club contribution, 1d. per week; dancing every Wednesday, 8 till 10.30—fee 3d.
Norwich.—Members' meeting held every Tuesday at 8.30.
Oxford.—Temperance Hall, 25½ Pembroke Street. First Friday in every month, at 8.30 p.m.
Sheffield.—Socialist Club, 63 Blonk Street. French Class, Tuesday at 8.30. Discussion Class, Wednesday at 8.30. Open-air meetings are held as follows:—Sunday: Monolith, Fargate, at 11.30; Newhall Road, Attercliffe, at 11.30; Pump, Westbar, at 8; Heeley, Maresbrook Park, at 7.30; Monolith, Fargate, at 6.30; Rotherham, College Yard, at 3.15. Wednesday: Nursery Street, Wicker, at 8. Thursday: Bramall Lane, at 8; Eckington, at 6.30. Friday: Duke Street, Park, at 8. Saturday: Woodhouse, at 7.
Walsall.—Socialist Club, 18 Goodall Street, Walsall. Meetings every night.
Yarmouth.—Socialist League Club, 56 Row, Market Place. Open every evening Business Meeting, Tuesday at 8. Singing Practice, Wednesday at 8.30. Discussion Class, Thursday at 8.30. Elocution Class, Friday at 8.30.

OPEN-AIR PROPAGANDA.

SATURDAY 6.

8 Bermondsey Square.....Nicoll and Leggatt
8 Euston Road—Ossulston StreetKitz

SUNDAY 7.

11 Croydon—Brighton RoadMiss Lupton and Leggatt
11 Commercial Road—Union Street Nicoll
11 Latimer Road StationNorth Kensington Branch
11.30..... Hammersmith BridgeHammersmith Branch
11.30..... Hoxton ChurchBurnie
11.30..... Kilburn—"Old Plough," Kilburn LaneMainwaring
11.30..... New Cut—Short Street Kitz and Bukeridge
11.30..... Regent's ParkMrs. Lahr
11.30..... Streatham—FountainSmith
3.30..... Hyde Park—Marble ArchMrs. Lahr
3.30..... Victoria ParkLeggatt and Brookes
3.30..... Streatham CommonThe Branch
6 Streatham—FountainMiss Lupton and Leggatt
7 Hammersmith BridgeHammersmith Branch
7 Wormwood ScrubsNorth Kensington Branch
8 Kings Cross—Liverpool Street.....Nicoll and Mrs. Lahr
8 Mile end WasteLeggatt
8 Walham Green—back of ChurchHammersmith Branch

MONDAY 8.

7.30..... Westminster Bridge Road—Pearman StreetThe Branch

THURSDAY 11.

7.30..... New Cut—Short StreetMrs. Lahr and Kitz

FRIDAY 12.

8.15..... Hoxton ChurchNicoll, Mrs. Lahr, and Mrs. Blundell

PROVINCES.

Aberdeen.—Saturday: Castle Street, at 8 p.m.
Glasgow.—Sunday: Jail Square at 2 o'clock; Paisley Road at 5 o'clock. Friday: Bridgeton Cross, at 8.15.
Leeds.—Saturday: Woodhouse Moor, at 7.30 p.m. Sunday: Hunslet Moor, at 11 a.m.; Vicar's Croft, at 7 p.m.
Leicester.—Sunday: Russell Square at 10.45 a.m.; Humberstone Gate, at 8 p.m. Monday: Belgrave, at 7.30. Tuesday: Sanvey Gate, at 8. Wednesday: Oadby, at 7.30. Friday: Anstey, at 7.30. Saturday: Wigston, at 7.—Sunday September 7, H. Carless, of Walsall.
Liverpool.—Landing Stage, Sundays at 11.30 a.m. and 3 p.m.
Manchester.—Saturday: Middleton market ground, at 7 p.m. Sunday: Philips Park Gates, at 11; Stevenson Square, at 3. Monday: Market Street, Blackley, at 8.
Nottingham.—Sunday: Sneinton Market, at 11 a.m.; Great Market, at 7 p.m.
Norwich.—Saturday: Haymarket, at 8. Sunday: Market Place at 11, 3, and 7.30.
Yarmouth.—Saturday: Church Plain Trees, at 8 p.m. Sunday: Priory Plain, at 11—R. E. Dell (London), "Socialism v. Trade-unionism"; Bradwell, at 11.30; London Boat Landing Stage, at 3; Colman's Granary Quay, at 7—R. E. Dell, "Socialism v. Individualism." Monday: Beltop, at 8 p.m.

SOCIALIST LEAGUE PUBLICATIONS.

Leaflets.

All pamphlets not published by the Socialist League will in future be charged to Branches and Allied Societies at the following rates:—1d. each, 1s. 6d. per quire of 26; 2d. each, 3s. ditto.

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Scholar in a Republic (Wendell Philipps)	0 8
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MISCELLANEOUS.

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The Reciter for Clubs and Social Gatherings	0 1

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—AUGUST SPIES.

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STATEMENT OF PRINCIPLES.

THE Socialist League advocates International Revolutionary Socialism. That is to say the destruction of the present class society, which consists of one class who live by owning property and therefore need not work, and of another that has no property and therefore must work in order that they may live to keep the idlers by their labour. Revolutionary Socialism insists that this system of society, which is the modern form of slavery, should be changed to a system of Society which would give every man an opportunity of doing useful work, and not allow any man to live without so doing, which work could not be useful unless it were done for the whole body of workers instead of for do-nothing individuals. The result of this would be that livelihood would not be precarious nor labour burdensome. Labour would be employed in co-operation, and the struggle of man with man for bare subsistence would be supplanted by harmonious combination for the production of common wealth and the exchange of mutual services without the waste of labour or material.

Every man's needs would be satisfied from this common stock, but no man would be allowed to own anything which he could not use, and which consequently he must abuse by employing it as an instrument for forcing others to labour for him unpaid. Thus the land, the capital, machinery, and means of transit would cease to be private property, since they can only be used by the combination of labour to produce wealth.

Thus men would be free because they would no longer be dependent on idle property-owners for subsistence; thus they would be brothers, for the cause of strife, the struggle for subsistence at other people's expense, would have come to an end. Thus they would be equal, for if all men were doing useful work no man's labour could be dispensed with. Thus the motto of Liberty, Fraternity, and Equality, which is but an empty boast in a society that upholds the monopoly of the means of production, would at last be realised.

This Revolutionary Socialism must be International. The change which would put an end to the struggle between man and man, would destroy it also between nation and nation. One harmonious system of federation throughout the whole of civilisation would take the place of the old destructive rivalries. There would be no great centres breeding race hatred and commercial jealousy, but people would manage their own affairs in communities not too large to prevent all citizens from taking a part in the administration necessary for the conduct of life, so that party politics would come to an end.

Thus, while we abide by the old motto

Liberty, Fraternity, Equality,

we say that the existence of private property destroys Equality, and therefore under it there can be neither Liberty nor Fraternity.

We add to the first motto then this other one—

FROM EACH ACCORDING TO HIS CAPACITY, TO EACH ACCORDING TO HIS NEEDS.

When this is realised there will be a genuine Society; until it is realised, Society is nothing but a band of robbers. We must add that this change can only be brought about by combination amongst the workers themselves, and must embrace the whole of Society. The new life cannot be given to the workers by a class higher than they, but must be taken by them by means of the abolition of classes and the reorganisation of Society.

COUNCIL OF THE SOCIALIST LEAGUE.

Printed in the Socialist League Printery, and published in the name and on behalf of the Socialist League, by FRANK KITEZ, at 24 Great Queen St., Lincoln's Inn Fields, London W.C.

THE COMMONWEAL

The Official Journal of the SOCIALIST LEAGUE.

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SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 13, 1890.

WEEKLY; ONE PENNY.

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THE "LEGAL" EIGHT HOURS DAY.

THE great event of the week at the Trades Congress was the carrying of the Legal Eight Hours motion by a majority of 38. It has had one great result—an almost unanimous yell of disapprobation from all sections of the middle-class press. Even the *Star* and *Daily Chronicle*, which are both supposed to be friendly to the working class, receive the news with such cold approval that it is evident the proprietors of these papers do not like the prospect. Of course, the New Unionists will not allow the proposal to remain a dead letter, and all parliamentary candidates will be heckled at the next election as to whether they will vote for an Eight Hours Bill or not. We are sure, however, that though even some capitalists who sit for working-class constituencies may "pledge" themselves—and we know what "election pledges" are worth—yet the measure is certain to meet determined opposition from both political parties.

Any workman who believes that the Conservative Party, with all their love of State aid for the rich, will carry an Eight Hours Bill for the poor, may be recommended to read the *Standard* and *St. James's Gazette* of last Friday; this will be quite enough to shatter his simple faith. And as to the "intelligent Radical," we ask him if he is still green enough to imagine that Gladstone, Morley, Harcourt, and Co., are going to advocate Eight Hours with enthusiastic bursts of parliamentary eloquence, should read the organ of the official Liberals, the *Daily News*, of the same date, and then to ask themselves this question—even supposing, in their thirst for office, these gentlemen agreed to this measure, can the Great Liberal Party afford to send all its wealthy members over to the Conservative side? Why, even with the Unionist secession hard cash has begun to run short, and how many more capitalists would follow them if Eight Hours was inscribed on the Liberal banner? No; it is evident that, save in a few instances, both the political parties will form in a solid front against the oncoming tide of Labour.

But some will answer us with the cry that a Labour Party must be formed. But have trade-unionists sufficient funds to send a majority of labour members into the House of Commons? I don't think so, and at any rate, if they had, it would be a work of years to carry this measure. When all the rich men are united, every means would be used against the Labour Party—bribery, corruption, and intimidation, and it would be a long and bitter fight. Remember that to the solidarity of labour the rich oppose the solidarity of capital, and before that a minority of labour members would be powerless in Parliament. I am sure the political game of the Irish Home Rulers cannot be played again. However corrupt our political parties may be, however eager for place and office, they have too keen an eye to their then commercial interests to played off one against the other. They are landlords and capitalists first, and politicians afterwards. They remember, too, that the men who head the eight hours agitation also voted for the *nationalisation of the land and means of production*, and the sneaking gang of swindlers and pickpockets—we won't dignify them by calling them robbers; for they have not courage enough to *take with the strong hand*—will fight the "beginnings of evil," for they know that Socialism, which would force them to earn their living honestly, would be a very great evil for them. Therefore we shall see

landlord and capitalist prepared to fight in mass in defence of their rights and privileges; and it will be useless attacking them in a place where they will have a majority for years to come, and where even a strong minority of labour representatives would be useless.

But "while the grass grows the steed starves," and probably before the Labour Party has even got an active minority in the House of Commons another commercial crisis will be upon us. Our present commercial prosperity is nearly at an end. On the day the Trades Congress met, a procession of the unemployed appeared again in the streets of London; an ominous sign for the coming winter. The storms, the floods, the heavy rains, have spread the potato blight in Ireland, and will make bread dear when the cold weather is upon us. These calamities affect not only England, but the whole civilised world. We seem to be approaching another year of revolution, such as our fathers saw in 1848. In that year also there was a serious commercial crisis; bread was dear; there was a terrible potato famine in Ireland; and the man who might be looked upon as the embodiment and type of despotism and "divine right," Pope Pious IX., declared in favour of a reforming policy. So to-day the German Emperor, the head-centre of the military despotism of the Continent, says he is a Socialist. He may also, like Pope Pious IX., be lighting the match which will fire the powder magazine. But in 1848, although Socialism was talked of, yet the leaders of the revolt in all countries were middle-class constitutionalists, who were fighting merely for the interests of the bourgeois. To-day the Revolution, when it comes, will be Socialist; it is a working-class movement; the middle classes take no part, they do not even stand aside in indifference, but they stand shoulder to shoulder with their old enemies the landed proprietors to resist the advancing peril.

It is therefore quite possible, when we are plunged into the coming commercial crisis, with closed factories, sharp starvation among thousands of unemployed, and reduced wages, and fierce discontent among all sections of labour, from engineers down to sandwich-men—that events may move a little too quickly for Parliament and Parliamentarians, and that their sage deliberations concerning Eight Hour Bills and the future of labour may be rudely interrupted by the roar of the revolutionary torrent which will sweep babbling chatterers and thievish humbugs into well-deserved oblivion. Not a "legal eight hours day," but "The land and all that is therein for the people," will then be the battle-cry of the working classes.

D. J. NICOLL.

THE AGRICULTURAL LABOURER.

WE hear much now about the agricultural labourer. It has been found by leaders of the New Unionism that it will not do to ignore him, that leaving him alone simply means that he becomes an ally of the Liveseys and Norwoods, to be used with crushing effect in a big strike or lock-out; so they are now talking of organising him, although that at first was not included in their programme.

We Revolutionary Socialists have for a long time endeavoured to spread our doctrines in the country districts, but we have been crippled for want of funds, and what work has been done is nothing to what remains to do. Seeing the agricultural labourer is likely to have much attention bestowed upon him in future by all sections of the Socialist and semi-Socialist party, I thought that an article from one who has lived in the country for some time and understands the conditions under which the labourer works and lives, would be of interest to the readers of the *Commonweal*.

I will begin by describing the man and the conditions in which he lives at Newnham, a village in North Hertfordshire. He begins the day's work at six and leaves at six; two hours are taken for meals. This is the normal day; in the depth of winter, when it is impossible to see as early or as late as six o'clock, the hours are less; in summer it is usual to do some of the work by the piece, when the hours are pretty much what the men like to make them. They can begin at 3 or 4 a.m. and take a long dinner-hour. By steadily toiling through all the hours that he can stand the man may obtain as much as 3s., and for one month in harvest he may secure 5s., a-day, but this is when there is no "reserve army of labour." But it must be clearly understood that every shower of rain stops his work and his pay; sometimes a night's rain prevents two days' work; during these two days there

may or may not be other work to which he can put himself—it may happen that it is not convenient for it to be done. Certainly the day's rest is a great boon to the worker; it would be greater still if he had more facilities to amuse or instruct himself.

The normal day's pay (not piecework) has been as low as 1s. 10d., and in some villages near Newnham it has been as little as 1s. 8d., but as a general rule a week's continuous work would follow, regardless of the state of the weather. In fact, the men in this particular place very seldom lose any time, in which respect it is totally different from most villages. This arises from the small number of resident workers for the 950 acres of arable land, held by two farmers.

There are twenty-three work-people's cabins, for which they pay 1s. a-week rent. Fourteen of these twenty-three cabins have only one door. I do not know how many have only one bedroom; but it is a fact that in one of them a man, his wife, two sons, and a daughter sleep in one small bedroom. The oldest son is fourteen and the youngest nine. There are, of course, thousands of cases of greater "crowding," but this particular case is in a small village. This man is one whom the clergymen and members of "county families" would term a "very respectable person"; so much so that his employer has asked the agent of the "owner" of the "property" to have the space over the wood-barn converted into a bedroom for the children at a cost of £16. The agent requires 10s. a-year more rent if the outlay is made. The employer protests that the man ought not to be asked for more rent; then the agent offers to find material if the man's employer will pay for the carpenter's time fixing it into the landlord's "cabin," to remain the landlord's "property" for all time. The employer having no other interest than that which exists between employer and employed, the work remains undone.

These workers exist upon the wages stated. They cannot exactly tell you how they exist; I do not think they know: they have been brought up to it. In addition to existing and paying the shilling rent, they clothe themselves also. I have never seen a Newham man in rags. You very seldom see an agricultural worker in actual rags; at the same time it is the rare exception for him to possess two complete sets of clothes to work in. If he gets wet, he gets dry again as he moves. Rheumatism is common, but is *not complained of* so much as might reasonably be expected.

Of amusement I cannot find a trace. Undoubtedly the people have amusement of some kind, but I do not know what it is.

Anything in the shape of a country lane is not to be found. There are no nooks in which to look for brambles—you may not go off the public road without a shiver. It is *all* private property, straight and stiff; as formal as a coffin; private property always is. But for all that, if you bring proper letters of introduction you will find the custodians of property are very nice people indeed. The fact remains, however, that you do not get "letters of introduction" very often.

The sale of alcoholic liquors is very strictly forbidden; but the secret consumption of laudanum is not. It would amount to exactly the same thing if it were prohibited, and all the pains of hell threatened against those who took it.

This is part of the inner life of Newnham, Hertfordshire, in 1890. It is really a great deal better than that of an average agricultural village. Take the case of the adjoining parish—Stotford. Men walk thence to Newnham to dig potatoes, by the day or the piece. Having raised a few tons for very little wage, they naturally carry a few home in their dinner-baskets—not in wheelbarrows; they are too much toil-worn to carry home a "load" of goods worth only a farthing a-pound—but still they have helped themselves to some few potatoes out of some scores of tons which their labour has secured from the rapidly approaching frost, having no land of their own on which to grow potatoes or any other thing, and having little, if any, prospect of regular work for six months to come. Tramping their weary way towards Stotford in Indian file on the narrow footpath, they meet an enemy of the human race wearing a blue suit. This representative of Law-n'-order has lately been moved into the locality, and wants to make his little self a name and get his self-conceit puffed out by a little promotion. He is then and there seized with the idea that the men's dinner-baskets look like Mark Twain's Mr. Smiley's frog—*i.e.*, "mighty baggy"—and his inquisitiveness goes as far as taking the names of the useful men into his useless and harmful pocket-book, from which he makes an elaborate "report" to his superintendent.

Now I have no love for farmers as a class, but the particular farmer whose potatoes are in question, would in my opinion heartily wish the policeman and his report at the devil. He does not wish to go seven miles to be witness against men who dig potatoes. He will be expected to ask the Nupkinses to be lenient; *he* does not wish to press the case. Finally, he pays the small fines and large costs, amounting together to more than all the potatoes that all Stotford could have carried home in the way these few were "lifted."

I am of opinion that the lot of the occasional labourer, agricultural or other, is worse than that of the 23 cabin-holders at Newnham, although it is a lonely place. These 23 and their families have the sympathy of thousands of people, who are rapidly becoming very indignant at the system carried on for the benefit of a landlord who so seldom visits the place that he actually lets the shooting—and lets it to a person other than either of the two farmers. Here we see the case put by Carlyle of the Worker, the Master-Worker, and the UN-WORKER. The latter is believed to possess four millions worth of property of one sort or another. A kindly man in his way he does actually *give* to the poor every Christmas, and at other times, if asked to help through a hard winter or an exceptional difficulty. The two farmers are also kindly men, and the workers are all most amiable

people. But the fact remains that these 950 acres produce three or four times the value that reaches the actual workers, who could very well manage all the business without the parish constable. They know when and how to do the work, but the system leaves them with only one tool of their own—the hoe. The corn and clover are cut by "reapers" of the Hornsby and Samuelson sort.¹ For all which these men's lot is more free from actual dire necessity than that of the majority of those who work in the adjoining parish of Bygrave. This little parish is "owned" by the present Chancellor of the ever sun-lit British Empire, and the 1,100 acres are in the occupation of one farmer. Not a bad sort in the heart of him. He would have it all ploughed without hurting a worm if he could, but the "system" holds all his community in the same grip; the workers for the most part walk from Baldock or Ashwell to work *when required*. At other times they are free to help the South Metropolitan or any other gas company. They know that weeds remain in the Bygrave land, and they also know that those weeds are to be removed on a system of which they form part, but not that part which has the direction of agriculture. They are always paid the amount of their contract wages; the Chancellor's agent is not troubled about the cabins in which they live, those cabins are not on the Chancellor's estate.

C. WALKDEN.

(To be continued.)

THE ENEMY'S TESTIMONY.

THROUGHOUT the world to-day the progress of Socialism is the central phenomenon, and even the enemy, Clericalism, has to testify to the "growth" of our ideas. Curiously enough, it is the Roman Catholic Church that has first awakened to this fact, and with characteristic astuteness has attempted to turn it to its own advantage. I came across the other day a little twelve-page tract issued by the Catholic Truth Society, entitled, "Modern Socialists on the History of the Church." It is written by Mr. A. Hilliard Alleridge, and although he is innocent enough to describe Henry George as a Socialist, his production is not, I think, uninteresting. Premising that "Socialist writers of the revolutionary type" are not likely to be prejudiced in favour of the Church of Rome, he says: "It is curious to note the recent progress of Socialist views among English speaking peoples. Ten years ago English Socialists were almost unknown—to-day they are a large and an increasing body of men. English names that have a world-wide reputation in literature and science appear on the lists of adherents of this or that Socialist programme; not a week passes without a number of Socialist meetings and lectures, and the literature of the party is a rapidly growing one and has a wide circulation." He then proceeds to quote from the writings of Henry George (who, I suppose, is a Socialist "of the revolutionary type" ?), Morris, and Hyndman, passages which denounce that pious fraud "the Reformation," and give the Roman Church credit for what really social work it performed in the Middle Ages.

Mr. Alleridge is kind enough to add that on these matters "the would-be organisers of a Socialist Utopia are teaching plain and simple truth." Not a few of their objections "to the pet maxims of current political economy are sound and valid," and we hear that "on the negative side Catholic economists have several points of contact with their teachings, especially in the recognition of the evils resulting from the present relations of labour and capital, the so-called freedom of contract in the labour market, and the unequal sharing of the profits of Labour." All this is, of course, very pretty, and one expects to hear that Grant Pope has doffed the tiara for the *bonnet rouge*. But, alas! the mountain is in labour again! I find, after all, that "confiscation" cannot be accepted, and phrases like "bureaucratic tyranny," "brotherhood of rich and poor," "linking of class with class," bob up with a cork-like persistency throughout the last few pages of the tract. Clerical sympathy with Labour is generally a swindle, but still it is worth noting as a sign of the times. Rome has never lacked foresight, and this recognition of our progress from one of our most powerful enemies—let no Socialist under-rate the power of Clericalism to chloroform the workers—must be interesting and encouraging. X.

DUBLIN.—On Monday, September 1st, most of the coal merchants locked out their workmen as a reply to a demand for an increase of wages. Their present object is to break up the union. A meeting of 13,000 to 20,000 people was held in the Phoenix Park Sunday, September 7th, the principal speaker being Wm. Thorne, general secretary National Union of Gas-workers; Shields, Graham, Cauty, Dench, and Poole also addressed the meeting.

SCOTTISH SOCIALIST FEDERATION—EDINBURGH.—We have for the past month been holding very successful meetings at Leith and on the Edinburgh Meadows. Considering the material which we have got to work upon here, we have every reason to feel gratified at the results of the propaganda, which is not by any means of the milk-and-water kind which our comrade Kitz may imagine it to be. It is our purpose to form a branch in Leith during the incoming winter, and there is no doubt a strong one can be set agoing there. Last Sunday comrade Hamilton spoke well on Leith Links to a large crowd, and the attention and liberality displayed augurs well for a successful winter campaign in Leith. On the Meadows Smith dealt with the tramways question, which is exercising the minds of our civic misrulers at the present time, and which we intend to have discussed publicly in our new hall in a short time. Bell was in splendid form, his scathing criticism of Carnegie's Dundee speech being much relished. Hamilton also spoke of that triumph of hypocrisy, the *Scottish Leader*. When the stool was taken down the crowd divided itself into groups, in the centre of which some comrades were tackled on the subject of Socialism by persons who had not the courage to mount the rostrum when questions were called for. We continued in disputation till a late hour. Good collections and sales of literature.—T.

¹ Hornsby (of Grantham) and Samuelson (of Banbury), manufacturers of agricultural machinery.

NOTES ON NEWS.

Most of our readers have heard of the false and shameful charge brought against our comrade Miss Lupton by those blue coated scoundrels, who make a trade of perjury and brutality. Those who know Miss Lupton know how utterly ridiculous and shameless this charge was. We wonder that the slinking cowards who made it was not ashamed to crawl upon the earth in the sight of other men. We all know that it is always been the practice of those in power to try and throw disgrace and dishonour upon those they cannot corrupt or bribe. Our comrade has our sincere sympathy, and we are sure she will persevere, despite the cowardly brutality of ruffianly policemen, in carrying the glad tidings of Socialism to the poor and oppressed.

EDS.

The arrest of our comrade Miss Lupton, when holding a meeting, on a false charge of being "drunk and disorderly," is an instructive example of police methods. Our comrade has made herself especially obnoxious to Bradford's boys in blue,—as much by making them look silly when hanging about our gatherings as by any other means. Nothing annoys a bobby so much as that he (with his helmet and his truncheon and his "ammunition" boots) should be turned into ridicule by a mere "civilian." He feels then that the very foundations of society are indeed being undermined by insolent iconoclasts.

Miss Lupton accordingly made herself the mark for the vengeance of the first "active and intelligent" officer who could take her at what he conceived to be a disadvantage. 11 L R and 317 L (it may be just as well to note these numbers) thought they saw such an opportunity on Thursday week last. They found our comrade addressing a meeting without any others of the League to support her. Here was a woman all alone. There were no hard knocks from male fists to be feared, and not much chance of any independent witness, likely to be credited by a magistrate, turning up. 11 L R and 317 L felt that the time had come for action.

The question remained, however,—what action should they take? It was then that a brilliant idea struck one or both of these twin heroes of "the Force." The old plan of charging speakers with "causing an obstruction" was distinctly *rococo*, and had had its day. Besides, it was desirable to select a charge which, it might be supposed, would annoy Miss Lupton, and perhaps cause her to lose her temper. Accordingly, the constabular imagination (proving equal to its task) evolved the daring conception of a charge of drunkenness, and the constabular arms and legs marched the speaker to the station, where she was detained for some hours before she was allowed to send for bail.

Unhappily, accidents will happen to the best arranged police cases. Our uniformed friends had relied too implicitly upon the loyalty of their divisional surgeon,—perhaps had thought that an "unprotected female" would never dream of demanding to see him. Both expectations were disappointed. Miss Lupton insisted upon her right, and the very police doctor was compelled to certify that she was perfectly sober.

Nevertheless, with a courage worthy of a better cause, our two gallant constables refused to confess themselves beaten. They had made a charge, and when a policeman makes a charge he sticks to it. With the sanction, doubtless, of their inspector, they duly appeared to prosecute next morning before Mr. Fenwick, and, upon the insidious invitation of counsel for the defence, 317 L covered himself with ridicule by swearing that, despite his divisional surgeon, he still thought that our comrade was drunk, or (he added by way of saving clause) "if not drunk, mad"! Of course, the magistrate was compelled to dismiss the case, and the gentlemen in blue "took nothing by their motion."

R. W. B.

The *Scots Observer*, an Imperial magazine, has a fling at the Socialists in an article ironically entitled "The Good Time Coming," wherein the writer says when England is a vast convict establishment the iconoclasts will give Art the shortest shrift in history. When we have lost our individuality, and are known to the officials who supply our barest necessities by a number branded upon our foreheads or stitched upon our attire, we must needs live out our lives of dulness and despair. We may then, he says in conclusion, see Mr. Crane doling out slabs of coarse beef in a booth, and the earnest Mr. Sanderson officiating with a broom and a shovel at the tail-board of a scavenger's cart. Appropriately enough, this journal has as a tag an article on stocks and shares and the money market.

Really, the scribe must have had the present system in his mind (*sic*) when he penned his pitiful plea for Art. The convict establishments abound; the hideous blocks of "dwellings," and the railway-arch, and the advertising screen are here; so also are the slums, the true products of this "art-loving" age. It excites no surprise that this aristocratic publication sneers at the sandwich-men's attempt to wring a better wage out of the sweater for their wretched occupation. To become advertising mediums between two boards is frequently the fate of broken-down literary flunkies and paragraph-mongers, and this will be increasingly so as their commercial ink-slinging fails; therefore it is rather hard that the writers for the imperial magazine should deride attempts to increase the pay for what may after all be their last and certainly most fitting occupation.

F. K.

SOCIALISM IN THE PROVINCES.

MIDLAND COUNTIES SOCIALIST FEDERATION.

The movement is looking up in the Midlands. Everywhere the greatest activity is being displayed by our comrades. The propaganda goes on at an increasing rate, notwithstanding all the obstacles which are placed in the path of all who are ready to fight for Freedom. The Sheffield comrades hold about thirteen meetings every week, and sell about an average of fifteen quires of *Commonweal*, a great number of pamphlets, besides carrying on the propaganda in various other ways. Meetings are also held in Clay Cross and Chesterfield every Sunday and during the week. Andrew Hall and John Furniss have been very active in carrying on the fight in these two places, and through their efforts good societies have been formed. They have now a comrade from some other town to address the meetings every Sunday. The revolutionary propaganda has certainly caught on at these places. The Leicester comrades are also very active, holding about eight meetings per week and selling a large amount of literature. The Socialist Cause has been started in Derby and Loughborough, places where no meetings were ever held, and the most astonishing results have followed.

LOUGHBOROUGH.

The meetings were started here on Friday, August 8, by C. W. Mowbray and W. Taylor (Leicester), who had a most successful meeting. On Friday, Aug. 15, W. Doleman and J. Peacock were the speakers. Our comrades created quite a stir, discussion having started in the columns of a local paper as the result of their speeches. On Friday, August 22, T. Barclay and J. C. Chambers (of Leicester) journeyed there, but the meeting was unfortunately interfered with by a heavy downpour of rain, which also stopped the sale of literature. On Friday, August 29, T. Proctor and P. H. Knight paid them a visit, and there was a slight scrimmage with some of the crowd at the conclusion of comrade Knight's speech. On Friday, September 5, comrade Peacock again paid a visit there, effectually silencing the opposition, holding a discussion extending over an hour and a quarter, and replying to the arguments urged against Socialism to the entire satisfaction of the meeting.

DERBY.

This is one of the large towns which has until recently been overlooked by the Socialist missionaries, but which promises to take a foremost position in the Socialist movement of the future. It has been the despair of all reformers; but the workers are rapidly awaking from their apathy, and enthusiastically embrace Revolutionary Socialism. It is one of the most hopeful signs of the progress of our propaganda, and gives more courage to those who are fighting this battle. The first meeting was held on Saturday, August 9, when comrades Mowbray, Barclay (Leicester), Proctor (Nottingham), and Purcell (Derby), spoke on the "Aims of Socialism." Their remarks were taken up by the crowd, who gave to the collection £1 0s. 3^d., the sale of literature amounting to 17s. On Saturday, August 16, comrade Harry Carless (of Walsall) gave a very able address, which won the sympathy of the crowd. Our comrade on the Sunday morning turned up at the meeting of the temperance party, and after hearing the quack remedies for poverty put forward by the speakers, proceeded to go for them and spoke for upwards of an hour, completely pulling their arguments to pieces, the audience taking up and cheering every fresh plea made for Socialism. Our comrade also held a meeting in the evening, when he addressed about 2,000 people. This in a town where it was openly boasted that the Socialists were frightened of holding any meetings whatever, and that Sunday meetings were not at all possible. One amusing incident occurred during our comrades visit. As he was in the Market Place in the afternoon, he was asked by a constable of the police if he was the "Socialist chap" who had been speaking in the morning. On his replying in the affirmative, our comrade was asked if he had any literature he could give him, and he gave the policeman his *Commonweal*. The man in blue then thanked our comrade, and wished him and the Cause good luck and withdrew, after telling the small crowd who had assembled to move on. On Saturday, August 23, comrade Chambers (Leicester) paid Derby a visit. He met with a very good reception, and made a strong appeal to the audience to join the local society. On August 30, comrades Leonard Hall (Manchester) and H. Davis (London) were the speakers; good addresses were given, and the remarks of our comrades listened to with attention. On September 6, comrade George Cores journeyed from Leeds and held a splendid meeting, his rendering of the song for Socialism—

"When the Worker has his place at the top of the tree,
And the Loafer is somewhere down below,"

bringing forth cheers from the crowd. He was listened to with rapt attention. Good help has been rendered in Derby by comrades Goodwin and Purcell in helping at these meetings and organising a Socialist Society. These results of our propaganda put new life into our comrades, and make them more determined to overthrow the rotten state of society, and place in the labourer's hands the full result of his toil. It is a pity there were not more speakers for Socialism in the Midlands than there are, as there is the most splendid ground for preaching our ideal and converting the workers. The comrades of the League in London would do well to try a scheme of sending out more missionaries into the provinces, and to try and obtain work and stop there if possible.

NOTTINGHAM.

We still keep the ball rolling here with the spread of the spirit of revolt. On Sunday, August 17, our comrade Proctor, Peacock, and Knight spoke at both our meetings. On Sunday, August 24, comrade S. Bingham (Sheffield) paid us a visit, his very pointed remarks calling for the opposition from some trades union leaders as to his attack upon them and their methods. The meetings which he addressed were very lively. On Sunday, August 31, Leonard Hall (Manchester) was the speaker for the day. Our comrades two addresses were given in a very able manner, his address in the morning on "The Cause of Poverty" being delivered in very clear and convincing language, and his revolutionary remarks being enthusiastically received. In the evening, in advocating his "Remedies for Poverty," the S.D.F. policy was given in the best manner ever heard in Nottingham, being put before the people in the plainest possible form; he held the best audiences we have had for some time. On Sunday, September 7, comrade George Cores gave two very able addresses, his remarks on "The Money Question" being exceptionally good, and were eagerly taken up by the crowd. At the conclusion of the meeting Cores sang his "Song for Socialism," Peacock singing "The Coming of the Light" and the "Ninety and Nine." This is an excellent means of keeping an audience interested. Our comrade Peacock has done good service by taking the chair for the speakers and addressing the crowd on local topics. Comrade Proctor has also been busy at organising the unskilled labourers of the town and district. The sale of literature still keeps up to the standard, *Commonweal* selling out every week and the collections being good. At the half-yearly meeting of our club, recently held, Clifton was again elected secretary, Peacock treasurer, Mrs. Shakleton being elected president; a strong committee was also formed. The question of deciding on the future work of the club was adjourned until next Sunday. It is our intention to go in for a very vigorous propaganda during the winter months, and use all the means at our disposal in spreading discontent. The speakers appointed for the ensuing months are Chambers (Leicester), Mrs. Lahr, Joe Tanner (Birmingham), Andrew Hall, and Mrs. Schack. "Success to our comrades in all countries, and three cheers for the Social Revolution!" are the greetings sent from the comrades in the Midlands.

A. CLIFTON.



OFFICES: 24 GREAT QUEEN STREET, LONDON, W.C.

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CORRESPONDENTS who order literature should prepay postage, or state if they wish their parcels to be sent per rail or carrier, "carriage forward."

WILL Branch Secretaries please write Reports and Orders for Literature on separate pieces of paper.

BOOKS RECEIVED:—'Fabian Essays,' cheap edition (Walter Scott). 'Mines and the Mining Industries,' 'South Australia.'

Periodicals received during the week ending Wednesday September 10.

ENGLAND	Philadel.—Knights of Labour	BELGIUM
Belfast Weekly Star	Paterson Labour Standard	Antwerp—De Werker
Democrat	San Francisco Arbeiterzeitung	Ghent—Vooruit
Freedom	Pacific Union	
Labour Tribune	S.F.—Coast Seamen's Journal	SPAIN
People's Press		Madrid—El Socialista
Railway Review	FRANCE	Barcelona—El Productor
Sozial Demokrat	Paris—Bourse du Travail	Madrid—La Anarquía
Seafaring	Paris—La Revolte	PORTUGAL
Worker's Friend	Le Parti ouvrier	Lisbon—O Protesto Operario
	La Revue Europeenne	GERMANY
	La Societe Nouvelle	Berlin—Volks Tribune
UNITED STATES	Le Proletariat	AUSTRIA
New York—Truthseeker	Nancy—Le Tire-Pied	Vienna—Arbeiter-Zeitung
New York—Freiheit	Charleville—L'Emancipation	Brunn—Arbeiterstimme
New York—Der Sozialist	Lyon—L'Action Sociale	HUNGARY
Freie Arbeiter Stimme	Lille—Le Cri du Travailleur	Arbeiter-Wochen-Chronik
Twentieth Century	Rouen—Le Salarial	SWEDEN
Volkzeitung	HOLLAND	Stockholm, Social-Demokraten
Bakers' Journal	Hague—Recht voor Allen	Malmö—Arbetet
Workmen's Advocate	SWITZERLAND	WEST INDIES
Boston—Woman's Journal	Arbeiterstimme	Cuba—El Productor
Buffalo—Arbeiter-Zeitung	ITALY	CAPE COLONY
Chicago—Rights of Labour	Milan—Il Fascio Operaio	Cape Times
Vorbote	Milan—Cuore e Critica	ARGENTINE REPUBLIC
Detroit—Der Arme Teufel	Palermo—Avanti	Weekly Herald
Los Angeles—Cal. Nationalist		

NEWS FROM NOWHERE:

OR,

AN EPOCH OF REST.

BEING SOME CHAPTERS FROM A UTOPIAN ROMANCE.

CHAP. XXVII.—A RESTING-PLACE ON THE UPPER THAMES.

At a place where the river flowed round a headland of the meadows, we stopped a while for rest and victuals on a beautiful bank which almost reached the dignity of a hill-side: the wide meadows spread before us, and already the scythe was busy amidst the hay. One change I noticed amidst the quiet beauty of the fields—to wit, that they were planted with trees here and there, often fruit-trees, and that there was none of the niggardly begrudging of space to a handsome tree which I remembered too well; and though the willows were often polled (or shrowded, as they call it in that country-side), this was done with some regard to beauty: I mean that there was no polling of rows on rows so as to destroy the pleasantness of half a mile of country, but a thoughtful sequence in the cutting that prevented a sudden bareness anywhere. To be short, the fields were everywhere treated as a garden made for the pleasure as well as the livelihood of all, as old Hammond told me was the case.

On this bank or bent of the hill, then, we had our mid-day meal; somewhat early for dinner, if that mattered, but we had been stirring early: the slender stream of the Thames winding below us between the garden of a country I have been telling of; a furlong from us was

a beautiful little islet begrown with graceful trees; on the slopes westward of us was a wood of varied growth overhanging the narrow meadow on the south side of the river; while to the north was a wide stretch of mead rising very gradually from the river's edge. A delicate spire of an ancient building rose up from out of the trees in the middle distance, with a few grey houses clustered about it; while nearer to us, in fact not half a furlong from the water, was a quite modern house—a wide quadrangle of one story, the buildings that made it being quite low. There was no garden between it and the river, nothing but a row of pear-trees still quite young and slender; and though there did not seem to be much ornament about it, it had a sort of natural elegance, like that of the trees themselves.

As we sat looking down on all this in the sweet June day, rather happy than merry, Ellen, who sat next me, her hand clasped about one knee, leaned sideways to me, and said in a low voice which Dick and Clara might have noted if they had not been busy in happy wordless love-making: "Friend, in your country were the houses of your field-labourers anything like that?"

I said: "Well, at any rate the houses of our rich men were not; they were mere blots upon the face of the land."

"I find that hard to understand," she said. "I can see why the workmen, who were so oppressed, should not have been able to live in beautiful houses; for it takes time and leisure, and minds not overburdened with cares, to make beautiful dwellings; and I quite understand that these poor people were not allowed to live in such a way as to have these (to us) necessary good things. But why the rich men, who had the time and the leisure and the materials for building, as it would be in this case, should not have housed themselves well, I do not understand, as yet. Of course, I know," she said, looking me full in the eyes and blushing, "that you mean to say that their houses and all belonging to them were generally ugly and base, unless they chanced to be ancient like yonder remnant of our forefathers' work" (pointing to the spire); "that they were—let me see; what is the word?"

"Vulgar," said I. "We used to say," said I, "that the ugliness and vulgarity of the rich men's dwellings was a necessary reflection from the sordidness and bareness of life which they forced upon the poor people."

She knit her brows as in thought; then turned a brightened face on me, as if she had caught the idea, and said: "Yes, friend, I see what you mean. We have sometimes—those of us who look into these things—talked this very matter over; because, to say the truth, we have plenty of record of the so-called arts of the time before Equality of Life: and there are not wanting people who say that the state of that society was not the cause of all that ugliness; that they were ugly in their life because they liked to be, and could have had beautiful things about them if they had chosen; just as a man or body of men now may, if they please, make things more or less beautiful—"

"Stop! I know what you are going to say."

"Do you?" said I, smiling, yet with a beating heart.

"Yes," she said; "you are answering me, teaching me, in some way or another, although you have not spoken the words aloud. You were going to say that in times of inequality it was an essential condition of the life of these rich men that they should not themselves make what they wanted for the adornment of their lives, but should force those to make them whom they forced to live pinched and sordid lives; and that as a necessary consequence the sordidness and pinching, the ugly barrenness of those ruined lives, were worked up even into the adornment of the lives of the rich, and art died out amongst men? Was that what you would say, my friend?"

"Yes, yes," I said, looking at her eagerly; for she had risen and was standing on the edge of the bent, the light wind stirring her dainty raiment, one hand laid on her bosom, the other arm stretched downward and clenched in her earnestness.

"It is true," she said, "it is true! We have proved it true."

I think amidst my—something more than interest in her, and admiration for her, I was beginning to wonder how it would all end. I had a glimmering of fear of what might follow, of anxiety as to the remedy of that age for the missing of something one might set one's heart on, when Dick rose to his feet and cried out in his hearty manner: "Neighbour Ellen, are you quarrelling with the guest, or are you worrying him to tell you things which he cannot properly explain to our ignorance?"

"Neither, dear neighbour," she said. "I was so far from quarrelling with him that I think I have been making him good friends both with himself and me. Is it so, dear guest?" she said, looking down at me with a delightful smile of confidence in being understood.

"Indeed it is," said I.

"Well, moreover," she said, "I must say for him that he has explained himself to me very well indeed, so that I quite understand him."

"All right," quoth Dick. "When I first set eyes on you at Runnymede I knew that there was something wonderful in your keenness of wits. I don't say that as a mere pretty speech to please you," said he quickly, but because it is true; and it made me want to see more of you. But, come, we ought to be going; for we are not half way, and we ought to be in well before sunset."

And therewith he took Clara's hand, and led her down the bent. But Ellen stood thoughtfully looking down for a little, and as I took her hand to follow Dick, she turned round to me and said:

"You might tell me a great deal and make many things clear to me, if you would."

"Yes," said I, "I am pretty well fit for that,—and for nothing else—an old man like me."

She did not notice the bitterness that, whether I liked it or not

was in my voice as I spoke, but went on. "It is not so much for myself; I should be quite content to dream about past times, and if I could not idealise them, idealise some of the people who lived in them. But I think sometimes people are too careless of the history of the past—too apt to leave it in the hands of old learned men like Hammond. Who knows? happy as we are, times may change; we may be bitten with some impulse towards change, and many things may seem too wonderful for us to resist, too exciting not to catch at, if we do not know that they are but phases of what has been before; and withal ruinous, deceitful, and sordid."

As we went slowly down toward the boats she said again: "Not for myself alone, dear friend; I shall have children; perhaps before the end a good many—I hope so. And though of course I cannot force any special kind of knowledge upon them, yet, my friend, I cannot help thinking that just as they might be like me in body, so I might impress upon them some part of my ways of thinking; that is, indeed, some of the essential part of myself; that part which was not mere moods, created by the matters and events round about me. What do you think?"

Of one thing I was sure, that her beauty and kindness and eagerness combined forced me to think as she did, when she was not earnestly laying herself open to receive my thoughts. I said, what at the time was true, that I thought it most important; and presently stood entranced by the wonder of her grace as she stepped into the light boat, and held out her hand to me. And so on we went up the Thames still—or whither?

WILLIAM MORRIS.

TO BE CONTINUED.]

(This Story began in No. 209, January 11, 1890. A few sets of Back Numbers can still be had.)

THE GREAT LAND THIEVES.

LETTER III.—CYMRU FYYD.

"The proud throne shall crumble,
The diadem shall wane,
The tribes of earth shall humble
The pride of those who reign;
And War shall lay his pomp away,
The fame that heroes cherish
The glory earned in deadly fray
Shall fade, decay, and perish;
(But) Honour waits o'er all the earth,
Through endless generations,
The art that calls her harvests forth
And feeds the expectant nations."

In turning one's attention to Wales as a scene of landlord domination and capitalist exploitation, one is struck by the present passiveness of a once brave and hardy race in the hands of their despoilers. To see the descendants of the wild and daring Celtic tribes imprisoned in mine and factory, slaving for a pittance, and to traverse their once beautiful hills and vales, but now disfigured by blast-furnaces and prodigious accumulations of filth; to see (and smell) what were once pure gushing mountain streams turned into faecal disgusting sewers,—then truly can we say with Marx that commercialism shapes the world after its own image.

As a writer in a local Glamorgan journal has remarked, the once lonely vales have been converted into teeming hives, resonant with the clash and whirr of great industries, increasing its resources and population at an amazing rate. It is enlarging everything except its sanitation. Beauty and purity have fled the scene, but commerce and typhus reign in their stead.

Hiring capitalist scribes and political economists wax ecstatic over the impetus given to trade by the utilisation of the vast mineral resources of Wales, but the other side of the shield is carefully kept out of view. The hideous disfigurement of the country, the waste of life and limb, the overwork and scanty pay, are glozed over, if not ignored. Moreover, the same sage writers carefully keep silent upon the monstrous pretensions of landlordism, which claims the minerals beneath the soil. It is computed that the landlords of these islands receive £36,000,000 per annum from mining rents and royalties, and of this enormous tribute paid to idle thieves who have never mined a shovelful of coal or an ounce of ore Wales pays a large proportion. My Lord Marquis of Bute, owner of 116,683 acres of land, claims eightpence per ton royalty upon coal raised in Glamorganshire Valley. His lordly castle at Cardiff stands out in strange contrast to the wretched cottages of the miners in the Rhondda Vawr.

The swarms of men and boys who daily descend the mines and pursue their deadly calling, to emerge again only at nightfall, must first earn this tribute to an idler and his fellows. Nor is this the whole of the tax levied upon their labour by the land thieves. Before a mine can be sunk an enormous bonus must be paid the landowner. The mining lease is frequently so high, and bristles with so many pitfalls, that by a delightful arrangement peculiar to landlordism, the mines, after having been opened by the labour of others, lapses into the landlord's hands. My Lord Dunraven demands £40 per acre for land upon which it was necessary to build cottages; the pasture value was 5s. per acre, and he in common with the landlords of North and South Wales claim the cottages built by others upon the expiry of the leases. And thus a society which punishes the theft of a loaf with imprisonment erects into lawgivers and legislators those who thieve legally the results of other men's labour.

The question of Way Leaves, *i.e.*, the tax or fine paid to the landowner before the soil can be touched for mining, also the rents and royalties, is a sore one with the mine-owners; but both mine-owner and landowner are an incubus upon the bent shoulders of the miner. At present he pins his hopes on Mabon, and other House of Common debaters. Some day he will divest himself of Parliamentary hallucinations, and take a sharp and decisive method of ridding himself of both.

If we leave the underpaid miners and quarrymen, and turn to agricultural Wales, we find Landlordism pressing like a blight upon the land. Lord Cranbrook has insisted upon the need of greater attention being paid to agriculture in Wales. The class to which his lordship belongs are responsible in Wales, as elsewhere, for the neglected state of agriculture. Of the 4,700,431 acres of common lands, once completely wild, the greater portion has been seized by the land thieves. 270 odd persons claim 4,000,000 acres of the soil. One wonders at the ancient and dilapidated cottages that are to be seen about the country, and the explanation is Landlordism. By the most unscrupulous use of their power to grant or withhold leases, except upon their own terms, they have confiscated the cottages built by the tenantry; and in this way some of the best portions of Holyhead, Cardiff, and other towns are OWNED by patrician robbers.

The thrifty quarrymen and labourers have, by self-denial and tremendous exertion, brought great tracts of barren hill-side into cultivation, and built cottages worth £110,000, with the result that the land thieves have increased their rents fourfold, and charged them for "improvements." In Carnarvonshire and Merionethshire, half a million worth of property thus created lies at the mercy of peers and patricians.

A few samples of landlord tyranny are sufficient to illustrate the question. B grants a lease to A, A must keep a dog for the behoof of his landlord; he may not, however, keep one for his own sheep. He must agree to allow a suit to be instituted in his name, but by the landlord, against anyone whom it may please the landowner to prosecute. In this way a tenant may be compelled to prosecute his own kith and kin. The landlord may shoot or hunt over his tenant's land, but the tenant must not kill or snare the game which destroys his crops. For each and all the things which the tenant may not do there are fines varying from £20 to £100.

Superadded to landlord and capitalist is the parson of the Established Church. He exacts tithes from a people who neither desire nor receive his ministrations. Bodies of police and troops, with emergency men, are being moved about the country, valiantly seizing upon the chattels and stock in satisfaction of the claims of a State parson. Truly the spectacle is a strange one to see the followers of the lowly Nazarene enforcing their claims with the aid of truncheon and sabre, and enlisting in their service hired bullies in the shape of scoundrelly emergency men!

Religious and political Nonconformity is punished in the most arbitrary manner. Wholesale evictions, ending frequently in the death of the victims, are the penalty for disobedience to landlord mandates. Legislation is supposed to have given the tenantry some protection in respect to game and holdings, but they dare not avail themselves of the provisions of the Acts without incurring the risk of eviction. So a tenant may have his garden produce eaten in a night by hares and rabbits, and yet must not harm one; in short, the fish of the rivers, the birds of the air, the land above and the minerals below are mine, saith the lord of the soil.

The pettifogging politicians who crawl at the heels of the Great Liberal Party, delude the Welsh people with the hope that with their advent to power, the evils under which they groan will disappear. Yet, singular to relate, the list of the great landowners of the country show Liberals and Tories in nearly equal proportions, and the most exacting and tyrannical are the "Liberals."

Socialism has found a foothold in Wales. As it grows in strength the old political and religious fetishes will lose their worshippers, and Wales will truly advance towards the Social Revolution.

F. KITZ.

FREE SPEECH MEETING AT SHORT STREET.

LAST Sunday morning, a demonstration was held by the Socialist League in Short Street, New Cut, to protest against Miss Lupton's arrest at that place on the previous Thursday. Our comrades brought a van and banners, but though costermonger's barrows habitually stand in the street, and though a teetotaler on a hansom cab occupies every Sunday the next opening, the Socialists were not allowed to use their van. Comrade Buckeridge took the chair, and was ably supported by Parker, Kitz, Mrs. Lahr, and Miss Lupton. A large and enthusiastic crowd assembled, who encouraged the speakers, and showed every sympathy with the meeting. A resolution condemning not only Miss Lupton's arrest, but also the attack on Free Speech, was passed with acclamation.

ABERDEEN.—On Sunday night, 31st August, Leatham lectured to an unusually large audience on "Is Marriage a Failure?" A lively discussion followed. Duncan and Leatham addressed an open-air meeting on Castle Street on Thursday night. On Saturday night W. Cooper, Rennie, and Leatham spoke in the same place to a large audience. Our new red flag apparently added to the enthusiasm both of the speakers and the audience. The literature sold well.

LEEDS.—On Sunday last we held three splendid meetings—morning Hunslet Moor, afternoon Woodhouse Moor, evening Vicars Croft—when Mowbray was the principal speaker. We were unable to get any opposition, although we had been threatened seriously. We sold 133 *Commonweal* and some copies of *Freedom* and pamphlets, and we collected 19s. Comrade Bland, from Bradford, visited us on Saturday night, and J. Burgoyne, of Glasgow, was with us on Sunday; he hopes to find employment here. And the Cause goes marching on.

YARMOUTH.—Good meeting addressed by Leggatt for an hour and a half. Good sale of *Commonweal* and *Freedom*; 1s. 6d. collected. Comrade Burnie announced for next Sunday.

THE LABOUR STRUGGLE.

THE TRADES CONGRESS.

There can be no question that the New Unionism has gained the victory all along the line; and we must confess that the leaders have come through it a great deal better than we expected. When Mr. Champion was the main mover in the New Unionist movement, there was always an uneasy suspicion among many Socialists that not only was the agitation being utilised for purely reactionary ends, but that its main object was to ruin the Socialist movement by insisting upon one item in the Social Democratic programme, the legal eight hours day, by dragging it as a red herring across the path of progress. But there is little fear of that now; the leaders of the New Unionism, by declaring for the nationalisation of the land and the means of production, have shown that they have not forgotten the principles they once prominently advocated; and it is evident from the outburst of ill-concealed rage and fury from the reactionary press that they have been disappointed, and have found out, as many reactionists have done before, that people who play with fire often burn their fingers. Neither Maltman Barry nor his clever pupil H. H. Champion have been able to turn the popular movement in the direction they wished. The revolutionary forces were too strong for them; and the present leaders know well enough also that neither they nor anyone else can boast that they control the rushing stream which merely bears them with it. Even John Burns is as little master of the popular movement as he was of the crowd which bore him through the West-end of that famous 8th of February, mid the crash of shattered glass and the shouts of a rebel populace. I was speaking just now of the fury of the reactionary press. Let us give a few extracts from a "highly respectable" capitalist newspaper, the *Liverpool Mercury*:

"The advanced section of the Congress were ripe with suggestions which, if adopted and carried out, would turn the world topsy-turvy. The eight hours proposal is one of the least revolutionary of these proposals. During the closing scenes on Saturday some of the wilder spirits of the party gave vent to suggestions so extravagant as to make one wonder whether they were brought forward in a serious vein. Boycotting is the latest resort proposed by Mr. John Burns and his friends in order to bring about the establishment of the new order of things which is to make labour the supreme power in the State, even if it be erected on the ruins of society. Everything and everybody standing in the way of the realisation of their schemes, however utopian in conception, is to be swept aside. All commodities made by so-called 'blackleg' labour are to be boycotted; only those rail, tramway, and steamship owners who allow their employes to work under the most favourable conditions and pay them the best wages are to be patronised by trade unionists. Even reporters representing newspapers which do not pay the full rate of union wages to printers are to be placed under a ban, and be refused permission to take notes at a trades-union meeting; while the newspapers in question, as well as general printing establishments of the same stamp, are to be anathematised as unworthy of receiving any support whatever from unionists. The new boycott is to be made universal. It does not seem to have struck the advanced section that in clamouring for what they call their rights they are resorting to the worst methods of tyranny, and setting up a claim that no one else shall have any rights. . . . Under the present condition of things no Government would entertain the idea of introducing an Eight Hours Bill, and still less would Parliament contemplate passing such a measure."

We think it a remarkable fact that an organ like the *Liverpool Mercury* agrees with us that a "universal boycott" is a more "revolutionary proposal" than an Eight Hours Law. They know that the Eight Hours Law is impossible, for the capitalists cannot be beaten in their fortress the House of Commons, where "no Government would entertain the idea of introducing an Eight Hours Bill, and still less would Parliament contemplate passing such a measure." But not even Parliament can save the sweater from the boycott; and there is a better weapon than the universal boycott, and that is a Universal Strike, as the capitalists may find out before long. Several of the New Union leaders—for instance, Keir Hardie, Mann, and Tillett—have very little belief in parliamentary action; a little more experience of the parliamentary fraud will shatter the faith of those who still believe.

There is a warm time coming for the capitalist. Even the dear little *Star*, which had such a touching faith in Fabianism and New Unionism, because it imagined that they might be utilised to return Gladstone, Morley, Stuart, and Co., to the top of the poll at the next election, talks about the "over-bearing attitude of the eight-hour men," and sneers at Cunninghame Graham because he objected to the presence of lying press reporter at a meeting at which he was speaking. Whigs, Tories, and Radicals have all been dished, and they are a little wroth in consequence. Probably Professor Stuart thinks he made a mistake in getting rid of T. P. O'Connor. Tories and Radicals can now go in company, and shed bitter tears over the graves of Broadhurst and Shipton—they have lost their best friends for ever. The most fossilised of the old trade-unionists are going; the ideas of the New Trade-unionism are triumphant, alike on the Parliamentary Committee and in the Congress. What will they do—go forward with the popular stream, or try to struggle against it? If they dream of doing the latter, the putrescent corpse of the old trade-unionism, stranded in the mud of the river bank, should be a sufficient warning. To dare, again to dare, and without end to dare, is the only safe motto for those who are in the front of a revolutionary movement.

Great Dock Strike at Southampton.

On Tuesday, just after the Trade Congress, news arrived that a serious strike had broken out among the dockers at Southampton. The company have been engaging blacklegs, who they sweetly call "permanent men," at one guinea per week of ten hours a-day—i.e., 33d. an hour. Immense crowds collected round the docks, and a party of sixty blacklegs were sent home by the people. A train of cattle-trucks, which the people thought might contain blacklegs, was stopped by the strikers collecting on the line, chucking the engine-driver off the engine, and thus making a temporary seizure of this part of the company's plant. The engine was afterwards drawn back and not allowed to pass, one man telling the people to smash the cattle-trucks to pieces before they allowed them to go into the docks. In the end, the company found it impossible to get blacklegs into the docks in the face of the opposition of the men, upon whom the lesson of Leeds has not been lost, and agreed to a twenty-four hours' truce.

On Tuesday night the military were called in by the mayor, and there was desperate fighting, the troops charging the people with the bayonet. The crowd then marched round and smashed the mayor's windows. No blacklegs have yet arrived. The people of Southampton are showing a splendid spirit, and we hope they will continue their courageous fight against blacklegs and sweaters.

CORRESPONDENCE.

BOARDS OF CONCILIATION.

In the *Chronicle* of August 28th, I find a letter from Mr. Ben Tillett advocating and sketching an ideal Board of Conciliation. Mr. Ben Tillett is, of course, quite at liberty to occupy his time with this sort of thing, but when he is spoken of as a revolutionary character I find it impossible to reconcile the two ideas.

The *Commonweal* of August 23rd says that Mr. Ben Tillett, "curiously enough, made the best speech from a revolutionary point of view."¹ (A remark, by the way, which has roused the ire of the gentleman who *did* make the best speech). "Curiously enough," indeed, when read by the light of his letter to the *Chronicle*. I cannot say that I found anything specially socialistic or revolutionary in the speech. It is the sort of speech the popular orator feels bound to make to the working-man nowadays.

I should like to digress here a moment to protest against the ill-advised remark in last week's *Commonweal* about a speech of Mr. Tom Mann, that "a Revolutionary Socialist could not have made a better speech." The only difference I can see between the two speeches is that Mr. Tom Mann has learnt his lesson better. There is nothing in it to lead us to suppose that he would not devise a Board of Conciliation if he had the inventive genius of Mr. Ben Tillett.

To return to the letter. It is too long, too involved and straggling for quotation. Here, however, are a couple of sentences that could never have been written by a Socialist. It appears there is an economic necessity for a Board of Conciliation:

"Seeing the economic necessity for such a board on account of our social environment assuming more complex forms every day, it behoves all concerned to strive for a permanent good understanding."

And—

"Trade unionists are only too anxious to see capital organised, provided the means and powers to organise are also recognised for labour. The more perfect the organisation of either, the less will there be of strikes or even disputes."

We know that such a Board is quite opposed to the principles of Socialism. To refer disputes to it is an admission on the part of the workers that the capitalist has rights to defend. It permits the capitalist to make a slight concession (which he has been forced to make) with a good grace, and to pose as a benefactor of the working-classes. The hypocrisy of such an institution is worthy of the canting spirit of our time. We say capital has no rights. The capitalist has no right to force the worker to sell his labour power to him for a mere existence. The capitalist has yet to justify the possession of wealth, which is not the result of his own labour, but the result of the labour of generations of workers.

It cannot be too strongly expressed that trades unionism, even with its new leaders, is not Socialism. It is too limited, too exclusive, too conservative in spirit. Trade unionism, if it would be Socialistic, must be all-embracing; it must be militant and aggressive; its aim must be the expropriation of landlords and capitalists, and its battle-cry, "No Compromise!"

I would a thousand times rather see a strike to protest against the discharge of comrades, or some other act of tyranny, than for a rise in wages. The first strengthens the bond of sympathy between the workers; the other is a doubtful good if it tempts the worker to lay down his arms and lapse into a state of indifference, from which it will take a tremendous effort to rouse him.

Let us rather preach and work for the Great Strike, which will be for nothing less than Freedom. Freedom for the proletariat. Freedom for all to use the means for producing the necessities and pleasures of life. Freedom from the thraldom of wage-slavery. Freedom for each to develop his latent talents to the utmost, and to find his highest pleasure in devoting them to the common good. "But!" the timorous trade unionist will exclaim, "this is a Revolution,—the General Overturn!" Yes, my dear friend, exactly!

J. S. S.

WHY NOT A UNITED MEETING ON THE CHICAGO MARTYRS?

COMRADES,—I notice with some surprise and regret the fact that *Freedom* and the groups that journal speaks in the name of are organising a meeting for the purpose of announcing and speaking on the anniversary of those noble men who died or are imprisoned for Labour's Cause. More power to these Freedom groups for their initiative, but why should they stand alone? It is time some international comradeship was shown in these matters. Why could not the whole, or, at any rate, the majority of the schools of thought in London who are in any way revolutionary, unite on these questions? There are two events in the year that all Revolutionists delight to honour—the Paris Commune of 1871, and the noble deaths of those Chicago Martyrs on November 11, 1887. If not unity this year, let us see what can be done next—i.e., either a series of meetings throughout the country on the same day, or, a large one in each town. If the Social Revolution has not overtaken us, may unity prevail next year.—Fraternal greetings,

AN ANARCHIST.

"REVOLUTIONARY GOVERNMENT."

Although looking upon comrade Kropotkin's article as a splendid piece of criticism of all forms of possible revolutionary government, still I feel there is one difficulty he has not met, one question he has not answered. Supposing that the Labour Party, the Social Democrats, and the Revolutionary Socialists have all made a mess of the business, and a popular revolution declares for Anarchy: what will the Anarchists do? I ask this question, for it is one that is continually asked by thinking men, and it would be well to supply some answer. It is no good saying that you will not be pushed to the front, and you will only have to spread your ideas

¹ The writer of the note did not say Ben Tillett was a revolutionary character but that he had made what was a "revolutionary speech." Very moderate people indeed sometimes do this. Even Morley and Gladstone have given vent to some very revolutionary utterances at various times; but this does not make them revolutionists. We have never given the character to either Ben Tillett or even Tom Mann. We only recorded how the tendencies of the time affect even them. Whether they are sincere or not is only known to themselves, and we fully agree with our friend that the leaders of the New Unionism are not models of consistency.—EDS.

among the people; you cannot be sure of this. Who would have thought in 1789, when Bailly, "a most respectable man," surrounded by other "respectable men," was mayor of Paris, that in three years' time the Hotel de Ville would be occupied by men between whose opinions and Bailly's there was far more difference than between the opinions of Burns and Kropotkine? It is therefore no use to reply by saying you might not be placed in that position.

Let us suppose that an Anarchist revolution has just come off in this huge city of five millions. As in all revolutions, provisions run short. Who is to direct the men, for instance, who must be sent into the country, and into other countries also, to get supplies of food? Who is to direct the distribution and exchange of commodities? Do modern Anarchists agree with Bakounine? According to Emile Laveleye in 'Socialism of To-Day,' Bakounine, in a pamphlet entitled 'Letters to a Frenchman,' 1870, thus laid down the Anarchist programme after the revolution:

"The insurgent capital forms itself into a commune. The federation of the barricades is maintained in permanence. The communal council is composed of delegates, one for each barricade or ward: deputies who are responsible, and always revocable. The council chooses separate executive committees for each department of the revolutionary administration of the commune. The capital declares that, all central government being abolished, it renounces the government of the provinces. It will invite other communes, both urban and rural, to organise themselves, and to send to a place to be named delegates with imperative and revocable mandates, in order to establish the federation of the autonomous commune and to organise the revolutionary force necessary to the triumph over the reaction. This organisation is limited to the insurgent country. Other provinces or countries may join in it. The communes which pronounce for the reaction shall be excluded from it."

With this I and other members of the League agree. I believe also that it is practical enough to commend itself to the ordinary English workman. Does it represent the ideas of the modern Anarchist?

There is another question I should like to ask: Was not the Commune of Paris of 1793 a revolutionary government with which little fault could be found? If it also failed in its work, why did not Kropotkine select it also for his criticism? Surely he should have touched upon that famous body, which was surely more revolutionary in spirit than even the Commune of 1871.

D. J. NICOLL.

THE SOCIALIST LEAGUE.

OFFICES: 24, GREAT QUEEN ST., LINCOLN'S INN FIELDS, W.C.

The Offices of the Socialist League will be open for the sale of *Commonweal* and all other Socialist publications from 8.30 a.m. to 9 p.m. every day except Sunday. The Secretary will be in attendance from 10 a.m. to 9 p.m. daily.

For Fur Pullers' Strike.—Donation, 7s. 6d.

General Fund.—D. Gostling, £5.

Propaganda Committee.—The Propaganda Committee meets on Tuesday, Sept. 16, at 8.30 p.m., at 24, Great Queen Street. Comrade Kitz will open a discussion on "The Land Question." Special meeting; important business; all members of the League interested in the propaganda invited to attend.

NEW PREMISES FUND.

Collection by Council on September 8th, 4s. 2d.

"COMMONWEAL" GUARANTEE FUND.

£ s. d.		£ s. d.	
H. R.	0 1 0	North London Branch (proceeds of Concert)	1 1 0
P. Webb	0 1 0	Glasgow Branch	0 5 0
R. F. (1 month's)	0 10 0	C. D. Hills	0 2 6
Commonweal Branch	0 10 0	M. Moscheles	0 5 0
H. R. C. N.	0 10 0		
Saunders	0 2 0		
B. W.	0 0 6	Total	3 8 0

SPECIAL PROPAGANDA FUND.

P. J. W., 1s.; J. B., 5s.

REPORTS.

NORTH LONDON.—On Saturday at Ossulston Street, our meeting was addressed by Kitz, Mrs. Blundell, Blundell, Miss Lupton, and Cantwell; 27 *Commonweal* sold. In Regent's Park a most successful meeting held; Cantwell and Nicoll spoke; our old opponent Whelan filled up an interval with some opposition, which amused the audience very much by its imbecility; collection 4s. 9½d., and 60 *Weals* sold. In Hyde Park, Coulon, Miss Lupton, Mrs. Lahr, and Cantwell spoke, and in conclusion comrade Smith sang a couple of songs, and we disposed of all the song-books we had; collection 1s. 9½d. We held a meeting at Liverpool Street, King's Cross, in the evening, where a virtuous Christian woman inquired what was Nicoll's salary, and when asked what was her salary she offered to give me a "wipe across the jaw," and then went to take her position in the congregation of the Rev. Zephaniah Woffendale. We have disposed of 7 quires of *Weals*, and 5s. worth of other literature; we have the red flag at our meetings now, and find it a great attraction.—T. C.

MANCHESTER.—On Sunday, September 4, Samuels (of Leeds) paid us a visit, and spoke at three meetings during the day—morning St. Phillips Park gates, afternoon Stevenson Square, and at night at Higher Chatham Street. Barton and Stockton also spoke, and other comrades assisted. *Commonweal* sold well, and we made a collection at each meeting, which resulted in 8s. 7½d. for the day. These visits of fresh comrades do a deal of good, and we gladly welcome all our surrounding friends.

NORWICH.—Good Meetings Sunday afternoon and evening; about 2½ quires of *Commonweal* sold; about 4s. collected; addressed afternoon for two hours by Leggatt, evening by Leggatt, Poynts, and Emery. Collection made for Leggatt, who is out of work, amounting to 7s.

Agent for *Commonweal*—

Streatham—Mr. Bush, newsagent.

BRIGHTON.—W. B. Parker will speak on the Level Sunday Sept. 14, at 3.30.

COSMOPOLITAN RESEARCH ASSOCIATION, Wharfdale Temperance Bar, 46 Wharfdale Road, Kings Cross.—Wednesday September 17, at 8.30, Houchin, a lecture.

A Tonic Sol Fa Class meets every Thursday evening at 8 o'clock at Kelmescott House, Hammersmith; comrade J. Munday conductor. All members of the League are cordially invited to attend and assist.

"COMMONWEAL" BRANCH S.L.—A Course of Lectures and Concert and Ball (under the management of the above Branch) for the benefit of the *Commonweal* is in active preparation. The full particulars of same will shortly be announced. There will be some initial expenses in connection therewith, and Branch comrades and friends are asked to help in this direction. All donations will be gladly acknowledged in *Commonweal* by WM. BLUNDELL, Branch Secretary, 24 Great Queen Street, Lincoln's Inn Fields, W.C.

LECTURE DIARY.

LONDON.

Battersea.—All communications to E. Buteux, 45, Inwith Street, Battersea Park Road.

Commonweal Branch.—24 Great Queen Street, Holborn, W.C. Tuesdays, Singing Practice. Thursdays, Business meeting. Saturdays, Social Gathering. Sunday, September 14, at 8.30 p.m., Social evening by members and friends.

East London.—H. McKenzie, 10 Victoria Dwellings, Clerkenwell Road, E.C.

Hammersmith.—Kelmescott House, Upper Mall, W. Lecture every Sunday at 8. French Class conducted by Mdlle. Desroches on Friday evenings at 7.30.

North Kensington.—Clarendon Coffee Palace, Clarendon Road. Meets every Wednesday at 8 p.m. The branch Band meets every Friday at 8 p.m. for practice. Comrades wishing to join to give in their names to the instructor at the above address.

North London.—6 Windmill Street, Tottenham Court Road. Meets every Wednesday evening at 8 o'clock.

South London.—St. George's Coffee Tavern, 106 Westminster Bridge Road.

Whitechapel and St. Georges-in-the-East.—Branch meetings at International Club, 40 Berner Street, Commercial Road. J. Turner, organising secretary.

PROVINCES.

Aberdeen.—Organiser, J. Leatham, 7 Jamaica Street. Branch meets in Odd-fellows' Small Hall, Crooked Lane, on Sunday evenings at 6.30. Singing practice, etc., Mondays at 8 p.m.

Glasgow.—Members are invited to meet on Thursday and Sunday evenings, at 8 o'clock, in the Secretary's house, 250 Crown Street, S.S. All communications to be sent to that address.

Halifax.—Socialists meet every Sunday at 6.30 p.m. at Helliwell's Temperance Hotel, Northgate.

Hull.—Club Liberty, 1 Beets Court, Blanket Row.

Leeds.—Socialist League Club, 1 Clarendon Buildings and Front Row. Open every evening. Business meeting Saturdays at 8.—International Educational Club, Templar Street. Open every evening. Discussion class every Friday at 8; lectures every Saturday at 4. All kinds of Socialist literature on tables and for sale.

Leicester.—Exchange Buildings, Rutland Street. Branch meets on Monday, Thursday, and Saturday at 8 p.m.

Manchester.—Socialist League Club, 60 Grovesnor Street, All Saints. Open every evening. Branch weekly meeting on Tuesdays at 8.

Nottingham.—Socialist Club, Woodland Place, Upper Parliament Street. Club contribution, 1d. per week; Dancing every Wednesday, 8 till 10.30—fee 3d.

Norwich.—Members' meeting held every Tuesday at 8.30.

Oxford.—Temperance Hall, 25½ Pembroke Street. First Friday in every month, at 8.30 p.m.

Sheffield.—Socialist Club, 63 Blonk Street. French Class, Tuesday at 8.30. Discussion Class, Wednesday at 8.30. Open-air meetings are held as follows:—Sunday: Monolith, Fargate, at 11.30; Newhall Road, Attercliffe, at 11.30; Pump, Westbar, at 8; Heeley, Maresbrook Park, at 7.30; Monolith, Fargate, at 6.30; Rotherham, College Yard, at 3.15. Wednesday: Nursery Street, Wicker, at 8. Thursday: Bramall Lane, at 8; Eckington, at 6.30. Friday: Duke Street, Park, at 8. Saturday: Woodhouse, at 7.

Walsall.—Socialist Club, 18 Goodall Street, Walsall. Meetings every night.

Yarmouth.—Socialist League Club, 56 Row, Market Place. Open every evening Business Meeting, Tuesday at 8. Singing Practice, Wednesday at 8.30. Discussion Class, Thursday at 8.30. Elocution Class, Friday at 8.30.

OPEN-AIR PROPAGANDA.

SATURDAY 13.

8 Bermondsey SquareKitz and Miss Lupton
8 Euston Road—Ossulston StreetNicoll and Parker

SUNDAY 14.

11 Commercial Road—Union StreetLeggatt and Mrs. Lahr
11 Latimer Road StationNorth Kensington Branch
11.30 Hammersmith BridgeHammersmith Branch
11.30 Hoxton ChurchBurnie and Kitz
11.30 Kilburn—"Old Plough," Kilburn LaneMainwaring
11.30 New Cut—Short StreetMiss Lupton and Buckeridge
11.30 Regent's ParkNicoll
3.30 Hyde Park—Marble ArchCantwell
3.30 Victoria ParkMrs. Lahr and Burnie
3.30 Streatham CommonThe Branch
6 Streatham—FountainThe Branch
7 Hammersmith BridgeHammersmith Branch
7 Wormwood ScrubsNorth Kensington Branch
8 Kings Cross—Liverpool StreetNicoll
8 Mile-end WasteMrs. Lahr
8 Walham Green—back of ChurchHammersmith Branch

MONDAY 15.

7.30 Westminster Bridge Road—Pearman StreetThe Branch

THURSDAY 18.

7.30 New Cut—Short StreetMiss Lupton, Leggatt, and Parker

FRIDAY 19.

8.15 Hoxton ChurchNicoll and Mrs. Blundell

PROVINCES.

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Leeds.—Saturday: Woodhouse Moor, at 7.30 p.m. Sunday: Hunslet Moor, at 11 a.m.; Vicar's Croft, at 7 p.m.

Leicester.—Sunday: Russell Square at 10.45 a.m.; Humberstone Gate, at 8 p.m. Monday: Belgrave, at 7.30. Tuesday: Sanvey Gate, at 8. Wednesday: Oadby, at 7.30. Friday: Anstey, at 7.30. Saturday: Wigston, at 7.—Sunday, September 14, Andrew Hall, of Chesterfield.

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Manchester.—Saturday: Middleton market ground, at 7 p.m. Sunday: Philips Park Gates, at 11; Stevenson Square, at 3. Monday: Market Street, Blackley, at 8.

Nottingham.—Sunday: Sneinton Market, at 11 a.m.; Great Market, at 7 p.m.

Norwich.—Saturday: Haymarket, at 8. Sunday: Market Place at 11, 3, and 7.30.

Yarmouth.—Saturday: Church Plain Trees, at 8 p.m. Sunday: Priory Plain, at 11; Bradwell, at 11.30; London Boat Landing Stage, at 3; Colman's Granary Quay, at 7. Monday: Belton, at 8 p.m.

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STATEMENT OF PRINCIPLES.

THE Socialist League advocates International Revolutionary Socialism. That is to say the destruction of the present class society, which consists of one class who live by owning property and therefore need not work, and of another that has no property and therefore must work in order that they may live to keep the idlers by their labour. Revolutionary Socialism insists that this system of society, which is the modern form of slavery, should be changed to a system of Society which would give every man an opportunity of doing useful work, and not allow any man to live without so doing, which work could not be useful unless it were done for the whole body of workers instead of for do-nothing individuals. The result of this would be that livelihood would not be precarious nor labour burdensome. Labour would be employed in co-operation, and the struggle of man with man for bare subsistence would be supplanted by harmonious combination for the production of common wealth and the exchange of mutual services without the waste of labour or material.

Every man's needs would be satisfied from this common stock, but no man would be allowed to own anything which he could not use, and which consequently he must abuse by employing it as an instrument for forcing others to labour for him unpaid. Thus the land, the capital, machinery, and means of transit would cease to be private property, since they can only be used by the combination of labour to produce wealth.

Thus men would be free because they would no longer be dependent on idle property-owners for subsistence; thus they would be brothers, for the cause of strife, the struggle for subsistence at other people's expense, would have come to an end. Thus they would be equal, for if all men were doing useful work no man's labour could be dispensed with. Thus the motto of Liberty, Fraternity, and Equality, which is but an empty boast in a society that upholds the monopoly of the means of production, would at last be realised.

This Revolutionary Socialism must be International. The change which would put an end to the struggle between man and man, would destroy it also between nation and nation. One harmonious system of federation throughout the whole of civilisation would take the place of the old destructive rivalries. There would be no great centres breeding race hatred and commercial jealousy, but people would manage their own affairs in communities not too large to prevent all citizens from taking a part in the administration necessary for the conduct of life, so that party politics would come to an end.

Thus, while we abide by the old motto

Liberty, Fraternity, Equality,

we say that the existence of private property destroys Equality, and therefore under it there can be neither Liberty nor Fraternity.

We add to the first motto then this other one—

FROM EACH ACCORDING TO HIS CAPACITY, TO EACH ACCORDING TO HIS NEEDS.

When this is realised there will be a genuine Society; until it is realised, Society is nothing but a band of robbers. We must add that this change can only be brought about by combination amongst the workers themselves, and must embrace the whole of Society. The new life cannot be given to the workers by a class higher than they, but must be taken by them by means of the abolition of classes and the reorganisation of Society.

COUNCIL OF THE SOCIALIST LEAGUE.

Printed in the Socialist League Printery, and published in the name and on behalf of the Socialist League, by FRANK KITZ, at 24 Great Queen St., Lincoln's Inn Fields, London W.C.

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WEEKLY; ONE PENNY.

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THE GREAT STRIKE AT SOUTHAMPTON.

ONE lesson at least we have learnt from the Southampton Strike is that the workers have, if they choose to exercise it, the power of inspiring a wholesome terror in the craven hearts of their masters. To understand this clearly, let us hastily run over the most remarkable events of the strike. The strike breaks out; the people surround the docks and literally besiege them; trains are stopped to see if they contain blacklegs; no one is allowed to go out or in without giving a proper account of himself; blacklegs are conspicuous by their absence; the whole town is in the hands of the people. What do the middle-class authorities do? The Mayor, a most worthy man, resembling greatly the Mayor of the famous Town of Hamelin, or shall we say Mr. Justice Nupkins, is in a mighty flurry; he knows better, however, than to let loose his police upon the crowd with their bludgeons. He has an idea, a strangely sensible one for an amiable imbecile—that the police might possibly get *hurt* more than the crowd. So he telegraphs for troops; troops are sent; and by way of getting the crowd in a good humour, the Mayor, on the advice of the officer in command of the troops, orders the firemen to play upon it with a fire-engine; the people retaliate by throwing stones, of which several hit the soldiers; a lieutenant gets his nose broken with a stone; the troops, irritated in their turn, are ordered to charge upon the people with the bayonet; several men are seriously injured; in revenge, some of the crowd march round to the Mayor's place of business and smash his windows; more power to their elbows.

Well, this awful act of revolt throws the local swells into the most abject terror. The next day there are the most fearful rumours about; the mayor's house is to be sacked and pillaged; the London dockers are marching on Southampton, as the Paris women marched on Versailles. The mayor's house is guarded by troops; a few hundred more soldiers are ordered into the town; and two gunboats are sent for—possibly with a view of affording a chance of escaping by water to the mayor, should the insurrection prove too strong and the commune be proclaimed. So great is the general terror among the respectable classes that many of them take to their heels and run for their lives at sight of a dockers' procession. For these and other interesting facts see the reports of the *Daily News* correspondent. The terror is not confined to Southampton; it unfavourably affects the prices on the London Stock Exchange, and it has an even worse effect on the Paris Bourse. Please admire the easy way in which the capitalists are frightened out of their lives.

Supposing that the people had routed the police and soldiers—such things have happened—and instead of breaking the mayor's windows had burnt his house and hung him on a lamppost—our forefathers would have done that with less provocation; suppose an Anarchist revolt had really taken place and the dockers had taken possession of the docks and the factories, while the shipping and railways had been seized by the rest of the people, who at the same time had made a free distribution of tea, meat, bread, clothes, and groceries among the poor of the town; suppose even the insurrection had been crushed,—how much more should we have heard of "smashing unions" from the gentlemen of the middle classes? I believe they would even prefer the "tyranny" of the unions to a miniature social revolution, which

certainly would not stop at Southampton, but spread like a prairie fire through the length and breadth of the country.

But though the men showed they had the courage to face bayonets and cannon, yet, as our comrade Kitz has clearly shown, the leaders by their cowardly action, first by recommending the men to "obey the law," and next by the shameful action of the Executive in abandoning these brave dockers, did their utmost to crush down the spirit of revolt and play the game of the masters. It is true the leaders of the Dockers' Union may imagine they have not done this, but we should like to ask them if they do not think their surrender at Southampton will encourage Norwood and Co. to attack their new unions everywhere before many months are over?

In the Labour War that will follow, the masters will not only have the assistance of police and soldiers, but will doubtless take the advice of the Tories and *St. James's Gazette*, and hire a gang of Pinkerton assassins to murder men, women, and children. The capitalists are showing by their tactics that they mean to crush the Labour movement, even if they spill human blood like water to do it. The men must be prepared for a desperate fight; and if every man in the ranks of the dockers who is used to bearing arms had a good revolver in his possession, the hiring of Pinkertons by the capitalist classes would be a difficult job, and even bloodthirsty military officers who "don't hesitate to shoot," would perhaps be not quite so eager for massacre as they were at Southampton. J. D. NICOLL.

AT SOUTHAMPTON.

Southampton presented a lively appearance upon my arrival. The Docks Railway Station was surrounded with police and soldiers. They were, however, exceedingly civil to passengers by train, and sir'd me as I needed their service to get through the cordons. Had they known my mission, doubtless their tone would have been different; but it was very nice of them however.

Oh that every town in England had a mayor like his worship of Southampton! the Revolution that we dream of and libate to would be hastened by leaps and bounds. Soldiers at every street corner, bayonet charges upon the slightest pretext and on no pretext at all—that is the way to familiarise the people with Law-'n'-order in its worst aspect. The officer in command of the Yorkshire Regiment, who did the dirty work of the frightened bourgeois of Southampton, is evidently a student of Colonel Knollys' advice as to the treatment of crowds, for he ordered the town fire-brigade to play upon the strikers. Everything, in short, was done to exasperate the people in order to afford a pretext for slaughtering them. One drunken officer stationed at the corner of a street in charge of a file of soldiers deliberately lurched amongst the civilians, hoping, no doubt, that they would retaliate and give this carpet soldier the chance of fulfilling his expressed wish to fire on what he elegantly termed the —.

I watched the crowd narrowly at all points, and must say that there was a certain stolid good humour about it, which under repeated provocation was rapidly becoming grim; and had our friends the enemy continued their exasperating tactics a little longer they might have found that, if water is a valuable element, *fire* is also of use in equalising odds; and certainly the strikers would not have lacked precept and example in its use.

The leaders, so precipitate to order the strike, speedily lost control over it. They showed a lamentable want of grasp of the issues involved. The companies, and in fact the capitalists generally, together with the reptile press of London, notably the *Times*, made no such mistake: the prompt and unsparing use of the military and naval forces, the significant use of Knollys' tactics against the strikers, and their fixed determination to ignore the union, shows that they, at least, were determined to make it a test fight in the labour war. The apologetic and pusillanimous tone of the leaders (*sic!*) encouraged them. It was my painful duty to have to listen to T. McCarthy. His speech was made up of "ifs" and "buts," and pitiful supplications to preserve order. If the strikers were without weapons, they certainly had canons enough (excuse the pun). As McCarthy stood up, he had canons to the left and to the right of him, for unctuous clerics in the persons of Rev. Messrs. Scannell, Wilberforce, and Leach beamed peace upon the crowd. When later on the final fiasco and defeat took

place, the last-named cleric appealed to the infuriated and betrayed strikers to accept their fate as the will of God. So that God, it appears, is a friend of the dock companies and views strikes with disfavour (please note, my unionist friends who are so fond of hobnobbing with sky-pilots).

On Tuesday, the men could have secured possession of the dock if properly led, for two of the dock-gates are, although high, merely planks battened together. But the leaders took the courage out of the men, and after a struggle that had lasted barely four days, McCarthy made the hideous blunder and practical confession of defeat by leaving an open-air meeting in company with a cleric as a deputation to the Dock Company "to see," as he feebly put it, "what they would do," and they having seen his hand would do nothing—not even allow him in.

During his absence on this bootless errand, I took occasion to address the men on Socialism. I got an immense reception, for a great number of the men had been unable to hear McCarthy's weak voice. But he returned whilst I was speaking with the doleful message of his failure, and fearing, I suppose, that I should alienate his followers, he mounted a seat and denounced me. I had desisted from speaking upon his return. I owe it to the impression I created that I was not subjected to personal violence through his action. Mr. McCarthy has mistaken his vocation; he would no doubt be able to marshal a small Sunday-school treat, and come out of the ordeal with flying colours; but as a Labour leader he is a woeful failure.

Tom Walsh made a better show; he denounced the tactical blunder that McCarthy made in going unsolicited to the Company, and showed his contempt for the parasitical reporters by telling them he liked them at a distance.

The Sailor's Union had come out on sympathy with the dockers, and for the recognition of their union. The subsequent collapse brought about by the action of McCarthy and Co., has placed the sailors in a difficult position. They are determined to have their union recognised, and as they are strong enough to boycott the port they are to be reckoned with.

There is a class of boy labourers here known as the scurfer boys; they are a hardy and courageous set. They were prominent in all the scimmages that took place, and they furnished nearly all the fun. They burnt handlights in the streets to fool the police and military, and were to the front when hard knocks were distributed. The union leaders, having got into a moral mood, denounced these frisky lads, although they too were out with the men strikers, and even went so far as to urge on the men to put the boys down with a strong hand. I confess that my admiration for these lads rose in proportion as they incurred the displeasure of the parson-loving leaders.

To summarise. Some £6,000 have been lost to the men in wages; several men are in prison; a great number have been stabbed or bludgeoned, and the point fought for has been lost. Of course, Labour will eventually have also to bear the cost of the movements of troops, police, etc., and the broken windows of the Mayor. I heard the epithets of "loafers" and "tramps" applied to those outside the New Unionism by the suddenly made Aristocrats of Labour. It is a fatal mistake. The propertied classes are preparing for a mighty struggle, in which the Southampton scenes are but an episode. The marching and countermarching, the proclamations in the name of our Sovereign Lady the Queen to keep the peace, etc., are but the pattering rain-spots before the storm. It is *not* the time to use harsh words in regard to paupers and tramps, who, after all, are what Society makes them; and least of all should the men in command of the forces of Labour join in the abuse of the residuum. If on no higher ground than policy, it is a tactical mistake to turn the unorganised mass into a reactionary force at the possible disposal of the enemy.

F. KITZ.

NEWS FROM NOWHERE:

OR,

AN EPOCH OF REST.

BEING SOME CHAPTERS FROM A UTOPIAN ROMANCE.

CHAP. XXVIII.—THE JOURNEY'S END.

ON we went. In spite of my new-born excitement about Ellen, and my gathering fear of where it would land me, I could not help taking abundant interest in the condition of the river and its banks; all the more as she never seemed weary of the changing picture, but looked at every yard of flowery bank and gurgling eddy with the same kind of affectionate interest which I myself once had so fully, as I used to think, and perhaps had not altogether lost even in this strangely changed society with all its wonders. Ellen seemed delighted with my pleasure at this, that, or the other piece of carefulness in dealing with the river: the nursing of pretty corners; the ingenuity in dealing with difficulties of water-engineering, so that the most obviously useful works looked beautiful and natural also. All this, I say, pleased me hugely, and she was pleased at my pleasure—but rather puzzled too.

"You seem astonished," she said, just after we had passed a mill¹ which spanned all the stream save the water-way for traffic, but which

was as beautiful in its way as a Gothic cathedral—"you seem astonished at this being so pleasant to look at."

"Yes," I said, "in a way I am; though I don't see why it shouldn't be."

"Ah!" she said, looking at me admiringly, yet with a lurking smile in her face, "you know all about the history of the past. Were they not always careful about this little stream which now adds so much pleasantness to the country-side? It would always be easy to manage this little river. Ah! I forgot, though," she said, as her eye caught mine, "in the days we are thinking of pleasure was wholly neglected in such matters. But how did they manage the river in the days that you—" Lived in, she was going to say; but correcting herself, said—"in the days of which you have record?"

"They *mis*managed it," quoth I. Up to the first half of the nineteenth century, when it was still more or less of a highway for the country people, some care was taken of the river and its banks; and though I don't suppose anyone troubled himself about its aspect, yet it was trim and beautiful. But when the railways—of which no doubt you have heard—came into power, they would not allow the people of the country to use either the natural or artificial waterways, of which latter there were a great many. I suppose when we get higher up we shall see one of these; a very important one, which one of these railways entirely closed to the public, so that they might force people to send their goods by their private road, and so tax them as heavily as they could."

Ellen laughed heartily. "Well," she said, "that is not stated clearly enough in our history-books, and it is worth knowing. But certainly the people of those days must have been a curiously lazy set. We are not either fidgety or quarrelsome now, but if anyone tried such a piece of folly on us, we should use the said waterways, whoever gainsaid us: surely that would be simple enough. However, I remember other cases of this stupidity: when I was on the Rhine two years ago, I remember they showed us ruins of old castles, which, according to what we heard, must have been made for pretty much the same purpose as the railways were. But I am interrupting your history of the river: pray go on."

"It is both short and stupid enough," said I. "The river having lost its practical or commercial value—that is, being of no use to make money of—"

She nodded. "I understand what that queer phrase means," said she. "Go on!"

"Well, it was utterly neglected, till at last it became a nuisance—"

"Yes," quoth Ellen, "I understand: like the railways and the robber knights. Yes?"

"So then they turned the makeshift business on to it, and handed it over to a body up in London, who from time to time, in order to show that they had something to do, did some damage here and there,—cut down trees, destroying the banks thereby; dredged the river (where it was not needed always), and threw the dredgings on the fields so as to spoil them; and so forth. But for the most part they practised 'masterly inactivity,' as it was then called—that is, they drew their salaries, and let things alone."

"Drew their salaries," she said. "I know that means that they were allowed to take an extra lot of other people's goods for doing nothing. And if that had been all, it really might have been worth while to let them do so, if you couldn't find any other way of keeping them quiet; but it seems to me that being so paid, they could not help doing something, and that something was bound to be mischief,—because," said she, kindling with sudden anger, "the whole business was founded on lies and false pretensions. I don't mean only these river-guardians, but all these master-people I have read of."

"Yes," said I, "how happy you are to have got out of the parsimony of oppression!"

"Why do you sigh?" she said, kindly and somewhat anxiously. "You seem to think that it will not last?"

"It will last for you," quoth I.

"But why not for you?" said she. "Surely it is for all the world; and if your country is somewhat backward, it will come into line before long. Or," she said, quickly, "are you thinking that you must soon go back again? I was going to propose that you should live with us where we are going. I feel quite old friends with you, and should be sorry to lose you." Then she smiled on me, and said: "Do you know, I begin to suspect you of wanting to nurse a sham sorrow, like the ridiculous characters in some of those queer old novels that I have come across now and then."

I really had almost begun to suspect it myself, but I refused to admit so much; so I sighed no more, but fell to giving my delightful companion what little pieces of history I knew about the river and its border-lands; and the time passed pleasantly enough; and between the two of us (she was a better sculler than I was, and seemed quite tireless) we kept up fairly well with Dick, hot as the afternoon was, and swallowed up the way at a great rate. At last we passed under another ancient bridge; and through meadows bordered at first with huge elm-trees mingled with sweet chestnut of younger but very elegant growth; and the meadows widened out so much that it seemed felt that the trees must now be on the bents only or about the houses, except for the growth of the willows on the immediate banks, so that the wide stretch of grass was little broken here. Dick got very much excited now, and often stood up in the boat to cry out to us that this was such and such a field, and so forth; and we caught fire at his enthusiasm for the hayfield and its harvest, and pulled our best.

At last, as we were passing through a reach of the river where on the side of the towing-path was a highish bank with a thick whispering

¹ I should have said that all along the Thames there were abundance of mills used for various purposes; none of which were in any degree unsightly, and many strikingly beautiful; and the gardens about them marvels of loveliness.

bed of reeds before it, and on the other side a higher bank, clothed with willows that dipped into the stream and crowned by ancient elm-trees, we saw bright figures coming along close to the bank, as if they were looking for something; as, indeed, they were, and we—that is, Dick and his company—were what they were looking for. Dick lay on his oars, and we followed his example. He gave a joyous shout to the people on the bank, which was echoed back from it in many voices, deep and sweetly shrill; for there were above a dozen persons, both men, women, and children. A tall handsome woman, with black wavy hair and deep-set grey eyes, came forward on the bank and waved her hand gracefully to us, and said:

“Dick, my friend, we have almost had to wait for you! What excuse have you to make for your slavish punctuality? Why didn’t you take us by surprise, and come yesterday?”

“O,” said Dick, with an almost imperceptible jerk of his head toward our boat, “we didn’t want to come too quick up the water; there is so much to see for those who have not been up here before.”

“True, true,” said the stately lady, for stately is the word that must be used for her; “and we want them to get to know the wet way from the east thoroughly well, since they must often use it now. But come ashore at once, Dick, and you, dear neighbours; there is a break in the reeds and a good landing-place just round the corner. We can carry up your things, or send some of the lads after them.”

“No, no,” said Dick; “easier going by water, though it is but a step. Besides, I want to bring my friend here to the proper place. We will go on to the Ford; and you can talk to us from the bank as we paddle along.”

He pulled his sculls through the water, and on we went, turning a sharp angle and going north a little. Presently we saw before us a bank of elm-trees, which told us of a house amidst them, though I looked in vain for the grey walls that I expected to see there. As we went, the folk on the bank talked indeed, mingling their kind voices with the cuckoo’s song, the sweet strong whistle of the blackbirds, and the ceaseless note of the corn-crake as he crept through the long grass of the mowing-field; whence came waves of fragrance from the flowering clover amidst the ripe grass.

In a few minutes we had passed through a deep eddying pool into the sharp stream that ran from the ford, and beached our craft on a tiny strand of limestone-gravel, and stepped ashore into the arms of our up-river friends, our journey done.

I disentangled myself from the merry throng, and mounting on the cart road that ran along the river some feet above the water, I looked round about me. The river came down through a wide meadow on my left, which was grey now with the ripened seeding grasses; the gleaming water was lost presently by a turn of the bank, but over the meadow I could see the mingled gables of a building where I knew the lock must be, and which now seemed to combine a mill with it. A low wooded ridge bounded the river-plain to the south and south-east, whence we had come, and a few low houses lay about its feet and up its slope. I turned a little to my right, and through the hawthorn sprays and long shoots of the wild roses could see the flat country spreading out far away under the sun of the calm afternoon, till something that might be called hills with a look of sheep-pastures about them bounded it with a soft blue line. Before me, the elm-boughs still hid most of what houses there might be in this riverside dwelling of men; but to the right of the cart-road a few grey buildings of the simplest kind showed here and there.

There I stood in a dreamy mood, and rubbed my eyes as if I were not wholly awake, and half expected to see the gay-clad throng of beautiful men and women change to two or three spindly-legged back-bowed men and haggard, hollow-eyed, ill-favoured women, who once wore down the soil of this land with their heavy hopeless feet, from day to day and season to season and year to year. But no change came as yet, and my heart swelled with joy as I thought of all the beautiful grey villages, from the river to the plain and the plain to the uplands, which I could picture to myself so well, all peopled now with this happy and lovely folk, who had cast away riches and attained to wealth.

WILLIAM MORRIS.

TO BE CONTINUED.]

(This Story began in No. 209, January 11, 1890. A few sets of Back Numbers can still be had.)

More “Fire and Slaughter.”

The following paragraphs, clipped from the *Star* in one day (Tuesday, September 9), will perhaps persuade some of our “union-smashers” that there is something in the epidemic of incendiaryism of which I spoke a week or two ago:

“Francis William Hulley, 21, a farm-labourer, was yesterday apprehended at Draylsden on the charge of setting fire to four stacks of hay, and attempting to murder Amelia Bonsall, a farmer’s daughter at Macclesfield.”

“Another outbreak of fire, the second within a week, took place last evening at Beckingham Hall, near Maldon. Two large barns with their contents and four cattle-sheds were destroyed.”

“When a charwoman named Grant was lighting a fire in a house at Deal to-day an explosion occurred, seriously injuring her face and arm and burning her hair. A tin containing 1½lb of gunpowder, used for clearing the furnace flue, had been placed in the stove and covered with loose paper.”

There is a dangerous spirit abroad, and our Norwoods, Raikes, Liveseys had better pause in their exploits. These deeds prove that there are plenty of people about whom a little more tyranny would soon goad into “outrage.”

D. N.

TRADE UNIONIST TACTICS.

HAVING spent a week as a listener to the proceedings of the Liverpool Trades’ Congress, I may perhaps report briefly thereon. Leaving to others any comment on the reactionary and pettifogging nature of much of the business done, I desire to make clear to readers of the *Commonweal* a few of the playful ways of the aristocracy of labour. First, their slavish adherence to red-tape was worthy of a vestry. A Standing Orders Committee is elected before which all resolutions must pass, and when any resolution distasteful to the “old gang” was proposed, they managed to have it referred to the committee to take its chance in the ballot. Thus a resolution that the delegates of the insurance agents should be admitted was adroitly delayed by this dodge until the last day of the Congress, when, of course, its effect was nil. On every possible pretext men with the mark of the vestry on their brow rose to “points of order,” and many resolutions were thus shelved. Then the rampant intolerance of the Congress merits notice. No representative of a minority had any chance of being heard, and this applies not only to the Socialists present, but to any representative of an unpopular cause. When a Socialist dared to rise there was an immediate howl, and many resolutions which some of them desired to oppose were summarily passed without a word of opposition being audible. For snobbery no gathering of grocers could have beaten this democratic assembly. While Macdonald (London) was shouted down, as described already in the *Commonweal*, the Congress actually cheered Fenwick, M.P., when he complained that Macdonald had not explained his resolution! On the other hand, Burns (who is influential and determined) was allowed in quiet to second the very resolution which Macdonald had not been allowed to propose. Money is as much a god here as on the Stock Exchange, and it was sickening to hear these curs laugh derisively when it was stated that John Williams represented the firewood-cutters—much too plebeian a body for these sucking capitalists. The voting papers for the election of the committee bore opposite to each name the amount which its owner’s society had subscribed to the funds—as though this was any evidence of a man’s fitness for office. When the Lairds of Birkenhead were accused of being “sweaters,” delegates positively fought for an opportunity of whitewashing that firm, while the so-called labour members were cheered to the echo over their miserable defence to the charge of being political hacks. In fact, while the delegates found Burns, Tillet, and Mann too strong to be entirely “burked,” they took it out of Quelch, Williams, and the rest of the Socialists to make things straight. “Verily there is no god but Gladstone, and Broadhurst is his prophet!”

Reviews.

‘POLITICAL ECONOMY OF SOCIALISM.’ By John Carruthers. 1d. Hammersmith Branch S.L., Kelmscott House, Hammersmith.

Comrade Carruthers has written a tract upon what used to be once called the Dismal Science, which, strange to say, is not dismal at all, but is both bright and interesting. We know how the name of “political economy” frightens a good many people, and we do not wonder at it; but even the ordinary reader can get through comrade Carruthers’ little pamphlet, and after all some knowledge of political economy—it need not be much—is necessary to every Socialist. With regard to the pamphlet, we think Carruthers’ use of the words “purchase and sale” is unfortunate. “Purchase and sale,” in the ordinary public mind, is associated with profit-making, and I am sure the author does not want the British shopkeeper to understand that he is going to make a profit under Socialism. We admit that possibly in the transition period a paper currency may be needed, but it will simply be used as a measure of value, so that each community could exchange its products for others of equal value. We think with Carruthers that perfect morality and honesty will not be attained directly after the Revolution, but that it may take some considerable time to free ourselves from the vices engendered by the present system. We recommend all friends interested in that great question of what the future society will be like to read Carruthers’ pamphlet. Although they may not agree with all his conclusions, yet it will give them some idea of how a Socialist society might manage the production, distribution, and exchange of commodities.

‘OUR SOCIAL SYSTEM; and How it Affects those who Work for their Living.’ By David Andrade. Published by David Andrade, Sydney Road, North Brunswick, Melbourne.

A most damaging criticism of our present society from the Individualist-Anarchist standpoint. The following figures, showing how the Australian worker is robbed by his rulers the capitalist and landlord, are worth quoting:

HOW THE AUSTRALIAN LABOURERS SPEND THEIR ANNUAL EARNINGS.	
Taxes	£15,000,000
Rent, at 10 per cent. on estates value (£190,000,000)	19,000,000
Interest, over 12 per cent.	10,000,000
Profits, at 75 per cent. on merchantable commodities	67,000,000
Remuneration to labour	22,000,000
	£133,000,000

The moral of the pamphlet to the English worker is, “Don’t go to Australia,” for you will find that the labourer is no better off than he is in England. Nothing but the destruction of capitalistic monopoly can ever free the workers of the world from over-work, robbery, and starvation.

Our Spanish contemporary *La Anarquía* has an enlarged cartoon upon the lines of the one published by the S.L., entitled “When will he get there?” In the Spanish copy the characters are attired in native costume, and a priest is added to those opposing the progress of the Labourer towards the fruits of his toil. The picture has an effective appearance.

F. K.



OFFICES: 24 GREAT QUEEN STREET, LONDON, W.C.

HAVE YOU NOT HEARD HOW IT HAS GONE WITH MANY A CAUSE BEFORE NOW? FIRST, FEW MEN HEED IT; NEXT, MOST MEN CONTEMN IT; LASTLY, ALL MEN ACCEPT IT—AND THE CAUSE IS WON

The COMMONWEAL is the official organ of the Socialist League; but, unless definitely so announced by the Editors, no article is to be taken as expressing in more than a general way the views of the League as a body. In accordance with the Manifesto and Statement of Principles of the League, the COMMONWEAL is an exponent of International Revolutionary Socialism. On minor differences of opinion the widest freedom of discussion is maintained. As all articles are signed, no special significance attaches to their position in the paper.

Articles and letters dealing with any phase of the social problem are invited and will meet with earnest consideration. They must be written on one side of the paper only, and accompanied by the name and address of the writer, not necessarily for publication. MSS. can only be returned if a stamped directed envelope accompanies them.

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CORRESPONDENTS who order literature should prepay postage, or state if they wish their parcels to be sent per rail or carrier, "carriage forward."

WILL Branch Secretaries please write Reports and Orders for Literature on separate pieces of paper.

TO CONTRIBUTORS—Workmen could help us greatly by sending in accounts of capitalist tyranny and sweating in London and the provinces. We want the names of the sweaters. Those who write must send us their name and address, not necessarily for publication, but as a guarantee of good faith. We shall not fear to publish the truth.—EDS.

Periodicals received during the week ending Wednesday September 17.

ENGLAND Belfast Weekly Star Die Autonomie Justice Labour Tribune Manchester—Umpire People's Press Railway Review Sozial Demokrat Seafaring Worker's Friend	NEW SOUTH WALES Sydney—Bulletin Truth	QUEENSLAND Brisbane—Boomerang Brisbane—Worker	VICTORIA Melbourne—Bull-Ant Herald	INDIA Bankipore—Behar Herald	UNITED STATES New York—Freiheit New York—Der Sozialist Twentieth Century Volkszeitung Bakers' Journal Workmen's Advocate	New York—Truthseeker Puck Phrenological Journal, etc. Boston—Woman's Journal Boston—Liberty Buffalo—Arbeiter-Zeitung Chicago—Rights of Labour Detroit—Der Arme Teufel Philadelph.—Knights of Labour Paterson Labour Standard St. Louis—Altruist Anarchist St. Louis (Mo.)—Die Parole San Francisco Arbeiterzeitung S. F.—Coast Seamen's Journal Valley Falls (Kan.)—Lucifer Cal.—Kaweah Commonwealth	FRANCE Paris—Bourse du Travail Le Parti ouvrier Le Proletariat Charleville—L'Emancipation Lille—Le Cri du Travailleur Rouen—Le Salarial	HOLLAND Hague—Recht voor Allen	BELGIUM Antwerp—De Werker Ghent—Vooruit	SWITZERLAND Arbeiterstimme	ITALY Milan—Il Fascio Operaio Palermo—Avanti	SPAIN Madrid—El Socialista Barcelona—El Productor Madrid—La Anarquia	GERMANY Berlin—Volks Tribune Halberstadt, Sonntags-Zeitung	AUSTRIA Vienna—Arbeiter-Zeitung Brunn—Volksfreund Reichenberg—Freigeist Trieste—Confeder. Operaia	HUNGARY Arbeiter-Wochen-Chronik	DENMARK Copenhagen—Arbejderen	SWEDEN Stockholm, Social-Demokraten Malmo—Arbetet Proletaren	CAPE COLONY Cape Town—Argus	ARGENTINE REPUBLIC Buenos Ayres—Vorwarts
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This is the state of the agricultural districts as they now are, and appear likely to remain. It has another side—the supply of workers to the towns. The young people cannot stay in the villages if they would. Even if they wished to remain sleeping in the small room with their father and mother, the introduction of reaping machines, hoeing machines, and the rest, which are considered to be a necessity of extensive agriculture, compels them to seek a livelihood in a centre of greater activity, where human life is worn out much more quickly. There is no present prospect of the establishment of workshops at such villages as Newnham and Bygrave. Neither is there any advance being made towards a higher state of cultivation. The tendency is rather to put land to permanent pasture, although it is capable of growing a higher class of plant than has hitherto been cultivated. The system under which land is held restricts the spread of knowledge into the ranks of those who could and would use it. Our agricultural worker does not know the extent to which margarine is eaten. He is quite able and ready to cultivate carrots, cabbage, and a variety of plants, which would assist in feeding cattle and in producing good butter, and would at the same time free the land from weeds far more effectually than the four-course rotation of rough crops, which the "landlord" insists shall be grown, to the exclusion of plants which he, poor thing, *thinks* might exhaust "his" land. In many instances the farmer gets free from vexatious stipulations as to cropping, but he remains attached more or less to the old rotation of simple crops which require the least attention, and which can be gathered and thrashed by machinery.

When we talk of municipalising the land, and playing hey-day with landlords, agents, bailiffs, and all their paraphernalia, we ought not to forget that it will be a work of some years of patient study and hard manual exertion to bring the soil up to such a pitch of cultivation and fertility, that it could bear what is wanted. The "organisation" of the home food supply is in a very deranged state. The "classes" certainly have their cattle shows and various displays, but they are of no practical use. It is the village workman who needs to be permitted to use his wits upon something more than the eighth of an acre of "allotment," grudgingly given at an exorbitant rent which he is too poor to pay.

The declared value of food imported into this much disunited country is a hundred millions annually, while millions of acres are abandoned to grass which does not grow, and millions of other acres are cultivated in a way that shows the extent to which the "system" has broken down.

Agriculture is the industry first organised by a new colony; its decay is the sure sign of the decay of civilisation.

The difficulty in the agricultural labourer's way is his apparent incapacity to understand that anything can come to him otherwise than through his master, and then in the shape of wages. His whole world is his little parish, sometimes his master's farm. He would be unhappy if away from the farm more than a day; it would tire him more to walk about London four hours than to hoe turnips for ten hours. He is capable of feeling that one and eightpence a-day is a miserable wage for him to receive, but he is also puzzled to know how any more is to be given him "while prices are so low," as the farmers tell him. These gentry will sometimes condescend to jabber a sort of "account" of the working of a given piece of corn, telling the details of expense and of produce, always producing a *loss* of a shilling or a pound per acre per annum. The workman does not get beyond this mode of assessment, and so remains mystified. I have seen groups of them mystified, dazed, silent, in the streets at Biggleswade, Stotford, and Ashwell in winter, when there is no particular field work that *must* be done. How they get through a long winter is the greatest wonder of all. The "casuals" often do not get more than three days work a week, and then at 1s. 8d. a-day.

The winter that tries them most is that which follows a hot summer, and for two reasons. A hot summer means an early harvest with short straw. The smaller bulk of straw is got through the thrasher much more quickly than bulky straw, such as grows in a dull summer; consequently work runs short soon after the Christmas which follows a hot summer. But the farmer, landlord, and parson do not trouble about short and long straw and its effects on the life and death of the the workers—they have to do with the CORN.

Again, a hot summer is unfavourable to the growth of turnips, consequently there are less to take up and shelter from frost while the sheep-fold slowly advances. This is another dead loss to the worker, for which the farmer cares not two straws. Whatever he requires to replace turnips he can easily get in the shape of foreign barley, oats, or cotton-seed cake and linseed cake, which the workers of other countries have to supply to the British farmer by their own wretched slavery. With Mr. John Bull it is "Heads I win, Tails you lose!" Hot summer—heavy corn; light expenses; cheap imports. Dull summer—heavy turnips; no imports.

This is putting aside losses from floods and special causes, which are made a great deal of when they happen. But the view I try to put before these mystified workers waiting in the January slush is this: You and your comrades have done work in this village upon 4,000 acres, which has caused the forces of Nature to make a return of £20,000 value of one kind or other—the low average of £5 an acre—can any of you show me where half of that produce has gone? You and your comrades of all sorts have *not* had half in wages. But the Landlords *have* had a pound an acre, and the Church has had over a £1,000 in all, the Government has had its taxes, and your nine neighbours, whom you call master farmer, they have—well!—they have lived! and lived in some style. You cannot put it much under £4 a

THE AGRICULTURAL LABOURER.

(Continued from p. 290.)

THESE farms are singular in being situate in a place containing nothing but agriculture of the decidedly extensive sort. No factories or mines are near enough to influence the price of wages. The men leave for Yorkshire, London, or the army, only when compelled by actual necessity to do so.

In one other respect, too, the three farms enjoy a peculiarity. They are blessed by the total absence of any sub-manager or person who has to make his own account by petty harrassing of the actual workers. There is no man in either of the villages who is trying to wriggle himself out of his position by climbing up the backs of those about him. It may be very gloomy for individual men to feel that they cannot look forward to any amelioration of a life of monotonous work, but it has its better side in the circumstance that life is at least free from the prying of a downright "prig," the person who in many villages thinks he can climb out of the slough by starting pig-dealing and developing into a cattle dealer, and ultimately into a full-blown tyrant. That is the person who is a danger to the progress of humanity.

week for each of the nine. Why should you not be standing in this horrid cold slush in the street here in Ashwell, near the extreme north of north Hertfordshire in 1890?

It would be drier and warmer in the ale-house, but these men have not the wherewith for a pint of "cold fourpenny." For this they are dubbed lazy fellows who will not work. How can they work under the system? The landlord has got his rent, the farmer has got a "living" by his system of four-course cropping—the only system he knows or cares to know, since it gives him an easy existence. It is nothing to him that his "system" has left a few casuals out in the cold. But is not this carelessness on your part a little dangerous, gentlemen? Has not similar recklessness and oppression sometimes produced very alarming phenomena among the downtrodden wretched slaves of similar systems, when driven by hunger and desperation into riot and rebellion? Did you ever hear of the *Jacquerie* in France in the last century, my dear friends? Did you ever hear of agricultural riots, blazing ricks, and smashed machinery in England? If you have, and can read the signs of the times, you would not drive your labourers to despair by grinding them down into shameful misery and horrible starvation. Even the worm will turn, and the overlaid ass revolt at last!

C. WALKDEN.

(To be concluded).

IN THE ARGENTINE.

OUR comrade J. Creaghe, now in Buenos Ayres, sends us the following vivid account of the recent Political Revolution in the Argentine. After recounting the attempts to found an Anarchist paper in Italian, French, and Spanish, he says:

Comrades,—As I write the city of Buenos Ayres is *en fête*. The whole place is covered with flags, and crackers and rockets are blazing away in all directions. The reason is that we have just had a very pretty political revolution carried out, which I shall now tell you about. The party in power for the last four years had steadily neglected everything but the most barefaced filling of their own pockets, even the bourgeoisie could not stand it, particularly as a commercial crisis came to make things unupportable, and so the party in opposition gained over a large part of the army (about half), and on Saturday morning last the troops took possession of the artillery barracks and arsenal, which is situated in one of the squares in the centre of the city. They were there joined by large numbers of the citizens, who were immediately armed, as there was abundance of arms and ammunition in the arsenal. They entrenched themselves in the square, and armed citizens stationed themselves on the roofs of the houses all round. The government then with the troops at their disposal took post on the edge of the town, and three thousand police of the city armed with rifles in anticipation of the movement joined them. There was some desultory fighting during the day, and you will be sorry to hear that policemen were shot down in all parts of the city as they went to join their comrades.

On Sunday, we were aroused at six in the morning by the most furious fusillade of small arms, mitrailleuses, and Krupp guns, which continued without the least intermission for two hours. The police (who are old soldiers by the way) had with the troops of the line made a desperate attack on the position of the revolutionists, but were repulsed after two hours hard fighting. The police suffered awfully. During all that day there was much fighting in different parts of the city, and both parties continued to strengthen themselves. In the evening an armistice was agreed to until ten the next morning. Next day the whole fleet declared for the revolution, or was taken possession of, and began to bombard the position of the government, and the government house and the private residence of President Juarez. A shell fell in a house about 600 yards from this, and killed a woman and child and wounded many others. Several other cases of this kind occurred.

On Monday evening there was another furious attack made by the forces of the government, which, after twenty minutes hard fighting was again repulsed. Everybody was delighted, for the whole city sympathised with the movement. When, on Tuesday—things having been quiet in the morning and forenoon—in the evening, we were all surprised by the news that all was over, and that the revolutionary leaders had submitted to the government on the condition that no one was to be punished. They said the reason was that they had not enough ammunition to continue the struggle. No one believed this, and the young men in great part refused to give up their arms, but disbanded and rushed about firing and shouting; some even committed suicide, saying they were sold.

However, the leaders of the revolution knew what they were doing. They had gone far enough, and did not wish to go farther. Many of them were within the government party itself, and after all was quieted down the ministers resigned. The president found it useless to try to form a cabinet, no one would come to him; the clamour for his resignation became too loud to be unheard. Another outbreak was expected on the part of the army, and so the members of the Congress at last, who had up to this time said "Amen!" to all the president's paternosters, sent him a written demand to resign, which he did, and the vice-president, Pelligrini (who by the way is nephew to the late John Bright) became president. He is very much liked by all parties, and he has already formed an administration which gives confidence. Juarez resigned the day before yesterday, and since then there have been continual rejoicings.

We had a very lively time I can tell you while the affair lasted. Bullets were flying about in all directions, and the number of persons killed and wounded, who found themselves in the streets from mere curiosity, was very great indeed. One of our comrades got a grape-shot through his arm and into the flesh of his ribs, where it lodged; I am still attending him and several others. I had a narrow squeak myself one day, as a bullet passed close to my face and struck the wall near me. It nearly happened to me as to one poor citizen who was standing on the balcony at one of the windows of his house, when a bullet carried away both his eyes and his nose.

We Anarchists were in great hopes that the fighting would last for about fifteen days, and if it had the city would certainly have been sacked. Some thirty of us met and consulted what might be done in order to get funds for the Revolution (our Revolution), but the next day all was over.—With fraternal greetings to all comrades,

J. CREAGHE.

INTERNATIONAL NOTES.

FRANCE.

The men employed in the dye-works of Reims earn 2½d. an hour and work twelve, fourteen, and sixteen hours a-day, without any meal-time. Except a few Socialists, the mass of the workers are so crushed that they only ask to work longer, in order to get more money to drink on Sunday, and recommence again their life of slavery on Monday. The peasants of the country about Reims, on the contrary, seem to become every day more rebellious, and promise to be useful to the cause of humanity.

Comrades Cabot and Vinchon (Paris), who had already been condemned to two years' imprisonment and £20 fine under the accusation of having distributed proclamations to the soldiers on the 1st of May, having had recourse to the Court of Appaal, were re-tried the other day. They energetically pleaded for their ideas and explained the Anarchist theories, confounding the public accuser. The jury found Cabot guilty, and condemned him to three months' imprisonment and £2 fine. Vinchon has been acquitted.

The solidarity between the workers has defeated the masters, and so the victory of the parquet-makers has disorganised the trust of the master carpenters and parquet-makers. The masters who had not been damaged by the strike protested against those who yielded to the demands of the workers, and withdrew from the trust.

The glass and crystal cutters of Charleville have struck work. The masters try by all means to get foreign workers, but as until at present they have not succeeded, the workers hope that the international solidarity of the working men will be successful once more.

The tobacco-workers of the whole of France have organised against their powerful master, the Government.

The French are forced to pay each year fifty million pounds for interest of the public debt, so that every Frenchman is bound to pay from his birth £1 5s. to feed a handful of parasites. When will they make a bonfire of these stock-books?

ITALY.

At Milan, the 1st September, a great meeting of engineers was held. After a lively discussion the following conclusion has been voted: "The engineers and allied trades who have met to deliberate about the present crisis which has disorganised our industry are convinced that only through a strong organisation shall we be able to reclaim the machines, the ground, and the tools as a property to the workers, and put an end to our misery." Considering that every man has a right to earn his livelihood, they repel alms as a cause of demoralisation and humiliation. They protest against the foolish waste by the Government of the money of the tax-payers, throwing it in wrong speculations, leaving the workers, who are the only producers of wealth, to lie in starvation and in want. They intend to ask the Government to promptly provide the unemployed with work, and propose if in a fortnight the Government and proprietors won't have put an end to such a state of things, that they will be ready to sacrifice their lives rather than die of starvation.

From Naples the constitution of several Anarchist groups is announced. A new Anarchist paper, *Il Grido del Popolo*, will soon appear in that town.

In several towns of Italy the workers have been occupying themselves for some time with an important agitation for next 1st of May, which they hope will become historical. Most likely this question will be treated also in future congresses.

The trials and judgments for the riots of the 1st of May are still going on, and at Turin and Leghorn several comrades have been condemned to one, two, and three years' imprisonment.

Several comrades of La Spezia have been one year and a half in prison under the charge of having prepared explosive material and conspired against the safety of the State. A public trial has taken place twice already, but the judges declared themselves incompetent, and remanded them to another court.

SPAIN.

The 14th August the Spanish comrades missed a good friend, Rafael Farga Pelicer, one of the founders of the International in Spain, and one of the most intelligent, energetic, and influential propagandists of Socialism. A good father to his family and a good friend to his comrades, he was devoted to the cause of mankind. Although impotent because of an infirmity, he was loved not only by all comrades, but by the whole working class of Barcelona and Catalogna. His death will leave a great void in the hearts of all who had the opportunity of knowing him.

At Madrid there has appeared a new Anarchist organ, the *Anarquia*. Long life to our comrades' paper.

The locksmiths of Barcelona have struck work.

The workers of Manresa imprisoned for striking have been discharged.

M.

More Testimony.

We take the following from the *Echo* of September 4th:

"There is untold tragedy in the simple contrast of the death-rate in the New Town of Edinburgh with that of the Old Town. Of every thousand of the comfortable classes 10·27 die; of every thousand of the poor 21·16 die. Broadly stated, this means that for one case of child mortality in a good street, at least two occur in the slums, and that to be born to poverty is to receive a sentence of death at middle-age."

And yet some people complain of our "violent" language. When we remember that everywhere the poor are slowly murdered by the present system before they have lived out half their lives, I say we are not "violent" enough, and that any means are justifiable against a system of society under which 27 people have been starved to death during the last year in the richest city of the world. Scores are also horribly murdered every day by continued under-feeding. Death to the commercial system! The best means to use against are those which will the quickest end it.

"COMMONWEAL" BRANCH S.L.—A Course of Lectures and Concert and Ball (under the management of the above Branch) for the benefit of the *Commonweal* is in active preparation. Full particulars of same will be announced next week. There will be some initial expenses in connection therewith, and Branch comrades and friends are asked to help in this direction. All donations will be gladly acknowledged in *Commonweal* by WM. BLUNDELL, Branch Secretary, 24 Great Queen Street, Lincoln's Inn Fields, W.C.

THE LABOUR STRUGGLE.

Strike at Barratt's Confectionery Works.

Three hundred and fifty girls and boys have been out on strike for the last few days at Barratt's Confectionery Works at Wood Green. They complain of the atrocious sweating and also the system of fines, which are imposed upon the slightest pretext, and are especially hard upon the girls, who only earn the miserable wages of some 6s. or 8s. a-week, and have even these considerably reduced by the "ingenious" fine system. How the system works is clearly shown by the following letter handed in by a boy who had worked in the firm to a *Star* reporter. It runs as follows:

"SIR,—Since I have worked at Barratt's I have (with Care) lost so much as 1s. a-week. On Monday I was 1 minute late Fined 3d. Tuesday 4 minutes 3d. Wednesday 10 minutes late 3d. Thursday 20 minutes late 4½ and The same week I was fined 3d. for aming a Turnover, making an amount of 1s. 4½d. out of 6s. per week. Sir I know a girl who has lost so much as £3 in one Year for being late only. Sir, I have seen Boys come to work with only two slices of Bread and Butter for their Dinner Meal. I have been very Pleased to get 1d. fish myself. Many a morning I have Lost 3d. and worked till 10 the same night to make it up I know Boys who to make what they call a good week has worked from 6 in the morning till 10 at night and came home half Dead. Sir I would like to see you win the 8 hours won't the boys think they had a easy time of it. Sir try and get them all out Barratt's won't give in until they all come out. I pity the Girls who is in lodgings. Sir that is all I have to say just now. Excuse the riting."

The strikers are fighting gallantly. They demand the abolition of the fines and also ask for a reduction of hours. The hours at present are from eight to eight, and till three on Saturday. The workers demand that they shall be reduced in future to eight till six, and one on Saturday; all work done out of these hours to be paid for at the rate of time and a half. Subscriptions are urgently needed, and should be sent to the Strike Committee, *Star* Coffee House, Wood Green.

Strike of Hair and Fibre Workers.

A strike has taken place among the horse-hair workers at Messrs. Grey and Unsworth's and Messrs. McDonough's, Manchester, owing to the employment of non-union men. Over £100 has been received from London and Sheffield, and the smaller unions are forwarding donations. A meeting will be convened in London to consider the advisability of forming a co-operative factory at Manchester for the employment of the men on strike. The London secretary states he can procure the services of skilful buyers, and can command orders far into next year. This is considered an important suggestion, as it will be the first step towards getting the Manchester trade into the hands of the workers themselves, and will open employment for workers of other districts who may require it.

Mr. Threfall on the Coming Winter.

Mr. Threfall, one of the most intelligent of the old trade unionists, has a thoughtful article on the Old and New Trades Unionism in the *Bristol Evening News* of Friday, September 12. He appears to share our views as to next winter being a very "rough" one. He says:

"A Maidstone correspondent sends me a very gloomy account as to the prospects of labour in the southern counties. Farmers have in many cases given up the struggle in despair, and thrown their farms up; and their labourers, having nothing to look forward to, are flocking into the metropolis and other large centres in the south. In addition to this, the mould has assailed the hops, and consequently fewer people are this year employed in hop-picking than for many years past. These facts, taken in connection with the potato famine in Ireland, and the inevitable invasion of agricultural labourers into our populous centres, certainly do not forecast a very bright winter. With plenty of surplus labour to work with, we may expect employers endeavouring to reduce wages, and this will undoubtedly lead to terrible struggles."

He points out also that a defeat at Southampton would speedily lead to a terrible strike at the London docks. The "defeat" has now occurred, and it is evident that the New Trade-unionism will soon be fighting desperately for its very existence.

Glorious War.

What, speaking in quite unofficial language, is the net-purport and upshot of war? To my own knowledge, for example, there dwell and toil, in the British village of Dumdrudge, usually some five hundred souls. From these, by certain "Natural Enemies" of the French, there are successively selected, during the French war, say thirty able-bodied men: Dumdrudge, at her own expense, has suckled and nursed them: she has, not without difficulty and sorrow, fed them up to manhood, and even trained them to crafts, so that one can weave, another build, another hammer, and the weakest can stand under thirty stone avoirdupois. Nevertheless, amid much weeping and swearing, they are selected; all dressed in red; and shipped away, at the public charges, some two thousand miles, or say only to the south of Spain; and fed there till wanted. And now to that same spot, in the south of Spain, are thirty similar French artisans, from a French Dumdrudge, in like manner wending: till at length, after infinite effort, the two parties come into actual juxtaposition; and Thirty stands fronting Thirty, each with a gun in his hand. Straightway the word "Fire!" is given: and they blow the souls out of one another; and in place of sixty brisk useful craftsmen, the world has sixty dead carcasses, which it must bury, and anew shed tears for. Had these men any quarrel? Busy as the Devil is, not the smallest! They lived far enough apart; were the entirest strangers; nay, in so wide a Universe, there was even, unconsciously, by Commerce, some mutual helpfulness between them. How then? Simpleton! their Governors had fallen out; and, instead of shooting one another, had the cunning to make these poor blockheads shoot.—Alas, so it is in Deutschland, and hitherto in all other lands; still as of old, "what devilry soever Kings do, the Greeks must pay the piper!"—*Carlyle: 'Sartor Resartus.'*

LEEDS.—The "Chicago Martyrs" annual meeting will be kept up in Leeds on Monday November 10, when comrades Bingham, Carpenter, Reynolds, Samuels, Cores, and Maguire will take part. Other particulars will soon follow.

FABIAN SOCIETY.—A course of lectures on "COMMON OBJECTIONS TO SOCIALISM" will be given at Bloomsbury Hall, Hart Street, New Oxford Street, W.C., on Friday evenings at 8 o'clock.—Sept. 19th. I. That Socialism is contrary to Human Nature. "Professor Huxley and Natural Inequality," Sydney Olivier; "The Seven Deadly Sins," G. Bernard Shaw.

SOCIALISM IN LONDON AND THE PROVINCES.

STREATHAM.

THE never-to-be-forgotten revolutionary meetings in Streatham last year shows unmistakable signs of bearing fruit. The outspoken truths concerning the hideous commercial system and landlord robbery seems the only sort of talk that rouses enthusiasm and revives to fresh life and vigour the men whose lives are wellnigh wrecked in the rush for luxury and ease of the privileged classes. Except for the Liberal Club, bossed by a few of the snobocracy (lower middle class), and the Bee Hive Coffee Tavern (very little patronised by the worker), nothing of an educational character is carried on except our meetings in the open-air. They are well attended, very orderly, and very popular. The morning meetings are held for reorganising the Streatham Labour Union. At night the meetings are for revolutionary propaganda. Owing to difficulty of getting speakers, C. Smith has to do most of the revolutionary propaganda.

Since my last report the cause still goes marching on. Miss Lupton and Smith addressed a large audience on Sunday morning, August 17th. Miss Lupton's comparison of the lawyer's charges for useless work, while the workman was still the prey of the sweater, created a good impression. Throughout the meeting enthusiasm and order was maintained, and 1s. 10d. was collected for the union. Wimbledon was visited by three comrades, who spoke to a small but sympathetic audience on the Common, starting the meeting by singing the "Hymn of the Proletariat," and at the close was asked to sing it again, when it was received with waving of hats and cheers for the revolution. On Saturday, August 30, the Good Templars started opposition with their usual hypocritical canting psalm-singing and cold water, not proving sufficient to damp the longing of the worker here for economic freedom, a more lively meeting I never attended. Smith asked a question, but was not answered. Sunday 30th, Smith and Osbourne addressed a good audience at the Fountain; 5s. collected for fur-pullers. At night, at the Fountain, Smith, Osbourne, and Rees addressed a large audience, opened by Smith singing the "Proletariat." Osbourne spoke well, but on scientific Socialism, the salvation of society depending on the return of Socialist candidates to Parliament; Rees followed in the same strain. Now this was more than Smith could stand; like the last speakers he agreed that this present system was based upon the plunder of the worker in the interest of the idler; and as the future society must be work for all, with its results enjoyed by all, it was futile to imagine that the institutions and traditions of the old order must be brought into the new. The question of physical force was dealt with, and its necessity maintained, as it was used in the present to maintain the robbery and plunder in our midst. Our comrade was well received. *Commonweal* sold out; 2s. ½d. collected for fur-pullers, making 7s. ½d. for the day. S.

LEICESTER.

Sunday, July 27, Mowbray spoke three times; good meetings; 14s. 4d. collected, and 8s. 10d. worth of literature sold. Bank Holiday Sunday, had Navy Hall for the first time; he likewise spoke three times. Hall's evening discourse was truly eloquent, and the audience was much impressed; 16s. 7d. collected, and 8s. 6d. worth of *Commonweal* and pamphlets sold. Tuesday following, Mowbray with us again, and stayed till the end of week. Thomas Purcell (of Derby), a Christian Socialist, occupied platform. On 24th, Joe Tanner, of Birmingham (S.D.F.), spoke three times. On 31st, H. Davis, of London (Anarchist), addressed us twice. Davis also met us at Exchange Buildings by our request for an exposition and discussion of Anarchist principles. Saturday, Sept. 6th, Harry Carless (of Walsall) spoke on the Old Cross, Belgrave Gate, and on Sunday, 7th, at our usual places. During July, we have opened up the new stations of the Old Cross, Belgrave, and Wigston. At the last place we have been interfered with by the police, accused of obstruction, and our names taken, but nothing more. Some wretch has been distributing our pernicious literature among the soldiery stationed four miles out from here; and their colonel has been in a devil of a sweat over it. We are propagating now five nights a week somewhere, town or village, but find that the towns gives the best result. It is the most open to attack. People in the rural districts feel isolated and almost hopeless; still, they would succumb if we only had more workers. Together with Nottingham comrades, and by aid of a Loughborough comrade, we have held weekly meetings in Loughborough, and have tried to destroy the belief of the workers there in political shams. On August 31st, Barclay spoke at the Secular Hall on "Socialism the Salvation of the People"; fair discussion. Comrade Clara Warner made her first real speech last Monday night. Have begun to criticise our critics in the press for the sake of ventilating our principles; good sale of literature at all our meetings. B.

COMMONWEAL.—Good meeting on Sunday at Union Street; speakers were Miss Lupton and Leggatt; *Freedom* sold out and 3s. collected. In the evening at Mile End Waste, Leggatt held a good meeting.

NORTH LONDON.—We have held good meetings at Ossulston Street, Regent's Park, and Liverpool Street; speakers were Cantwell, Nicoll, Edwards, and Miss Lupton. The attendance of the choir at Liverpool Street made the meeting a grand success, and brought seven or eight police and an inspector to see whether the "Rev" had broken out. We collected 2s. 9½d. at Regent's Park, and sold 5 quires of *Commonweal*.

ABERDEEN.—On Sunday evening comrade Leatham lectured to a large audience on "Massaniello and the Neapolitan Revolt of 1647." In the discussion, which turned chiefly on revolution and parliamentary methods, comrades Rennie, Duncan, W. Cooper, G. Cooper, McLean, Moir, Addie, and Paul Blottman (a Swiss comrade) took part. The usual open-air meetings were held on Thursday and Saturday, Rennie, W. Cooper, and Leatham being the speakers on both occasions.

GLASGOW.—We are still maintaining our out-door propaganda here, our Paisley Road Toll meeting on Sunday evenings being as well attended and as useful as ever. Owing to the loss of our comrade Joe Burgoyne, who has gone to Leeds, we are short of speakers—comrade Glasier having meanwhile to do all the oratory himself. We are anxiously hoping providence may send us an additional speaker or two.

LEEDS.—We held three splendid meetings on Sunday last. *Commonweal* sold out. In consequence of several letters on Socialism appearing in the local press, we had some good opposition, and at the afternoon meeting on Woodhouse Moor we got some hearty support from an old temperance orator, Mr. Campbell, who spoke after an enthusiastic retailer of teetotal heresies, who said that even were everybody converted to total abstinence, there would still be poverty and degradation consequent on the monopoly of the natural resources of the country. This testimony from such a source is highly encouraging, and it was noticed at the evening meeting that other teetotal lecturers also declared themselves "in the fashion." But we can only gain by this.—H. S.

MANCHESTER.—We have held three good meetings Sunday the 14th, addressed by Cores (of Leeds), Barton, Stockton, and Scott. Collections amounted to 7s. 8½d. *Commonweal* all sold out, besides a number of *Freedom*, 'Monopoly,' and 'Chicago Speeches.' In the evening, at Higher Chatham Street, we had another taste of police interference, which ended in the complete discomfiture of the guardians of Law-'n'-order.—A W.

CORRESPONDENCE.

"REVOLUTIONARY GOVERNMENT."

Truly, Kropotkin's articles, as Nicoll observes, constitute an able attack against the chimeric idea of Government associated with Revolution. By Revolution, I mean doing away with the causes of poverty. When once this is achieved certainly it will matter little whether there exist Governments or not. They will be mere shadows of Governments. But one objection may be that even such shadows could be dangerous for a time. It is indeed useless to ignore how easily the people can be led astray by these "saviours." The blow, therefore, should be strong enough to destroy the faintest vestiges of power, lest these people contrive once more, by establishing the old tyranny, to bring back the causes of poverty.

In the event, then, that all Socialists combine to bring about the Revolution, by persuading the people to take possession of all the resources of wealth, the great difficulty to deal with would be—How to prevent individuals from extorting power from the people. The other difficulty referred to by Nicoll, as to who is to direct exchange and distribution of commodities, seems to me secondary. This work can be done by special societies, committees, etc. England affords a very instructive example of such a tendency of the people. But I attach to the word Government the meaning of *power outside of the people*. When the Revolution is effected it will bring home to the mind of the people the principle that *they* are the power, and furthermore, that the notion of some power standing outside of them is an absurdity, if not a positive danger.

Let us suppose that during the time in which that principle is borne in mind by the people, a Revolutionary Government contrives to arise by some means or another. Unless the people soon lose sight of the principle, the Government will be forced to carry out one single measure, and that is—to lose itself at once into the people. Here the difficulty presents itself. Are we sure that some other Government will not arise at a, for it, more propitious moment, and secure itself in a popular belief that it is carrying out the principles of Revolution until it ceases to call itself Revolutionary? Nothing more likely. Some great guarantee then is absolutely needed, that nobody will ever dare either to ask or to accept power. This is a point which ought to be thought over by Anarchists. They should make up their minds that if any people tried to seize upon power they would be lynched at the first opportunity (it is to be hoped that they will resign in time).

If this method be not the best, it would be important to be shown what could enable the people to attach a criminal character to the idea of somebody governing them, or what guarantee can be obtained against the formation of Governments?

But another view of the matter might be considered. May it not be that the abolition of poverty will involve the gradual extinction of all forms of Government? The essential idea of Anarchy is that all power should be kept within the bosom of the people, and never be delegated to either minorities or majorities. How can this be done otherwise but either by force, such as the above suggestion implies, or by our passing through all the intermediary stages until we reach the Anarchist ideal? It may be said that the latter alternative means deferring the ideal to the twenty-first century. Not if all Socialists work for it, by concentrating their forces in each stage. All Socialists do not go for this ideal, but it would be wise of Anarchists to work with those who would help the advent of the first stage of Socialism, and so on with regard to each succeeding one. Since we can go together as far as a certain point, better together than separate. In this way we would shorten the intermediary stages, and bring them all within the compass of less than a century. And it would not be long before every revolutionist would work, having as his ideal the motto, "No Poverty, No Government."

PLATO DRACULI.

THE SOCIALIST LEAGUE.

OFFICES: 24, GREAT QUEEN ST., LINCOLN'S INN FIELDS, W.C.

The Offices of the Socialist League will be open for the sale of *Commonweal* and all other Socialist publications from 8.30 a.m. to 9 p.m. every day except Sunday. The Secretary will be in attendance from 10 a.m. to 9 p.m. daily.

Propaganda Meeting.—A Propaganda Meeting will be held on Wednesday, Sept. 24, at 8.30 p.m., at 24, Great Queen Street. Comrade Sparrow will open discussion on "The Land Question." Special meeting; important business; all members of the League interested in the propaganda invited to attend.

"COMMONWEAL" GUARANTEE FUND.

£ s. d.		£ s. d.	
H. R.	0 1 0	North London Branch (three weeks)	0 12 0
P. Webb	0 1 0	J. S. S.	0 1 0
R. T.	0 2 0	B. W.	0 0 6
J. Armsden	0 2 6		
A Worker	0 0 6		
J. C. Kenworthy (3 subs.)	1 10 0	Total	2 12 6
Ibbett	0 2 0		

SPECIAL PROPAGANDA FUND.

F. C. S. S., 1s.; K. Launspach, 9s. 8d.

SPECIAL NOTICE.

Funds are urgently needed for special work in connection with Propaganda. These funds will be used at the discretion of the Propaganda Committee, and to prevent confusion all money must be sent to Secretary of Propaganda Committee, at 24, Great Queen Street, Lincoln's Inn Fields, W.C., and will be acknowledged by him the *Weal*. D. J. NICOLL, Sec. to Propaganda Committee.

DEVIZES.—K. Roberts (Fabian) will lecture at the Liberal Club, on Thursday, September 25, on "The Basis of Socialism."

EXCURSION TO SHIRLEY HILLS will take place on Sunday, September 28th. Brakes will start from the Office at 10 a.m. All seats must be booked by 24th latest.

GLASGOW.—Arrangements are being made for a lecturing tour in the north of England and Scotland next month. Branch secretaries to communicate as early as possible with Coulson or here.

A Tonic Sol Fa Class meets every Thursday evening at 8 o'clock at Kelmscott House, Hammersmith; comrade J. Munday conductor. All members of the League are cordially invited to attend and assist.

LECTURE DIARY.

LONDON.

- Battersea.**—All communications to E. Buteux, 45, Inwith Street, Battersea Park Road.
- Commonweal Branch.**—24 Great Queen Street, Holborn, W.C. Tuesdays, Singing Practice. Thursdays, Business meeting. Saturdays, Social Gathering. Sunday, September 21, at 8.30 p.m., a Lecture.
- East London.**—H. McKenzie, 10 Victoria Dwellings, Clerkenwell Road, E.C.
- Hammersmith.**—Kelmscott House, Upper Mall, W. Lecture every Sunday at 8. French Class conducted by Mdlle. Desroches on Friday evenings at 7.30.
- North Kensington.**—Clarendon Coffee Palace, Clarendon Road. Meets every Wednesday at 8 p.m. Band practice every Friday at 8 p.m. On Sunday, Sept. 21, at 7.30, lecture by William Morris, "The Hope of the Future."
- North London.**—6 Windmill Street, Tottenham Court Road. Meets every Wednesday evening at 8 o'clock.
- South London.**—St. George's Coffee Tavern, 106 Westminster Bridge Road.
- Whitechapel and St. Georges-in-the-East.**—Branch meetings at International Club, 40 Berner Street, Commercial Road. J. Turner, organising secretary.

PROVINCES.

- Aberdeen.**—Organiser, J. Leatham, 7 Jamaica Street. Branch meets in Odd-fellows' Small Hall, Crooked Lane, on Sunday evenings at 6.30. Singing practice, etc., Mondays at 8 p.m.
- Glasgow.**—Members are invited to meet on Thursday and Sunday evenings, at 8 o'clock, in the Secretary's house, 250 Crown Street, S.S. All communications to be sent to that address.
- Halifax.**—Socialists meet every Sunday at 6.30 p.m. at Helliwell's Temperance Hotel, Northgate.
- Hull.**—Club Liberty, 1 Beets Court, Blanket Row.
- Leeds.**—Socialist League Club, 1 Clarendon Buildings and Front Row. Open every evening. Business meeting Saturdays at 8.—International Educational Club, Templar Street. Open every evening. Discussion class every Friday at 8; lectures every Saturday at 4. All kinds of Socialist literature on tables and for sale.
- Leicester.**—Exchange Buildings, Rutland Street. Branch meets on Monday, Thursday, and Saturday at 8 p.m.
- Manchester.**—Socialist League Club, 60 Grovesnor Street, All Saints. Open every evening. Branch weekly meeting on Tuesdays at 8.
- Nottingham.**—Socialist Club, Woodland Place, Upper Parliament Street. Club contribution, 1d. per week; Dancing every Wednesday, 8 till 10.30—fee 3d.
- Norwich.**—Members' meeting held every Tuesday at 8.30.
- Oxford.**—Temperance Hall, 25½ Pembroke Street. First Friday in every month, at 8.30 p.m.
- Sheffield.**—Socialist Club, 63 Blonk Street. French Class, Tuesday at 8.30. Discussion Class, Wednesday at 8.30. Open-air meetings are held as follows:—Sunday: Monolith, Fargate, at 11.30; Newhall Road, Attercliffe, at 11.30; Pump, Westbar, at 8; Heeley, Maresbrook Park, at 7.30; Monolith, Fargate, at 6.30; Rotherham, College Yard, at 3.15. Wednesday: Nursery Street, Wicker, at 8. Thursday: Bramall Lane, at 8; Eckington, at 6.30. Friday: Duke Street, Park, at 8. Saturday: Woodhouse, at 7.
- Walsall.**—Socialist Club, 18 Goodall Street, Walsall. Meetings every night.
- Yarmouth.**—Socialist League Club, 56 Row, Market Place. Open every evening. Business Meeting, Tuesday at 8. Singing Practice, Wednesday at 8.30. Discussion Class, Thursday at 8.30. Elocution Class, Friday at 8.30.

OPEN-AIR PROPAGANDA.

SATURDAY 20.

- 8 Bermondsey Square Kitz and Leggatt
- 8 Euston Road—Ossulston Street Nicoll and Parker

SUNDAY 21.

- 11 Commercial Road—Union Street Commonweal Branch
- 11 Latimer Road Station North Kensington Branch
- 11.30 .. Hammersmith Bridge Hammersmith Branch
- 11.30 Hoxton Church Nicoll
- 11.30 Kilburn—"Old Plough," Kilburn Lane Mainwaring
- 11.30 New Cut—Short Street Commonweal Branch
- 11.30 Regent's Park Kitz
- 3.30 Hyde Park—Marble Arch Kitz
- 3.30 Victoria Park Commonweal Branch
- 3.30 Streatham Common The Branch
- 6 Streatham—Fountain The Branch
- 7 Hammersmith Bridge Hammersmith Branch
- 7 Wormwood Scrubs North Kensington Branch
- 8 Kings Cross—Liverpool Street Nicoll
- 8 Mile-end Waste The Branch
- 8 Walham Green—back of Church Hammersmith Branch

MONDAY 22.

- 7.30 Westminster Bridge Road—Pearman Street The Branch

THURSDAY 25.

- 7.30 New Cut—Short Street Miss Lupton

FRIDAY 26.

- 8.15 Hoxton Church Kitz, Blundell, and Mrs. Blundell

PROVINCES.

- Aberdeen.**—Saturday: Castle Street, at 8 p.m.
- Glasgow.**—Sunday: Jail Square at 2 o'clock; Paisley Road at 5 o'clock. Friday: Bridgeton Cross, at 8.15.
- Leeds.**—Saturday: Woodhouse Moor, at 7.30 p.m. Sunday: Hunslet Moor, at 11 a.m.; Vicar's Croft, at 7 p.m.
- Leicester.**—Sunday: Russell Square at 10.45 a.m.; Humberstone Gate, at 8 p.m. Monday: Belgrave, at 7.30. Tuesday: Sanvey Gate, at 8. Wednesday: Oadby, at 7.30. Friday: Anstey, at 7.30. Saturday: Wigston, at 7.—Sunday, September 21, John Turner, of London.
- Liverpool.**—Landing Stage, Sundays at 11.30 a.m. and 3 p.m.
- Manchester.**—Saturday: Middleton market ground, at 7 p.m. Sunday: Philips Park Gates, at 11; Stevenson Square, at 3. Monday: Market Street, Blackley, at 8.
- Nottingham.**—Sunday: Sneinton Market, at 11 a.m.; Great Market, at 7 p.m.
- Norwich.**—Saturday: Haymarket, at 8. Sunday: Market Place at 11, 3, and 7.30.
- Yarmouth.**—Saturday: Church Plain Trees, at 8 p.m. Sunday: Priory Plain, at 11; Bradwell, at 11.30; London Boat Landing Stage, at 3; Colman's Granary Quay, at 7. Monday: Belton, at 8 p.m.

COSMOPOLITAN RESEARCH ASSOCIATION, Wharfedale Temperance Bar, 46 Wharfedale Road, Kings Cross.—Meets every Wednesday at 8.30 for discussion of social subjects. All enquiries concerning membership should be made to C. Grason, secretary.

SOCIALIST LEAGUE PUBLICATIONS.

Leaflets.

All pamphlets not published by the Socialist League will in future be charged to Branches and Allied Societies at the following rates:—1d. each, 1s. 6d. per quire of 26; 2d. each, 3s. ditto.

The following are now on hand—Price per thousand:

Straight Talk to Working Men	4 0
The Land for the People. Are we Over-Populated? A useful leaflet, full of facts	3 6
Strikes and the Labour Struggle	3 0
Labour the source of all Wealth	3 0
To Working Women and Girls	3 0
What Socialists Want	3 0
Socialism and "Public Opinion"	2 0
Songs for the Workers (2 leaflets)—each	2 0
The Skeleton or Starvation Army	2 0

American Literature.

A few remainders—

Plutarch's Lives of Famous Men	1 0
A History of the Trial of the Chicago Anarchists (Dyer Lum)	1 0
Speeches of the Chicago Anarchists	1 0
Modern Christianity v. Heathenism	0 9
Scholar in a Republic (Wendell Philipps)	0 8
The Great Strike: the Irrepressible Conflict between Capital and Labour	0 4
What is Freedom? When am I Free?	0 4
The Railway Kings and an American Empire	0 2
Object of the Labour Movement	0 2

MISCELLANEOUS.

Spaziergänge eines Atheisten. Bei Ferdinand Heigl	0 8
The Reciter for Clubs and Social Gatherings	0 1

The above Leaflets, at prices given, can be had from the *Commonweal* manager in any quantities by Branches, members, or sympathisers, for distribution, 24, Great Queen Street, Lincoln's Inn Fields, London.

JUST OUT.

Stanley's Exploits;

OR,
CIVILISING AFRICA.

PRICE ONE PENNY.

A FULL ACCOUNT OF THE FIENDISH ATROCITIES COMMITTED UPON THE NATIVES OF AFRICA BY THE "BUCCANEER OF THE CONGO."

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STATEMENT OF PRINCIPLES.

THE Socialist League advocates International Revolutionary Socialism. That is to say the destruction of the present class society, which consists of one class who live by owning property and therefore *need not work*, and of another that has no property and therefore *must work* in order that they may live to keep the idlers by their labour. Revolutionary Socialism insists that this system of society, which is the modern form of slavery, should be changed to a system of Society which would give every man an opportunity of doing useful work, and not allow any man to live without so doing, which work could not be useful unless it were done for the whole body of workers instead of for do-nothing individuals. The result of this would be that livelihood would not be precarious nor labour burdensome. Labour would be employed in co-operation, and the struggle of man with man for bare subsistence would be supplanted by harmonious combination for the production of common wealth and the exchange of mutual services without the waste of labour or material.

Every man's needs would be satisfied from this common stock, but no man would be allowed to own anything which he could not use, and which consequently he must *abuse* by employing it as an instrument for forcing others to labour for him unpaid. Thus the land, the capital, machinery, and means of transit would cease to be private property, since they can only be *used* by the combination of labour to produce wealth.

Thus men would be *free* because they would no longer be dependent on idle property-owners for subsistence; thus they would be *brothers*, for the cause of strife, the struggle for subsistence at other people's expense, would have come to an end. Thus they would be *equal*, for if all men were doing useful work no man's labour could be dispensed with. Thus the motto of Liberty, Fraternity, and Equality, which is but an empty boast in a society that upholds the monopoly of the means of production, would at last be realised.

This Revolutionary Socialism must be International. The change which would put an end to the struggle between man and man, would destroy it also between nation and nation. One harmonious system of federation throughout the whole of civilisation would take the place of the old destructive rivalries. There would be no great centres breeding race hatred and commercial jealousy, but people would manage their own affairs in communities not too large to prevent all citizens from taking a part in the administration necessary for the conduct of life, so that party politics would come to an end.

Thus, while we abide by the old motto

Liberty, Fraternity, Equality,

we say that the existence of private property destroys Equality, and therefore under it there can be neither Liberty nor Fraternity.

We add to the first motto then this other one—

FROM EACH ACCORDING TO HIS CAPACITY, TO EACH ACCORDING TO HIS NEEDS.

When this is realised there will be a genuine Society; until it is realised, Society is nothing but a band of robbers. We must add that this change can only be brought about by combination amongst the workers themselves, and must embrace the whole of Society. The new life cannot be *given* to the workers by a class higher than they, but must be *taken* by them by means of the abolition of classes and the reorganisation of Society.

COUNCIL OF THE SOCIALIST LEAGUE.

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EVIDENCE IN BLACK AND WHITE.

THAT the workers are prodigiously fleeced by capitalists is, one would think, a fact as self-evident as any fact can be. There are, however, some people who will deny anything, if they think they can profit by the denial; and there are other people who will scarcely believe anything—no matter how palpable to their sense or judgment—until they think everybody else believes it. There is consequently no physical or moral fact but has probably upon occasion been disputed by interested knaves or disinterested fools.

We need not wonder, then, that the robbery of labour has been denied by some important and clever people, and many unimportant and stupid people: the former because they benefit, or imagine they benefit, by preventing the detection of the robbery; the latter because they have so lost the faculty of seeing or judging for themselves that they actually believe the lie, although the truth stares them in the face every moment of their lives.

It does not seem much use trying to convince people of facts by means of figures, when the everyday evidence of their own five or seven senses fails to impress them: but it is one of the vagaries of the depraved mental habits of this commercial age that if a fact or an argument can be resolved into figures of pounds, shillings, and pence, certified in "black and white," its credibility becomes established as if by a miracle. I verily believe there are some folk who would doubt death itself if it were not for the registrars' returns and the bills for funeral expenses!

It is, I suppose, our duty to try and convert such people: even if they don't prove of much account when converted. We at any rate appease our own consciences; and, what is quite as comforting, add to the moral damnation of those who persist in abiding in error. With that view I submit the following.

A prospectus appeared a few weeks ago in the chief commercial newspapers of the country announcing the conversion of the firm of Messrs. J. and P. Coats, thread-manufacturers, Paisley, and Rhode Island, U.S.A., into a limited liability company. According to the certified report of the auditors the average profits of the business during each of the last three years reached the gigantic sum of £457,719. The report also states that the total number of hands employed by the firm is 6,000. A simple calculation, therefore, shows us that the firm makes a profit of £76 per year, or 30s. per week, off every one of its workers! The sheer voracity of this fleecing will be still more apparent if we bear in mind that the majority of the workers are girls whose wages average less than twelve shillings per week. It means that the girls get less than a third of the net remunerative value of their labour. I say *remunerative value* because it must be

borne in mind that before this "divide" takes place an enormous portion of the wealth created by these girls has been thrown away in high salaries for management, rent, advertisements, and in the woeful waste entailed in everyday competitive trading,—all of which is lost to the girls, although not included in the profits of the masters.

If we could get to the bottom of the matter, and find the actual number of people whose hands and minds contribute to the production and marketing of the thread—excluding all whose service, great or small, has merely to do with safeguarding the business and its profits to the proprietors, and whose labour consequently does not contribute one iota to the value of the material—if we could get thus at the real makers of the wealth, and find on an average how much of it each produces, and compare it with what each on an average now receives from the Messrs. Coats, the revelation would be vastly more astounding.

But as it is—even making full allowance for all uncertain qualities in such statements—these facts and figures are enough to startle even the most unimaginative stickler for black and white evidence. It is not easy to see how facts and figures bearing more direct testimony of plunder could be desired by any sentient being. There is no getting out of their conclusion by assuming that the wealth produced is due chiefly to the genius, industry, and thrift of the Messrs. Coats themselves. A heap of wealth the genius, industry, and thrift of these princely personages would produce without the labour of their six thousand workers! It is probable that without the Messrs. Coats, these six thousand workers might produce as much, and most likely more, than they now produce; but it is quite impossible that without the six thousand workers the Messrs. Coats could manufacture as much thread as would serve to patch the seats of their own breeches.

If enquiry were made, it would be found that whatever genius or industry these employers display during the one or two hours per day or per week which they give to business is devoted, not to the manufacture of thread or any useful adjunct of its manufacture, but in taking devilishly good care that the profits of their workers' toil is scooped into their own pockets and not diverted into the pockets of anybody else; and it would also be found that their thrift is more manifest in scrimping the pays of the poor girls in their factories than in scrimping themselves of any luxury or pleasure.

No; the abilities and virtues of the Messrs. Coats have as little to do with the production of thread which yields them the profit of £457,719 per year, as prayers have to do with potato-growing or philanthropy with the colonisation of Central Africa. Were they, or the new directorate, to take a pleasure trip to the South Sea Islands and unfortunately get gobbled up by native epicures, the business would probably go on and the fleecings roll in as briskly as ever,—their heirs and successors would get the fleecings, that is all; and even if through mismanagement the business of the firm diminished, the business of other firms would proportionately increase, and the girls who are presently fleeced in the Coats' factories would be fleeced in those other factories, and the bosses of those other factories would get the fleecings instead of the Messrs. Coats. As it is, the Messrs. Coats are selling out, and in future the concern will be owned by a whole swarm of money-bags, who will divide amongst themselves the spoil of the workers.

L'ENVOI.

The Messrs. Coats dwell in palaces in the west of Scotland; they have horses and carriages and sumptuously appointed pleasure yachts, and they lease expensive shootings. There are ten of them—one is reputed insane—the others are mostly strong handsome fellows, who seem thoroughly contented with their lot. They contribute liberally to the church and public charities, and are highly respected.

Their work-girls dwell in single and two-apartment houses in the narrow lanes of Paisley. They never ride in carriages or sail in pleasure yachts, and are bereft of almost every means of seeking health and recreation. They are not strong; they are mostly pale, wearyful looking creatures, who do not seem happy.

The Messrs. Coats keep patent automatic time-recording machines in their factories, and the girls are fined if they are five minutes late. The girls are not allowed to read their Bibles or sing hymns during working hours; and if they are off work through sickness they don't get any pay.

J. BRUCE GLASIER.

NEWS FROM NOWHERE:

OR,

AN EPOCH OF REST.

BEING SOME CHAPTERS FROM A UTOPIAN ROMANCE.

CHAP. XXIX.—AN OLD HOUSE AMONGST NEW FOLK.

As I stood there Ellen detached herself from the merry group on the little strand and came up to me. She took me by the hand, and said softly, "Take me on to the house at once; we need not wait for the others: I had rather not."

I had a mind to say that I did not know the way thither, and that the river-side dwellers should lead; but almost without my will my feet moved on along the road they knew. The raised way led us into a little field bounded by a backwater of the river on one side; on the right hand we could see a cluster of small houses and barns, new and old, and before us a grey-stone barn and a wall partly overgrown with ivy, over which a few grey gables showed. The village road ended in the shallow of the aforesaid backwater. We crossed the road, and again almost without my will my hand raised the latch of a door in the wall, and we stood presently on a stone path which led up to the old house to which fate in the shape of Dick had so strangely brought me in this new world of men. My companion gave a sigh of pleased surprise and enjoyment; nor did I wonder, for the garden between the wall and the house was redolent of the June flowers, and the roses were rolling over one another with that delicious superabundance of small well-tended gardens which at first sight takes away all thought from the beholder save that of beauty. The black-birds were singing their loudest, the doves were cooing on the roof-ridge, the rooks in the high elm-trees beyond were garrulous among the young leaves, and the swifts wheeled whining about the gables. And the house itself was a fit guardian for all the beauty of this heart of summer.

Once again Ellen echoed my thoughts as she said: "Yes, friend, this is what I came out for to see; this many-gabled old house built by the simple country-folk of the long-past times, regardless of all the turmoil that was going on in cities and courts, is lovely still amidst all the beauty which these latter days have created; and I do not wonder at our friends tending it carefully and making much of it. It seems to me as if it had waited for these happy days, and held in it the gathered crumbs of happiness of the confused and turbulent past."

She led me up close to the house, and laid her shapely beautiful sun-browned hand on the lichened wall, as if to embrace it, and cried out, "O me! O me! How I love the earth, and the seasons, and weather, and all things that deal with it, and all that grows out of it,—as this has done!"

I could not answer her, or say a word. Her exultation and pleasure were so keen and exquisite, and her beauty so delicate, yet so interfused with energy, expressed it so fully, that any added word would have been commonplace and futile. I dreaded lest the others should come in suddenly and break the spell she had cast about me; but we stood there a while by the corner of the big gable of the house, and no one came. I heard the merry voices some way off presently, and knew that they were going along the river to the great meadow on the other side of the house and garden.

We drew back a little, and looked up at the house: the door and the windows were open to the fragrant sun-cured air; from the upper window-sills hung festoons of flowers in honour of the festival, as if the others shared in our love for the old house.

"Come in," said Ellen. "I hope nothing will spoil it inside; but I don't think so. Come! we must go back presently to the others. They have gone on to the tents; for surely they must have tents pitched for the haymakers—the house would not hold a tithe of the folk, I am sure."

She led me on to the door, murmuring little above her breath as she did so, "The earth and the growth of it and the life of it! If I could but say or show how I love it!"

We went in, and found no soul in any room as we wandered from room to room,—from the rose-covered porch to the strange and quaint garrets amongst the great timbers of the roof, where of old time the tillers and herdsmen of the manor slept, but which a-nights seemed now, by the small size of the beds, and the litter of useless and disregarded matters—bunches of dying flowers, feathers of birds, shells of starling's eggs, caddis-worms in mugs, and the like—seemed to be inhabited for the time by children.

Everywhere there was but little furniture, and that only the most necessary, and of the simplest forms. The extravagant love of ornament which I had noted in this people elsewhere seemed here to have given place to the feeling that the house itself and its associations was the ornament of the country life amidst which it had been left stranded from old times, and that to re-ornament it would but take away its use as a piece of natural beauty.

We sat down at last in a room over the wall which Ellen had caressed, and the walls of which were still hung with old tapestry, originally of no artistic value, but which had now faded into pleasant grey tones which harmonised thoroughly well with the quiet of the place, and which would have been ill supplanted by brighter and more striking decoration.

I asked a few random questions of Ellen as we sat there, but scarcely listened to her answers, and presently became silent, and then scarce conscious of anything but that I was there in that old room, the doves

crooning from the roofs of the barn and dovecot beyond the window opposite to me.

My thought returned to me after what I think was but a minute or two, but which, as in a vivid dream, seemed as if it had lasted a long time, when I saw Ellen sitting, looking all the fuller of life and pleasure and desire from the contrast with the grey faded tapestry with its futile design, which was now only bearable because it had grown so faint and feeble.

She looked at me kindly, but as if she read me through and through. She said: "You have begun again your never-ending contrast between the past and this present. Is it not so?"

"True," said I. "I was thinking of what you, with your capacity and intelligence, joined to your love of pleasure, and your impatience of unreasonable restraint—of what you would have been in that past. And even now, when all is won and has been for a long time, my heart is sickened with thinking of all the waste of life that has gone on for so many years."

"So many centuries," she said, "so many ages!"

"True," I said; "too true," and sat silent again.

She rose up and said: "Come, I must not let you go off into a dream again so soon. If we must lose you, I want you to see all that you can see first before you go back again."

"Lose me?" I said—"go back again? What do you mean?"

She smiled somewhat sadly, and said: "Not yet; we will not talk of that yet. Only, what were you thinking of just now?"

I said falteringly: "I was saying to myself, The past, the present? Should she not have said the contrast of the present with the future: of blind despair with hope?"

"I knew it!" she said. Then she caught my hand and said excitedly, "Come, while there is yet time! Come!" And she led me out of the room; and as we were going downstairs and out of the house into the garden by a little side door which opened out of a curious lobby, she said in a calm voice, as if she wished me to forget her sudden nervousness: "Come! we ought to join the others before they come here looking for us. And let me tell you, my friend, that I can see you are too apt to fall into mere dreamy musing: no doubt because you are not yet used to our life of repose amidst of energy, of work which is pleasure and pleasure which is work."

She paused a little, and as we came out into the lovely garden again she said: "My friend, you were saying that you wondered what I should have been if I had lived in those past days of turmoil and oppression. Well, I think I have studied the history of them to know pretty well. I should have been one of the poor, for my father when he was working was a mere tiller of the soil. Well, I could not have borne that; therefore my beauty and cleverness and brightness" (she spoke with no blush or simper of false shame) "would have been sold to rich men, and my life would have been wasted indeed; for I know enough of that to know that I should have had no choice, no power of will over my life; and that I should never have bought pleasure from the rich men, or even opportunity of action, whereby I might have won some true excitement. I should have wrecked and wasted in one way or another, either by penury or by luxury. Is it not so?"

"Indeed it is," said I.

She was going to say something else, when a little gate in the fence, which led into a small elm-shaded field, was opened, and Dick came with hasty cheerfulness up the garden path, and was presently standing between us, a hand laid on the shoulder of each. He said: "Well, neighbours, I thought you two would like to see the old house quietly without a crowd in it. Isn't it a jewel of a house after its kind? Well, come along, for it is getting towards dinner-time. Perhaps you, guest, would like a swim before we sit down to what I fancy will be a pretty long feast?"

"Yes," I said, "I should like that."

"Well, goodbye for the present, neighbour Ellen," said Dick. "Here comes Clara to take care of you, as I fancy she is more at home amongst our friends here."

Clara came out of the field as he spoke; and with one look at Ellen I turned and went with Dick, doubting, if I must say the truth, whether I should see her again.

WILLIAM MORRIS.

[TO BE CONCLUDED IN OUR NEXT.]

A Tonic Sol Fa Class meets every Thursday evening at 8 o'clock at Kelmscott House, Hammersmith; comrade J. Munday conductor. All members of the League are cordially invited to attend and assist.

COSMOPOLITAN RESEARCH ASSOCIATION, Wharfedale Temperance Bar, 46 Wharfedale Road, Kings Cross.—Meets every Wednesday at 8.30 for discussion of social subjects. October 1st, Mr. Sweet, "Social Democracy v. Anarchy."

FABIAN SOCIETY.—A course of lectures on "COMMON OBJECTIONS TO SOCIALISM" will be given at Bloomsbury Hall, Hart Street, New Oxford Street, W.C., on Friday evenings at 8 o'clock.—October 3rd. II. *That Socialism is condemned by the lessons of history.* "Because Democracy has always broken down," Sidney Webb; "Because all Socialist experiments have failed," Graham Wallas.

SCOTTISH SOCIALIST FEDERATION—EDINBURGH.—Our meetings in Edinburgh and Leith on the past two Sundays have been very successful, especially in Leith, where we anticipate crowded houses during the winter. We have all but secured a nice hall in Henderson Street. On Monday, 15th, we held our first annual picnic at Rosslyn, to which place a good number of our comrades, with their wives and children, drove out by coach. Comrade McDonald and his daughter, with their violins, furnished the music for the dancing, which was largely taken advantage of by the strangers present. The singing of revolutionary songs attracted a good many natives and others towards us, and the opportunity was taken to make an appeal for Socialism, comrades Glasse and Smith addressing the gathering. Comrade J. H. Smith took a capital photo of us all in group. On Wednesday, 17th, we held a public meeting in our hall, 50, South Bridge, when we had for discussion "The Tramways Question." It was fairly successful and well reported in the newspapers. We are still adding to our numbers.

SWEATING AMONG THE FISHERMEN.

Of all the white-slavery there is in Christian, commercial, and loyal England, perhaps the slavery of the demoralised, unorganised, and down-trodden fisherman is the worst. Little do the people in our inland towns and villages know the hardships, starvation, and degradation these men have to endure to procure the celebrated Yarmouth bloaters they hear so much of and get so few of, and the way they are robbed by the owners and middlemen. Well might John Ruskin say, "England has become a nation of thieves. Everybody is trying to rob everybody else, and that not bravely and strongly, but in the cowardly and loathsome ways of lying trade." When will the fishermen rise and assert their manhood like true men, and not go begging and crawling, cap in hand, to their so-called masters for a petty pittance, not sufficient to keep body and soul together, but by their united efforts, and organisation with their fellow-workers of the whole world, rise and shake off the chains of commercial slavery, and strike down monopoly and authority? Know ye not that the workers produce all wealth, yet do not get for themselves, their wives and children, the bare necessities of life; whilst the idlers—not the poor devils who hang about the quay, wearing shoddy clothes, eating adulterated food, and living, or *lingering* is perhaps nearer the mark, in filthy, insanitary slums, not fit for dogs to live in, but those rich idlers, those sweaters, "those luxurious drones who would eat your flesh and drink your blood"—live in mansions, that we the workers have built—not one single brick or nail have they made themselves—nay, they would not make them if they could, and they could not if they would? Have you never walked along a nice pleasant country road and seen some large mansion, in the midst of a splendid park, in which there is a large board announcing that "trespassers will be prosecuted" or "Beware of the dog," and has not your blood boiled within you to think that one useless creature should monopolise the glorious gifts of nature, and the labour of scores of poor workers, who perhaps have not where to lay their heads, some in prison for "stealing" a rabbit, or even a turnip, to ease their hunger for a little while, and some dying in our modern bastille the workhouse? Oh, workmen, do show a little spirit of rebellion, and try to break down the present wage-slavery. Why should we not enjoy the very best of everything nature and labour has provided for us all, but which we the workers never get? Everything is produced by labour, every nail, every rope, every sail, everything that is necessary to catch the fish, is made by some worker or other. Then why should not everything belong to labour? It should, and it will do as soon as you make up your minds to do it. "Why, then, and for what are we waiting? There are three words to speak, *We will it*, and what is the foeman but the dream-strong wakened and weak?"

But the fisherman. It will be as well to state here the conditions on which the men are engaged, as most people inland think the boats belong to the men—which they should do. After all expenses are paid, including towing, harbour dues, wharf-dues, salesman's commission, food, etc., the remainder of the money, *earned by the men*, is divided into seventeen shares, the owner taking ten, for which he has done nothing, and the crew seven shares; which seven shares are again divided into ten or ten and a half shares amongst the crew of ten men and a boy as follows:

Number of Shares.	Boat's Crew.
2 for the	Master or Skipper
1½ "	Mate
1 "	Oarsman
1 "	Whalesman
7-8ths "	Net Ropeman
7-9ths "	Net Stower
¾ each for	4 Scudders or Junkers
½ for the	Boy

As will be seen by the above, the master, who does the least work and gets the most sleep, also gets the most pay. The first four get more than the other seven. The scudders, who do the hardest and the most work, get the worst paid. The owner, the damned monopolist, the greatest curse of the present society, gets more than all the crew put together. Men, is not this eating your flesh and drinking your blood? See to this, like true men. If you are too cowardly to do it for your own sakes, think of your children at home crying for bread, their poor little faces pinched with hunger; compare them with the children of your *masters*—nay, they will not bear comparison; their little feet cold and often bare as they have to trot off to school, sometimes without a bit in their insides, whilst the children of the monopolist have the best of everything their hearts can desire, and your daughters, who ought to be at home helping their overworked mother, have to wait on them hand and foot.

If only we can get the mothers to understand Socialism, our cause is won; for instead of instilling respect for authority into their little hearts, which, when they reach manhood, takes so much to knock out of them, they would instil into their young hearts the noble principles of Socialism.

On signing to a boat, the men have to go and rig her out for sea—the boat having been laid up since the last fishing—which lasts four or five days. All the men get for this is a little bread and cheese and beer. Directly she has got all on board that is required she is towed out to sea; then the slavery begins. There is always something or other to be done, either pulling on ropes, scudding the fish, scrubbing down, etc.; the crew, with the exception of the master, very seldom get more than four or five hours sleep at a stretch, and that in a little bunk not large enough to keep a rabbit in, in fact, if any one was to keep rabbits in places like the men have to sleep in they would soon have the inspector of nuisances down on them. Can you wonder at them being degraded?

On coming into harbour with her catch, and directly she touches the quay, she is covered with a swarm of men and boys anxious to get a job, telling out or carrying the herrings ashore. The money they are paid comes out of the boat expenses instead of out of the owner's share. When all the herrings are got out the boat is washed down and got ready for sea again; all this is done by the crew. If they get her ready by 12 or 1 p.m., they very often go to sea again the same day. If not, the crew are allowed a night ashore, which happens about once in eight or ten days, but they are sent off to sea first thing in the morning. If any of the crew stop rather late the owner sets another slave on in his place, sometimes paying him as much as £1 a night during the time they are at sea, which money comes out of the man's share that stops ashore. Sometimes by an accident of this kind a man with a wife and family has to go the whole of the fishing for nothing, the owner having paid most of his money away to the man he set on in his place, the rest of his wages go for sea clothing.

The following is a bill one of the Yarmouth men had stopped out of his share:

<i>This is what he is paid, because he had no money to pay Cash.</i>	<i>This is what he could have got them for in any shop for Cash.</i>
£ s. d.	£ s. d.
1 Pair Slush Boots	0 16 0
1 Oil Frock	0 7 6
1 Pair Duffel Trousers	0 7 6
1 Blue Guernsey	0 7 6
1 Gray Guernsey	0 5 0
2 Sea Shirts	0 4 0
1 Tan Jumper	0 1 6
1 Sou' Wester	0 1 0
1 Pair Sea Stockings	0 2 9
1 Sea Bag	0 1 0
1 Pair Oil Leggings	0 2 6
1 Pair Mitts	0 1 0
1 Knife	0 0 9
Total	2 18 0
Deduct	2 18 0
Money Stolen	1 12 0

not including the other sweater's pound of flesh.

A sweating exploiter, one of the great unpaid, has a monopoly in this gigantic robbery. When will the fishermen awake to their own interests?

And so the game goes on year after year, to the latter part of December, when the boats make up, which last three or four days. Then comes the grand settling of accounts, some getting £10 or £12 for twenty or more weeks of the worst of slavery, whilst others pay off their "debts" the owner taking good care that he gets his plunder. After Christmas the fishermen are forced by hunger to go begging to the Corporation to *allow* them to break stones or some other slavery for 2s. per day. Some day they will go to the sweaters and demand the wealth they have stolen from them.

J. HEADLEY.

INTERNATIONAL NOTES.

GERMANY.

The discussion of the proposed party programme, etc., which will be the order of the day at the Congress, is going on, and has already stirred up a great deal of bad temper. The way in which the old ones want to enforce their authority is certainly very provoking, especially as everybody knows that they are very far from being the "old ones." They have shifted and drifted about according to circumstances, that it might be said it is surprising that still such a great number follow them in their antics. Berlin seems to be the stronghold of the "kickers," and some meetings there have been far from harmonious. No doubt that the enemies of the Socialistic movement are rather pleased at this sight, but that can't be helped; it is much better that these differences are open and freely discussed than kept back; they only go in the blood of the body, forming diseases much worse than sores which can receive open treatment. Meanwhile everybody is anxiously waiting for the coming Congress, and most members wished that the wrangling should be stopped till then, though it is not at all unlikely that a split will take place.

The great lock-out in Hamburg is nearly at an end now. It can't be said that it has ended quite in favour of the workmen, though it is true the combined capitalists have been unable to smash the union (which was their desire), and must take men on without asking them to sign a paper declaring that they belong to no union; but on the other hand the unions have lost a good many members and have an enormous drain on their funds. The committee thank all friends who so liberally helped them in their struggle; and after all, if the beneficial results are not great, the workmen have learnt to stand together, and the different trades will work more and more in combined unity; if one organisation is touched it will be felt and resented by all.

RTR.

NEW SOUTH WALES.

The son of our old friend, John Bedford Leno, in writing to his father a few days since from Helensburgh, N.S.W., says:

"The masters of this continent are beginning to quake. The miners, to which body of workers I belong, are all combined, the three districts as one. The trades here are like a bundle of sticks, the tie that binds them being formed of one common interest. We have been paying sixpence in the pound weekly for six months in order to keep the men out at a neighbouring pit. I can see that Labour is about to turn the table on Capital, or, in other words, assume the position of 'boss.'—Yours, dear father, WILLIAM LENO, Miner."

"The Labour World."

Michael Davitt's paper, although "moderate" in tone, is certainly the best written and best edited "labour paper" we have yet seen. Morrison Davidson begins a fine series of articles entitled 'The Book of Labour.' The 'Scottish Notes' and the column on 'Social Contrasts' are also excellent. Some sensational revelations about the dealings of the present Government with Pigott, and also concerning the way dynamite explosions have been got up by the "law-'n'-order" party, are promised for next week. We are glad to see Mr. Davitt doesn't share the Republican prejudices of our old friend Reynolds, since the following appears in the pages of the *Labour World*:

"Let us hear no more trash about 'free' America as compared with down-trodden Europe. Both continents are down-trodden by the rich men who own the raw material out of which wealth is created by human labour. When the land of the United States is all absorbed by private persons, as it will be in 20 years' time, there will not be a pin to choose between America and Europe, so far as wage-workers are concerned. Wages may be higher in America, but the increased cost of living there will nearly equalise the condition of the two continents. While for swindling, lying, and merciless oppression, many American capitalists leave their European brethren far behind."

What does Reynolds think of this? Mr. Davitt and his friends know the condition of the American workers, unlike the writers in Reynolds, whose sole knowledge springs from reading the works of Mr. Andrew Carnegie.

EXCURSION TO SHIRLEY HILLS will take place on Sunday, September 23th. Brakes will start from the Office at 10 a.m.
SCOTTISH SOCIALIST FEDERATION.—Labour Hall, 50 South Bridge, Edinburgh. Business meeting Fridays at 8 p.m. Secretary, W. D. Tait, 20 Dundee Street.



OFFICES: 24 GREAT QUEEN STREET, LONDON, W.C.

HAVE YOU NOT HEARD HOW IT HAS GONE WITH MANY A CAUSE BEFORE NOW: FIRST, FEW MEN HEED IT; NEXT, MOST MEN CONTEMN IT; LASTLY, ALL MEN ACCEPT IT—AND THE CAUSE IS WON

The COMMONWEAL is the official organ of the Socialist League; but, unless definitely so announced by the Editors, no article is to be taken as expressing in more than a general way the views of the League as a body. In accordance with the Manifesto and Statement of Principles of the League, the COMMONWEAL is an exponent of International Revolutionary Socialism. On minor differences of opinion the widest freedom of discussion is maintained. As all articles are signed, no special significance attaches to their position in the paper.

Articles and letters dealing with any phase of the social problem are invited and will meet with earnest consideration. They must be written on one side of the paper only, and accompanied by the name and address of the writer, not necessarily for publication. MSS. can only be returned if a stamped directed envelope accompanies them.

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TO CORRESPONDENTS.

LEON CARLYLE.—We owe you long deferred thanks for your ably executed copy of our "Statement of Principles." It has been handsomely framed, and is a valued possession of the S.L.

G. S. (Dusseldorf).—We have not been able to get a copy of the resolution, but according to the capitalist press it certainly called for the nationalisation of land, docks, railways, mines, and all the means of production.

Periodicals received during the week ending Wednesday September 24.

ENGLAND Belfast Weekly Star Justice People's Press Railway Review Sozial Demokrat Seafaring Surrey Advertiser Worker's Friend	New York—Truthseeker Workmen's Advocate Boston—Woman's Journal Investigator Nationalist Chicago—Rights of Labour Vorbote Detroit—Der Arme Teufel Milwaukee—Die Wahrheit Philadel.—Knights of Labour Paterson Labour Standard San Francisco Arbeiterzeitung S.F.—Coast Seamen's Journal	HOLLAND Hague—Recht voor Allen SWITZERLAND Arbeiterstimme Przedswit
NEW SOUTH WALES Sydney—Bulletin	FRANCE Paris—La Revolte Le Parti ouvrier Charleville—L'Emancipation Lyon—L'Action Sociale Lille—Le Cri du Travailleur Nancy—Le Tire-Pied	ITALY Milan—Il Fascio Operaio SPAIN Madrid—El Socialista Barcelona—El Productor Cadiz—El Socialismo
QUEENSLAND Brisbane—Worker	BELGIUM Antwerp—De Werker Ghent—Vooruit	PORTUGAL Porto—A Revolucao Social AUSTRIA Vienna—Arbeiter-Zeitung Brunn—Arbeiterstimme
CANADA Ottawa—Progress and Liberty	INDIA Bankipore—Behar Herald	HUNGARY Arbeiter-Wochen-Chronik
UNITED STATES New York—Freiheit New York—Der Sozialist Twentieth Century Volkszeitung Bakers' Journal		SWEDEN Stockholm, Social-Demokraten Malmo—Arbetet
		WEST INDIES Cuba—El Productor

THE AGRICULTURAL LABOURER.

(Concluded from p. 301.)

THE enemy of the human race in the larger village is the worker who tries to climb the backs of his comrades; the creature who curries favour with his "superiors" by telling tales of hare-catching business. He scrapes or steals a few pounds worth of goods to start a beer-shop or a pig-dealer's cart, or anything to lift him a little out of the ruck, so that the exploiters will listen to him when he gives information of "dangerous" men among the lower multitude. His path is hard and his progress slow, but his character is as bad as the conditions in which he creeps along towards a position in which he can "employ" others. This creature always becomes a tyrant, and his children as surely degenerate into "respectable" prigs.

The case of the agricultural worker who migrates is different. He most likely remains a worker among workers. I know young men who have turned shoemakers in the Northamptonshire shoe district who are still as distinctly workers as ever, and decidedly more alive to their position. The manufacturing and mining districts have a great influence upon the agricultural labourer over a narrow belt around the busier centre. But as you penetrate the more decided space and silence of the districts which produce only food, then the pace becomes slower, and the difficulty of approaching the men increases; they are more afraid of combining, or even of listening to any one who tries to inform them. They are overawed by the power that the money-bag exercises over them.

And what fearful confusion that money-bag works upon the material

of agriculture, as well as upon its slaves! It is farming "for a profit" that we see. It is a sad sight. In place of the sickle we see a huge machine that smashes all before it, sweeping ears and stumps into a littering mess, to be trampled by horses drawing the next "machine." To cut the corn down quickly before it has time to shell, that is the business—never mind if there are not enough "hands" to get it sheafed to-day or to-morrow, it can be tied up "some day" so long as it is cut. There it lays sprawling Saturday, Sunday, Monday; rain, rain, rain; all the ears of grain laying upon the warm and sodden ground. They ought all to have been gathered neatly and bound within an hour of being cut, and all the sheaves set up in tens every day. How can we expect our agricultural worker to be more than an animal, while we "basely view the ruin" that he is compelled to see made by the machines of luxury and pride? While he is compelled to see the new wheat spoiling upon the wet ground because his own children have been compelled to leave the country to make room for a labour-saving machine which cannot save that corn from destruction. Why, I say, do we wonder the worker is dull? The wonder is that he is not mad.

But these few hasty remarks are only upon the harvest. The winter work is as bad or worse destruction. What has become of the threshing floor? Where are its associations,—the pigeons picking the newly turned out straw, the pigs burrowing under it, the calves rubbing themselves clean in it? Gone, all gone, nothing now but noise, dust, and disgust. The farmer says men will not thrash with a flail now. No, they will not! they have not the chance! The man on a thrashing floor in a winter's storm was lord of creation. True he toiled ten hours; but the length of the day was no fault of the flail, it was Commercialism that made the ten hours toil!

Thrashing with "two sticks and a leathern thong" for a reasonable time at a bout is fine exercise; and what an interest it gave the worker in his tools! The ash "hand-staff" wore itself as smooth as polished marble by sliding through the hard hand as the "flail" swept the air around the man's head. The whitethorn "flail" wore itself as smooth as plate glass by continually striking the straw. The eelskin, which attached the head of the flail to the swivel of the hand-staff, was the joy of all the boys that ever had access to Ambrose, as he patiently flogged away at the golden grain. The "thrasher" made his own tools until 1850. Now, he cannot even mend the "machine" that mangles a stack of corn in a day, and what is much worse, he may not take any care of the heaps of straw and chaff which used to make the young cattle so happy. The straw may wait till it can be sold to go to London for the packing of shoddy furniture, and while so waiting it may or may not get rotten, the worker cannot interfere. As with the straw so with the chaff, and worse. At Bygrave, aforesaid, they burn it to kill the seeds of weeds that ought to have been uprooted before they choked the corn! They also burn, or expect to burn, certain rats and mice at the same time. It is no wonder that condensed milk and canned meats have to be imported to feed the people of England—

"England, bound in by the triumphant sea,
Whose rocky shores beat back the envious siege
Of wat'ry Neptune, is now bound in with shame,
With inky blots and rotten parchment bonds."

This is a true picture of the life of the agricultural labourer. It is not a pleasant nor an hopeful one; and yet, when the spirit of revolt is spreading everywhere, who can be sure that in a very little time even the agricultural serf may be roused to revolt at last. Of this I feel sure; the awakening will be terrible, and the rich will have reason to fear him when he is roused. C. WALKDEN.

[Now comrade Walkden's interesting article is concluded, we shall be very glad to have facts concerning the labourer in other agricultural districts. We want information concerning the wages paid, the length of the working-day, the condition of labourer's cottages, overcrowding if any, the extent to which labour has been displaced by machinery, and all cases of oppression and sweating. Comrades need not have great literary talents to do this; send us the facts and we will put them into shape. Sometimes, too, a plain tale simply told touches the hearts of the people more than all the learned rhetoric in the world.—Eds.]

ON TEMPERANCE.

Sir,—I would be a Socialist *bona fide*. I have been one at heart for many years, but have as yet only a slight acquaintance with the generally accepted principles of the League, and, furthermore, have only quite recently come across a copy of the *Weal* containing the "Notes on News" (enclosed), to which I trust I am in order in asking your kind attention. Said "Notes" comment in somewhat adverse terms, to my mind, upon the subject of Temperance, the adoption of which as a firm basis I always understood (and practice myself) as being one of the first principles of reform, and advocated by Socialists and all other friends (of whatever denomination) of the masses, who are the chief sufferers from the effects of Intemperance. You will not deny that, sir. It may be that I am too young a Socialist and reader of the *Commonweal*.—Yours sincerely,
SPERO.

[The objections we have to temperance folk is when they step out of their way to coerce others, and also when they assert that their principles are the sole panacea for evils flowing from our social system.—Eds.]

LABOUR LITERATURE.—A large meeting was held last Saturday afternoon at the Sewing Machine Makers' Hall, Antigua Street, Nelson Street, Glasgow City, for the purpose of considering the establishment of a depot for labour literature. The proposal was well received, and a committee was appointed to carry out the necessary arrangements and report to a future meeting. The above step has been rendered necessary, as the newsagents refuse to give labour literature any publicity whatever.

AN ANARCHIST PAPER ON THE LABOUR MOVEMENT.

OUR Anarchist friend who writes the leading article in *La Revolte* appears to be very indignant with the Revolutionary Socialists of England because they have not played a prominent part in the great Dock Strike of last year and in the labour revolt which followed. We should like to point out to this writer, whose knowledge of English affairs is evidently on a par with that of most writers in the French press, that he might have spared his lofty indignation if he had known the elements which made up this tremendous labour revolt. It is not altogether true that the dockers themselves were prejudiced against Socialism, although they were downtrodden, as our friend seems to think. Thanks to the propaganda done among them by a few poor Socialist workmen, years before the leaders of New Unionism had blessed the Socialist movement with their presence, they were rather friendly than otherwise. This anyone who spoke at the numerous outdoor meetings held by the Revolutionary Socialists during the Dock Strike can testify; but on the other hand the aristocratic trade unionists like the stevedores and the lightermen would certainly have withdrawn from the strike altogether if any Revolutionary Socialist had taken an active part in the movement, and this would probably have led to the failure of the strike.

We will endeavour to explain to our French friends why these aristocratic gentlemen objected to Socialism. The lightermen and watermen, whose trade union is an old city guild which dates from the Middle Ages, were bitter Conservatives and Jingoists to a man. Their ideas with regard to politics are those of a "bold British tar" of the reign of George III.; they believe most devotedly in their queen and country, and hate "French principles" like poison. Among the stevedores there is a large section of Irish Catholics, on whom a red flag would have the same effect as a red rag upon a bull. The remainder of them, with very few exceptions, were ordinary "British trade unionists" of the most hopeless type. By personal experience, we certainly say that you might as well talk to a brick wall as preach Revolutionary Socialism to such people. Our Anarchist friend would probably know what would happen if he attempted to convert an assembly of Breton peasants—those people who were so active in exterminating the "enemies of the Church" in Paris in 1871. We should admire our friend for his courage, but we do not think any practical good would come from his exertions, unless his speedy martyrdom could be considered in that light. Therefore we think we are justified in saying that it would have been hopeless for a Revolutionary Socialist to have attempted to lead a motley host of this description—unless, of course, he was prepared to abjure his Revolutionary Socialism, and talk as much like an orthodox trade-unionist as possible.

Perhaps our French friends will now understand why it was necessary to exclude the red flag from the dockers' procession; why, also, when in response to a cry for help from the leaders of the strike the Socialist League sent two speakers, these men were carefully kept off the platform by the "leaders"; why also Mr. Champion, to still further oblige his Conservative and Catholic friends, consented to alter the sub-title of his paper, which stated that it was the "organ of practical Socialism," into something much more "moderate." We admit that the alteration was needed, for we never could make out what that paper was called the "organ of practical Socialism," unless its "practical" Socialism consisted in advocating an Eight Hour Bill and a heavy duty on all foreign imports, together with rabid professions of jingoism and savage abuse of every Socialist who, unlike Mr. Champion, was too honest to sell himself as a base and venal tool to the Tory party. It was therefore not the Social Democracy of most of the leaders of the Dock Strike, that recommended them to the stevedores and lightermen, whatever it may have done with the dockers. Burns was popular with the Irish section of stevedores because he was fresh from assisting at a Home Rule victory at Kennington; while on the other hand the lightermen thought there could be nothing "revolutionary or Socialistic" about the business, for Mr. Champion, the friend of Maltman Barry the trusted agent of the Tory party, was the *real* leader of the movement. So the New Unionism at its start conciliated both the Conservative and the Home Rule working-man.

The secret history of the New Unionism, like the secret history of the unemployed movement of 1887, has yet to be written. But behind both hovered a Mephistophelean figure, whose gifts, like those of the demon in the old legend, always brought curses with them, and the name of this modern edition of Satan is—Maltman Barry. It is the old story of many a popular movement in France, including the Boulangist movement. The reactionists have played what they thought was a deep game; they have stirred up a popular movement with a cry, which they thought would drown a popular cry of their political adversaries, and they have *done it*. The movement has grown too strong for their friends, and now the raging whirlpool of their own creation threatens to engulf not only Liberals but Tories also. To daring young Tory Democrats it seemed an excellent plan to drown the siren song of Home Rule with a popular shout of Eight Hours. So they set the heather a-fire, and to their dismay the blaze not only threatens the mansion of the capitalist but their own ancestral halls. If we were the writers on *La Revolte*, we should give thanks not to the leaders of the New Unionism but to Mr. Maltman Barry and his Tory Democratic employers, "who have done more to awaken the

most downtrodden of the masses, who are the most prejudiced against Socialism, than all the Socialists put together."

When the work of these gentlemen is completed, and London is in the throes of a popular revolution, then the Revolutionary Socialists will take a hand in the game, and not even the leaders of the New Trade Unions shall say them nay. Till then we shall continue our work of quietly impregnating the masses with revolutionary ideas by open-air meetings and the distribution of revolutionary literature, and although such work may not make a great noise or provide us with much popular applause, yet perhaps, the people who come after us and enjoy the fruits of our work, may not forget the obscure propagandists who worked on in silence amid difficulty and discouragement, and the hatred and persecution of the enemies of the people, their only aim being to free the poor and downtrodden, and seeking neither honour, glory, nor gold for themselves. It was such men as these, after all, and not Mirabeau or even Danton who made the French Revolution. Mirabeau and Danton merely took advantage of the work of other men to raise themselves into greatness and prominence.

Verily they have had their reward! A brief period of prosperity and then—death; one dying in his bed worn out by his own vices, the other perishing on the scaffold as a traitor to the Cause of the people. And down to the present historians are still squabbling over the point as to whether they were heroes or scoundrels. We, at least, do not want their "fame." "Better be a poor fisherman than a ruler of men," and we rather fancy the leaders of the New Trade Unionism are by this time rather inclined to be of Danton's opinion. Meanwhile, we should advise our critic in *La Revolte*, before he writes about the work of the Revolutionary Socialists in England again, to read the reports in the *Commonweal* of the work we have done during the past year, and then perhaps he will come to the conclusion that after all we have done something "to awaken the downtrodden masses who are the most prejudiced against Socialism!" Further, we hope a writer in an Anarchist paper will not tell us to abandon our "principles" in order to gain a little temporary popularity and applause. N.

CORRESPONDENCE.

"REVOLUTIONARY GOVERNMENT."

As criticism is invited on this article, I wish to make a few observations with reference to the same. In the first place, as to the elected "government," Kropotkin states "to confide to it the work that we all, every one of us, ought to do in our own initiative" would be a blunder.

Kropotkin then contents himself and his Anarchist followers with the remark that "the practical solution will be found, will become clear, when the change has already commenced"; as though each of the workers would thoroughly educate himself at the last moment, and know exactly what to do in his own initiative and the most suitable way of doing it. Past experience of revolutions teaches us that the way of carrying on the Revolution so as to make it a success can only be arrived at by careful study and discussion through the *Commonweal* and at Socialist meetings for months beforehand.

An elected "government" would of course be unsafe, as the people would naturally elect the persons who "talked" the most at the time.

As to the "dictatorship," Kropotkin states, "We know that a Socialist Revolution cannot be directed by the intelligence of a single man or a single organisation," thus leading us to believe that the intelligence of one hundred human machines (alas! that the term should be used) must be greater than that of a William Morris. Kropotkin paints the dictatorship as black as he possibly can, and his description of the French Revolution seems to be his principal argument in favour of Anarchism, and he appears to think that all future leadership will be as bad and as muddled. It is certain that he could not trust a non-elected temporary administration, consisting of long-standing workers in the cause, which must necessarily arise when the time comes.—Yours fraternally,
J. SMYTHE.

In relation to this very important question comrade Nicoll asks "What will the Anarchists do?" and seems to fear they will become corrupt, which they may. But when, as he says, "a popular revolution declares for Anarchy," one must assume the people declare *against* the very evil Anarchists are as a body a living protest—government; or, if you will, mere authority, say of the most "palatable" form, the humble chairman (presumably a most harmless creature, but still a type of authority). And also assume the Revolution has just come off, and in this city of five millions provisions run short—"who is to *direct* the men, for instance, who must be sent into the country, and into other countries also, to get supplies?" A natural question, and undoubtedly there would be much confusion resulting from the social disturbance, and *present* supplies would, however near or distant (if not actually in consumption) would be at the least retarded in transit. But if the popular revolution declares for Anarchy, if I have any faith in my fellow creatures, those who can go will not wait to be sent, they will go, they will do and not wait till some one orders them to do: being no longer at arm's length, with all the absurd, degrading, and artificial social barriers of this unnatural society, but free to use head and hand in the highest and best manner to mutually serve each other. The distribution of necessaries would follow in the natural course of things, though perhaps the people would possibly congregate where they were easiest of access for a time. Generally men retain the position most suitable or pleasing to them, and I can't help saying that immediately after the Revolution those who even are part of a "means of transit," say, will quietly and rapidly fall into their places, seeing the necessity of it, and as there will be plenty of help there will not be so much "utter confusion and irretrievable disorder" as even some of our friends suppose. I trust my fellow creatures that when they rid themselves of their chains, however long their tuition of submissive helplessness may have been, their submission will take a new turn, and just as they have been willing slaves to be exploited, they will set to work to use and enjoy all the good things of life, but *not* at the dictation of others.—Yours fraternally,
HENRY HOPKINS.

THE LABOUR STRUGGLE.

"Free Labour."

We hear a lot about free labour nowadays from employers of the Norwood and Livesey type, and it is just well for workmen to consider what kind of freedom the dock-labourer used to possess in the good old days which Mr. Norwood so eloquently regrets. Here is Mr. Tillet's description to a reporter the other day:

"I know what our critics, and the employers, and those who rant about free labour, want to see down at the docks. They are anxious for the return of times such as I have seen at the London Docks in the past. There is a place at the London Docks called the cage—a sort of pen fenced off by iron railings. I have seen 300 half-starved dockers crowded round this cage, when perhaps a ganger would appear wanting three hands, and the awful struggle of those 300 famished wretches, fighting for that opportunity to get perhaps two or three hours' work, has left an impression upon me that can never be effaced. Why, I have actually seen them clambering over each other's backs to reach the coveted ticket. I once saw a man's ear torn off in the struggle, and I have frequently seen men emerge, bleeding and breathless, with their clothes pretty well torn off their backs. I think if some of the critics who talk so glibly about free labour had seen the sights I have, they would not complain so much of our new departure."

We must remember that the shipowners of this "free country" have formed a federation with a capital of £100,000,000 for the benevolent purpose of reducing the dock and other labourers into their old misery, by which they would be forced into a mad struggle for such a miserable existence as starvation wages would give them. Now, the poorer English workers have been fighting for nearly two years to improve their position by peaceful combination, and now a robber gang is threatening to do their best to hurl them back into slavery and starvation. These scoundrels are not alone content with the power of their combination, they talk openly and boast of crushing the new union by shooting the unionists "down like dogs." Troops alone are not enough for this purpose—these capitalists are beginning to feel *doubtful* about the troops now—so they must have their gangs of hired assassins, their Pinkertons, to murder the rebels against their law and authority. Well, let them begin the shooting. Within a minute after the first shot has been fired the carcasses of deceased Pinkertons in the neighbourhood of the docks would be as common as dead flies in November; and even some members of the "Shipping Federation" might find out that the lamp-post would form as good a gallows for the robbers and assassins of the capitalist classes, as ever it did for their progenitors, the Foulons and Berthiers of old feudal France.

Gladstone and Scamped Work.

Old Gladstone the other day took to lecturing the working-man. This has become quite an amiable weakness on his part recently, and he usually succeeds in demonstrating how completely ignorant he is of all questions relating to labour. In course of his remarks he accused workmen of scamping their work out of sheer idleness and carelessness. Mr. Davis, the secretary of the Brass-workers, has given the Grand Old Sham a rap over the knuckles, and has proved conclusively that it is the employers' love of cheap and shoddy goods, which correspond in many particulars to most middle-class politicians, and not the desire of the workman to scamp his work, which causes so many trashy articles to be thrown on the market nowadays. Here is Mr. Davis's statement. He begins by quoting Gladstone's, which runs as follows:

"It was bad altogether, and they were speaking of the working man. In this case it was bad, first because it was a fraud on his employer, and secondly because it was a fraud on himself. In the long run the interest of the working man was to do his work in the best manner; not to do it so that it would pass possibly a cursory and hasty inspection, but so that it should be done as well as the nature of the case permitted."

"The case thus stated gives colour to the fallacy that the individual mechanic is responsible for scamped work. Now from an extensive, intimate, and practical knowledge of the inner workings of our manufacturing system, and from general representations made to me from a variety of sources, I do not hesitate to say that the opposite can be demonstrated by a statement of facts. It will be well to give one or two illustrations of our desire to maintain England's commercial supremacy by producing an honest article. In 1882 Mr. Birtwistle and myself were appointed to represent the Trade Union Parliamentary Committee at the Co-operative Congress held at Oxford on behalf of the Lancashire operatives. The deputation called attention to the over-sizing of cotton goods by industrial co-operative concerns as well as by private traders. The system was denounced as a fraud on the public, and by the application of certain chemical ingredients in the process of manufacture a danger to the health and longevity of the workers. More recently still, when acting as one of her majesty's inspectors of factories at Sheffield, I had the opportunity of witnessing the working men of that town putting forth an almost unanimous effort to bring about the enactment of the present Merchandise Marks Act. The opposition to the proposed legislation came from the manufacturers and the Cutlers' Company and Chamber of Commerce, doing all they could to frustrate the intentions of the trade unionists. The object of the Act is, as you well know, to prevent commercial fraud by protecting the genuine article from the eyeable counterfeit."

"Only the other month some of the hatters of London struck against being compelled to put best silk on common shapes, the result being a discontinuance of the deception."

"The Trade Union Congress has year after year carried unanimously resolutions against fraud in manufacture in various industries, and Congress after Congress recommends Parliament to allow none but competent certificated engineers to be permitted to take charge of engines and boilers. The opposition to this latter proposal, it need hardly be said, emanates from the capitalists."

"I will now deal with how the shape, finish, and workmanship is taken away from hand labour by those who are ever lowering labour's dignity by debasing industry and marring and destroying the country's reputation for fair trading. . . . Well, sir, the way the standard of quality is pulled down is by manufacturers or their agents going to the workman and saying, 'I can have a large order for these' (producing a pattern) 'if you can reduce the price.' The artisan remonstrates. Then he is informed that the article is not required to be highly finished. The mechanic pleads that he has not been used to make bad work, and that he would prefer that all his work should be of good quality, but in vain. He is told that he must work to the wishes of the firm, or make room for those who will. Some of the smaller merchants, and I fear also some of the larger ones, are factors in bringing down hand labour to a low level. They not infrequently obtain large orders from samples supplied by reputable houses, and, wishing to obtain the greatest profit, take them to what are known as the 'slaughterhouses,' and accept the lowest tender. This is done to the injury of the firm who made the pattern, and who paid for the brains of the skilled designer and artisan to produce it, and depreciates the reputation of the district in which such goods are made."

"Mechanics all over Great Britain and Ireland know to their cost that bad workmanship means low wages, and low wages bad trade."

The Grand Old Sham returns a very lame reply; and it is to be hoped that in future he will not give vent to any more "good advice" to workmen without first ascertaining whether his advice is needed. N.

IN SOUTHERN AFRICA.

On Saturday night, August 23rd, news reached Cape Town that the "Pioneer Column" of the Chartered Company's force had been attacked by the Matabeles and slaughtered almost to a man—two natives were all that the rumour stated had escaped. The news caused a deal of excitement and distress, for many residents in Cape Town and district had friends with the column. The rumour, however, has since been officially contradicted, but there is not the slightest doubt but that the Matabeles are massing themselves at different points to resist the advance of the filibusters. It is a fact that, as I mentioned some time ago, the younger regiments of Matabeles are determined to resist any attempt of the Chartered Company to rob them of their birthright. Lobengula—the king—finds that the young warriors are dead against him for granting concessions to the Rhodes syndicate, and he, Lobengula, will be compelled to take the field against the Chartered Company, whether it is his wish or no. White European natives have yet something to learn from their coloured brothers in other lands. Many of the company's force have taken "French leave" already, and patrol parties are out in search of deserters. The company's police are keeping a matter of 150 miles or so from the "kraals" (or huts) of the Matabele regiments, lest a too sudden and near approach should end in their complete annihilation. The *Daily Independent* (Kimberly paper) states that the Chartered Company has already expended nearly a round million in the creation and equipment of their troops. And when one remembers that the "pioneer column" is provided with such civilising agencies as Gatling guns, electric search light for night attacks, and betwixt four and five hundred professional cut-throats all armed to the teeth, one begins to understand what wonderfully cute liars the Hon. Cecil and Messrs. Fife and Co. are. Were the "pioneer column" only composed of shareholders and directors, and other such like fry, then the cutting up of such a lot of vermin would be no great loss to the world at large.

Truly, the workers in the neighbouring colony of Natal have much to be thankful for. First they were taxed for the importation of Indian coolies for the use of sugar-planters and other capitalists. Then their wages are kept down indirectly by the presence of cheap labour and a low standard of living. Then, as if that were not enough to be thankful for, they are given by a considerate and careful Immigration Board an epidemic of cholera into the bargain. On the arrival at Durban (Natal) of the S.S. "Congella" eight deaths were reported from fish-poisoning, and a number of coolies were in hospital. Since then the following official proclamation has been published: "Under and by virtue of the provisions of the 11th section of the Public Health Act, 1883, his Excellency the Governor, with the advice of the Executive Council, hereby notifies that the port of Durban in the colony of Natal is infected with cholera."

A "Labour League" (which I take to be a fraud) has been formed in Durban, mainly for the purpose of bringing forward candidates in favour of "responsible government," and amongst others have nominated Sir John Robinson, Mr. Escombe, and a Mr. Greenacre.

Another thing which shows the stuff which this party is made of was a petition made by this body that a large number of coolies, Arabs, and natives be struck off the roll of voters. This the magistrate has done, but the natives were not to be squashed so easily. They appealed against the magistrate's ruling, and the Chief Justice upset the magistrate's decision and ordered them to be again placed on the voters' roll—a very questionable benefit.

As regards the "debris-washers," of whom I spoke in my last letter, the whole affair has turned out a farce all through. In short, it was a "put-up job" from the first. Those who have received licences from the De Beers Company are all fairly well off, not one really poverty-stricken case amongst the whole batch of so-called respectable and deserving licence-holders. And yet there are hundreds in Kimberly out of work at the present moment.

The Chamber of Mines (or masters, it comes to the same thing) announces that competent miners are required. I trust no one in England or elsewhere will be gulled by this announcement. There are plenty of miners in the country: why doesn't this Chamber try and be honest and plainly say that they want to reduce wages all round?

The same body has issued a circular to mine-managers, asking particulars as to native labour and prices paid, and calling for suggestions about effecting a reduction. Native labour on the gold-fields costs about £54,000 per year, and the Chamber of Mines, or masters, think that it could be easily reduced one-half. I wonder if the same body ever thinks of effecting a reduction of dividends, or of directors' salaries. JOS. BAIN.

For the 'Commonweal.'

A Course of Special Lectures and Concert and Ball for the above purpose (under the management of the 'Commonweal' Branch of S.L.) will be given at the Club Autonomie, 6, Windmill Street, Tottenham Court Road, W., as under:

Monday, October 6th, at 8.30 p.m.—G. BERNARD SHAW (Fabian Society), on "Ferdinand Lassalle." 'Commonweal' Choir will sing. Admission free.

Monday, October 13th, at 8.30 p.m.—D. J. NICOLL (S.L.), on "The Glorious Reformation; or, How the English People were Evicted, Robbed, and Murdered by the Ruling Classes." 'Commonweal' Choir. Admission free.

Monday, October 20th, at 8 p.m.—WILLIAM MORRIS (S.L.), on "Art for the People." This Lecture will be delivered at the Athenæum Hall, 73, Tottenham Court Road, W. Admission by Ticket, Sixpence. For full particulars, see large bills. Tickets can be had from Wm. Blundell, 'Commonweal' Branch Secretary, or F. Kitz, S.L. Secretary, 24, Great Queen St., Lincoln's Inn Fields, W.C.; and of all Branch Secretaries.

Monday, November 3rd.—A Concert and Ball. Full particulars of this will be duly announced in 'Weal.'

Any further information will be gladly supplied by 'Commonweal' Branch Secretary, 24, Great Queen Street, W.C. Received for expenses—J. L., 1s.

A TRUTH OF BOTANY AS WELL AS OF SOCIALISM.—Neither conquering nations, nor earthquakes, nor fires, nor tempests, nor rain, nor all put together, have destroyed so many workers of man as have the roots of plants, which have all begun their work as slender fibres.

A SONG FROM QUEVEDO'S VISIONS.

(Written by Clio Rickman in 1784, and sung at the Anacreontic Societies of that day; and in America, where fifty thousand copies were circulated. See the Pope's Curse, or Bell, Book, and Candle; the Creed of St. Athanasius, and many other "sacred" denunciations.)

Air—"Liberty Hall."

WHEN Quevedo peep'd into the regions below,
He met with a Devil, a sort of a beau;
Who, scraping his hoof with a courtier-like grace,
Made offers of service to show him the place.

"Sir Devil, your servant," the stranger replied,
"Your offer's most kind, since the place is so wide;"
So, bowing politely, they set off together,
Like a couple of beaux in the park in fine weather.

Wide around the drear regions of Tartarus flamed,
Where Quevedo on all sides saw millions of damned,
Each profession pent up in a separate cell,
Which divided, like pews, the interior of hell.

Damned lawyers, damned courtiers, damned cowards, damned
braves,
Damned counterfeit patriots, damned time-serving slaves,
Damned bishops, damned cardinals, damned priests, and
what not,
With red-letter saints, now in hell were red-hot.

Damned generals, who ravage mankind for ambition,
Damned prophets, who cheat the world into submission,
With founders of sects, sat a-warming their noses;
There were Peter, Mahomet, Paul, Aaron, and Moses.

Having viewed all these curious and terrible things,
"Be so good," says the stranger, "to show me your kings;
For fain would I know if these high-titled brothers
Are damned to a hell any hotter than others."

"The hottest of holes," says the fiend, "they are crammed in,
And a still ten-times worse they deserve to be damned in:
Take a peep through the key-hole, their kingships you'll see;
For, by Satan! their stink's too offensive for me."

Quevedo peeped in, and through sulphur and smoke
Espied certain monarchs, and instantly spoke—
"Sir Demon, I think, with submission to you,
Though the world is so ancient, their numbers are few."

"But few!" quoth the demon; "why surely you rave;
Speak out, man, and tell me how many you'd have?
Without bate, or exception of climate or nation,
Here are all that have reigned ever since the creation."

Just on quitting these regions of sulphur and smoke,
To the demon, so civil, Quevedo thus spoke
(For now they had reached of hell's boundary the door)—
"Among all these damned I see none of the poor."

"The poor," quoth the Devil; "you mean those on earth,
Who are slaves to their kind of rank, riches, and birth;
We have none such in hell"—grinning full in his face—
"For 'tis wealth and possessions that damn all your race!"

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The Offices of the Socialist League will be open for the sale of *Commonweal* and all other Socialist publications from 8.30 a.m. to 9 p.m. every day except Sunday. The Secretary will be in attendance from 10 a.m. to 9 p.m. daily.

Branch Subscriptions Paid.—1890:—North Kensington, to end of April. Glasgow, Oxford, Hammersmith, 'Commonweal' Branch, Manchester, and Norwich, to end of May. Yarmouth, to end of June. East London, to end of July. North London and Leicester, to end of August. Streatham, to end of December.

(Branch Secretaries will please send with remittances for Capitations the number of their membership.)

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REPORTS.

SOUTH SIDE BRANCH.—Three meetings were held on behalf of above Branch, on Sunday, Sept. 21st, at Thornton Heath, Brighton Road, and Crown Hill, Croydon; speakers were Leggatt, Buckridge, Parker, Smith, and Miss Lupton. Good audiences, and 2s. 8d. collected and song-books sold. Much sympathy was expressed with Socialist views generally, and as to the police action in regard to Miss Lupton; speakers cordially invited to come again. At Crown Hill (in centre of Croydon slums) the police attempted to interfere, and stated loudly that they were not going to allow a meeting to be held; on comrade Leggatt asking "Why?" they stated in lordly fashion "They were not going to argue with such as him!" and yet, after this bombastic display, the meeting proceeded quite unhindered, speakers receiving quite an enthusiastic reception from the crowd.—E. LUPTON, Sec. *pro tem.*

ABERDEEN.—Socialism seems to be on the boom here. On Sunday, Sept. 14th, the hall was again well filled, when an article on "Russian Nihilism" was read and discussed. On Thursday night, the usual open-air meeting was addressed by comrades Duncan and Leatham, and comrade Watt of the Hammersmith Branch, who along with Mrs. Watt was visiting here. On Saturday night, W. Cooper, Aiken, and Leatham spoke to a large audience. Long after our meetings are over, groups are to be seen eagerly discussing the points that have been raised.—C.

LECTURE DIARY.

LONDON.

Battersea.—All communications to E. Buteux, 45, Inwith Street, Battersea Park Road.
Commonweal Branch.—24 Great Queen Street, Holborn, W.C. Tuesdays, Singing Practice. Thursdays, Business meeting. Saturdays, Social Gathering. Sunday, September 23, at 8.30 p.m., a Lecture.
East London.—H. McKenzie, 10 Victoria Dwellings, Clerkenwell Road, E.C.
Hammersmith.—Kelmescott House, Upper Mall, W. Lecture every Sunday at 8. French Class conducted by Mde. Desroches on Friday evenings at 7.30.
North Kensington.—Clarendon Coffee Palace, Clarendon Road. Meets every Wednesday at 8 p.m. Band practice every Friday at 8 p.m. On Sunday, Sept. 28, at 7.30, lecture by R. E. Dell (Fabian), "The Strange Case of the Socialist-Radical."
North London.—6 Windmill Street, Tottenham Court Road. Meets every Wednesday evening at 8 o'clock.
South London.—St. George's Coffee Tavern, 106 Westminster Bridge Road.
South Side Branch.—E. Lupton, secretary *pro tem.* (Open-air Station—Thornton Heath, Sunday.)
Whitechapel and St. Georges-in-the-East.—Branch meetings at International Club, 40 Berner Street, Commercial Road. J. Turner, organising secretary.

PROVINCES.

Aberdeen.—Organiser, J. Leatham, 7 Jamaica Street. Branch meets in Odd-fellows' Small Hall, Crooked Lane, on Sunday evenings at 6.30. Singing practice, etc., Mondays at 8 p.m.
Glasgow.—Members are invited to meet on Thursday and Sunday evenings, at 8 o'clock, in the Secretary's house, 250 Crown Street, S.S. All communications to be sent to that address.
Halifax.—Socialists meet every Sunday at 6.30 p.m. at Helliwell's Temperance Hotel, Northgate.
Hull.—Club Liberty, 1 Beets Court, Blanket Row.
Leeds.—Socialist League Club, 1 Clarendon Buildings and Front Row. Open every evening. Business meeting Saturdays at 8.—International Educational Club, Templar Street. Open every evening. Discussion class every Friday at 8; lectures every Saturday at 4. All kinds of Socialist literature on tables and for sale.
Leicester.—Exchange Buildings, Rutland Street. Branch meeting on Thursday at 8 p.m.
Manchester.—Socialist League Club, 60 Grovesnor Street, All Saints. Open every evening. Branch weekly meeting on Tuesdays at 8.
Nottingham.—Socialist Club, Woodland Place, Upper Parliament Street. Club contribution, 1d. per week; Dancing every Wednesday, 8 till 10.30—fee 3d.
Norwich.—Members' meeting held every Tuesday at 8.30.
Oxford.—Temperance Hall, 25½ Pembroke Street. First Friday in every month, at 8.30 p.m.
Sheffield.—Socialist Club, 63 Blonk Street. French Class, Tuesday at 8.30. Discussion Class, Wednesday at 8.30. Open-air meetings are held as follows:—Sunday: Monolith, Fargate, at 11.30; Newhall Road, Attercliffe, at 11.30; Pump, Westbar, at 8; Heeley, Maresbrook Park, at 7.30; Monolith, Fargate, at 6.30; Rotherham, College Yard, at 3.15. Wednesday: Nursery Street, Wicker, at 8. Thursday: Bramall Lane, at 8; Eckington, at 6.30. Friday: Duke Street, Park, at 8. Saturday: Woodhouse, at 7.
Walsall.—Socialist Club, 18 Goodall Street, Walsall. Meetings every night.
Yarmouth.—Socialist League Club, 56 Row, Market Place. Open every evening Business Meeting, Tuesday at 8. Singing Practice, Wednesday at 8.30. Discussion Class, Thursday at 8.30. Elocution Class, Friday at 8.30.

OPEN-AIR PROPAGANDA.

SATURDAY 27.

8	Bermondsey Square	Kitz and Mowbray
8	Euston Road—Ossulston Street	Nicoll
8	Mile-end Waste	Leggatt and Greenwood

SUNDAY 28.

11	Commercial Road—Union Street	Mrs. Lahr
11	Latimer Road Station	North Kensington Branch
11.30	Hammersmith Bridge	Hammersmith Branch
11.30	Hoxton Church	Blundell and Burnie
11.30	New Cut—Short Street	South Side Branch
11.30	Regent's Park	Nicoll
3.30	Hyde Park—Marble Arch	Mainwaring
3.30	Victoria Park	Mrs. Lahr
3.30	Streatham Common	The Branch
6	Streatham—Fountain	The Branch
7	Hammersmith Bridge	Hammersmith Branch
7	Wormwood Scrubs	North Kensington Branch
8	Kings Cross—Liverpool Street	Nicoll
8	Mile-end Waste	Mrs. Lahr
8	Walham Green—back of Church	Hammersmith Branch

MONDAY 29.

7.30	Westminster Bridge Road—Pearman Street	The Branch
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THURSDAY 2.

7.30	New Cut—Short Street	Mrs. Lahr and Kitz
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FRIDAY 3.

8.15	Hoxton Church	Leggatt and Kitz
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PROVINCES.

Aberdeen.—Saturday: Castle Street, at 7.30 p.m.
Glasgow.—Sunday: Jail Square at 2 o'clock; Paisley Road at 5 o'clock. Friday: Bridgeton Cross, at 8.15.
Leeds.—Saturday: Woodhouse Moor, at 7.30 p.m. Sunday: Hunslet Moor, at 11 a.m.; Vicar's Croft, at 7 p.m.
Leicester.—Sunday: Russell Square, at 10.45 a.m.; Market Place, at 6.15 p.m.; Humberstone Gate, at 8 p.m. Monday: Belgrave, at 8. Tuesday: Sanvey Gate, at 8. Wednesday: Braunstone Gate, at 8. Friday: Infirmary Square, at 8. Saturday: "Cross," Belgrave Gate, at 8.—Sunday, Sept. 23, Frank Kitz, of London.
Liverpool.—Landing Stage, Sundays at 11.30 a.m. and 3 p.m.
Manchester.—Saturday: Middleton market ground, at 7 p.m. Sunday: Philips Park Gates, at 11; Stevenson Square, at 3. Monday: Market Street, Blackley, at 8.
Nottingham.—Sunday: Sneinton Market, at 11 a.m.; Great Market, at 7 p.m.
Norwich.—Saturday: Haymarket, at 8. Sunday: Market Place at 11, 3, and 7.30.
Yarmouth.—Saturday: Church Plain Trees, at 8 p.m. Sunday: Priory Plain, at 11; Bradwell, at 11.30; London Boat Landing Stage, at 3; Colman's Granary Quay, at 7. Monday: Belton, at 8 p.m.

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Stubbs, 33
Truelove, 256 High Holborn

And at all Branch Meeting-Places and Outdoor-Stations of the Socialist League.

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WEEKLY; ONE PENNY.

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TYRANNY AND ROBBERY IN THE ARMY.

THE greatest sign of the approach of the Social Revolution is the growing discontent in the whole army. This last three years a great deal of work has been done in educating the soldiers to understand their position. We have carried the red flag in front of the Guards marching from Chelsea Barracks; we have distributed pamphlets and leaflets; we have chatted with them in the barracks and canteens; and conversed with them on every possible occasion; and now we can rejoice in the fruits of our work.

Why does a man join the army? He has been thrown into the ranks of the unemployed, who are very great through the introduction of wage-saving machinery monopolised by a class for the benefit of that class; so the workers have no other alternative than to join the army if they would live. But why do we want an army? The means and instruments of production—viz., the land, mines, and machinery, and all the means of transit—being in the hands of the capitalist class, the army (and police) are required to keep the workers from taking their own property given to them by Nature. The capitalist requires protection whilst he robs the workers of their inheritance. The soldiers when they enlist have to swear they will shoot down their own kith and kin—spare not thy father nor thy mother, but do your duty, uphold those (the capitalist and landlord class) who rob the workers of the fruits of their toil. The young man walking through the streets in a starving condition, looking for work, sees the fly-papers on the wall outside the barracks or elsewhere, which are nothing but fraudulent misrepresentations, which the recruit finds out when caught by them. The poor fellow who, through insufficiency of food, has not the power to use his faculties, is easily caught by these lying statements of free kit and free rations. He is taken before a doctor for inspection (I cannot explain this as I should like on account of its indecency; fifty or upwards of men standing naked before several doctors is a thing which will shock the feelings of anyone). He passes the doctor, and is then taken to the quartermaster's stores, where he is served out with his kit, which consists of 1 tunic, 1 short jacket, 2 pairs trousers, 2 shirts, 3 pairs socks, 1 cap, 1 helmet, 2 pairs boots, 1 box blacking, 1 box brass ball, 1 hold-all complete, consisting of 1 knife and fork, 1 razor, 1 shaving-brush, 1 spoon, 1 button-stick, 1 comb, 1 pocket-knife, shoe, hair, and cloth brushes, 1 knapsack or valise, 1 great-coat. After this everything required by the soldier has to be purchased by him out of his miserable pay, except tunic, trousers, helmet, boots, and great-coat, and these have to be replaced if the nature of the duties are such as to wear them out before the time. He is then taken to the tailor's shop, where his clothes are marked for alterations. These alterations have to be paid for indirectly, for if the soldier does not tip the tailor the clothes never fit him, or they are made so tight in different parts that when he bends at drill he splits them; he is then put down for new trousers, etc., only receiving a penny per day until the clothing is paid for (oh, what jobbery!). He has to keep a double kit of small things, such as hold-all complete, brushes, etc., for kit inspection, for if he shows the knife and fork or spoon, brushes, etc., he uses, he is confined to barracks for two or three days and told he must get others. Cleaning articles, such as pipeclay brickdust, soft-soap, rubbers, sponges,

etc., have to be found by the soldier out of his starvation wage, so that at the week's end the soldier finds he has not a sou to call his own. If he is a man, and has the spirit of a man, he rebels, and is placed under arrest, marched to the insanitary guard-room, to remain there under lock and key until the one who calls himself his superior calls him. The man is then sentenced to confinement to barracks with pack drill, or sent to the cells to be fed on bread and water, etc., for a period of seven days and upwards.

The barrack-room is void of comfort in the day, and at night is dangerous to the health of a soldier through the "tub" being used for all purposes. A sanitary arrangement fitted up with a good self-acting flusher would be far better than the "tub," but what do the classes care for the soldiers? There are plenty more men out of employment ready to sell themselves as food for powder and shot, and to keep up this present dastardly system of jobbery, robbery, and mismanagement. The food of a soldier is bad and insufficient. He is told by the recruiting officer that he will get 1 lb. of "ruti" (bread) and $\frac{3}{4}$ lb. of meat, beer, potatoes, "duff" (pudding or pie), etc. The poor recruit thinks he is to have a good feed every day, comes to the conclusion it is better than starving; he enters the service, dons the shoddy made clothing, becomes a soldier, and sits down to the dinner-table only to find he has about $\frac{1}{4}$ lb. of meat and an insufficiency of other things to satisfy him. He is sold; curses fall from his lips, but he is a soldier, and has to bear it. He does not dare to make a complaint to the officer when he comes round, for he would be spotted, and on some trifling pretext would be punished at the first opportunity.

When I was in Her Most Gracious Majesty's Royal Regiment of Artillery (Field Brigade) I saw recruits collecting hard stale crusts, the refuse of the officers' mess. They put them into a publican's can with water, boiled the mess on the fire, adding pepper and salt, and eating it, to satisfy the cravings of their stomachs. They called it "slingers," "ruti soup," and when mustard was added, "stingo harry." The ration of bread is not sufficient to make two meals. To make the most of this, the bread is broken; one half is put into the coffee; it swells up twice the size; the soldier fancies he has had a glorious feed. This is called "coffee cutlets."

This free ration statement is a lie. The soldier is starved unless he spends the whole of his pay in extra food. How would His Royal Highness the Duke of Cambridge, Commanding Chief of the whole of the British Army, like to live on such food? He does not care. Even when the soldiers were on the field backing up the robbery of the plundering classes by murdering the poor Soudanese, they were not fed nor clothed as they should be. The soldiers, when marching across the sands of the desert, had no boots to their feet, and had to eat food that was unfit for human beings. The sick and wounded were not cared for; the surgical appliances and medicines, kept far in the rear, was of no service. Many a poor fellow drawn from the ranks of the workers was murdered through neglect. Were any of the officers who were responsible punished? Were they court-martialed, as the soldier would be for a frivolous neglect of duty? No; they belong to the classes, who murder and plunder, and the classes protected them.

But let us return home and look at the tyranny of the officers towards our brothers, from the hobble-de-hoys who wear their first stripe of promotion, to the commissioned officer whose only qualification is to bully, swear, and yell at the men because they do not please him. They place the young recruits in the guard-room, and then have him punished for something that does not please these tyrants fancy. Take the non-commissioned officer who is a man to the men, what is his life like? One continued round of hardship; pegged (made a prisoner) for the slightest offence. Pegged for the purpose of getting him reduced to put some fellow into his place who is senior, and who is a friend of some high official. I know of a case where a gunner in the Royal Artillery was made a sergeant before he had finished learning his elementary drill, or goose step, and this young stripling was the cause of an old soldier with four good conduct badges losing two of them. A man with 17 or 18 years' service finds it unbearable to be tyrannised over by these raw recruits. No wonder the discontent and mutiny in the army! To see an old soldier on the parade ground being inspected by a young officer just out of the cadet's school, who tells him he is dirty and does not know how to clean himself, who has to tip-toe (as the stripling we called "Shavo" did) to see if the man

has shaved himself. This man confined a soldier to barracks for some days because he had not shaved the down off his face, and the young recruit had not shaved in his life. That does not matter, the soldier has to shave himself even if there is no hair to shave off. No wonder this officer ("Shavo") had a basin thrown from the barrack-room window at him when on his rounds at night inspecting the guards. There were also several attempts made on his life, and in the time of war many an officer will be shot by his own men through his past tyranny.

The soldiers must not act as men, they must submit themselves to all their governors, teachers, spiritual pastors, and masters, and order themselves lowly and reverently to all their betters. It is the soldiers place to do his duty. When he enlists he is told the first duty of a soldier is strict obedience ("Obedience is the first duty of a soldier!" is on his account book). He has orders to proceed to some eviction scene in Ireland, or to keep some Trade Unionists or Socialists down; or he is sent to some far-off land to slaughter Ashantees, Burmese, Zulus, and others. He is told to remember the words, "England (the capitalists and landlords) expects that every man this day will do his duty!"

Let the soldier consider that he belongs to the workers, and that it is his duty to fight for those to whom he belongs, for those who are robbed by the plundering classes of the fruits of their labour. It is not his duty to fight for a class who monopolise the means of life. Remember, soldiers! when the Revolution takes place do your duty, and do it well! Do not fire a shot on the people! Do not murder your own kindred! Do not let the voices of the fatherless children curse you as hired murderers! Do your duty! J. J. CHAPMAN.

NEWS FROM NOWHERE:

OR,

AN EPOCH OF REST.

BEING SOME CHAPTERS FROM A UTOPIAN ROMANCE.

CHAP. XXX.—THE FEAST'S BEGINNING—THE END.

DICK brought me at once into the little field which, as I had seen from the garden, was covered with gaily-coloured tents arranged in orderly lanes, about which were sitting and lying on the grass some fifty or sixty men, women, and children, all of them in the height of good temper and enjoyment—with their holiday mood on, so to say.

"You are thinking that we don't make a great show as to numbers," said Dick; "but you must remember that we shall have more to-morrow; because in this haymaking work there is room for a great many people who are not over-skilled in country matters: and there are many who lead sedentary lives, whom it would be unkind to deprive of their pleasure in the hayfield—scientific men and close students generally; so that the skilled workmen, outside those who are wanted as mowers and foremen of the haymaking stand aside, and take a little downright rest, which you know is good for them, whether they like it or not: or else they go to other countrysides, as I am doing here. You see, the scientific men and historians and students generally will not be wanted till we are fairly in the midst of the tedding, which of course will not be till the day after to-morrow." With that he brought me out of the little field on to a kind of causeway above the riverside meadow, and thence turning to the left on to a path through the mowing grass, which was thick and very tall, led on till we came to the river above the weir and its mill. There we had a delightful swim in the broad piece of water above the weir, where the river looked much bigger than its natural size from its being dammed up by the weir.

"Now we are in a fit mood for dinner," said Dick, when we had dressed and were going through the grass again; "and certainly of all the cheerful meals in the year, this one of haysel is the cheerfulest; not even excepting the corn-harvest feast; for then the year is beginning to fail, and one cannot help having a feeling behind all the gaiety of the coming of the dark days and the shorn fields and empty gardens; and the spring is almost too far off to look forward to. It is, then, in the autumn when one almost believes in death."

"How strangely you talk," said I, "of such a constantly recurring and consequently commonplace matter as the sequence of the seasons." And indeed these people were like children about such things, and had what seemed to me a quite exaggerated interest in the weather, a fine day, a dark night or a brilliant one, and the like.

"Strangely?" said he. "Is it strange to sympathise with the year and its gains and losses?"

"At any rate," said I, "if you look upon the course of the year as a beautiful and interesting drama, which is what I think you do, you should be as much pleased and interested with the winter and its trouble and pain as with this wonderful summer luxury."

"And am I not?" said Dick, rather warmly; "only I can't look upon it as if I were sitting in a theatre seeing the play going on before me, myself taking no part of it. It is difficult," said he, smiling good-humouredly, "for a non-literary man like me to explain myself properly, like that dear girl Ellen would; but I mean that I am part of it all, and feel the pain as well as the pleasure in my own person. It is not done for me by somebody else, merely that I may eat and drink and sleep; but I myself do my share of it."

In his way also, as Ellen in hers, I could see that Dick had that passionate love of the earth which was common to but few people at

least, in the days I knew; in which the prevailing feeling amongst intellectual persons was a kind of sour distaste for the changing drama of the year, for the life of earth and its dealings with men. Indeed, in those days it was thought poetic and imaginative to look upon life as a thing to be borne rather than enjoyed.

So I mused till Dick's laugh brought me back into the Oxfordshire hayfields. "One thing seems strange to me," said he—"that I must needs trouble myself about the winter and its scantiness in the midst of the summer abundance. If it hadn't happened to me before, I should have thought it was your doing, guest; that you had thrown a kind of evil charm over me. Now, you know," said he, suddenly, "that's only a joke, so you mustn't take it to heart."

"All right," said I; "I don't." Yet I did feel somewhat uneasy at his words, after all.

We crossed the causeway this time, and did not turn back to the house, but went along a path beside a field of wheat now almost ready to blossom. I said: "We do not dine in the house or garden, then?—as indeed I did not expect to do. Where do we meet, then? for I can see that the houses are mostly very small."

"Yes," said Dick, "you are right, they are small in this country-side: there are so many good old houses left, that people dwell a good deal in such small detached houses. As to our dinner, we are going to have our feast in the church. I wish, for your sake, it were as big and handsome as that of the old Roman town to the west, or the forest town to the north;¹ but, however, it will hold us all; and though it is a little thing, it is beautiful in its way."

This was somewhat new to me, this dinner in a church; but I said nothing, and presently we came out into the road which ran through the village. Dick looked up and down it, and seeing only two straggling groups before us, said: "It seems as if we must be somewhat late; they are all gone on; and they will be sure to make a point of waiting for you, as the guest of guests, since you come from so far."

He hastened as he spoke, and I kept up with him, and presently we came to a little avenue of lime-trees which led us straight to the church porch, from whose open door came the sound of cheerful voices and laughter and varied merriment.

"Yes," said Dick, "it's the coolest place for one thing, this hot evening. Come along; they will be glad to see you."

Indeed, in spite of my bath, I felt the weather more sultry and oppressive than on any day of our journey yet.

We went into the church, which was a simple little building with one little aisle divided from the nave by three round arches, a chancel, and a rather roomy transept for so small a building, the windows mostly of the graceful Oxfordshire fourteenth century type. There was no modern architectural decoration in it; it looked, indeed, as if none had been attempted since the Puritans whitewashed the mediaeval saints and histories on the wall. It was, however, gaily dressed up for this latter-day festival, with festoons of flowers from arch to arch, and great pitchers of flowers standing about on the floor; while under the west window hung two cross scythes, their blades polished white, and gleaming from out of the flowers that wreathed them. But its best ornament was the crowd of handsome, happy-looking men and women that were set down to table, and who, with their bright faces and rich hair over their gay holiday raiment, looked, as the Persian poet puts it, like a bed of tulips in the sun. Though the church was a small one, there was plenty of room; for a small church makes a bigish house; and on this evening there was no need to set cross tables along the transepts; though doubtless these would be wanted next day, when the learned men of whom Dick had been speaking should be come to take their more humble part in the haymaking.

I stood on the threshold with the expectant smile on my face of a man who is going to take part in a festivity which he is really prepared to enjoy. Dick standing by me was looking round the company with something of an air of proprietorship in them, I thought. Opposite me sat Clara and Ellen, with Dick's place open between them: they were smiling, but their beautiful faces were each turned towards the neighbours on each side, who were talking to them, and they did not seem to see me. I turned to Dick, expecting him to lead me forward, and he turned his face to me; but strange to say, though it was as cheerful and smiling as ever, it made no response to my glance—nay, he seemed to take no heed at all of my presence, and I noticed that none of the company looked at me. A pang shot through me, as of some disaster long expected and suddenly realised. Dick moved on a little without a word to me. I was not three yards from the two women who, though they had been my companions for such a short time, had really, as I thought, become my friends. Clara's face was turned full upon me now, but she also did not seem to see me, though I know I was trying to catch her eye with an appealing look. I turned to Ellen, and she *did* seem to recognise me for an instant; but her bright face turned sad directly, and she shook her head with a mournful look, and the next moment all consciousness of my presence had faded from her face.

I felt lonely and sick at heart past the power of words to describe. I hung about a minute longer, and then turned and went out of the porch again and through the lime-avenue into the road, while the blackbirds sang their strongest from the bushes about me in the hot June evening.

Once more without any conscious effort of will I turned my face toward the old house by the ford, but as I turned round the corner which led to the remains of the village cross, I came upon a figure strangely contrasting with the joyous, beautiful people I had left behind in the

¹ Cirencester and Burford, he must have meant.

church. It was a man who looked old, but whom I knew from habit, now half-forgotten, was not really much more than fifty. His face was rugged, and grimed rather than dirty; his eyes dull and bleared; his body bent, his calves thin and spindly, his feet dragging and limping. His clothing was a mixture of dirt and rags long over-familiar to me. As I passed him he touched his hat with some real good-will and courtesy, and much servility.

Inexpressibly shocked, I hurried past him and hastened along the road that led to the river and the lower end of the village; but suddenly I saw as it were a black cloud rolling along to meet me, like a nightmare of my childish days; and for a while I was conscious of nothing else than being in the dark, and whether I was walking, or sitting, or lying down, I could not tell.

* * * * *

I lay in my bed in my house at dingy Hammersmith thinking about it all; and trying to consider if I was overwhelmed with despair at finding I had been dreaming a dream.

Or indeed *was* it a dream? If so, why was I so conscious all along that I was really seeing all that new life from the outside, still wrapped up in the prejudices, the anxieties, the distrust of this time of doubt and struggle?

All along, though those friends were so real to me, I had been feeling as if I had no business amongst them; as though the time would come when they would reject me, and say, as Ellen's last mournful look seemed to say, "No, it will not do; you cannot be of us; you belong so entirely to the unhappiness of the past that our happiness even would weary you. Go back again, now you have seen us, and your outward eyes have learned that in spite of all the infallible maxims of your day there is yet a time of rest in store for the world, when mastery has changed into fellowship—but not before. Go back again, then, and while you live you will see all round you people engaged in making others live lives which are not their own, while they themselves care nothing for their own real lives—men who hate life though they fear death. Go back, and be the happier for having seen us, for having added a little hope to your struggle. Go on living while you may, striving, with whatsoever pain and labour needs must be, to build up little by little the new day of fellowship, and rest, and happiness."

Yes, surely! and if others can see it as I have seen it, then it may be called a vision rather than a dream.

WILLIAM MORRIS.

THE END.

(This Story began in No. 209, January 11, 1890. A few sets of Back Numbers can still be had.)

LITERARY NOTES.

'Igdrasil' for October,—the first number of a new volume—(Price 6d., London: Geo. Allen, 8, Bell Yard, Temple Bar, W.C.), will contain *inter alia* a powerful poem dealing with the social question, entitled, "Poor People's Christmas," by the Hon. Roden Noel; "Ruskiniana": Letters dealing with the Irish Question; and "The Last Laird of Monkbarns and his Bequest to the Nation," by W. Marwick, accompanied by illustrations. The Handbook of the Reading Guild for 1890-91 can be had from the publisher, price 3d. post free.

'New Amazonia,' by Mrs. George Corbett, is a sketch of a new state of Society wherein women enjoy the amplest rights, including the choice of finely developed and intelligent *servants* of their own sex, a Domestic Aid Agency seeming to be the great institution in this "foretaste of the future."

Our comrade P. Argyriades announces that he is about to issue a revolutionary almanack, entitled, 'Almanach de la Question Sociale.' This almanack will contain notices of all the Socialist parties in various countries, interesting statistics, articles on scientific Socialism, and various economic subjects, with poetry by Louise Michel and Eugene Pottier, also the celebrated case of the woman Soubain, who, driven by misery, has strangled her five children; finally, a catalogue of Socialist journals and reviews. Post free, 1 franc 25 cents. for France, and 1 franc 50 cents. for England and other countries. Subscriptions should be sent to P. Argyriades, 5, Bouboard, Saint Michel, Paris. All subscribers will receive with the almanack an interesting pamphlet on the Socialist poet, Eugene Pottier.

'Fabian Essays on Socialism.' Walter Scott, 24, Warwick Lane. Cheap Edition, price 1s. The 'Fabian Essays' have already been reviewed in the *Commonweal*, and it only remains for us to note that this cheap edition is really cheap. It is well printed and well written from a Fabian point of view. It is also nicely bound in a paper cover, which is decorated with a cartoon by Walter Crane, representing a capitalist up a tree and two workmen trying to pull him down. The design has more physical force about it than a judicious Fabian would appreciate, as the capitalist is provided with two revolvers, and the workers with two agricultural implements, an axe and a spade, which we fear they may put to a use very dangerous to the capitalist if he comes any of his nonsense with those revolvers. The axe will probably split his head open, and the spade will decently bury him. If the Fabians go on in this style Sir Edward Bradford will be arresting Sydney Webb as a dangerous character.

London Members' Meeting.—The next monthly meeting of members will be held on Wednesday, October 8th, at 8.30 p.m., at the Hall of the 'Commonweal' Branch, 24, Great Queen Street, Lincoln's Inn Fields, W.C. All members invited to attend.

SCOTTISH SOCIALIST FEDERATION.—EDINBURGH—Labour Hall, 50 South Bridge. Business meeting Fridays at 8 p.m. Sunday, October 5th, at 6.30, McDonald (Fabian Society), "Socialism Defined and Defended." LEITH—Henderson Street Hall, Sundays, at 6.30.—Secretary, W. D. Tait, 20 Dundee Street.

THE LABOUR WAR IN AUSTRALIA.

THE great Labour Battle which is being fought out in Australia is at once one of the most interesting and most momentous of all the struggles that have lately taken place between Labour and its oppressors. When the opposing classes are face to face all over a whole continent at once, we who are only accustomed to embroiling a town or so at a time have to look on with admiration, almost with wonder. And when it is seen that the question at issue is not in the least one of an advance or reduction in wages, or any other trumpery palliative, but is a bitter fight over the cardinal principle, the right to combine—when it is seen that the labour-class of a continent are defending desperately their very existence, there is a feeling of awe as well as of absorbing interest.

Readers of the *Weal* will remember the Jondaryan squatters, who tried their strength against that of organised labour, and were beaten before the battle had fairly begun. That defeat enraged and roused Australian monopolists; it showed them that in order to maintain and preserve their supremacy they must make a final stand against the "encroachments" of Labour.

The "pastoralists," wool-growing landlords, the squatter aristocracy of Australia, were the sorest of all. Before the Shearers' Union began its work they had been able to "do what they liked with their own" and with other people's too. But although they fought the union long and bitterly, they could not prevail against it in fair fighting. So they made up their minds to circumvent it and smash it up.

They began to pay 10 per cent. over the union rate (22s. instead of £1 per 100 sheep), and do other benevolent things to those who would swear off the union. This was done in order to demoralise and divide the union ranks, and so prepare for a smashing blow later on. But if the monopolists were far-seeing enough to think out this plan of attack, the men were awake enough to see what was meant and to meet it half-way.

The Shearer's Union insisted on the definite acceptance of its rules by the employers in all cases. Admitting fully in most cases that these rules are fair and just, the pastoralists have yet refused to accede to them, making a point of principle of their "freedom of contract" in each individual case. Here was war at once.

To support the principles of labour organisation all the various unions which had to do with the handling of wool in preparation, storage, or transit, gave notice to the warehouseman, railway, dock, and shipping companies that they would not handle non-union wool. Preparations were made for a strict boycott upon all blackleg wool, and on the other hand tremendous efforts were made by the bosses to scrape together enough blacklegs to carry on the work.

Meanwhile, the Marine Officers' Association had been coming into collision with the shipping companies over the same question—the right of combination. Following the example set them by the seamen, the officers had been organising on ordinary union lines, and were taking up their position as part of the Labour army. Alarmed at the approach to solidarity between officers and men, the owners tried to get up a bogus sort of association, apparently something like that which the Lemon-Peters gang have been trying at here, and attempted to force the officers into it. But the officers knew better than to bind themselves hand and foot in the hands of their employers, preferring to cast in their lot with the general body of organised labour. The owners would hear of nothing until the officers renounced their organisation, and the officers were equally determined to have their union recognised and get what they had asked for besides.

What between the shearers and the marine officers, and those who were backing them up, the battle spread to the Wharf-labourers, Seamen and Firemen, Carriers, Trolly and Dray Men, Cooks and Stewards, Railway-men, Coal-lumpers, General Labourers, and in fact to pretty nearly the whole strength of Australian organised labour.

The possessing classes presented an almost equally united front; and there was the position, as plainly as it ever has been in the labour struggle, with a clear definite issue, and a strong determination on either side to fight the matter out to the bitter end.

Both sides announce that they mean to make the struggle a decisive one; it will be a fierce one while it lasts, and whichever side wins will follow up the advantage with relentless vigour. On the side of the men there is much more at stake than even the principle of unionism: they openly avow that they are defending their organisations, and will do so to the death, because they intend them to be the component parts of a vast federation of labour which shall enable the working classes of Australasia to move as one man when the time comes to exert their strength. And they say, further, that the ameliorations they from time to time demand are not merely to meet the needs of the passing moment, but are preparations for a greater struggle than is even now taking place—one that will end all strikes and labour troubles for ever and inaugurate the new era.

It is hardly necessary to warn *Commonweal* readers that almost every line is a lie in the ordinary press telegrams. The letters that reach us from trusted men put quite another face on the matter from that which the venal newsmongers endeavour to present. We would say, believe only half of what you read, and have a good deal of doubt about even that. And, above all, don't forget that this is a really revolutionary struggle in the true sense of the word, and one that must command the help and sympathy of Socialists everywhere. HOODLUM.

THE UNEMPLOYED OF 1890.

ON Monday afternoon at 3 o'clock a large meeting of the unemployed took place near the Marble Arch, Hyde Park, at which several well-known speakers spoke on behalf of the unemployed, and the following resolutions were carried unanimously:

1st. It was resolved that a meeting of the unemployed be held on Saturday, October 4th, at 2 o'clock, on the steps of the Royal Exchange, thence to the Tower; after that a series of meetings will be held in different prominent places in the East and West End of London, with the object of calling together thousands of the unemployed and to compel the various authorities to adopt measures for their employment.

2nd. That we, the unemployed, propose that a deputation of the unemployed should wait upon the Executive Council of the South Side Labour Protection League, Dockers' Union, and other large trade unions, to lay before them the question of the unemployed, and ask them to take action in forcing the local bodies to start municipal workshops and factories for the unemployed, and by that means preventing blacklegs from working against trade-unionism.



OFFICES: 24 GREAT QUEEN STREET, LONDON, W.C.

HAVE YOU NOT HEARD HOW IT HAS GONE WITH MANY A CAUSE BEFORE NOW: FIRST, FEW MEN HEED IT; NEXT, MOST MEN CONTEMN IT; LASTLY, ALL MEN ACCEPT IT—AND THE CAUSE IS WON

The COMMONWEAL is the official organ of the Socialist League; but, unless definitely so announced by the Editors, no article is to be taken as expressing in more than a general way the views of the League as a body. In accordance with the Manifesto and Statement of Principles of the League, the COMMONWEAL is an exponent of International Revolutionary Socialism. On minor differences of opinion the widest freedom of discussion is maintained. As all articles are signed, no special significance attaches to their position in the paper.

Articles and letters dealing with any phase of the social problem are invited and will meet with earnest consideration. They must be written on one side of the paper only, and accompanied by the name and address of the writer, not necessarily for publication. MSS. can only be returned if a stamped directed envelope accompanies them.

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Periodicals received during the week ending Wednesday October 1.

ENGLAND Belfast Weekly Star Church Reformer Die Autonomie Justice People's Press Railway Review Sozial Demokrat Seafaring Herald of Anarchy Vegetarian	Boston—Liberty Investigator Progress and Liberty Buffalo—Arbeiter-Zeitung Chicago (Ill)—Vorbote Detroit—Der Arme Teufel Los Angeles—Cal. Nationalist Philadel.—Knights of Labour Paterson Labour Standard San Francisco Arbeiter Zeitung S. F.—Coast Seamen's Journal St. Louis (Mo.)—Die Parole Valley Falls (Kan.)—Lucifer	BELGIUM Antwerp—De Werker Ghent—Vooruit
NEW SOUTH WALES Sydney—Bulletin Truth Australian Star Daily Telegraph	FRANCE Paris—Bourse du Travail Paris—La Revolté Le Parti ouvrier Le Proletariat L'Information Parisienne Charleville—L'Emancipation Lyon—L'Action Sociale Lille—Le Cri du Travailleur	SWITZERLAND Arbeiterstimme Bulletin Continental
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UNITED STATES New York—Freiheit New York—Der Sozialist Twentieth Century Volkszeitung Bakers' Journal New York—Truthseeker Workmen's Advocate Boston—Woman's Journal	ITALY Milan—Cuore e Critica	GERMANY Berlin—Volks Tribune Halberstadt, Sonntags-Zeitung
		AUSTRIA Vienna—Arbeiter-Zeitung Brunn—Volksfreund Reichenberg—Freigeist
		HUNGARY Arbeiter-Wochen-Chronik
		DENMARK Copenhagen—Arbejdere
		SWEDEN Stockholm, Social-Demokraten Malmo—Arbetet
		CAPE COLONY Cape Town—Argus
		ARGENTINE REPUBLIC Buenos Ayres—Vorwärts

HOW THE POOR ARE "RELIEVED."

THE news has been going the round of the capitalist papers that "the figures as to the poor relief in England and Wales during the first half of 1890 are said to be *encouraging*, since they show that pauperism is decreasing rather than increasing. The expenditure is smaller than in ten out of twelve of the preceding half-years, and there was a decrease in 36 out of the 44 union counties. The largest increase was in Essex, and amounted only to 4 per cent." When this is read in the light of a case that came before the Stirling Sheriff Court on Sept. 2nd, it suggests unspeakable cruelty and brazen hypocrisy. That the relief of the poor has decreased is no proof against the fact that poverty has increased. The poor we have still with us in increasing numbers and privation, and however big-bellied, church-going, handsome-salaried superintendents of poor funds may try to cover up the fact with the aid of mock philanthropic religious "adopters" of orphans, the cruel crime of their decreasing figures will not be hid. The Stirling case is a fair sample of hundreds that help to keep down the figures of poor relief, and which demonstrate that the only relief for the poor in our present society is in Death or Revolution.

Mary Wright is the wife of an innkeeper at Buchlyvie. There is a great deal of hard work about an inn to keep all things clean, and the profits of the inn will sometimes not afford to pay for that work after rent, taxes, etc., are handed over to provide a livelihood for others who are above living off the sale of drink. The people who live by fleecing the publican's profits, are generally those who for political reasons load the publican with the drink excesses, which are the outcome of inherited results of overwork and underfeeding. The primary cause of Mrs. Wright's crime is not to be found in Mrs. Wright, but in the social system that produced her and her environments. Mrs. Wright, with a just appreciation of how profits are made, thought it would not be wrong to become the proud possessor of a slave who

would do the work with the least possible expenditure. The poor relief authorities helped Mrs. Wright to that by relieving themselves of the cost of the keep of poor wee Agnes Campbell. By such means the figures of poor relief are made *encouraging* news to capitalists and church goers, who have to listen at times to Matthew xxv., 45. Agnes Campbell is nine years of age, diminutive (no wonder) but intelligent, and she lived with the accused first in England and afterwards in Balfroon. She had to wash and shine dishes and pans, sweep and scrub the floors, was not sent to school, and was only allowed out to the back to brush the boots. She was kept so close indoors that the neighbours did not know there was a child in the Endrick Inn. She was not provided with a bed—that would cost money, and Mrs. Wright could not give the money to her betters and also to Agnes—and so she slept on a piece of canvas on the floor. She had to go without food—that costs money also and the laird needs it—and had to put up with thrashings with a walking stick, or straps, or kicks, in order that she might not grow too proud for her station in life.

Owing to such treatment poor Agnes made up her mind to become a revolutionist in her own small way. So on Sunday, August 3rd, when her philanthropic adopters and reducers of the figures of the poor relief—Mr. Thomas and Mrs. Mary Wright—were at church (it wins the minister to your side when you attend church), poor Agnes was locked in an upper room feeling weary, sore, and hungry. Chattel slavery, as cruel as any that ever existed in the Southern States of America, exists still in Britain with the aid of our poor relief authorities, notwithstanding our bellowings of "Rule Britannia." Poor Agnes, in pursuance of her revolutionary idea, took a rope which lay on the floor of her prison and fastened it to a chair and lowered herself from the window to the ground. This revolutionary act exasperated her slave-drivers, but although it was the cause of some personal suffering, it brought on the crisis which promises to bring relief to the revolutionist.

Let it be noted that however small and weak, and limited in resources one may be, there is always improvement to be got behind rebellion to tyranny. "Rebellion to tyrants is obedience to God." Rebellion troubles the waters of the pool and imparts healing for the ills our economical professors pronounce to be incurable. Rebellion works miracles of healing to the overburdened and hopeless. When things are at the worst it is well to try something desperate. Poor Agnes Campbell's exploiters, like all other exploiters of human lives, resented her attempts to better herself. But the truth came out at last, and at the trial which followed Mrs. Bennet swore to having examined the child's body and found "her shoulders to be black and blue and covered with wales. Her dress consisted of a dirty ragged frock, and a chemise which witness could compare to nothing but a duster." Dr. McCandlish described the filthy condition the child was in and the bruises on her body, which he said "were very severe." All these are bare unadorned facts, sworn to in court, and found clearly proven by the sheriff, who, in sentencing Mrs. Wright to thirty days without the option of a fine, said "that this girl was used as a drudge, underfed, and assaulted in a manner that was cruel and disgraceful."

Now for the sequel, which shows the direct interest the poor relief authorities have in such treatment, and the light it throws on the decrease of poor relief figures. Mrs. Wright had one witness to stand by her. He was not sent to prison. He was Mr. W. Grimmond, superintendent of children for the city parish of Glasgow. This man swore "he had every reason to believe she [Agnes] was well treated." His reasons were based on the admissions drawn from him in further examination "that though the Parochial Board got intimation on the 4th August—the day after Agnes's revolt—of the condition the child was in, no reply was sent or enquiry made." It is very easy to show an *encouraging* balance if no notice be taken of one's liabilities. In this manner the figures of our poor relief are kept down and reduced in face of the increasing poverty and distress that press the workers under. When the workers consider and understand what it means, that for every pound paid by them towards the relief of the poor only about 2s. actually reaches the poor, they will try to prevent the parochial guardians of their orphans pocketing so much for rendering such services as they did to poor Agnes Campbell. In paying poor rates the workers are not only supplying salaries to these useless and un-needed darlings and friends of the classes; they are also helping to protect the profit-mongers, who exploit human lives, from the just vengeance of their victims. Out of the mouths of babes cometh wisdom, and the sad experience, and the revolt and escape of Agnes Campbell speak eloquently to the workers who have eyes to see and ears to hear. Her case is just a miniature of Labour's treatment.

GEORGE McLEAN.

If it were possible that a people brought up under an intolerant and arbitrary system could subvert that system without acts of cruelty and folly half the objections to despotic power would be removed. We should, in that case, be compelled to acknowledge that it at least produces no pernicious effects on the intellectual and moral character of a people. We deplore the outrages which accompany revolutions. But the more violent the outrages, the more assured we feel that a *revolution was necessary*. The violence of those outrages will always be proportioned to the ferocity and ignorance of the people: and the ferocity and ignorance of the people will be proportioned to the oppression and degradation under which they have been accustomed to live. Thus it was in our civil war. The rulers in the Church and State reaped only that which they had sown. They had prohibited free discussion; they had done their best to keep the people unacquainted with their duties and their rights. The retribution was just and natural. If they suffered from popular ignorance, it was because they had themselves taken away the key of knowledge. If they were assailed with blind fury, it was because they had exacted an equally blind submission.—Macaulay: 'Milton.'

NOTES ON NEWS.

MY remarks about the Southampton Strike are treated by the *People's Press*, the journal of New Unionism, in what doubtless the editors think to be a humorous vein. It is a fearfully laboured attempt to be funny, and could be passed over without comment but for the deliberate lie contained in the note immediately above it.

Therein the anonymous writer states that I bolted when McCarthy approached. As a matter of fact I simply desisted from speaking in order first not to divide the audience, and secondly to hear the result of McCarthy's "mission," and so far from bolting was amongst the hearers who listened to the tale of his failure to obtain a hearing from the dock authorities.

If the editors of the *People's Press* like to meet adverse criticism of their pet leaders with ridicule instead of serious answer, that is their business, but as "New Journalists" they might at least be truthful, and abstain from making their sheet a vehicle for anonymous slander.

New Journalism like New Unionism is supposed to be a grand departure from old methods. Why do not the working-class readers of the Labour Press insist upon signed articles? The mysterious "we" could no longer then be used to hide the personality of some parasitical penny-a-liner or literary dead-beat.

It is an ill wind that blows nobody any good. The New Unionism is a god-send to a host of impecunious ink-slingers and hungry paragraph mongers, superior persons with severely correct pronunciation and credit suits, who but for the advent of the New Unions might have gravitated to the Older Unions under the Poor Law.

The Registrations now taking place are instructive as showing the absurdities of Parliamentarianism. In one place an official is charged with putting the names of 2,000 unqualified persons upon the register. In another a dead man is registered as eligible to vote. Smart limbs of the law, representing the political Ins and Outs, seek under every pretext to disfranchise as many as possible of their opponent's friends. The would-be voter is metaphorically used as a shuttle-cock between the battledores of contending lawyers. A Registration Court would be a good place to harden Revolutionary Socialists in their principles.

F. K.

The great glove-fight is not a subject that I love, but it is the most prominent topic of public interest during the present week, judging from the prominence given to it on the newspaper bills. This is a Christian country, a civilised country, and yet gentlemen of the middle and upper classes pay thirteen guineas for seven minutes' "sport," to see two beefy brutes pound each other into jelly. It would take a skilled artizan seven weeks to earn the money spent by a labour robber for his "amusement." Yet Christian divines talk of the blessings of Christianity. This glorious creed has swept away the brutal sports of the Roman arena. Indeed, but does not the modern "masher" greatly resemble the effeminate Roman dandy who gazed in wondering delight on the huge muscles of the gladiator, or shrieked with joy to see blood redden the circus sands? The records of the divorce court and Cleveland Street show that the modern masher resembles the Roman dandy in more ways than one.

Mr. John Morley nearly had his head smashed by a policeman's truncheon in Ireland a few days ago. We wish his head had been smashed. Perhaps then he and other middle class politicians would feel more sympathy with unemployed workmen who will probably go through a similar experience at the hands of "our admirable police" this winter.

N.

We who are in revolt against the loathsome society of to-day, founded as it is upon force and fraud, have no prejudices against so-called "criminals," but rather always commiseration for them, sometimes sympathy with them. Such a man as Wright, the "Hoxton burglar," appears to be, excites a feeling of admiration in every real revolutionist. Not for the first time this brave convict made a determined onslaught on one of the uniformed scoundrels told off as taskmasters to the wretched slaves undergoing what is known as "penal servitude." Probably he would have rid the world of at least one defender of "law and order," if (for the sake, doubtless, of ingratiating themselves with the authorities) some of his fellow convicts had not proved themselves dastardly hounds and come to the "warder's" rescue.

The Government have been afraid to bring Wright to trial in open court, although his "offence" clearly amounted to "attempt to murder." He has been dealt with in secret by some "visiting justices" or "prison commissioners" or other privy torture-dealers, and sentenced apparently (amongst other things) to a succession of cruel floggings. At any rate, the capitalist journals announce with ferocious glee that he has received a "first instalment" of three dozen lashes! The official report describes him as "cowed"—a palpable lie, since in the same breath the bureaucratic scribe adds that "his demeanour is as desperate as ever, and he states that he is determined to have revenge, and would rather be hanged than endure penal servitude." Probably the very damned hypocrites who order the infliction of these punishments upon a fellow human being are among the first to denounce similar atrocities in Siberia.

R. W. B.

IN EAST KENT.

PROPAGANDA is having a good result amongst the hop-pickers, who are pretty plentiful round about here just now, but it can only be carried on group by group, the plantations being scattered over such wide areas. There will be, say next season, a good opportunity for a handful of organisers to go from plantation to plantation and work with, and make the acquaintance of the pickers themselves, and judging from the readiness with which they have received what little propaganda has been given to them during the past fortnight, I am certain that a thoroughly successful campaign could be carried out without the slightest difficulty. At ripening-time, hops are the most capricious crops imaginable; every day adds to their value or to their detriment. The pickers know this, and if they could only be kept in touch with one another by the organisers, and strike work all together when there were signs in the air that a day's delay with the picking would mean the ruin of the whole crop (these signs occur at least once during picking-time), they would obtain double wages at the first time of asking.

Last Wednesday week, about 400 men, women, and children, employed by a Mr. T. Phillips at Offham to pick his hops, came out on strike and returned a few hours afterwards, having obtained their demand that a shilling be paid for picking four bushels instead of a shilling for six bushels as heretofore. This strike also resulted beneficially to some of the neighbouring groups of pickers, their employers giving them the same terms sooner than the gathering should be delayed. The pickers are frequently swindled most unmercifully in the measuring. The measure has a ring fixed a certain height inside, and the hops are shovelled in and shaken level until they reach this ring. This quantity represents a bushel, and is put to the picker's credit; but in nine cases out of ten the employer, by means of unfair measures and false entries, manages to obtain about nine gallons to the bushel.

One affair in particular happened a fortnight ago at a place known as Mercer's Farm, where the perpetrator, who is the employer himself and a leader of the local Y.M.C.A., had unobserved, and with a craftiness peculiar to his sect, raised the ring in the measure to such a height that ten gallons instead of eight were required to reach it, hoping by these means to get two gallons picked for nothing. The trick was discovered early in the day, and the Christian cheat narrowly escaped a severe beating.

A family of six can earn, provided the weather be fine, barely 1s. 9d. a-day, which will just keep them in food and provide a little tobacco and beer besides; but as often as not the pickers return to their "homes" with only a few coppers in their pockets; indeed, last year many of them had to foot it back, begging their keep on the road.

But by far the most outrageous feature of the hop-picking season is the dwellings with which the employers provide these people. There is no accommodation for them in the neighbouring villages, so they are bound to use them. They have no choice. One place, called St. Leonard's Street, is a fair sample. It is a low building but 6 ft. high, and covered with a low-pitched roof and making three sides of a square. It is divided into seven or eight chambers, with a door to each, which opens into the piece of open ground inside the square, where all the cooking, washing, etc., must be done. There is no room for such matters inside the building, for as soon as one rises in the morning, outside he or she must go to give room for the others to get up. The crowding inside is simply incredible. I saw myself in one of the rooms, 14 ft. by 9 ft., twenty-seven persons! and in another room, 10 ft. by 8 ft., 23 persons! Men and women, married and otherwise, lads, girls, and infants all crowded together—at bed-time! The men wait outside until the women undress, and then slip in to find their own places in the dark. They sleep upon straw spread on top of low stacks of faggots; the things are suggestive of *auto da fé*. Naturally the air inside at night-time is fearfully heated and close.

In this particular case the employers are two wealthy ladies, who are regular attendants at the parish church, and who find time to comfort their victims on Sunday afternoons with a gratuitous distribution of tracts washed down by a short sermon on the blessings of honest poverty. After the "divine service" on the Sunday afternoon we were present, a collection of 1s. 5d. was made, but not for the Gospel as preached by these two wealthy ladies.

J. BINES.

For the 'Commonweal.'

A Course of Special Lectures and Concert and Ball for the above purpose (under the management of the 'Commonweal' Branch of S.L.) will be given at the Club Autonomie, 6, Windmill Street, Tottenham Court Road, W., as under:

Monday, Oct. 6th, at 8.30 p.m.—G. BERNARD SHAW (Fabian Society), on "Ferdinand Lassalle." 'Commonweal' Choir will sing. Admission free.

Monday, October 13th, at 8.30 p.m.—D. J. NICOLL (S.L.), on "The Glorious Reformation; or, How the English People were Evicted, Robbed, and Murdered by the Ruling Classes." 'Commonweal' Choir. Admission free.

Monday, October 20th, at 8 p.m.—WILLIAM MORRIS (S.L.), on "Art for the People." This Lecture will be delivered at the Athenæum Hall, 73, Tottenham Court Road, W. Admission by Ticket, Sixpence. For full particulars, see large bills. Tickets can be had from Wm. Blundell, 'Commonweal' Branch Secretary, or F. Kitz, S.L. Secretary, 24, Great Queen St., Lincoln's Inn Fields, W.C.; and of all Branch Secretaries.

Monday, November 3rd.—A Concert and Ball. Full particulars of this will be duly announced in *Weal*.

Any further information will be gladly supplied by 'Commonweal' Branch Secretary, 24, Great Queen Street, W.C.

NOTICE.

Next Week the Celebrated Revolutionary Song,

"LA CARMAGNOLE."

WORDS AND MUSIC.

Franchises and Newsagents are requested to order early, as we expect an immense demand.

THE LABOUR STRUGGLE.

War to the Knife.

Although the present time is a period of comparative quiet, yet it is evident that serious events are impending. Mr. J. H. Wilson, the secretary of the Seamen's and Firemen's Union, has issued a circular, in which he warns the men. He says, speaking of the Shipowners' Federation:

"I have private information of the tactics they intend to adopt. They intend to promote conflicts in as many ports as possible, and to have a constant supply of men on hand to fill up the places of our members who may be on strike: consequently, at any moment, we may be embroiled in one of the largest labour battles ever known. If we are successful in tiding over the next three months without a fight, it will be as much as we will be able to do. . . . The most serious part of the business is that many of the dock-labourers' organisations, owing to the strikes during the past twelve months, are financially in a weak position, and in the event of any general strike taking place the burden of the battle would be on the shoulders of the sailors and firemen."

In the very same paper in which this appears—the *Daily Chronicle* of September 27—there is also a significant paragraph, which is calculated to give one the impression that Mr. Wilson's private information is rather near the truth:

"At a meeting of the Association of Employers, held at Southampton yesterday, it was unanimously decided that it was desirable at once to establish in the interests of all concerned a free labour association for the port. Immediate steps are being taken to carry the resolution into effect."

It is therefore evident that a terrible crisis is near at hand. It may be even upon us within the next few days. Everyone knows that ships manned by blacklegs will arrive in the docks from Australia before many days are over. What are the dockers going to do? Go dead against every principle they have proclaimed, and to please Mr. Norwood, unload these vessels, that are loaded by blacklegs and manned by blacklegs? We hope they will stand firm, and refuse; but if unfortunately they do give way, they have only postponed the conflict, unless they are willing to capitulate at once and let Mr. Norwood trample them beneath his feet. Norwood never forgives or forgets, and do dockers think that amiable gentleman has forgotten the volleys of hard names showered upon him during the Dock Strike? Does he not remember how he was called "a financial Jack the Ripper," and his effigy carried on a gallows through the public streets? No, Mr. Norwood has not forgotten; and he is only biding his time; he lacks the amiable Christianity of Mr. Ben Tillet. So the leaders of the New Unionism must prepare for the worst. And in the fight that is close at hand, not only the interests of the dockers are in question, but the interests of every workman in London who gained a rise in wages during the great labour revolt of last year. If the Dockers' Union is smashed, the citadel of New Unionism is in the hands of the enemy, and all is over; in a few months every advantage gained by the unskilled labourers of London will be lost. What must be done to avert this calamity? On the day on which Mr. Norwood begins the attack on the Dockers' Union by a general lock-out, the men belonging to all the new unions in London must strike. Let the gas-stokers, colliers, railway-men, carmen, tram-men, bus-men, join with sailors, stevedores, dockers, and lightermen, and the battle is won. The trade of the metropolis would be paralysed, and no body of employers could stand against this immense revolt of labour. This is practically the only chance for New Trade-Unionism, the battle before it is a fight to death. The last Dock Strike was partly won through fear of riot and insurrection, and also because Mr. Norwood could not get blacklegs enough. He will have no difficulty in getting blacklegs this winter, and the whole forces of the Government, the army, navy, and police, will be at his command; so the leaders of the dockers must either basely surrender or else proclaim a general strike. If it was worth while doing this to get the docker his tanner, it surely ought to be done to prevent him losing it. The case is desperate, and desperate means must be employed. If they are not, the speedy decease of the New Trade-Unionism is not far off.

Making it Hot for Blacklegs.

The people of Plymouth know how to appeal to the tender feelings of the blackleg. There was a blackleg recruiting sergeant in Plymouth the other day, and he obtained twenty blacklegs to go and take the place of some joiners who were on strike at Newcastle. The blacklegs had scarcely taken their train when the station was invaded by a mob of two thousand people, who dragged them out of the carriages by force. One of the crimps employed by the bosses nearly got his arm broken, and a railway guard who interfered had his clothes torn off his back. "Gentle persuasion" ultimately triumphed, and seventeen blacklegs "were prevailed upon to stop." Bravo, Plymouth! Three cheers for the Spirit of Revolt!

The Shop Assistants' Union.

Last Sunday a meeting of shop assistants was held in Regent's Park, under the auspices of the Shop Assistants' Union. J. Turner was in the chair, and opened the meeting with a most practical speech. He was followed by Mr. Thomas, who spoke pretty plainly of the way assistants were treated, saying we had to eat food not fit for human beings to eat, and mentioned a case he knew personally where an employer went to the butcher's the last thing Saturday night and offered him 2d. per lb. to clear him out of all odd pieces; it was then put into an ice-safe and brought out as wanted—"plenty good enough for assistants." He said he had often had to sleep on a bed not fit for a dog, and he had known assistants who had to sleep three in a bed. He had slept on beds which he could make an impression upon, and he had also slept on beds which had made an impression on him. Assistants had to put up with being driven about and insulted by some petty official, which a mechanic would never think of standing, let alone work the number of hours we were compelled to work. He had always noticed that the bigger liar an assistant was the more the masters appreciated him.

The assistants, however, seemed to resent being shown up to such an extent. With a few remarks from A. Mussett regarding the degrading agreements the assistants were compelled to sign at large establishments, which put them right outside the pale of the law, the meeting was closed, and 3s. 5d. was collected.

A Tonic Sol Fa Class meets every Thursday evening at 8 o'clock at Kelmscott House, Hammersmith; comrade J. Munday conductor. All members of the League are cordially invited to attend and assist.

SOCIALISM IN LONDON AND THE PROVINCES.

DUNDEE.

COMRADES H. H. Duncan, William Rennie, and the writer (Aberdeen) went to Dundee on Saturday, Sept. 20th, to further the Cause of Socialism. Our first meeting was held on the Green Market on the Saturday evening; comrade J. Duncan (Dundee) presided. The speakers at this meeting were Rennie and H. H. Duncan, and both comrades were listened to by a very orderly and intelligent audience; no questions were put; a fair supply of literature was sold. I may say that at this meeting we sung two of our songs, a part of propaganda work which was quite new to Dundee friends. On the Sunday afternoon a large and enthusiastic meeting of unskilled labourers was held in the Labour Institute, 72, Overgate. The object of this meeting was to organise the carters, dockers, etc., into one solid organisation; comrade Addison presided. After the chairman had explained the objects of the union, Rennie, H. H. Duncan, and the writer addressed the men; our speeches were listened to with close attention, and we were glad to hear after the meeting that good results followed. I may just add that Addison, Munday, Munro, and a few other comrades are working very hard in this movement of organising the unskilled labourers. At six o'clock we held an open-air meeting in Barrack Street, where a large audience listened attentively to H. H. Duncan and Rennie; both comrades were in splendid form and delivered stirring speeches. Our last meeting was held at 7 o'clock in the Labour Institute; Addison was again in the chair. There were over 200 persons present of all shades of opinion. We began the meeting by singing "Marching to Liberty," the chorus of which the audience soon took up. Rennie and H. H. Duncan then read papers on "The Labour Movement in Relation to Socialism" and "The General Strike." A lively debate followed; one opponent—a Trades' Councillor—was alarmed lest we might be the means of driving the capitalists with their capital out of the country, to which we replied that we should only be too glad if they would do so, and take all their "bonds, bank-books, and bills" with them. As usual, we had the "practical man" to contend with. At this meeting he appeared in the shape of John Nicol, a man well known in Dundee; on the whole the opposition was very tame and easily disposed of. In conclusion, I would just say that it is a pity that Dundee is so very hard up for speakers in the Socialist movement, for there is splendid material to work upon, and I am convinced that if only any of our speaking comrades would visit Dundee, whenever it is possible for them to do so, they would be the means of converting a very large number of the workers to our ideal in a very short time. Meanwhile, success to our comrades in Dundee!

JAMES MACLEAN.

LEEDS.

FAIRLY good meetings on Sunday, 21st ult., when comrade Stockton (of Manchester) spoke, in spite of the rain and very chilly weather. The temperance party, who have been riled by our letters in the local press, turned up in force and attempted to spoil our meetings by rude and intemperate interruptions. As a consequence of their action, aided by the correspondence in the press already referred to, and also by the denunciations of our meetings, our "dirty red flag," and "pernicious doctrines," which have appeared in other local papers, large crowds attended on Hunslet Moor, Woodhouse Moor, and Vicar's Croft on Sunday last, when Reynolds (of Hull) delivered three eloquent and forcible addresses. The sympathy of the people with us was proved by the subscription of 14s. 6d. to our funds, and the purchase of four quires of *Commonweal* and some other literature, a very unpleasant answer indeed for the local scribes who have actually appealed to the readers of their papers to drive us by main force from Woodhouse Moor. The Woodhouse Moor meeting proved to be the most successful of all. Bland (of Bradford) assisted us on Sunday, 21st ult., and among local speakers comrades Sollitt, Sweeney, Corkwell, and Cores, and James of the Universal Labour Union of Newcastle, who delivered a very powerful speech in our support. Altogether we have been immensely encouraged by our recent meetings in Leeds.

G. C.

NORTH LONDON.—A very good meeting at Ossulston Street was addressed by Cantwell, Nicoll, and Mrs. Lahr. We enlivened the meeting with several songs, and after we had sang the "Red, White, and Blue" (revised edition), some Jingoos said it was a shame we were "allowed" to sing it in England, but that we dare not sing it in Portsmouth among the loyal and patriotic militia. Our three meetings on Sunday were very successful. At Regent's Park the speakers were Cantwell and Nicoll; Whelan opposed, but devoted his time to calling us brainless, uncultivated, and saucy-tongued, and as he did not refer to Socialism at all the audience became very impatient; Nicoll replied; collection 2s. 11½d. At Hyde Park the meeting was opened by a song from the choir, and addressed by Cantwell, Mrs. Lahr, and Coulton; good sale of *Commonweal* and song-books; 1s. 5½d. collected. At Liverpool Street, Cantwell, Nicoll, and Blundell spoke; 20 *Weals* sold.

SOUTH SIDE BRANCH.—Three very successful meetings were held in Croydon on Sunday, at Thornton Heath, Handcroft Road, and Crownhill; speakers were Leggatt and Miss Lupton; 2s. 2d. collected; two quires *Commonweal* and song-books sold.—E. L.

ABERDEEN.—Monday the 22nd ult. being a holiday here, comrades Duncan and Rennie journeyed to Dundee on the Saturday. (See report above.) We held our usual Sunday night meeting here, when the Duke of Argyll's attack upon Henry George, and Henry George's reply, was read and discussed. We had no meeting on Thursday night owing to the rain. On Saturday, Duncan, W. Cooper, and Leatham spoke to a large crowd, the latter answering quite a host of questions at the close.—C.

HULL.—On Sunday last, Samuels (of Leeds) visited us (while Reynolds went to Leeds), and spoke twice at Tribal Green in company with Sketchley, who is living here; good meetings were held; *Weals* and *Freedom* sold out and many pamphlets; collected 5s. 8d. We intend to have a champion Commemoration Meeting here for the Chicago Martyrs on Nov. 10th in the Sailors' Institute, Hull.

SCOTTISH SOCIALIST FEDERATION—EDINBURGH.—On Wednesday the 27th ult., we had a good meeting in Labour Hall, when Cunningham Graham delivered a capital address on the "Eight Hours' Day," which was much appreciated; a discussion followed. After the meeting dispersed we had a "social" in the small hall, when we had short speeches from Graham, Spence (Aberdeen) and Glasse, and the meeting was otherwise enlivened by appropriate toasts and the singing of revolutionary songs. Graham also spoke at the Scottish Home Rule meeting, which was being held at the same time in the music-hall. He had a decent reception from the audience, but his Socialistic speech was too much for Professor Blackie, who shook his "kail runt" at the "unsentimental gentlemen," and generously made an exception in his case when moving a vote of thanks to "all the speakers." We had good meetings in Leith and Edinburgh on Sunday, and lively discussion. Henderson Street Hall has been secured for our Sunday evening meetings in Leith, which begin on Sunday first.

COSMOPOLITAN RESEARCH ASSOCIATION, Wharfedale Temperance Bar, 46 Wharfedale Road, Kings Cross.—Meets every Wednesday at 8.30 for discussion of social subjects. October 8th, Mr. A. Bradfield, "Natural Causation."

INTERNATIONAL NOTES.

GERMANY.

Twenty-two soldiers of the 78th Regiment stationed at Oldenburg have been sentenced to two years' imprisonment for insubordination, and they freely declared that they were Socialists. How the cowardly and false bourgeoisie must shake in their shoes at reading such news! What is to become of them if they can't rely any more on the army, the strongest pillar on which that miserable structure, so-called modern society, rests? Though we have great pleasure at the sight of the cold perspiration which breaks out on the leaders of the present social "civilisation," we are sorry for the young men; but even they will get over it, and the hate against their tormentors will only grow stronger and more intense. We hope if these young soldiers of Socialism ever use the ballot-box as a means to destroy the present state of society, they will use to smash the skulls of some of its brightest ornaments.

Ever since the last great miners' strike the large manufacturers and capitalists have been very dissatisfied with the way the Emperor interfered in the strike, and also with his meddling with the "free contract" between employers and employed, and as they dare not attack the Socialist kaiser himself, their warfare is directed against Councillor Hinspeter, who was teacher to the Emperor, and who is supposed to have infused the social reforms into the royal "brain." On the other hand, the workmen have shown at the elections and otherwise what they think of the royal humbug. It is certain that young Billy suffers very much from some nervous disease, for he travels and runs about from place to place, from one military show to another, it looks certainly as if something was not quite right, or as if he hadn't his right change anyhow. In his social reforms we find the same feverishness and inconsistency throughout; further, the actions of the Ministry show that they are affected in the same way. The Home Minister, Herrfurth, who declared in the debate about the removal of the coercion law that they could not do without it, has now (since Bismarck got the sack) said that the law was a great mistake. It is strongly rumoured that the Government is going to publish on the 1st October a manifesto to the working classes, asking them to stand by the Emperor, telling them what he is going to do for them; and if this has not the desired effect, and the workmen refuse to be good boys, the policy of in the one hand sugar, and in the other the whip will be dropped, and the policy of only whip will again be adopted. It seems as if the Socialist members smell the rat; they try to make the new organisation as flat as possible, and get the ribbons well in their hands, to be able to excommunicate everyone who dares to kick.

At a congress at Halle of German miners a federation of unions was agreed upon, and the rules prepared by a committee adopted. A petition was also drawn up to be submitted to the Imperial Parliament and other bodies, setting forth the following demands:

1. That a shift shall not exceed eight hours.
2. That overtime shall be abolished.
3. That the shifts to be reduced in wet or too hot places.
4. That the minimum wages of pickmen be 4 marks per day, the pay of the other workers in mines to be fixed in proportion.
5. That wages be paid weekly, and one system of pay-books be introduced in all mines.
6. That courts of arbitration be established to settle all disputes.
7. That a new German mining law be passed.
8. That improved sanitary arrangements be introduced.
9. That the restrictions which prevent miners from going from one district to another be removed.
10. That the administration of miners' co-operative unions be entirely in the hands of the men.
11. That measures be taken to prevent the importation of foreign labour.
12. That the power of employers to dismiss their men be limited by law.
13. That capitalist rings be abolished or suppressed if they are directed against workmen.

Some of these demands show that the authors of this petition have very childish notions about the grim warfare between capital and labour. Petition, indeed! they can petition till they are black in the face; it will only fill the waste-paper baskets. If the miners want any lightening of their burden they will have to make their demands in a different key. RTR.

DAMNATION!

How the parsons do laugh in their sleeves!
They laugh, for they care not a pin,
Though the world with themselves has been damned,
Because Eve gave Adam a pipin.

If you think this untrue you will go
To the Devil, the parsons tell you;—
O, believe in such nonsense as that!
You deserve to be damned if you do!

—HARRY CROPLEY.

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LECTURE DIARY.

LONDON.

- Battersea.**—All communications to E. Buteux, 45, Inwith Street, Battersea Park Road.
- Commonweal Branch.**—24 Great Queen Street, Holborn, W.C. Tuesdays, Singing Practice. Thursdays, Business meeting. Saturdays, Social Gathering. Sunday, October 5, at 8.30 p.m., R. W. Burnie, "Anarchist Morality."
- East London.**—H. McKenzie, 10 Victoria Dwellings, Clerkenwell Road, E.C.
- Hammersmith.**—Kelmscott House, Upper Mall, W. Lecture every Sunday at 8. French Class conducted by Mde. Desroches on Friday evenings at 7.30.
- North Kensington.**—Clarendon Coffee Palace, Clarendon Road. Meets every Wednesday at 8 p.m. Band practice every Friday at 8 p.m. On Sunday, October 5, at 7.30, a lecture.
- North London.**—6 Windmill Street, Tottenham Court Road. Meets every Wednesday evening at 8 o'clock.
- South Side Branch.**—E. Lupton, secretary *pro tem*.
- Whitechapel and St. Georges-in-the-East.**—Branch meetings at International Club, 40 Berner Street, Commercial Road. J. Turner, organising secretary.

PROVINCES.

- Aberdeen.**—Organiser, J. Leatham, 7 Jamaica Street. Branch meets in Odd-fellows' Small Hall, Crooked Lane, on Sunday evenings at 6.30. Singing practice, etc., Mondays at 8 p.m.
- Glasgow.**—Members are invited to meet on Thursday and Sunday evenings, at 8 o'clock, in the Secretary's house, 250 Crown Street, S.S. All communications to be sent to that address.
- Halifax.**—Socialists meet every Sunday at 6.30 p.m. at Helliwell's Temperance Hotel, Northgate.
- Hull.**—Club Liberty, 1 Beets Court, Blanket Row.
- Leeds.**—Socialist League Club, 1 Clarendon Buildings and Front Row. Open every evening. Business meeting Saturdays at 8.—International Educational Club, Templar Street. Open every evening. Discussion class every Friday at 8; lectures every Saturday at 4. All kinds of Socialist literature on tables and for sale.
- Leicester.**—Exchange Buildings, Rutland Street. Branch meeting on Thursday at 8 p.m.
- Manchester.**—Socialist League Club, 60 Grovesnor Street, All Saints. Open every evening. Branch weekly meeting on Tuesdays at 8.
- Nottingham.**—Socialist Club, Woodland Place, Upper Parliament Street. Club contribution, 1d. per week; Dancing every Wednesday, 8 till 10.30—fee 3d.
- Norwich.**—Members' meeting held every Tuesday at 8.30.
- Oxford.**—Temperance Hall, 25½ Pembroke Street. First Friday in every month, at 8.30 p.m.
- Sheffield.**—Socialist Club, 63 Blonk Street. French Class, Tuesday at 8.30. Discussion Class, Wednesday at 8.30. Open-air meetings are held as follows:—Sunday: Monolith, Fargate, at 11.30; Newhall Road, Attercliffe, at 11.30; Pump, Westbar, at 8; Heeley, Maresbrook Park, at 7.30; Monolith, Fargate, at 6.30; Rotherham, College Yard, at 3.15. Wednesday: Nursery Street, Wicker, at 8. Thursday: Bramall Lane, at 8; Eckington, at 6.30. Friday: Duke Street, Park, at 8. Saturday: Woodhouse, at 7.
- Walsall.**—Socialist Club, 18 Goodall Street, Walsall. Meetings every night.
- Yarmouth.**—Socialist League Club, 56 Row, Market Place. Open every evening Business Meeting, Tuesday at 8. Singing Practice, Wednesday at 8.30. Discussion Class, Thursday at 8.30. Elocution Class, Friday at 8.30.

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SATURDAY 4.

- 8 Euston Road—Ossulston Street Nicoll
- 8 Mile-end Waste Leggatt and Greenwood

SUNDAY 5.

- 11 Commercial Road—Union Street Burnie
- 11 Latimer Road Station North Kensington Branch
- 11.30 Hammersmith Bridge Hammersmith Branch
- 11.30 Hoxton Church Nicoll
- 11.30 New Cut—Short Street Smith and Miss Lupton
- 11.30 Regent's Park Blundell
- 3.30 Hyde Park—Marble Arch Mordhurst and Cantwell
- 3.30 Victoria Park Commonweal Branch
- 3.30 Streatham Common Smith, Buckeridge, and Miss Lupton
- 6 Streatham—Fountain The Branch
- 7 Hammersmith Bridge Hammersmith Branch
- 7 Wormwood Scrubs North Kensington Branch
- 8 Kings Cross—Liverpool Street Mrs. Blundell
- 8 Mile-end Waste The Branch
- 8 Walham Green—back of Church Hammersmith Branch

FRIDAY 10.

- 7.30 New Cut—Short Street Buckeridge and Miss Lupton
- 8.15 Hoxton Church Kitz and Mrs. Blundell

PROVINCES.

- Aberdeen.**—Saturday: Castle Street, at 7.30 p.m.
- Glasgow.**—Sunday: Jail Square at 2 o'clock; Paisley Road at 5 o'clock. Friday: Bridgeton Cross, at 8.15.
- Leeds.**—Saturday: Woodhouse Moor, at 7.30 p.m. Sunday: Hunslet Moor, at 11 a.m.; Vicar's Croft, at 7 p.m.
- Leicester.**—Sunday: Russell Square, at 10.45 a.m.; Market Place, at 6.15 p.m.; Humberstone Gate, at 8 p.m. Monday: Belgrave, at 8. Tuesday: Sanvey Gate, at 8. Wednesday: Braunstone Gate, at 8. Friday: Infirmary Square, at 8. Saturday: "Cross," Belgrave Gate, at 8.
- Liverpool.**—Landing Stage, Sundays at 11.30 a.m. and 3 p.m.
- Manchester.**—Saturday: Middleton market ground, at 7 p.m. Sunday: Philips Park Gates, at 11; Stevenson Square, at 3. Monday: Market Street, Blackley, at 8.
- Nottingham.**—Sunday: Sneinton Market, at 11 a.m.; Great Market, at 7 p.m.
- Norwich.**—Saturday: Haymarket, at 8. Sunday: Market Place at 11, 3, and 7.30.
- Yarmouth.**—Saturday: Church Plain Trees, at 8 p.m. Sunday: Priory Plain, at 11; Bradwell, at 11.30; London Boat Landing Stage, at 3; Colman's Granary Quay, at 7. Monday: Belton, at 8 p.m.

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THE COMMONWEAL

The Official Journal of the SOCIALIST LEAGUE.

VOL. 6.—No. 248.

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 11, 1890.

WEEKLY; ONE PENNY.

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A TREACHEROUS ATTACK.

HUBERT BLAND STRIKES HIS BLOW.

HUBERT BLAND has struck his first blow, and has dealt it not against the foes, but against the friends, of Socialism. We had always a misgiving that some such untoward occurrence would result from so much waiting and hesitation.

In a letter which appeared recently in the *Sunday Chronicle*, he tells the people of Manchester that the leaders of London Socialism are about to visit their city, and then proceeds to warn them against the faults and follies of modern Socialist agitators. These are chiefly, he says, "bleat," "blether," and "bunkum." Under these headings he accuses them of morbid sympathy with lustful wives who become enamoured of good-looking young lodgers; of sentimental pity for criminals, and hatred of judges and jailers; of general ignorance of economic fact, and with frequent and foolish repetition of the term "*bourgeois*"; of magnifying the strength of Socialism, and using grandiloquent and specious phrases when talking of rights and wrongs of labour. Our Fabian "friend" concludes with a hint that the sensible and virtuous citizens of Manchester should kick the Socialist agitators out of their sacred city.

Of course, Hubert Bland professes that Socialism is very good although Socialists are very bad, and that it is only his exceeding love for Socialism that incites him to urge the Manchester mob to meet our comrades with the points of their clogs!

Had this letter appeared in the *Times* or the *St. James's Gazette* above the signature of Charles Bradlaugh or Professor Tyndall, we would have regarded it merely as an unusually silly and spiteful diatribe of the enemy; but coming from the pen of an avowed Socialist, and appearing in a democratic journal, we can only regard it as one of the meanest and most cowardly tricks that have yet sullied the comradeship of militant Socialism.

The difficulties and dangers of Socialist propaganda in the past have been many, and Hubert Bland is evidently anxious that they shall not be less in the future; and so, to the interruptions and abuse, the brick-bats and horse-ponds of the ignorant and bigoted avowed enemy, he hastens to add the satire and affront, the kicks and the cuffs, of the educated and polite professed friend.

The Socialists who speak in the highways and byeways of our towns and cities are mostly workmen, who have neither been taught fine speaking in universities or fine manners in London drawing-rooms, but they have a nobler ideal of Socialism and a higher perception of morality than anything yet revealed to us in the writings of Hubert Bland. They do not believe in the existing law of marriage, perhaps

because they do not see the ethical beauty that Mr. Bland sees in the licensed prostitution of our marriage system; they do not love judges and jailers, having some perception, that Mr. Bland apparently lacks, of the utter brutality and hypocrisy of their office; and they do not sympathise with *criminals* because, unlike Mr. Bland, they do not sympathise with crime.

As for maudlin sympathy with "the married woman who is hindered by Society—that baneful entity—from indulging in her passions without risking her position," and who is compelled "to fill the feeding-bottle while she might be discussing Browning [why not Theosophy?] with some good-looking young men of her feather," we dare assert it to be a characteristic, not of London Socialist clubs, but of the saloons where Fabians and their fashionable literary and dramatic friends most delight to congregate.

If the solicitude which our monitor has for the delicate moral and intellectual susceptibilities of the readers of the *Sunday Chronicle*, and his utter disregard of the common feelings and intelligence of the brave men and women who have through good and evil report made a highway to social freedom in our country, are examples of the higher culture of Fabianism, then let us hope that there are few of his friends who will care to aspire to that "bad eminence" of manners and morals, with him.

It is a "remarkable coincidence" surely, as Mr. Weller the elder might have put it, that while Mr. Bland is crying down the credit of the "leaders of London Socialism" to the people of Manchester, he and the leaders of London Fabianism are meanwhile vigorously pushing their own literary and oratorical wares in that city and district!

Anyhow, let us hope that Mr. Bland does not over-estimate the discrimination of the people of Manchester, and that they may not make the ridiculous blunder at any time of mistaking a Fabian for Socialist, and meting out the treatment to him that Mr. Bland would reserve exclusively for the poor, despised, apostles of liberty, equality, and fraternity, who lack the culture and the priggishness of this new public censor of Socialist morals and education.

J. BRUCE GLASIER.

THE SLAVES OF THE STOKE-HOLE.

IN the vast *Inferno*—wide as the world itself—in which Labour writhes and toils, there are (as in that old hell of the mediæval poet) varying circles of intensifying torture. Surely almost in the lowest of them all are placed the wretched men who work as "firemen" aboard ocean-going steamships. This is the tale of their lives, as told, not by some Socialist or Anarchist, but by the sober bourgeois pen of a black-coated, tall-hatted, highly respectable middle-class doctor.

First, what is the toil required of him? He must labour in the intense heat of the furnaces. "The exhaustion due to the exposure to the fire is most painful, and breaks down the strongest constitutions. Six or seven years' constant work as a fireman on board a steamer seems sufficient to ruin the health of a strong man. . . . Sometimes a man may go down to the stoke-hole in sound health, and yet in an hour or two is so overcome that he is unable to climb on deck again. Straps have then to be fastened about his body, and he is hauled up with a rope. The men often remark that four hours down seem a longer time than twelve hours up. . . . When there is a strong breeze blowing, a good draught is created, which keeps the stoke-hole cool. But by the time the next watch comes in, the wind perhaps has changed; the stoke-hole becomes oppressively hot, and the number of revolutions falls off. Then the engineer manifests all the symptoms of bad temper. He abuses the firemen; and to avoid reprimand they seek by extra effort to compensate the effects resulting from the unfavourable direction of the wind. Such extra strain in such unhealthy

heat is naturally injurious. The heat at times is so great that the tools burn and the steps of the iron ladder leading to the deck are too hot to be held with the bare hand." Out of this burning Gehenna (which yet has its variations of temperature, amounting sometimes to 35° Fahr.) the men have often to come up to the mayhap cold and rain-swept deck. "Sometimes they come up simply to breathe for a moment a little fresh air, or else they have to carry ashes and throw them into the shoot, or they have to fetch water."

Scorching heat, alternated with cold, is not the only demon with its clutch upon the poor stoke-hole slave. In consequence of the constrained position in which he works he suffers from excruciating cramp. "The muscles so contract as to stand out like thick ropes. The men roar with pain till their mates lay them down and by the exercise of friction restore the contorted muscles to their normal condition. It is only the firemen who suffer from such cramps; sailors are exempt, though travelling by the same ship. Firemen, when attacked by cramp, cannot eat; they cannot retain food, but drink constantly and lose weight very rapidly."

Nominally, this torture, miscalled work, only lasts for four hours in every twelve (these four hours, be it remembered, meaning three times as long in the upper air). In fact, the men are constantly bent under their tasks for a much longer period. "There are ashes and clinkers to be cleared away after the watch is over, and this takes up some considerable time. More serious than that objection is the fact that firemen are often ill. There are never any extra hands on board, and therefore, when one fireman is ill, two other firemen have to work for six hours instead of four in every twelve. This makes twelve hours per day of exposure to the fierce heat of the stoke-hole. With the sailors it is possible to work the ship even when there is a hand or two short; to keep up the fire for the engines the full complement of firemen and trimmers must be there—not one can be spared. It is a terrible misfortune for the firemen if any among them fall ill. There is then every chance of illness increasing in a ratio that might be compared to compound interest. Thus, if one man is ill, two men have to work six hours instead of four. Overcome by this stress, they also may fall ill; then four men have to work extra time. If three men are ill, then six men are affected."

Such is the daily work of a fireman. What provision is there made for him when he comes off duty? Let us see. "When the fireman comes off duty he goes to his cabin and removes the clothes that are black with coal-dust and soot and saturated with perspiration. These foul-smelling clothes have to dry in the 72 cubic feet of space allotted to him, and naturally contribute very materially to pollute the atmosphere of the cabin. A sooty sort of grease, formed by the mixture of perspiration, smoke, and coal-dust, is daubed on all sides of the cabin, and the firemen become so repulsive in their appearance that, in many ships, precautions are taken to prevent the passengers seeing them." The good, cleanly, well-clothed bourgeois passenger must not, forsooth, be offended by sight of the poor drudge whose hellish toil is carrying him across the ocean. The 72 cubic feet of air-space are never properly ventilated, and the air is often rendered still more foul by paints and mineral oils stored in lockers on either side of the narrow gangway leading to the fore-castle. Convicts in prison enjoy 370 cubic feet of well-ventilated space. Very frequently, to reach their quarters, the sailors and firemen "have to pass through a very small hatch and descend by a ladder to a depth of ten or more feet into the lower decks of the ship. If an accident or collision occurs and something falls over the hatch, this aperture is so small that the sailors or firemen below are unable to get out. Many lives have been lost in this manner. The men below might have saved their lives and perhaps the ship also, if the hatch had been wider and not so easily blocked by debris." At night the sailors and firemen lie "sweltering in the heat of the overcrowded, badly-ventilated cabin." So close are they together that one man's head lies against his neighbour's feet, without any partition. At meal-time food is literally thrown to the men in huge pieces. The recipients make a rush for it and hack and cut it "in a semi-savage manner."

The result of this terrible existence is, says the calm medical witness from whom we are quoting, to "occasion great nervous excitement and irritability. Men who by nature are not quarrelsome, end by losing their tempers; disputes and even fights ensue." The system would be bad enough even were all the men competent and able-bodied; but unfortunately incompetent hands (usually, we may presume, black-legs) "are smuggled on board at the last moment. When the firemen see with whom they have to sail, they sometimes refuse to start with the ship. Then legal complications arise." This is a pleasant euphemism for prison with hard labour. "Those who cannot afford to abandon the ship at the last moment—and these are generally the married men—have to bear throughout the voyage the brunt of the work. The incompetent hands fall ill, and those who are healthy become invalided because they have more than their share of work to do."

The summing-up of the whole matter is that, as we have seen, after six or seven years, the fireman ceases to be able to work at his trade. He can do no more hard work, and "goes," says our medico, "to swell the great army of the unemployed who loiter about the docks in search of some light, if ill-paid task." Alas! in this instance our medico is not "up to date" in his information. Under the régime of Burns, Tillet, McCarthy, and the rest of them, there is no room at the docks for the "loafer and the tramp" of ruined physique. They may go to the workhouse or the prison for aught our "labour leaders" care.

Once more, we are quoting from no madcap Communist, but from the "Report on Sanitation at Sea" of the *Lancet* "Special Sanitary Commission." The *Lancet* is a paper published at sevenpence, and

unlikely to come in the way of the worker. Therefore it is that we have reproduced so much of its Report. The editor of the medical journal, in a soft-spoken leader, observes, apparently with astonishment: "Ship building and ship management seem to have been conducted solely for the one purpose of ensuring the commercial success of the enterprise taken in hand. Little or no thought has been given to the risk of life attendant on such ventures." Exactly so, oh respectable editor! Here, as elsewhere, what cares the idle profit-grinding capitalist, in his comfortable mansion, "replete" (as the advertisement in its vile jargon doubtless said) "with every modern convenience," for the poor stoke hole slave who helps to pile up riches for him? All he cares for is that his soft and cushioned life should not be disturbed by complaints from poor damned Lazarus in his furnace, that he should neither see him nor hear of him. Medical officers of ships who report upon these matters are quickly told that their services can be dispensed with. Even the Board of Trade, it seems, has suggested that the ship's surgeon should report whether the ventilation on board ship be sufficient, but Dr. Leet, of Liverpool, has publicly stated that when he acted in that capacity he received written instructions from his owners to do nothing of the kind. No Board of Trade regulations, no parliamentary enactments, so long as commercialism continues, can sensibly improve the condition of workers at sea any more than that of workers on land. For them, as for others, the "only thing that will do" is the Social Revolution. As our editor, in his mild way, has truly said, the "one purpose" of our present system is "the commercial success of the enterprise taken in hand," and the lives of "common" labouring men—their happiness or misery—are matters of small concern indeed to the lazy thieves who make to themselves what they conceive to be an earthly paradise from their torment. Of these, by the way, our dear friend Norwood is one. Free Communists are not vindictive; they do not, like the middle classes to-day, love to torture and "punish" criminals; but we should be less than human did we not wish for the Chairman of the Joint-Committee just one week of the stoke-hole. Probably one week would suffice to dispose of him for ever.

In a later issue of the *Lancet*, a certain "Arthur Moss, M.B." (let us by all means note his name), opines that firemen are themselves largely to blame for their early deaths. It seems, according to Dr. Moss, that they often suffer from diseases which result from dissipation. This, being interpreted, means that some of them, during their brief holidays ashore, seek in reckless bestial debauchery forgetfulness for a little of the hell from which they come and the black future before them. Probably if Arthur Moss, M.B., were a thrall of the stoke-hole, even he (model of morality as he doubtless is) might also give way to such ignoble pleasures as came his way. Possibly he, as well as Norwood, would (to adapt the famous saying of the old Scotch judge) be "nane the waur" for a good roasting at the furnace. R. W. BURNIE.

FELIX VOLKHOVSKY.

OUR contemporary, *Free Russia*, which is very good this month, has the following article on our brave comrade Felix Volkhovsky, who has had the good fortune to escape from the horrors of Siberian exile:

We are very happy to be able to announce to our friends the news of the safe arrival in England of one of the most hard-trying champions of Russian freedom. Felix Volkhovsky, the same of whom Mr. George Kennan spoke in such high terms in his article upon the Tomsk exiles, is with us, having succeeded in escaping from Siberia. A total of seven years solitary confinement in the Fortress and other prisons of European Russia, and eleven years exile in Siberia: such was the reward of our friend's services. We do not propose to give his biography. We will only say that these eighteen years of suffering were inflicted upon him because he was known to hold certain opinions unfavourable to the present Russian régime, and suspected of spreading these views among workmen and educated people. He could not possibly be implicated in terrorism or the like, because nobody thought of such things when he was first arrested. With his health to a great extent wasted, but with his energy and talents unimpaired and fresh, he resolved to escape, with the deliberate purpose of devoting himself to forwarding the Russian cause in foreign countries. He succeeded in eluding the vigilance of the Siberian authorities, and after many adventures, which he will tell us, we hope, some day, he reached Canada through the Pacific, having travelled right across Siberia. His little daughter was left behind, as it would have been madness to take her with him. The fear that the child might be laid hold of by the Russian Government, as was the case with the children of several political offenders, imposed upon Volkhovsky the necessity of keeping himself as quiet as possible, concealing his identity under the name of Felix Brant. But now, after a year of anxieties which it is easier to imagine than to describe, the child arrived in London and joined her father, so that there is no longer any need of concealment on his part.

Though Felix Volkhovsky stayed in Canada only about eight months, he succeeded in laying in that country the foundation of a pro-Russian movement. He wrote upon the Russian question in various periodicals: the *Toronto Globe*, the *World*, the *Woodstock College Monthly*, and other Canadian papers. Three months after his arrival he was able, thanks to his exceptional linguistic capacities, to appear as a lecturer.

Though small in number, these lectures awakened a deep interest in the Russian cause, and a number of the most prominent and influential Canadian citizens offered to form a committee similar to the English and Philadelphian. Amongst them are Sir Daniel Wilson, president of the Toronto University, Professor Rev. Dr. William Clarke, of Trinity College, Dr. Daniel Clarke, of the Asylum, Rev. Dr. Dewart, of the *Christian Guardian*, Rev. John Burton, Dr. Geikie, and Dr. Aikins.

In July last Volkhovsky reached London, where he will settle permanently. The Russian cause here has made in his person an invaluable acquisition. This man, who is himself a living indictment against Russian despotism, comes straight from the land of exile and suffering. His experiences are those which few men have had, because very few could outlive what he has outlived, and we know of no one who would deliver such a message as his with more impressiveness.

NOTES.

It must be now evident to all that the policy of coercion is about to be tried in England as well as in Ireland. At Leeds, Southampton, and Beckton the Government have shown a determination to crush the labour movement by force; and at the same time the Revolutionary Socialists are attacked by the police for exercising the right of free speech in places where public meetings have been held for years. A large section of the workers have asked the Government to shorten their hours of labour. The Government replies by attempting to crush their combinations by main force. After all, this is all that might be reasonably expected from any government.

We have witnessed a strange sight during the last few days. Eight hundred men specially selected from regiments that are known to be untouched by the discontent which prevails in the army are ordered out and are provided with ball-cartridge. For what? To put down riot and disorder? No, to terrorise men who are suspected of desiring to exercise the most elementary right of labour—*i.e.*, to leave their work if they are dissatisfied with the conditions under which they labour.

The Government are not content with threats to shoot rebellious workmen down like dogs, but they even offer—taking a leaf out of the book of the worst despots on the Continent—to find soldiers to act as “blacklegs.” It is to be hoped that if this is done in future these gallant men will strike against such “employment.” The Revolutionary Socialists at least will do their utmost to persuade them to do so.

In face of the attack that is now being made on “free speech” and “free combination,” men of all sections of advanced thought should prepare to act together. Whatever may be our differences of opinion, we must close up our ranks in front of the common enemy. Above all, we must commence a vigorous propaganda among soldiers, we must spread the spirit of discontent and revolt which is already smouldering among them. The new unions should not neglect this work, or else their movement may be crushed, not by the wealth of the capitalists, but by the bullets and bayonets of the army.

We rejoice, however, in one fact. The present Government is proving conclusively that it is hopeless to expect anything from them. And we hope that they will soon drive the workmen into the only method of action which will really improve their position—a general strike in every trade and industry. D. N.

I do not suppose that many readers of the *Commonweal* concern themselves with the proceedings of a congregation of sky-pilots and their friends known as the “Church Congress.” It is, however, possibly worth while to note occasionally the abject ignorance—made all the more conspicuous by bumptious and insolent pretence of knowledge—of some “doctors of divinity” and “right reverend prelates” who boss this show. These persons would not hesitate to repudiate in strong language the presumption of a working-man who, discoursing upon Socialism as one having authority, should show himself absolutely uninformed of its fundamental doctrines. This, however, is precisely what Bishop Moorhouse of Manchester, despite his university education, has been doing.

This wonderful “successor of the apostles,” in what the *Pall Mall Gazette* characteristically calls a “very striking sermon” addressed to the Congressional wiseacres, declared that “some forms of Socialism prescribed the worship of gold as a god!” This will be news to those who are looking for the time “when no slave of gold abideth ’twixt the breadth of sea and sea.” Moorhouse went on to say that “men were not born equal, and all State decrees for the equal payment of labour would end in discord and the same heart-breaking failure as attended all Louis Blanc’s State workshops.”

It would seem, then, that this foolish prelate is under the impression (a) that Socialists contend that all men are born equal; (b) that Louis Blanc was responsible for the plan or the management of the National Workshops which were organised by the bourgeois Government of February as a sop to Cerberus and with the preconceived determination that they should fail; (c) that a “State decree for the equal payment of labour” is advocated by any school of Socialists. The first two misstatements look very like deliberate misrepresentations. The last is of course equally inaccurate, since it does not describe the orthodox Collectivist programme and has no application to Communists like ourselves, who adopt the famous formula of that very Louis Blanc of whom Moorhouse ignorantly prates: “From each according to his capacity; to each according to his needs.”

It is fair, perhaps, to add that at a subsequent discussion on Socialism the Bishop of Durham managed to speak on the subject with some sympathy and without betraying crass ignorance. Of course he deprecated revolution and violence. The “Rev” would naturally not be very acceptable to a prelate who receives £7,000 a-year for his shepherding, and about whom still cling the traditions of his predecessors’ mediæval principedom. Judge Thomas Hughes (a survival of the Kingsley and Maurice period) discoursed concerning “co-operation” (falsely so-called) and “thrift”! How truly intelligent the “educated and cultured” middle classes are, and how infinitely wiser than the poor workman!

The egregious General Booth is a gospel-grinder of another colour; but his grasp of the social question is as feeble as that of his Anglican rivals. Our “excellent friend” Bombardos-Booth has been entertaining us for months past with various puffs preliminary of the new departure about to be taken by the “Army” he commands. The *Daily Chronicle*, the *Star*, the *Pall Mall Gazette* and other Radical capitalist journals have vied with each other as to who should most advertise the schemes of the pious General. Bombardos has now, with his usual flourish of trumpets, published his precious plan for what he has the audacity to style a “social revolution.” It turns out only to be a rehash of the old familiar nostrums—shelters tempered by hymns, the “workhouse test” in a new form, emigration (!), and, above all, of course, implicit obedience to Bombardos. Shut your eyes, you vicious, wicked unemployed, and see what good Bombardos-Booth will send you. R. W. B.

THREE REVOLUTIONARY SONGS.

THE three songs published in the *Commonweal* this week have a common character. They are songs of the poor alike in France, Germany, or England. In all you hear a cry of despair, but of an awakened despair, that knows where the evil is, and is determined to find a remedy. The three songs are characteristic of the nations to which they belong. In the “Carmagnole” desperation is mingled with gay cynicism that laughs at all things in heaven or earth; the people feel that they have power in their hands, and as they dance lightly through the streets, even their laughter menaces the tyrants of the earth. But with all this cynicism there is vision of a brighter world of peace and happiness. “The Song of the Lower Classes” and “The Hymn of the Proletariat” are curiously alike. In both you hear the bitter wail of the poor, and in both there is the stern determination to end their misery by the strength of their right arms; but there is no laughter in their songs, the people suffer too much to laugh, and the hope of the future seems farther off than it does to the Parisian populace.

A few words with regard to “La Carmagnole,” the most revolutionary song that the French Revolution produced. Like everything revolutionary, it has had a wreath of strong adjectives showered upon it by middle-class journalists and historians. To these it is even more objectionable than even the terrible “*Ca ira*” of 1793, the chorus of which was as follows: “Ah! ça ira, ça ira, ça ira! Les aristocrates a la lanterne! Ah! ça ira, ça ira, ça ira! A la lanterne, on les pendera!” (Ah! it will go, it will go, it will go! The aristocrats to the lamp-post! Ah! it will go, it will go, it will go! Up to the lamp-post we will hang them!) It is but fair to remember that at that time the people had been driven mad by hunger, and been made desperate by continual Royalist plots to overthrow the Revolution by a merciless slaughter of the poor.

But to return to the “Carmagnole.” Little is known of the origin of the song, the author is unknown, though the tune had been probably popular as a country dance on the sunny plains of Provence for many generations. The tune is supposed to have been brought to Paris by the Marseillaise, the six hundred men who knew how to die, along with the famous song to which they have given this name; but even this is doubtful. It is, therefore, a true song of the people; author and musician are both among the great unknown. One thing is quite certain, it became popular soon after the capture of the Tuileries on the famous 10th of August. It was at first merely a topical song, laughing at King, Queen, and Court, and rejoicing in the popular victory. The chorus, “Dansons la Carmagnole! Vive la son du canon!” (Let us dance the Carmagnole! Hurrah for the sound of the cannon!) is a reference to the insurrectionary cannon that battered down the walls of the Tuileries. The song became so popular that at every victory of the Republican armies and every Revolutionary outbreak a new version was made. The version, of which we give a translation, probably came from the Hébertists, the Revolutionary Socialists of the French Revolution. It is, therefore, the most interesting to all those who are doing their best to sweep away the tyranny and robbery of the ruling classes, and to bring back the golden age of peace, happiness, truth, and justice for the oppressed peoples of the earth. N.

To the Memory of the Sentimental Rad.

Our vivacious contemporary, the *Scots Observer*, prints the following entertaining “Epitaph on the Modern Sentimental Radical.” It has the merit of being true, which is more than can be said of some epitaphs:

Moved by their Sorrows, He was ever ready
to Relieve the Poor
Out of the Rates:
Zealous in the Public Weal, He Sacrificed
For the Public Benefit
His Neighbour’s Land:
Generous to a Fault,
He gladly expended
Any Sum, however large,
Which brought Him a steady Ten Per Cent.:
Eminently gifted with a Tender Heart,
A Sympathetic Nature, and a Strict Sense of Duty,
He dropped a Tear in every Good Cause,
and
Subscribed Largely
to
His own Monument.



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The COMMONWEAL is the official organ of the Socialist League; but, unless definitely so announced by the Editors, no article is to be taken as expressing in more than a general way the views of the League as a body. In accordance with the Manifesto and Statement of Principles of the League, the COMMONWEAL is an exponent of International Revolutionary Socialism. On minor differences of opinion the widest freedom of discussion is maintained. As all articles are signed, no special significance attaches to their position in the paper.

Articles and letters dealing with any phase of the social problem are invited and will meet with earnest consideration. They must be written on one side of the paper only, and accompanied by the name and address of the writer, not necessarily for publication. MSS. can only be returned if a stamped directed envelope accompanies them.

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TO CORRESPONDENTS.

WILL Branch Secretaries please write Reports and Orders for Literature on separate pieces of paper.

To CONTRIBUTORS.—Please do not send us copies of other peoples work as original matter. The verses entitled "Damnation" we find are copied in a clumsy manner from a Freethought leaflet. We owe apologies to our readers for having given it space.—EDS.

Periodicals received during the week ending Wednesday October 8.

<p>ENGLAND Belfast Weekly Star Freedom Justice The Journeyman Labour Tribune Railway Review Seafaring Unity Worker's Friend New South Wales Sydney—Bulletin Truth Australian Star Daily Telegraph Evening News Labour Defence Journal Queensland Brisbane—Boomerang India Bankipore—Behar Herald UNITED STATES New York—Freiheit Twentieth Century Volkzeitung Bakers' Journal</p>	<p>New York—Truthseeker Volne Listy Freie Arbeiter Stimme Boston—Woman's Journal Chicago—Rights of Labour Vorbote Detroit—Der Arme Teufel Philadel.—Knights of Labour Paterson Labour Standard S.F.—Coast Seamen's Journal Valley Falls (Kan.)—Lucifer FRANCE Paris—Bourse du Travail Le Parti ouvrier Le Proletariat L'Information Parisienne Charleville—L'Emancipation Lyon—L'Action Sociale Lille—Le Cri du Travailleur Roucn—Le Salariat HOLLAND Hague—Recht voor Allen SWITZERLAND Arbeiterstimme ITALY Milan—Il Fascio Operaio</p>	<p>BELGIUM Antwerp—De Werker Ghent—Vooruit SPAIN Madrid—El Socialista Madrid—La Anarquia Barcelona—El Productor Barcelona—La Tramontana GERMANY Berlin—Volks Tribune AUSTRIA Brunn—Arbeiterstimme Trieste—Confeder. Operaia HUNGARY Arbeiter-Weekend-Chronik SWEDEN Malmo—Arbetet WEST INDIES Cuba—El Productor CAPE COLONY Cape Town—Argus Cape Times ARGENTINE REPUBLIC Buenos Ayres—Vorwarts</p>
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WHY WE DO NOT VOTE.

THIS question has been so often answered and the reasons given so abundant, that to those who have thought the matter out it seems altogether superfluous to answer it. Nevertheless, as there still exist men who, while styling themselves Revolutionary Socialists (?), are going to establish by vote a Progressive Government (by the way, an impossibility), I therefore think it is a necessity to answer once again this question.

Now, whatever benefits may accrue to those who own land, etc., by a change of government, it is self-evident that the propertyless class can obtain nothing. As Parsons says, An economic slave cannot in any country obtain political liberty. The science of politics is law-making. The right to vote implies the right to make laws, consequently the right to govern. Now, as a propertyless man has no right to live, inasmuch as the laws under which he is born denies him access to the means of life, it is absurd to tell him that he can make laws to govern those who own his means of life, and consequently himself also. In whatever country he happens to be born he is a trespasser according to the law. Imagine a man who cannot control either the price of his day's labour or his productions voting! The only capital he possesses is the power to labour, which he must sell to those who own his means of life or starve. What is Law? What is Government? These two words embrace all the villainies that has ever been imposed on the human race. Morality never did or can

exist without liberty. You may tie a man's hands and thus make virtue a necessity, but you leave his moral nature untouched. He who invades another's rights commits a crime, thus every law-maker is a criminal, and as to law, as Burke says, "Its every form is bad." With Bakounine, we deny either its necessity or morality, for under government and civilisation (?) precisely the same state of things obtains now as would in a savage state without government or civilisation, for the weak and defenceless are robbed by those stronger than themselves, either physically, mentally, or financially. By law they hold our common birthright in the land. Money, first introduced and used to exchange equivalent values, has had its true function destroyed by Acts of Parliament, thus giving a few banking swindlers the power to fix the purchasing power of what was once a medium of exchange.

What is Liberty? Briefly stated, it is an equality of conditions or reciprocal rights; unequal liberty is tyranny such as now exists, and were it not for this fact that some have undue privileges government would be superfluous, as it is only necessary in a community of slaves on the one hand and tyrants on the other. Ask any sane man if he is willing to concede the same right to another as he himself enjoys, and he will immediately answer "Yes." He will also tell you that he has no wish to violate the rights of any man. Propose then to abolish governments, and he will at once tell you that you must have laws to restrain not himself but the other fellow. Past and present laws have so hardened mankind, that even a majority of our so-called reformers are tyrants at heart. But, says modern morality, man is so imperfect that you need laws to restrain him. They forget that that fact alone supplies the strongest reason why he should not be allowed to impose his imperfection on others.

Now that Social Democratic mob rule, or H. Spencer's coming slavery, is likely to be the next, and let us hope the last, wave of political swindledom that will afflict us, it behoves us to redouble our efforts to spread the light.

With regard to majority-rule, I would not say with Carlyle that the majority will always be fools, but it is plain that for a time yet the workers will not be over-educated. First, then, where votes are counted and not compared, intelligence would count for nothing. Secondly, any fool would be eligible for office if he obtained a majority of votes. Murder and robbery would be as right then as now if the majority said so. Reading a leaflet issued by the S.D.F., entitled, "What is the use of a Vote?" I came across this sentence, "Remember, never for a moment forget this eternal truth, Equality in the ballot-box is a mere juggle when there is inequality of social conditions all round!" "Amen!" said I. A few lines below I read, "What is the use of the suffrage? It has but one use, to enable the workers to take peaceful possession of the power of the State, and to use said power for social purposes." It goes on to say that the people must instruct their delegates to proclaim only that land, etc., belong to the people, and that, therefore, private property in these things must cease.

Now, as possession under the law is equivalent to ownership, do these men imagine that a proclamation will be sufficient? and will the present owners hand it over without a struggle? Having asked a question of a Mr. Jones, an S.D.F. advocate, as to the honesty of politicians, he told me and the people that all politicians were thieves, but, said he, "You must set a thief to catch a thief!" Now what guarantee have we that these said thieves, like all their predecessors, would not if they go into power do just the same? Surely the replacing one gang of thieves (as they would be by labour pence) by another will not improve the condition of the people. The capitalist might then boast with Vanderbilt, "That delegates could be bought cheaper than votes!" These men in their madness (or are they joking?) assert in their leaflet that they are economic slaves, which is true. Nevertheless, they declare in a few lines below that they are going to use their economic slavery to obtain political freedom. The lessons that America, France, Germany, and other countries afford, has been thrown away on them, or has the sophistry of the rotten Republicanism of Reynolds thrown them off their base. Let us hope before committing themselves to this most detestable policy of reaction, they will study the question a little deeper, and learn with us that we must gain the unconditional right to the resources of life before true freedom is even possible.

In conclusion, it has been said that hero-worship has ever been the curse of the world, and I fear that John Burns, whatever good work he may have done in the past, according to the tendency of his recent speeches will soon rank with Bradlaugh, Broadhurst, and Co., as being the most reactionary enemy of human emancipation. As for us, as Fielden says, "We must hew to the line, let the chips fall where they will. Better far to stand alone in an honest fight for principle than join a multitude of sycophants." W. BARKER.

NOTICE.

Next Week will begin a Series of Articles, entitled

"REVOLUTIONARY WARFARE."

BY D. J. NICOLL.

Branches and Newsagents are requested to order early, as we expect an large demand.

LA CARMAGNOLE.

1792.

O what is it the people cry?
They ask for all equality.
The poor no more shall be
In slavish misery.
The idle rich shall flee;
Vive le son, &c.

O what is it the people need?
They ask for bread and iron and lead;
The iron to win our pay,
The lead our foes to slay,
The bread our friends to feed;
Vive le son, &c.

O what is it the people cry?
Away with pious priests that lie!
Christ to the stable go;
The Virgin lieth low;
Their God to hell may fly!
Vive le son, &c.

O let the peoples all agree
To live in love and liberty!
Are we not fools to fight
To please the rich man's spite?
Let's feast right merrily;
Vive le son, &c.

HYMN OF THE PROLETARIAT.

Air: "Zu Mantua en Banden."

Who hammers brass and stone?
Who raiseth from the mine?
Who weaveth cloth and silk?
Who tilleth wheat and vine?
Who worketh for the rich to feed,
Yet live themselves in sorest need?—
It is the men who toil, the Proletariat.

Who strives from earliest morn?
Who toils till latest night?
Who brings to others wealth,
Ease, luxury, and might?
Who turns alone the world's great wheel,
Yet has no right in commonweal?—
It is the men who toil, the Proletariat.

Who is from aye a slave
To all the tyrant brood?
Who oft for them must fight?
Oft sacrifice his blood?—
O folk! hast thou not yet perceived,
'Tis thou that ever art deceived!
Awake, ye men who labour! Up, Proletariat!

Together join your powers!
And swear to banner red!
For freedom boldly fight!
So win ye better bread!
Then quicken ye the despot's fall!
Bring peace unto the nations all!
To battle, ye who labour! Up, Proletariat!

In your hands lie the means!
Work but with unity!
Hold ye but firm together
Then ye will soon be free.
With quick-march forward to the fight,
Though scorn the foe in grape-shot might!
Then win, ye men who labour! Wiu, Proletariat!

JOHANN MOST.

SONG OF THE "LOWER" CLASSES.

We plough 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 sow,
But too low the bread to eat:
We're not too low the grain to sow,
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 a despot shines:
And whenever 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 far too low to vote the tax,
But not too low to pay.

We're low, we're low—mere rabble, we know;
But at our plastic power
The mould at the lordling's feet will grow
Into a palace, and church, and tower.
Then prostrate fall in the rich man's hall,
And cringe at the rich man's door:
We're not too low to build the wall,
But too low to tread the floor:
We're not too low to build the wall,
But too low to tread the floor.

We're low, we're low—we're very, very low;
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 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—our place we know,
We're only the rank and file:
We're not too low to kill the foe,
But too low to touch the spoil:
We're not too low to kill the foe,
But too low to touch the spoil.

ERNEST JONES.

THE LABOUR STRUGGLE.

The Dockers' Congress.

It must be confessed that the published reports of the Dockers' Congress are very dull; there was, in fact, an air of gloom about the whole proceedings. The leaders have lost hope, and appear to already anticipate defeat. There was a good deal too much talk about "arbitration" and "conciliation" in the speeches of the various leaders. Do they not know very well that their capitalist opponents will only look upon this as a sign of weakness? These gentlemen know very well that if the union was strong the leaders would talk in another fashion, and it only encourages the capitalists in their determination to go for the dockers and other new unions at the first opportunity. The outlook, we admit, is not a cheerful one, but it will not be improved by letting the world see you are losing heart already. Why not face the masters boldly, and tell them you will fight to the bitter end, and that if they attack one of the new unions the others will strike also? A little of the spirit of the men of the Commune—"We will burn Paris to the ground sooner than surrender"—would be more worthy of the leaders of the New Unionism.

Meanwhile, there is not much talk of conciliation about the masters—"smashing the unions" is more in their style. According to a *Times* correspondent, who seems to know, the "Free Labour Association" at Southampton is going on swimmingly, and the masters are going to start Blackleg Supply Associations all over the shop. It is strange to see the Social Democratic idea of a Labour Bureau utilised by the scheming capitalist as a means of hurling back the workers into their old misery. Matters have not been improved at Southampton by the weakness of the London executive. The local branch is in revolt against them. But surely a body that is meek and humble to the employers and high-handed and autocratic to the rank and file of the organisation cannot expect anything else. A little less severity towards their own men, and a little more boldness in dealing with the capitalists, is what is wanted. It is worth noting that the dockers of Southampton, judging by their attitude at the Congress, appear to share our comrade Kitz's opinion of Mr. McCarthy. Mr. McCarthy has decidedly left "a bad impression" behind him.

Pious Sweating.

Here is a black-list published by the London Society of Composers of religious and temperance newspapers printed at rat houses. Well-wishers to the cause of the working people are asked not to purchase these "scabby" publications.

Alliance News	Lamp
Banner of Israel	Literary Churchman
British Weekly	Primitive Methodist
Catholic Times	Protestant Standard
Children's Corner	Record
Christian Age	Refreshment News
Christian Herald	Rock
Christian Union	Signal and Gospel Union
Ecclesiastical Gazette	Gazette
Free Methodist	Sunday Words
Good Tidings	Temperance Caterer
Inquirer	Temperance Chronicle
Jewish Chronicle	Weekly Herald
Jewish World	Weekly Register
Joyful News	Word and Work

It is surely strange that the salvation of men's souls should be so closely bound up with the starvation of their bodies. Sweating and piety seem to go together nowadays.

The Scotch Iron-workers.

The masters are taking the offensive everywhere. All the furnaces in the Scotch black country around Glasgow were put out on Sunday, so that the Scotch black country at night is nowhere lit up with fires except at Wishaw and Carron, the owners of which are not in the masters' combination, because they manufacture iron for their own private purposes and not for sale in the market. The workers abide firmly by the demand for time and a half for Sunday labour, or for the stoppage of work on that day. The masters, on the other hand, declare that they have been making iron for a number of months at a loss, and that they are not disposed to put their furnaces into blast again except on a reduction of 10 per cent. on the wages of the past twelve months.

The depression in trade is already beginning to be felt, and all the masters will seize upon the first chance of attacking the unions and forcing down wages. Reductions of 10 per cent. will soon be the order of the day everywhere.

FREE SPEECH IN DANGER.

It is evident that the London police are beginning an organised attack upon the right of public meeting. We have to report three cases of police interference with Socialist meetings last Sunday. At Union Street comrade Burnie was ordered to go away while speaking by a pompous peeler, but refused. He was then allowed to continue the meeting in peace. At Streatham, in the evening, Mrs. Lahr's meeting was surrounded by a force of twenty policemen. She was ordered to "get down," and replied by defying the police to arrest her. This the police would probably have done, had not the crowd assumed such a threatening attitude that the police thought it best to leave her alone. Our comrades at Liverpool Street on Sunday were also informed by an inspector that no meetings could be allowed there. We replied that if the Christians were allowed to hold their meeting we should hold ours. However, Mr. Woffendale's choir didn't turn up, and it was evident that they were acting in agreement with the police. We then marched away to Ossulton Street, where, in conjunction with the S.D.F., a big indignation meeting was held, which caused so much alarm among the police of the neighbourhood that some thirty of them, including two inspectors and four sergeants, turned out to crush any attempt at riot and insurrection. A resolution was passed condemning the action of the police in suppressing Free Speech and Free Combination. Mrs. Blundell, Nicoll, an East-end comrade, and two comrades of the S.D.F. were the speakers. The choir sang several revolutionary songs, to the great enjoyment of the assembled bobbies. It may be mentioned that while the police were carefully guarding our meeting, a little boy was being brutally knocked about down by St. Pancras Station by some ruffian; the pavement was covered with the child's blood. But the police were too busy looking after the Socialists to trouble about such a trifle as this. We hear on good authority that orders have been issued from Scotland Yard for a general suppression of all Socialist meetings.

CORRESPONDENCE.

THE UNEMPLOYED AND SOCIALISTS.—A DENIAL.

J. J. Chapman, General Secretary of Street-masons, Paviers, Stone-dressers, and Hammermen Amalgamated Union, writes: In *Lloyds Newspaper*, of the 28th of September, there is a paragraph on the above subject, and as it is hurtful to my reputation and to the unions to which I have dealings (Social Democratic Federation, Socialist League, etc.), will you kindly insert this and clear the stigma which it has brought upon me at my work. It is reported that Mr. Chapman was in Hyde Park on Sunday, Sept. 21st, and when he attempted to speak was received with groaning and hooting. That when he sat down the next speaker said Mr. Chapman was a fraud, and was attempting to make money out of the poor of London. (Applause.) It was a Socialist dodge to smash windows. He advised them not to have anything to do with Mr. Chapman or any other Socialist. Cries were raised for Mr. Chapman to reply, but he had left the meeting. The red flag was torn in pieces and the pole broken; a resolution was carried condemning the Socialist agitators.

This is a deliberate falsehood; Socialists are not as described here. This is the work of someone who is an enemy of the Cause of the workers. I was at home the whole of that day seeing to the welfare of my home, family, etc., which had been neglected so long for the Cause of Humanity. If this letter is not inserted, the above statement will do me a great injury.

A PLAN OF CAMPAIGN.

Our Leeds comrades have been carrying on an active propaganda lately both in the open-air and in the capitalist press. Our comrade Samuels in a local paper thus explains and defends the revolutionary plan of campaign:

"We would have the people organised so powerfully in unions and federations, internationally, as to be able to resist payment of rent, interest, profit, and taxes, to any individual, company, or clique. We must of necessity put out of all consideration any immediate results to ourselves and others from such preaching and action. Just the same as the Irish, and other peoples from time to time in the world's history, who have felt that 'he who would be free, himself must strike the blow.' We take advantage of all strikes, lock-outs, and disputes between the classes and the masses, masters and 'hands,' not shrinking from using any means, unconstitutional and terrorist, agreeing with Jeremy Bentham that 'only by making the ruling few uneasy can the oppressed obtain a particle of relief,' and for the time being give all the help necessary to win such struggles for the people, but unceasingly and uncompromisingly preach the inevitableness of a crisis, the power of the general strike, and the necessity for preparation for the social revolution. We seek, find, and use all the help we can gather from history, science, economics, and even theology, for the purpose of showing the people the causes and effects of civilisation, Christianity, arts, sciences, and invention, and how the evolution of capitalism itself is towards that end that we see and preach.

"The philosophy of this kind of education and agitation is that earnest propagandists are not corrupted, misled, or bought, as so many 'leaders' have been; and the immense power that an 'anti-political' movement is credited with or exerts, has and will cause more fear in the ranks of statesmen, politicians, and reformers, and will bring out all the 'known and tried leaders of the people,' and their pet schemes, and consequently more and quicker Reform Acts and palliatives, which will doubtless be eagerly taken and used by the people in their struggles with monopoly and greed, until the time when there are enough brave and intelligent men competent to take over the land and all the industrial capital of the country, and leave the people free to manage their own affairs in whatever way they may think fit and best. How the people will or ought in the future to work and live is a matter for them to discuss.

"It is neither necessary nor wise to know, care, or prophesy for the time when 'labour shall be free,' for if the intelligence and determination is there to grapple with the economic evolution and cause the social transformation, there will assuredly be sufficient for the task of giving, or rather allowing the children of the earth full scope in the grand air of liberty and equality, for the development of fraternity, love, and happiness, which is the ideal of true Socialism and Socialists. This is the text we preach from three times every Sunday in the open air."

For the 'Commonweal.'

A Course of Special Lectures and Concert and Ball for the above purpose (under the management of the 'Commonweal' Branch of S.L.) will be given at the Club Autonomie, 6, Windmill Street, Tottenham Court Road, W., as under:

Monday, October 13th, at 8.30 p.m.—D. J. NICOLL (S.L.), on "The Glorious Reformation; or, How the English People were Evicted, Robbed, and Murdered by the Ruling Classes." 'Commonweal' Choir. Admission free.

Monday, October 20th, at 8 p.m.—WILLIAM MORRIS (S.L.), on "Art for the People." This Lecture will be delivered at the Athenæum Hall, 73, Tottenham Court Road, W. Admission by Ticket, Sixpence. For full particulars, see large bills. Tickets can be had from Wm. Blundell, 'Commonweal' Branch Secretary, or F. Kitz, S.L. Secretary, 24, Great Queen St., Lincoln's Inn Fields, W.C.; and of all Branch Secretaries.

Monday, November 3rd.—A Concert and Ball. Full particulars of this will be duly announced in *Weal*.

Any further information will be gladly supplied by 'Commonweal' Branch Secretary, 24, Great Queen Street, W.C.

Something Wrong.

And yet there must be something wrong. A full-formed Horse will, in any market, bring from twenty to as high as two hundred pounds: such is his worth to the world. A full-formed Man is not only worth nothing to the world, but the world could afford him a round sum would he simply engage to go and hang himself. Nevertheless, which of the two was the more cunningly devised article, even as an Engine? Good Heavens! A white European Man, standing on his two Legs, with his two five-fingered Hands at his shackle-bones, and miraculous Head on his shoulders, is worth, I should say, from fifty to a hundred Horses!—*Carlyle: 'Sartor Resartus.'*

The second international congress of diamond polishers and cutters of Europe and America will be held at Charleville, near Mezières (Ardennes), France, on the 1st, 2nd, and 3rd of November, 1890. The chief associations of Holland, Germany, France, etc., will be represented. For all information address M. Samu-l Vuillet, secretary of Syndicat des Ouvriers Diamantaires de St. Claude, 5 rue Lacuzon, Juro, France.

THE SOCIALIST LEAGUE.

OFFICES: 24, GREAT QUEEN ST., LINCOLN'S INN FIELDS, W.C.

The Offices of the Socialist League will be open for the sale of *Commonweal* and all other Socialist publications from 8.30 a.m. to 9 p.m. every day except Sunday. The Secretary will be in attendance from 10 a.m. to 9 p.m. daily.

Branch Subscriptions Paid.—1890:—North Kensington, to end of April. Glasgow, Oxford, Hammersmith, 'Commonweal' Branch, Manchester, and Norwich, to end of May. Yarmouth, to end of June. East London, to end of July. Leicester, to end of August. North London, to end of September. Streatham, to end of December.

(Branch Secretaries will please send with remittances for Capitations the number of their membership.)

Propaganda Fund.—Dominoes, 6d.

"COMMONWEAL" GUARANTEE FUND.

	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.
R. (7 weeks)	0	3	6	J. S. S.	0	1	0
North London (2 weeks)	0	8	0	B. W.	0	0	6
H. R.	0	1	0				
R. F. H.	0	5	0	Total	0	19	6
N.	0	0	6				

REPORTS.

'COMMONWEAL' BRANCH.—Good meetings have been held at the Hoxton and Union Street stations, and several new members made; at the latter station last Sunday we collected 2s. 0½d. The branch choir have worked hard at our meetings in pushing literature as well as singing. The first lecture of the course arranged by this branch came off last Monday, October 6th, at the Autonomie Club, 6, Windmill Street, W., when G. Bernard Shaw lectured on "Ferdinand Lassalle." Our branch choir opened the proceedings with revolutionary songs. The audience were deeply interested in Shaw's lecture. Good and spirited discussion followed, which turned mainly on "physical force" and "the woman question." We collected 11s. 9½d., and another song by the choir finished a very pleasant evening.—W. B.

SOUTH SIDE BRANCH.—Three meetings were held on Sunday. Short Street in the morning meeting addressed by R. Harding and Miss Lupton; R. Harding gave admirable address on "Politics and the Democracy"; received with enthusiasm by a large audience; 1s. 3d. collected. Afternoon, meeting on Streatham Common; speakers, Smith and Miss Lupton; good audience, mostly well-dressed people, who at first jeered at red flag and Socialist doctrines, but afterwards became respectful and attentive. Battersea Park Road in the evening meeting addressed by Miss Lupton, assisted by comrade Buteux; good-humoured and lively audience. The following questions were put by some of the audience: "Do you believe a universal strike is possible?" and "Don't you think that if we got rid of Conservatives and Liberals, and had a nice 'Labour Parliament' (composed of members of the S.D.F.), we should do very well?" They were answered to the satisfaction of those present; 27 *Weals* sold.—E. L.

ABERDEEN.—At the Sunday night indoor meeting, Kropotkin's "Law and Authority" was read and discussed. At the Monday night business meeting we decided to still further increase our open-air propaganda. An open-air meeting was held at Woodside on Friday night, at which comrades W. Cooper and Rennie spoke; another meeting was held at Tory on Saturday afternoon, and on Saturday night the usual meeting was held on Castle Street, when Duncan, Rennie, and Leatham spoke to a large crowd. A large number of pamphlets continue to be sold at all our open-air meetings.—C.

GLASGOW.—The bad weather here has greatly interfered with our meetings. We have, however, held our Paisley Road Toll meeting every Sunday evening—a meeting that is still growing in popularity—quite a number of the workers on the Clyde travelling many miles to attend it. Glasier has been our only speaker, except last Sunday, when comrade Haddow of the Steel Worker's Union spoke at the Toll to one of the largest meetings we have yet had, Haddow's vigorous exposition of the Labour question and advocacy of Socialism having a telling effect. We collected for the Australian strike on Sunday, Sept. 20th, 4s. 11d.; Sept. 27th, 4s. 10½d.; and last Sunday, 5s. 4d. Last Sunday forenoon, Bradlaugh was vigorously heckled in the Waterloo Hall by Socialists and trades unionists, quite the half of his audience being against him.

LEEDS.—Our success continues. We had good meetings at all three stations on Sunday, addressed by Allworthy, Cores, Sollit, and Samuels. Four quires of *Commonweal* and one of *Freedom* were sold; 9s. 6d. was collected. Next Sunday we expect to have the assistance of comrade Sketchley from Hull, and the week following Andrew Hall from Sheffield. We are making arrangements for a vigorous winter campaign, à la Fabian, in imitation of the example set by our comrades of Bradford; and we venture to recommend this method of propaganda to comrades everywhere. We are having a circular printed, giving a list of lecturers and lectures and other information, which will be sent to all Tory, Liberal, and other clubs and societies in Leeds and district. On Sunday evening a united meeting of Leeds Socialists was held at the International Club, Templar Street, at which a committee was appointed to make preparations for a great Chicago Martyrs Commemoration Meeting in a large hall in the town.—G. C.

SCOTTISH SOCIALIST FEDERATION—EDINBURGH.—Our winter campaign has begun well. A large audience gathered to hear "Socialism Defined and Defended" by comrade McDonald, of the London Fabian Society. It was a capital lecture, and was much appreciated by everyone. After the lecture, questions were asked and well replied to. A good discussion followed, in which McKenzie and Purdie of the Trades' Council, comrades Gilray, Caddow, Davidson, and Campbell took part. Mrs. Parker, of Dundee, who was on her way home from a sojourn in California, was present, and described a co-operative colony she had visited.—At Leith a crowded meeting was held in Henderson Street Hall. Comrade Hamilton discoursed on "The Spirit of the Age"—a lecture which was full of hard knocks, of which the capitalist and the British working-man got each their due share.—At both meetings good collections were made, and literature sold well.—W. D. T.

SOUTH SIDE BRANCH.—Comrades who either have joined or are willing to join above Branch are requested to communicate immediately with Miss E. Lupton, 59 Selhurst Road, S.E., secretary *pro tem*.

TURNHAM GREEN.—A lecture will be delivered by J. Turner on "True and False Co-operation," at the "George IV.," Turnham Green, on Friday, Oct. 10, at 8 o'clock.

FABIAN SOCIETY.—A course of lectures on "COMMON OBJECTIONS TO SOCIALISM" will be given at Bloomsbury Hall, Hart Street, New Oxford Street, W.C., Friday, October 17, at 8 o'clock—III. *That Socialism is contrary to Science.* "As interfering with Natural Selection," Grant Allan; "As certain to cause a ruinous increase of population," Annie Besant.

SCOTTISH SOCIALIST FEDERATION.—EDINBURGH.—Labour Hall, 50 South Bridge. Business meeting, Fridays at 8 p.m. Lecture, Sundays at 6.30. LEITH—Henderson Street Hall, Sundays, at 6.30. Particulars in *Evening News*, Sat.

LECTURE DIARY.

LONDON.

Battersea.—All communications to E. Buteux, 45, Inwith Street, Battersea Park Road.
Commonweal Branch.—24 Great Queen Street, Holborn, W.C. Tuesdays, Singing Practice. Thursdays, Business meeting. Saturdays, Social Gathering. Sunday, October 12, at 8.30 p.m., A. Tarn, "The Case for Anarchy."
East London.—H. McKenzie, 10 Victoria Dwellings, Clerkenwell Road, E.C.
Hammersmith.—Kelmscott House, Upper Mall, W. Lecture every Sunday at 8. French Class conducted by Mlle. Desroches on Friday evenings at 7.30.
North Kensington.—Clarendon Coffee Palace, Clarendon Road. Meets every Wednesday at 8 p.m. Band practice every Friday at 8 p.m. On Sunday, October 12, at 7.30, a lecture.
North London.—6 Windmill Street, Tottenham Court Road. Meets every Wednesday evening at 8 o'clock.
South Side Branch.—E. Lupton, 59 Selhurst Road, S.E., secretary *pro tem*.
Whitechapel and St. Georges-in-the-East.—Branch meetings at International Club, 40 Berner Street, Commercial Road. J. Turner, organising secretary.

PROVINCES.

Aberdeen.—Organiser, J. Leatham, 7 Jamaica Street. Branch meets in Oddfellows' Small Hall, Crooked Lane, on Sunday evenings at 6.30. Singing practice, etc., Mondays at 8 p.m.
Glasgow.—Members are invited to meet on Thursday and Sunday evenings, at 8 o'clock, in the Secretary's house, 250 Crown Street, S.S. All communications to be sent to that address.
Halsfax.—Socialists meet every Sunday at 6.30 p.m. at Helliwell's Temperance Hotel, Northgate.
Hull.—Club Liberty, 1 Beets Court, Blanket Row.
Leeds.—Socialist League Club, 1 Clarendon Buildings and Front Row. Open every evening. Business meeting Saturdays at 8.—International Educational Club, Templar Street. Open every evening. Discussion class every Friday at 8; lectures every Saturday at 4. All kinds of Socialist literature on tables and for sale.
Leicester.—Room No. 7, Co-operative Hall, High Street. Branch meeting on Thursday at 8 p.m.
Manchester.—Socialist League Club, 60 Grovesnor Street, All Saints. Open every evening. Branch weekly meeting on Tuesdays at 8.
Nottingham.—Socialist Club, Woodland Place, Upper Parliament Street. Club contribution, 1d. per week; Dancing every Wednesday, 8 till 10.30—fee 3d.
Norwich.—Members' meeting held every Tuesday at 8.30.
Oxford.—Temperance Hall, 25½ Pembroke Street. First Friday in every month, at 8.30 p.m.
Sheffield.—Socialist Club, 63 Blonk Street. French Class, Tuesday at 8.30. Discussion Class, Wednesday at 8.30. Open-air meetings are held as follows:—Sunday: Monolith, Fargate, at 11.30; Newhall Road, Attercliffe, at 11.30; Pump, Westbar, at 8; Heeley, Maresbrook Park, at 7.30; Monolith, Fargate, at 6.30; Rotherham, College Yard, at 3.15. Wednesday: Nursery Street, Wicker, at 8. Thursday: Bramall Lane, at 8; Eckington, at 6.30. Friday: Duke Street, Park, at 8. Saturday: Woodhouse, at 7.
Walsall.—Socialist Club, 18 Goodall Street, Walsall. Meetings every night.
Yarmouth.—Socialist League Club, 56 Row, Market Place. Open every evening Business Meeting, Tuesday at 8. Singing Practice, Wednesday at 8.30. Discussion Class, Thursday at 8.30. Elocution Class, Friday at 8.30.

OPEN-AIR PROPAGANDA.

SATURDAY 11.

8 Euston Road—Ossulston Street Nicoll and Cantwell
 8 Mile-end Waste Mrs. Lahr and Kitz

SUNDAY 12.

11 Commercial Road—Union Street The Branch
 11 Latimer Road Station North Kensington Branch
 11.30 Hammersmith Bridge Hammersmith Branch
 11.30 Hoxton Church Burnie
 11.30 New Cut—Short Street Miss Lupton and Buckeridge
 11.30 Regent's Park Nicoll
 3.30 Hyde Park—Marble Arch Mordhurst and Cantwell
 3.30 Victoria Park Commonweal Branch
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THE COMMONWEAL

The Official Journal of the SOCIALIST LEAGUE.

Vol. 6.—No. 249.

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 18, 1890.

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"REVOLUTIONARY WARFARE."

I.

NO RENT AND A GENERAL STRIKE.

WHAT are you Revolutionary Socialists going to do? what is your programme, your policy? is the cry which greets us from opponents and enquirers alike. Let me try as a Revolutionary Socialist to answer this question by pointing out the means by which the present society can be overthrown.

What are we doing now? We are preaching the Gospel of Discontent in every highway and byway; and the spread of that gospel, as shown by the great Labour Movement, that has filled society with scarcely-concealed terror, shows that our preaching has not been without its effect. But the period of what we may call purely educational Socialism is passing. Education is still needed, admitted; but it is no longer the first thing. Thanks to the cheap productions of the modern printing-press, thanks to almost innumerable lectures delivered in all parts of London and of England also, anyone who really desires to know what Socialism is can easily find out for himself. Besides, there

is no reason why we should not carry on educational work with the revolutionary warfare which we intend to wage against capitalist society. Nay, the work in itself will be an education, for we mean to teach the people how to take their own, and finally how to hunt the landlord and capitalist out of the land.

What are the first steps? We have already frequently mentioned them in the *Commonweal*—the No Rent movement and the General Strike.

The most immediately practical of these is the No Rent movement, so let us deal with this first. It is agreed by all that a fearful trade depression is coming. How are the people, the slaves of the capitalist, to meet it? Are they to starve patiently while the landlord wrenches from them the money which should keep their hungry children alive? No, certainly not; the people must no longer pay shameful rack-rents for the rotten slums in which they dwell. Do you not know, you wretched workers, that you have paid in rent the value over and over again of the stinking bricks and mortar in which you are forced to dwell, worse housed than dogs and swine.

It is time this was ended. The people have suffered dumbly too long; the moment has arrived for action; and in the coming winter those brave men who do not fear to sacrifice themselves for their principles must be prepared to act. Let us set the example, let us be willing to endure some slight risk for the good of humanity, and we shall soon rouse the people from their apathy into bold and vigorous rebellion.

What is to be done? We have already answered. Let a house be taken in the centre of a slum by a man not well known in the movement, and whose appearance will not arouse suspicion. Let the house be garrisoned—five resolute men will be enough. Let us then placard it with bills advising the people to pay No Rent. Let the slums be flooded with revolutionary and No Rent literature. And if the house is well barricaded and fiercely defended with bricks, stones, and hot water, it will not be long before the whole neighbourhood—especially if there is a strong infusion of Irish blood among the inhabitants—will be in open revolt against the house-farmer. And what will that mean? Unless the authorities can suppress it—and it will take more than police and bailiffs to do that—the No Rent movement will spread through every district in London.

But some may ask, how could you defend a district that had gone in for improving the landlord off the face of the earth, so as to defy police and bailiffs? We will tell them how the people might defend it, for it is the people who will have to fight this battle.

Any revolutionist who has walked through the slums, which eighty years ago were suburbs of the city of London, must have noted how well suited they are for a No Rent campaign. The streets are narrow and easily barricaded as they wind among high lofty houses, which women and children might defend against men. Imagine the streets torn up and blocked with overturned barrows, carts, and heaped-up paving-stones. In a No Rent campaign it will not do to stick at trifles. Imagine police and bailiffs climbing slowly and painfully over these barricades under a hail of bottles, bricks, stones, hot water, and missiles of all kinds. Dost thou like the picture? Then do you but to make it a reality.

The No Rent movement has one great advantage, which should commend it to Anarchists. It is not alone at the landlord it strikes a heavy blow, but at all forms of government. What happens to the landlord without rent is what happens to a government that can get no taxes; both are starved out. The workman pays rates and taxes when he pays rent, and when rent ceases taxes cease also. Thus government, having not wherewithal to pay officials, police, and soldiers, will perish of starvation. But supposing the capitalist classes voluntarily tax themselves in order to keep up the government? We have an answer for this. Let the Rent Strike become general, and the General Strike also comes within "the range of practical politics." Nay, has it not become practical now? Did we not nearly see London in the throes of a general strike on that famous Tuesday in 1889, when the labour revolt was at its height? Was there not practically a general strike a few months ago in South Wales, and in Australia also it has since become almost an accomplished fact. The miners, too, have shown how by a few days' cessation of work they can bring the whole industrial machine to a sudden stop. With all these examples before

us it is impossible to say that the project of a general strike is impracticable.

It is certain that a general strike of workers cannot be made an international or even a national affair at once. We feel sure that first attempts will be confined to a single large town, or perhaps a district containing several towns, where revolutionary ideas have gained a firm hold upon the people. I have an idea that it may first break out in London, where the idea has been widely preached by Anarchists, Revolutionary Socialists, and even by Social Democrats. The pretext for the strike may be an eight hour day; but its real aim must be the Social Revolution. Revolutions have been repeatedly made for what seemed very trifling demands. For instance, the dismissal of Necker, a popular minister, was the spark which set fire to the powder-magazine in Paris in 1789. In 1848 it was the prohibition of a Reform demonstration by the Government that led to the upheaval of that famous year. And the Commune of Paris was proclaimed through the disgust of the people at the cowardice of their bourgeois republican Government, while the immediate pretext arose from the question as to whether the National Guard were to keep in their charge the cannon they had paid for with their own hard cash. So it is not unlikely that the General Strike which will herald the coming revolution may be brought about by the demand of the workers for an "eight hour day." The working-classes of all countries are unanimous in demanding it; the middle and upper class will be as unanimous in refusing it. It will be impossible to get it through the capitalist Parliament; and in despair the workers who hope that it will make a paradise of this earth will, as a last resort, decide upon a General Strike. Remember that the situation in a few months' time will be so desperate, so many thousands will be out of work and starving, that new unionists and old unionists in despair will throw by their ideas of legislation, and endeavour to obtain what they want by the only means left open to them.

D. J. NICOLL.

(To be continued.)

THE REDCAP IN THE CITIES.

OUR comrades of the Midland Socialist Federation have published an article by the Rev. A. Reaney in the form of a halfpenny pamphlet. The article is so good, taken from the point of view of an intelligent and friendly middle-class man, that we think some of it is worth quoting:

"Redcap is not the 'rough' nor the 'rowdy,' he is the 'revolutionist.' The rough is quite another sort of being. He is generally a sot, with not a little of the simpleton in him, who goes with his pals and plays their little game. The rowdy is a rough, plus the criminal, vicious, venomous, and vile, but not generally dangerous, save when the police play the fool with the harmless and useless political demonstrator; then the rowdy sees his chance, uses it, and the 'West End' is a little looted and greatly scared. The rough and the rowdy are comparatively brainless, having no ideas on organisation, utterly non-political, and usually cowardly. The 'redcap' on the contrary, is the man of virile mind, with a lurid imagination, full of notions, with a ready eloquence, and quite capable of fighting it out in the streets to the death—his own or another's. The redcap is not a criminal, only so far as a rebel *in posse* is a criminal. . . . He would not harm a child, and he is generally most polite to women; but child, woman, man, or dog, if they get in his way—the way of the revolution—so much the worse for them. He contemplates civil war as the only remedy for things as they are. The redcap is of all nationalities. In Berlin he is a Socialist; in St. Petersburg he is a Nihilist; in Paris a Communard; in New York a Knight of Labour; and in London he is the redcap. As a politician he is filled with scorn of all political parties. The Tory he pities, sneers at the Liberal, hates the Radical, and looks upon the Socialist as a mere mouth! For all these statesmen he has the utmost contempt. 'They are,' he says, 'surgeons who would stop a bleeding artery with a bit of sticking plaster, and mend a broken leg with a poultice.' Society is rotten, and must be rooted up. Monarchies, parliaments, churches, councils, trade unions, poor law, Sundays, etc., must all go, and will go. The first mission of the redcap, he admits, is to destroy—to be an iconoclast; and then, when the ground is cleared, he would create—a home, a city, a commonwealth, a world!

It may be said, Where is he? Is he numerous, or is he the one mad earnest man, only to be met with here and there? It is a little difficult to answer that question. In all our great cities there are thousands of men discontented, disaffected, defiant, and yet inactive. Redcap is the strong man rising to the surface of their social condition. Count such men from the unit, and they would seem many; reckon them down from the million, and they would look few, very few. I have met them, and have heard others speak of them as being numerous. The foreign element is doubtless, large; but between the English redcap and the Continental redcap there has never been much real sympathy. I remember hearing of a very excited meeting at the time of the West End riots, at which there were some two hundred men, redcaps, with revolvers. Happily the weapons were not used, but they were in hand. But, to rightly estimate the extent of the redcap condition, it is needful to consider this point: Are they representatives of a quiet but deep and extensive feeling which possesses the hearts of thousands in our great cities, but is silent? I am inclined to say, Yes. Three scenes in London life have been very strongly impressed upon my mind and memory. There was a meeting at Stepney Hall a few years since to discuss immigration. The audience was composed of some 700 Socialists, and of about an equal number who were supposed to be anti-Socialists. During the debate a noted Socialist leader was speaking about East End poverty, and stopping for an instant, said, 'There is wealth enough for us all at the West, and shall we take it?' The answer came, as it seemed to me, from the whole audience, 'Yes.' I have seen men moved by the oratory of Gladstone and Bright; but I have never seen men so moved as those East Enders were that night. To some it was the thought of their life put into words; to others it was a new idea, but passionately welcomed. Another scene full of significance was the funeral of the man killed in some row at Trafalgar Square. What a sight it was that winter Sunday after-

noon from Whitechapel to Bow Cemetery. Men by thousands, tens of thousands, quiet, moody, too angry and grieved to talk. And another time, at Dod Street—the street pulpit of the Socialists at the East End, from which some assinine inspector ran in two Socialistic preachers. I bailed them out. The next meeting was a sight; it was said forty thousand men were there. Possibly redcaps! There is the quantity unknown. Given some grave social trouble—bad times, a big blunder by the Government or police—and the redcap might colour the life of our cities like an epidemic."

In the same pamphlet there is an account of what is called "An Attempt to Realise Bellamy's Ideal," but as it was started before Bellamy's Book was written we prefer to call it an attempt to realise Socialism:

"My visit to Kaweah will be one of the pleasantest memories which I shall carry with me across the Atlantic. Here I found such a bond of union between the members that they seemed to be really one family. Kaweah is founded on the principle of co-operation. Everything is bought at wholesale prices, and sold at cost to the members. Meals are served at ten cents (5d.), of the most abundant nature, and other things in like manner. At present the people all live in tents, the supports for which have been cut from the trees, and covered with 10 cent drill. A prettier sight cannot be imagined than in the evenings when they are lighted up. Many thousand acres of land are in possession of these colonists on the banks of the Kaweah river, whose rushing waters are the music of the place. The most gorgeous scenery—something like the Yosemite—is the surrounding of as happy a people as live on this green earth. If there is a reflection of the higher summerland it is there, where all men's weal is each man's care. Everything is carried on after the principles of Bellamy's book, although the colony was commenced before that book was written, four years ago. It is situated in Tulare Co., California, thirty-six miles from Visalia. To become a member 100 dols. (£20) cash is paid. Then if the applicant is judged a fit character, he or she is admitted and allowed to work out 400 dols. more, such labour being paid in time checks, which are exchanged for goods in the colony. This 500 dols. (or £100) constitutes life membership, and entitles the recipient to one share in this joint stock company. No member is allowed more than one share and one vote. This is a guarantee that no one member or members can alienate the property away. It seems to me that the future of this colony is protected on every side, not even the trustees, of whom there are five, can have more than one vote, or any power not possessed by the weakest member.

"Men and women are exactly on an equal platform; their labour is paid exactly alike. Eight hours is the length of the day's work. Each chooses the occupation they like best. There are no overseers. I asked one member, 'Do they ever take credit for more than they do?' 'Such a thing has never been known,' said he, 'if it ever was, the member would be so ashamed that it would not occur again. Indeed there is a great deal of work done that is never rendered. I work ten hours a day,' he continued, 'but I never hand in more than eight hours time. I know that it helps the colony.' This is the feeling of all; even of the little children, who are like the children of all the colony. Their education is carefully carried on, the kindergarten system being the foundation of all education. Here, if nowhere else, the divine principle of human brotherhood is carried on."

It does not look as if Socialism was so "impractical" after all.

CUNNINGHAME GRAHAM ON POVERTY.

WE have had reason to differ with Mr. Graham recently, but we will say that if he always wrote and spoke in the style of the following article in this month's *Journeyman*, the organ of the Amalgamated Society of Tailors, there would not be much difference of opinion between us. He says:

Now, what's the reason of it all? Why is it that there are so many bare backs and such a plethora of coats? Some will answer you, monopoly; others something else. All have their own idea. Mine is, because the balance of mankind are idiots! How easy it would be to change all this. How? you say. My friend, that is my secret. If, though, let us say, merely for purposes of argument, that all the poor of London had resolved to remain so no longer? You may say, "What man by taking thought can add a cubit to his stature?" That is so, of course, and a good thing too, or what a race of giants we should all be;—not that that, by the way, would do much damage to your craft. However, suppose these poor—and poor also predisposes rich; for to develop thoroughly your rich you must also have your poor—well, suppose these all united in one thing, who could stand against them? Hell let loose would not be in it.

Do you know the rich pass lives (in these latter days) of terrible dread of the poor? To be poor is, as we all know, to be a rogue. What a feeling it must be for a rich man to walk out and scarce find (unless in the course of his walk he happens upon Rothschild or Carnegie)—to walk and walk and walk, and never see another honest man! Naturally the poor fellow begins to sweat with terror, and to think, "Fancy if all these (poor) dishonest rogues had the least idea how few of us really honest (rich) men there are in the world!" It is horrible to contemplate the feelings of that man!

Some say, "Poor, but honest." I say, "Bosh!" The rich are honest, wise, handsome, and all the rest of the combined virtues; but the poor—why, of course not; how can they be? The only crime that is never pardoned or forgiven is poverty.

Well, fear is a good lever, too, you know. Having your lever, though, you want a fulcrum. Some old toff, I think it was Archimedes, could have moved the world (at least, he said so) could he have found a fulcrum. Where is your fulcrum? This leads me back again to moralise about the decadence of man. Once there were men, men who shrank at nothing, holding it just as lively after all to die once (fighting, let us say) as to pass a life of slavery. And what is slavery, too? Slavery is that blessed state in which a man works all his time, every day of his life, for some one else, urged on by grim starvation, always waiting, hardly in the middle distance of the picture.

Now, Mr. Graham, you would do far more good by writing like this than by talking about Eight Hour Bills. After all, the capitalist is more afraid of the Revolutionary Socialist than of the mild Labour Reformer.

LIVERPOOL SOCIALIST SOCIETY.—Vegetarian Restaurant, Eberle Street, Dale Street.—Meets every Tuesday at 8 p.m.

NOTES.

THE *People's Press* returns to the charge re their pet leaders, after restating the falsehood that I bolted from the docker's meeting at Southampton. It adds another by saying that I attempted to stir the meeting into revolt against its appointed trade leader. It will interest the Southampton men as a piece of news to be told that they appointed McCarthy their leader; they think differently.

The literary scullions and paragraph mongers, the Fleet Street hacks who hide behind the anonymous "we," have been the curse of the Labour movement. Some of them have been great wavers of the red flag, but now, having either satisfied their exigencies, or being disappointed in their quest for pelf and notoriety, abuse those who keep with the moving column of Revolutionary Socialism.

The *People's Press* say that an introspective study of myself would be humorous. An exposure of the hungry ink-slingers who have infested the Labour movement would be very funny indeed. Well, well, they shall have it presently. Cobbett said that he wished all newspaper writers could be paraded in Hyde Park, so that the public might be able to see what a contemptible lot of curs are the "we's" of the press.

F. K.

Our prophecies of impending trouble this winter are likely to be fulfilled. It is quite evident that Messrs. Allan and Co. are determined to bring on a fight with their corn-porters at the first opportunity. Their policy of writing a string of slanders to papers, stating that the only thing necessary to "reform" their men is to smash their union at the first opportunity, is but the beginning of the campaign of slander and force which the capitalists of this country are preparing to carry on against the labour unions.

There are more ways of telling a lie than one, and Messrs. Allan have hit upon a very ingenious method. They informed the public that the men in their employ were earning 15s. a-day, but they forgot to mention that the work of the corn-porters is exceptionally dangerous, unpleasant, and unhealthy, and also that it is very irregular. They also forgot to mention that the ordinary dock-labourer was certainly not earning 15s. a-day, but barely averaged 20s. a-week. Ingenious gentlemen.

The hirelings of the capitalist press did not hesitate to lie boldly, and told the middle-class world that that bloated aristocrat of labour the London docker was earning 15s. a-day, and then was not satisfied; and though the lie has been contradicted, the majority of the middle-class men and a good many workmen are also of the opinion that that is the rate of wages down at the docks. This lie no doubt will also have its effect in increasing the rush of blacklegs to the docks when "the cold weather comes," and brings with it the Great Lock-out.

Yes, this inhuman threat of Messrs. Allan and Morgan shows what dockers may expect. They will first cruelly slander the men, and when they have turned "public opinion" against them, will ruthlessly turn them out to starve, importing shoals of blacklegs to take their places. Let it clearly be understood that these gentlemen are going to wage a ruthless war of extermination against women and children, and their allies in this infernal warfare will be hunger and cold.

When the "cold weather" comes there will be starving men, women, and children down by the docks. Cupboards will be empty, grates fireless, little children will cry to their parents for bread and they will have none to give them. And for what? That the unholy alliance of the blackleg and the sweater may cut the throat of organised labour, and bring back the old slavery of shameful sweating and starvation wages.

Will the men bear this patiently? We think not. We are sure that "bloody times" are coming, and we cannot afford to lose a single man in skirmishing with the police. It would doubtless please these valuable officers to get all the "dangerous men" in London under lock and key before the Great Lock-out takes place, but we must not play into their hands. We must not waste our strength in fruitless struggles before the great battle is upon us. Wait till the iron is hot before you strike, and then *Strike* and strike hard.

We were startled last week by the news that our brave friends the Guards were dying of fever in Bermuda. There has since been an "official contradiction," which nobody believes. It is clear that these gallant soldiers have been sent out to an unhealthy station to be swept off through fever and pestilence by our present government. It is not the first time this mode of "punishing" rebellious soldiers has been adopted by the "authorities." Our friends are referred to Dickens' "Uncommercial Traveller" for a similar case. We do not know what the members of the present Government call the sending of soldiers to a station where they know they will be swept off by pestilence, but we call it MURDER. We also hope that the soldiers will remember the gentlemen who sent their comrades out to perish in an unhealthy climate because they had revolted against their small-minded tyranny.

N.

Various Radical newspapers (of course including the *Star*—under the inspiration, I presume, of "Colman's-Mustard" Stuart) are working themselves into quite a frenzy of admiration over W. A. Hunter's State Insurance scheme, which, it seems, is another infallible nostrum warranted to cure all social diseases. Even that eclectic-minded scribe, "Dodo," in *Reynolds'*, thinks it has much to recommend it, although of "such magnitude" that it is "open to criticism." Who would believe that all this fuss was about a plan for giving a starvation pension to a stray workman here and there who has contrived to survive to 65 (the average length of life of his class being 27 years) and to subscribe 6d. a-week during his life of toil?

The fact is, of course, that the middle classes are so firmly persuaded of the necessity of their own continued existence and the impossibility of any root and branch change in social organisation, that even the more kindly-natured of them are ever seeking for some feeble palliative of present ills which does not involve the destruction of that bourgeois civilisation which is so dear to them. To do our Radical friends justice, they have never realised the horror of present conditions—a horror which, once realised, does make some half-a-dozen born bourgeois as irreconcilable revolutionists as are to be found in the proverbial day's march. Most of them, too, are really profoundly ignorant of what the Socialism, of which they speak so glibly, really means. They are authorities, it may be, on Roman Law or Austin's Jurisprudence (learning which has less importance or value in modern life than the disquisitions of Thomas Aquinas); but they know nothing of Marx (not to speak of Kropotkin), and they think themselves wondrously well read in revolutionary literature because they have skimmed through the "Fabian Essays."

If, for my part, in these Notes I seem to harp unduly on the one string of bourgeois ignorance and bourgeois incapacity, it is because that touching faith of the proletarian in the "educated" man which has so often led him astray in the past appears to me to be by no means yet dead. Yet die it must, if the Revolution is not to fail as former revolutions have failed. If middle-class men join the movement, they must do so as privates in the ranks, and the workers must take care to guard themselves from any exaggerated regard for their opinions. The present writer feels every moment of his life the poisonous influence of the vaunted bourgeois education and the hateful bourgeois surroundings—an influence from which it is hard, indeed to shake oneself free. Slavery does not as a rule produce ideal types of humanity, and the worker has doubtless defects enough of his own, but in his advance towards the more perfect day let him not seek aid from middle-class professors—blind leaders of blind folk.

R. W. B.

CORRESPONDENCE.

"A TREACHEROUS ATTACK."

Sir,—Having read your leader of last week and Mr. Hubert Bland's article in the *Sunday Chronicle* to which it refers, I hope you will allow me through your columns to utter a word of protest. The opinions expressed by Mr. Bland in the article are neither here nor there. False or true, he has the same right to hold and to express his own opinions as any one else. But the whole gist of Mr. Bruce Glasier's attack lies in the use of the word "cowardly." What are the facts? When Mr. Bland wrote his article he was on the point of starting on a lecture campaign in Lancashire, on platforms where free discussion was invited, and where it would have been perfectly possible for the "Socialist leaders" to meet him and overthrow him. He appears to have thought it desirable to advise the Lancashire folk to see that they got their Socialism undiluted with "Bleat, bletcher, and bunkum," whatever may be the true inwardness of that alliterative trinity. This he might easily have done by means of an anonymous article, *noms de plume* only being usually attached to articles appearing in the *Sunday Chronicle*. Even had he adopted this course, I fail to see how a charge of cowardice could have been sustained against him, but he deliberately threw away the shield of anonymity and stated his opinions above his signature. In these circumstances the epithet "cowardly" is singularly unfortunate, and can only be excused by the assumption that Mr. Bruce Glasier's brain at the time of writing was somewhat overheated by the too closely-fitting cap with which Mr. Bland had gratuitously supplied him.

As to Mr. Bruce Glasier's astounding interpretation of the closing sentence of the article of which he bletheringly complains, if his penultimate name be any indication of his nationality, explanation is useless and I am dumb. Neither Mr. Bland, nor I, alas! have the requisite surgical skill which alone could elucidate the point to Mr. Glasier.

Trusting to your sense of fair-play to give the same publicity to this letter as you have given to the eloquent bleat of Mr. Glasier,—I am, Sir, Your Obedient Servant,

F. E. MARSHALL STEELE, *Hon. Sec.*

Lewisham and Lee Liberal Club, 170, High St., Lewisham, Oct. 13th.

Practical Malthusianism.

The old spartans had a wiser method; and went out and hunted down their Helots, and speared and spitted them, when they grew too numerous. With our improved fashions of hunting, Herr Hofrath, now after the invention of firearms, and standing armies, how much easier were such a hunt! Perhaps in the most thickly peopled country, some three days annually might suffice to shoot all the able-bodied Paupers that had accumulated within the year. Let Governments think of this. The expense were trifling; nay, the very carcasses would pay it. Have them salted and barrelled; could not you victual therewith, if not Army and Navy, yet richly such infirm Paupers, in workhouses and elsewhere, as enlightened Charity, dreading no evil of them, might see good to keep alive?—*Carlyle's: Sartor Resartus.*



OFFICES: 24 GREAT QUEEN STREET, LONDON, W.C.

HAVE YOU NOT HEARD HOW IT HAS GONE WITH MANY A CAUSE BEFORE NOW: FIRST, FEW MEN HEED IT; NEXT, MOST MEN CONTEMN IT; LASTLY, ALL MEN ACCEPT IT—AND THE CAUSE IS WON

The COMMONWEAL is the official organ of the Socialist League; but, unless definitely so announced by the Editors, no article is to be taken as expressing in more than a general way the views of the League as a body. In accordance with the Manifesto and Statement of Principles of the League, the COMMONWEAL is an exponent of International Revolutionary Socialism. On minor differences of opinion the widest freedom of discussion is maintained. As all articles are signed, no special significance attaches to their position in the paper.

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WILL Branch Secretaries please write Reports and Orders for Literature on separate pieces of paper.

A CORRESPONDENT wishes to know what are the municipal privileges and franchises of Paris. Will some friend send particulars to us?

WILL a Leytonstone comrade, who sends an order for literature, furnish us with his address?

Periodicals received during the week ending Wednesday October 15.

ENGLAND Belfast Weekly Star Die Autonomie Justice People's Press Personal Rights Journal Railway Review Seafaring Seed Time Worker's Friend	NEW SOUTH WALES Sydney—Bulletin Truth Australian Star Evening News Labour Defence Journal Sunday Times	QUEENSLAND Brisbane—Boomerang Brisbane—Worker	INDIA Bankipore—Behar Herald	UNITED STATES New York—Reasoner Phrenological Journal, etc. Volkszeitung	Boston —Woman's Journal Nationalist Buffalo—Arbeiter-Zeitung Detroit—Der Arme Teufel Kaweah (Cal) Commonwealth Ottawa—Progress and Liberty Paterson Labour Standard S.F.—Coast Seamen's Journal San Francisco Arbeiter Zeitung St. Louis (Mo.)—Die Parole	FRANCE Paris—Bourse du Travail Paris—La Revoltte Le Parti ouvrier Le Proletariat La Societe Nouvelle Charleville—L'Emancipation Lille—Le Cri du Travailleur Rouen—Le Salariat	HOLLAND Hague—Recht voor Allen	BELOGIUM Antwerp—De Werker Ghent—Vooruit	SWITZERLAND Arbeiterstimme	ITALY Milan—Il Fascio Operaio	SPAIN Madrid—El Socialista Madrid—La Anarquia Barcelona—El Productor Seville—El Proletario	GERMANY Berlin—Volks Tribune Halberstadt, Sonntags-Zeitung	AUSTRIA Vienna—Arbeiter-Zeitung Brunn—Volksfreund Reichenberg—Freigeist	HUNGARY Arbeiter-Weekend-Chronik	DENMARK Copenhagen—Arbejderen	SWEDEN Malmö—Arbetet	CAPE COLONY Cape Town—Argus	ARGENTINE REPUBLIC Buenos Ayres—Vorwarts
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THE CRY FOR WORK.

AGAIN we hear that lamentable cry, which becomes more loud and fierce every year—the cry for work. Already the Social Democrats are stirring, and meetings of the unemployed are daily being held in London. I have been a patient listener to some of the speeches delivered, and must say that the language used has been plain and unmistakable; and if such plain speaking continues we may, during this winter, look out for squalls, as our nautical friends put it.

“Pray, what is all this talk about?” said a bystander (evidently one of the classes) to me at the steps of the Royal Exchange. “The old story,” I replied; “agitating for work for the unemployed; for the opening of municipal workshops, shortening the hours of labour, and so on.” “Ugh!” grunted my enquirer, “then they will never get it.” I silently agreed with him that they would never get it, unless they were victorious over the batons of the police and bayonets of the soldiery. I ventured to say so to one of the speakers (privately, of course), and he answered, “Well, I agree with you; but at any rate we will have a damned row, and so help the Revolution forward.” Mr. Edward Sansom puts it like this—that if you lock up a dozen pigs in a sty without food, they will set up such an agitation that life in the neighbourhood will become unbearable, and the pigs will get food, if only for the sake of peace and quietness; and such, it appears to me, will be the case with the unemployed. The classes will, no doubt, give a little food to the people—whose numbers this winter will, as

John Burns puts it, be upwards of one and a half millions—in order to stave off the dread day of reckoning which is fast approaching. Deputations from the unemployed are to wait on the executive of the Dockers and other unions to urge them to take up the question, with what result still remains to be seen.

I venture to say that, judging by the action of the capitalists in this and other countries, and the activity shown by the various governments the world over in sending soldiers and police to their assistance, the classes are getting into a great funk, and are intent on a little blood-letting if needs be, in the hope that they may stay the great Social Revolution, if only for a time. Seeing all this as we do, is it wise, I ask, that the Revolutionary Socialists should hold their hand, as it were, or would it not be wiser and better that they should enter the breach at once, before the position is taken up by our quondam friends the charitable philanthropist and his kindred, and point out that nothing short of the complete overthrow of the system will or can sweep away this everlasting misery for the workers? The fear of being unemployed makes a man a coward, because he is bound to submit to the whims and caprices of the capitalist and his bullies, more especially if he is a married man. Furthermore, being unemployed also makes a man a coward, for he also has too often to cringe and beg for work, very often becoming a blackleg against his will, because he has a stomach to feed and perhaps a wife and children.

It seems to me, in face of this, that plain speaking is necessary above all things, and that is why I venture to pen these remarks. I contend that there is no time to waste if we wish to prevent the useless shedding of blood. That the authorities are bent on mischief is shown by such an expression as the following, which dropped from an inspector of police who accompanied Chief-Superintendent Foster on Saturday last. This officer called out “Drive over the ——!” to a Custom-Office carman. No doubt his intention was to provoke a premature conflict, in which (as there were some two hundred police in reserve) the people would no doubt have had a rough time of it at the hands of those believers in “moral persuasion.” However, their hopes were not realised.

Now, it appears to me that if fighting is to be indulged in this winter, it should be for something better than municipal workshops, or eight-hours day legislation, neither of which are worth the shedding of one single drop of the workers' blood. I contend, therefore, that we ought to lose no time in putting before the workers, either employed or unemployed, the real and only cause of their misery—namely, the existence of a legalised band of robbers, who make them strangers and paupers as well as slaves in their native land. This band of robbers are known by many names, such as landlords, capitalists, shareholders, debenture and consol holders, and usurers. Let us tell the people that the workers' misery will continue until these are got rid of. Let there be no mistake, for if people are taught to look to Parliament and municipalities for relief, the rising, if there be one, will only be for a change of masters. We must teach them something more—i.e., the abolition of the master class altogether. There are not wanting signs throughout the country that this cry of the unemployed will become very loud and savage during the next few weeks, and we ought, I think, to preach the doctrine that the country people should seize on the land, the mechanics on the workshops and factories, the miners should take the mines, while all workers should help themselves to the stored up wealth produced by their labour. Our cry should be—Death to thieves and idlers! and if we are agreed and determined, who shall say us nay?

In a recent number of the *Whirlwind*, a paper for the classes, we find that about half of the British army are not to be trusted. If this be true—and from what I have seen and heard personally from soldiers I have come in contact with in various parts of the country it is not far wrong—the day of revolution is near at hand. I have recently paid visits to the soldiery near Leicester, Sheffield, Hull, Leeds, Nottingham, Derby, and other places, circulating among them revolutionary literature, and have received from them many expressions of sympathy and support. We may also be able to do the same with the 19th Yorkshire Regiment presently, and if it has no other effect, it will make them not quite so eager to use their bayonets as in the Southampton strike. There will be plenty of work of a disagreeable nature for soldiers to do this winter with strikes and the unemployed. We should be at all times ready for whatever may turn up, and not hesitate to take advantage of every circumstance that may offer itself by striking a blow at our common enemy. I hold that anything done to check the growing encroachments on our right of public meeting, and any action that may be taken to check the mock patriotism of some of the soldiery and police, will be of infinite value to the revolutionary cause.

Our masters seem bent on appealing to force to settle labour's appeals. Well, I see no reason to fear or dread their action. If force is appealed to on their side, it is surely no time to parly about “moral persuasion” or heroically standing with arms folded to be shot down. We shall only be called cowards on the one hand and fools on the other. Our answer must be in the words of Lingg of Chicago: “If you cannonade us, we shall dynamite you”; and this, I contend, is and can be our only answer. It is no use becoming sentimental. This agitation is growing, and the question of the hour, wherever I have been, is not what is Socialism, but “How can we get it: we are ready to act, show us how and we will do it?” And I firmly believe that the first blow struck, be it where it may, will be the signal for a general uprising all over the country—aye, even in places where as yet Socialism is little known.

In conclusion, my advice is: Be ready, for there is no knowing at what hour the Revolution cometh.

C. W. MOWBRAY.

CAPITALIST CATCH-WORDS.

THE fact, daily becoming more evident, that the capitalist class has found itself out should be an encouragement to Socialists. The feudal lord and the Elizabethan squire no doubt sincerely believed that they were heaven-sent blessings to their dependents; the modern Sir Gorgius Midas has begun to have an uneasy consciousness that he is a useless humbug, and he is taking infinite precautions against the catastrophe which history warns him must follow the general acknowledgment thereof. An oligarchy that believes in itself may live long; a ruling class that has no faith in itself or in anybody else may linger, but cannot last.

Significant is the outcry of the capitalist press when the Dilkes, Dunlos, Colin Campbells, and Cleveland Streetists by their impudence reveal to the proletarian who has a spare penny what a flimsy thing is his master's "morality." These exposures we often hear must shake the respect of the people for their masters, and this point is cynically emphasised in "Society in London by a Foreign Resident," a work that had a big sale a few years ago. The "Foreign Resident" tells us frankly that "Society" does not care what its members do provided they don't make a scandal about it, and he mentions that the Prince of Wales (the "little fat man in red," as Mr. Stead's young man once called him) is most particular about church-going, and insists on maintaining a respect for religious ordinances. So we also find that unscrupulous wire-puller, Mr. Gladstone, keeping up the game with articles on the "Impregnable Rock of Holy Scripture,"—for he knows that plenty of Christianity is good for workmen.

The patronage of the "Labour members" by the rich, which enabled Mr. Broadhurst at the Trades Congress to unctuously talk about advocating the Cause of Labour "in the palace and in the cottage," is another ingenious little dodge of the capitalist. But most typical of all is the attitude of the press in the event of a strike, such as the gas-stokers at Leeds and the dockers at Southampton. No cry is too mean to use to disparage the workers, and the press exults as they are drenched with a fire-hose or given a "taste of cold steel"—the latter being much in favour in Fleet Street. The strike leaders are taunted with urging their dupes to violence while keeping their own skins safe, the real meaning of this being that the capitalist would like to get the orators, the organisers, and the advisers of a strike into his clutches to make an example of them by slowly murdering them in his prisons. When the dispute hinges on the recognition of a union, the public are told that this is the miserable vanity of the agitators, who want to get power into their own hands, while all the time lawyers, parsons, police, and military, who have nothing to do with the dispute, are working their hardest against the workers.

The latest hypocrisy is the cry of "free labour," which bids fair to be the shibboleth of aggressive capitalism for some time. Although all concerned know that the sole object of the capitalists is to increase their own profits, they and their apologists have the assurance to pretend that they are only anxious about protecting those who desire to work untrammelled by the tyranny of agitators. Newspapers who find it no hardship to be compelled to employ only society men, and lawyers and doctors, who boycott practitioners who try to undersell them, combine in denouncing any interference with "blacklegs," and it would seem that the whole machinery of Government instead of being directed, as Brougham said, to getting twelve men into a jury-box, is intended to get a blackleg into a capitalist's employment. It is satisfactory to find that the hypocrisies of capitalism have less power than of old to mislead the workers, and there can be no doubt that the capitalist beginning by finding himself out will end by being found out by others. And then the end is near!

A NEW VERSION OF THE BATTLE OF HASTINGS.

THE year one thousand and sixty-six was, I think, the year of the great battle. I think so, but am too lazy to consult the guide-book—and Battle Abbey is supposed to stand on the spot where the fight was thickest. Battle Abbey is an old, old place now, and Englishmen—so the guide-book says—"cannot look upon it without emotion." Perhaps this is true. I cannot say, because I did not look upon it. But I looked upon the fleet of boats which disfigured the bay with their painted advertisements of patent pills, and I thought if Englishmen can see that sight without emotion, they may manage calmly to contemplate the spot on which eight centuries ago the Norman pirates and the Saxon brigands fought for plunder's sake, and filled the trenches with their broken block-heads and sullied the rivers with their boozey blood.

The Normans spent the night before the battle in prayer and praise. The Saxons spent it in riot and drunkenness. The Normans won the battle; and having buried the murdered men and built an abbey to the glory of God, they set to work and robbed the country from end to end, sharing out the spoil amongst the professional footpads, broken-down libertines, pot-house bullies, and hireling cut-throats, from whom many of our haughty English nobility are so proud to claim descent. Well, so much for Hastings. If you want a good and graphic account of the battle, I can recommend Dickens's "Child's History of England." There is only one fact in connection with the battle which I want to remind you of, and that is the fact that William the Conqueror is dead. I mention that fact because the majority of my countrymen do not seem to realise it. William has been fatally dead these eight hundred years or so. But the people of this country are still very much like serfs. They still endure the pressure of feudal institutions; they still suffer the land to remain in possession of the spoiler. These are facts which I, as an Englishman, "cannot contemplate without emotion."—"Nunquam" in Manchester *Sunday Chronicle*.

BELFAST.—On Sunday evening Mrs. Besant delivered an address in the Secular Hall on "Why We Advocate Socialism." Crowded audience.

Review.

THE main attraction in the October number of *Igdrasil* is a poem by Roden Noel. There is a good deal of Christianity about it, which in our opinion rather spoils it; but the writer shows considerable power in his description of the horrors of the life of the poor, as the following extract will show. It is the soliloquy of a starving workman who is about to commit suicide, listening to the merry peal of the Christmas bells:

O Christmas bells, ye chime to jeer
Poor folk shut in with mortal fear!
"Peace and goodwill to all mankind!"
—Save those whom want and rich men
grind—
Art, Science, Banquet, Church, and
Revel
Westward feed sense, heart and mind;
Down East, the unshared rule of the
devil!

Long have I sought; I cannot find
God who delivers men from evil! . . .

(Bells peal) Well I loved those chimes
In happier times. . . .

Once more we have our cheerful home,
Around the window roses blow;
I see my Mary fair as foam,
Blithely singing, come and go,
While rosed with health the children
roam. . . .

Now we are ground 'twixt two mill-
stones—

The man that wrings the murderous
rent,

Yet shelters not the naked bones
Cooped in his plague-fraught tenement,
And vampires who suck sleek content
From human anguish, tears, and groans,
Clutch the fruit of our life's toil
And batten upon the unholy spoil—
Throwing a wage-scrap back for fuel,
Lest man-mills stop the labour cruel,
And cease with Death unequal duel.

Shall we, chained starvelings, go,
buy law,

To save us from the robber's claw?
Law is a cumbrous thing to move;
It will not come and help for love!
Buy women to starve at "market-
price,"

With regard to the robber above we think it a great pity he was not "clutched," and "clutched" so securely that his speedy decease would have been a certainty. If poor people would only stick together and pay "No rent," they would soon make an end of the land thief. In the poem the husband commits suicide, and the poor woman stitches herself into her shroud. This is not so uncommon after all, and yet middle-class political humbugs, with their cant of moderate reform, say that "violence" is very wicked. We think that if the poor were a little more "violent" (the prisons, it is true, might be fuller), but, at least, *there would not be so many deaths through over-work and starvation.*

PIONEER AID AND SUPPORT ASSOCIATION.

TO THE WORKING MEN AND LOVERS OF LIBERTY OF ALL COUNTRIES.

FRIENDS AND COMRADES,—A heavy burden rests upon our consciences. An indelible stain clings to the American name. We allowed on November 11, 1887, several of the best of our class to be sacrificed to the tyranny of class hatred. The generation that perpetrated, or allowed to be perpetrated, the judicial murder cannot atone for the crime. The cemetery of Waldheim encloses the strangled bodies of our immortal friends. Thousands of brave men and women every year make a pilgrimage to this Golgotha of the proletariat, to dedicate tears to the memory of our heroes, and hear their voices—more powerful in death than in life—crying out, "Lift up your hearts!"

Hence it behoves us to erect a token to show the pilgrims the sacred ground where their dead rest. We are aware that the preservation of their memory does not require a monument of stone or bronze, for they already have erected themselves an eternal monument in our hearts. It is not an imitation of the customs of a conventional world that induces us to direct this request for your help for the erection of this sign of remembrance. This monument shall be worthy of our martyrs—a monition to our duties, an appeal from the dead to the living! The Pioneer Aid and Support Association—whose object is the providing for the families of the murdered and imprisoned labour leaders and other victims of the reaction, as well as to erect a monument to the entombed leaders of the people in Waldheim Cemetery—has, by acquiring title to their graves, removed all obstacles to the execution of their project.

It is the intention to unveil the monument at the next World's Congress of Working-men during the World's Exposition in 1893, to be enabled to show to the visitors that four hundred years after the discovery of this continent a new era has commenced for the wage-workers.

There is no doubt that in Chicago alone the necessary funds could be raised for this monument, a considerable amount having already been obtained; but everywhere the desire has been clamoured to give all comrades and lovers of liberty an opportunity to contribute their mite to the erection of this monument. We, though opponents of the monument culture, consider this clamour as justified. We perceive in the projected monument a symbol of the fraternisation of the wage-workers which has to precede the freeing of an enslaved world. It therefore appears to us appropriate that everybody sign his name to the roll of honour, no matter how small the amount may be.

Please send moneys to the treasurer, Mr. Thomas Greif, 54 West Lake Street, Chicago, Ill., and forward letters-of-advise to the secretary, Mr. Lacher, Avondale Station, Chicago, Ill.

WORKING MEN'S COLLEGE, Great Ormond Street, W.C.—Sidney Webb will give a series of six lectures on "The Economic Results of an Eight Hours Bill," on Thursday October 23rd, and following Thursdays, at 8 p.m. Fee, 2s. 6d.

THE LABOUR STRUGGLE.

Trouble at the Docks.

We have referred in another column to the probable end of Messrs. Allan's dispute with the corn-porters. The *Daily Chronicle* states that far from earning 15s. a-day at their work, the men were really not receiving more than half that sum, and the fact is that the dispute has simply arisen from Messrs. Allan and Co. wanting to break the agreement of last November. It is clear that Messrs. Allan intend to bring back the old state of affairs, and in order to get sympathy for the blacklegs they desire to employ they have published a very "pathetic" letter, which we imagine was written by some blackleg reporter on a newspaper or by Messrs. Allan's office-boy. It relates the supposed woes of a broken-down small middle-class man, from the point of view of the ordinary begging letter-writer. This gentleman is thirsting for employment as a corn-porter, and suggests that Messrs. Allan should advertise for broken-down clerks and shopmen to go blacklegging down to the docks. Possibly when Messrs. Allan in their "benevolence" have locked out corn-porters and dockers they will despatch a contingent of these abject creatures to take their places. Might we also suggest that Messrs. Allan and Co., in their benevolence, should insure their lives before starting? After all, you know, it is only right that some provision should be made for their "wives and children of tender years" in case of "accidents."

N.

The Unemployed.

A correspondent writes: It was rather amusing on Saturday last to see a large number of policemen, sergeants, and inspectors huddled together round the tomb of the Roman-nosed knight—to wit, Wellington—in St. Paul's Cathedral. It was impossible to imagine a more incongruous mixture than Christopher Wren's magnificent building and about a hundred fat, healthy, uniformed City police. What was the cause of this vast and awe-inspiring assemblage? The unemployed had threatened to hold a meeting on the steps of the sacred edifice. Aye! actually proposed to ventilate their grievances in public. Therefore, this force was hidden away, ready to spring forth at a moment's notice to baton them without mercy, if necessary. But somehow the unemployed didn't turn up in the number expected. Those that did assemble were headed by Power, who, as soon as he tried to speak, was promptly arrested and conveyed to Bridewell Lane Police-station. This broke up the meeting entirely; still the police remained ensconced around Wellington's tomb as though something further was expected. But, alas, nothing occurred, and at four o'clock, just in time to escape the service, about a hundred constables poured forth from the doors of London's cathedral and dispersed. And this is in Christian England—England, the home of the free, where they would sooner profane a "sacred" building with the presence of a horde of perjurers than allow the victims of our corrupt society to protest against their being crushed out beneath the wheels of the Juggernaut of Commercialism.

On Sunday, H. H. Chapman was arrested for attempting to speak in Trafalgar Square. He was dragged to the police-station, and charged with attempting to cause a "breach of the peace." Trafalgar Square must be a very explosive sort of a place, when the deliverance of a speech which would be quite harmless, say, in Hyde Park, causes there "a breach of the peace." We cannot understand why a change of locality should totally alter the character of the act. Surely what is harmless in Hyde Park should be harmless in Trafalgar Square. Our "admirable" and intelligent police think differently; but why, we do not know; we should like an explanation.

On Monday Chapman and Power were bound over to keep the peace for six months. They will be thus prevented from taking part in an agitation during the winter. We must say, we think the sacrifice of two good men is a mistake at this period of the agitation. We cannot spare a man, as we shall need all our forces in a few weeks' time.

J. L.

ESCAPED SLAVES.

From the Executive of the Cape Town Trade and Labour Council to the Executive of the Socialist League, 24 Great Queen Street, Lincoln's Inn Fields, London.

COMRADES,—With the same mail as this you will receive colonial papers containing particulars of the case in which we desire your help. We leave the manner in which you can help us in your own hands, but think some of the Labour members in the House of Commons ought to be requested to bring the matter before the Government. Not that we expect much help from that quarter, but that an explanation might be got as to how to prevent a similar case from occurring, and perhaps be of some service to the unfortunate men whose case we now submit to your consideration.

The particulars of the case are as follows. The Portuguese mail steamer "Rei-da-Portugal" put into the port of Cape Town with a cargo of slaves on board. The vessel was from Mozambique, en route to St. Paulo-da-Laonda, west coast of Africa. On Monday, 15th September, fourteen of the slaves made their escape, and a writ was applied for to the Supreme Court by the Attorney-General to have the men on board produced in court, but owing to the application having been made on behalf of the escaped men instead of and from the men detained on board, the application was not granted. The result was that before another writ could be moved for, the vessel had got clear away, so that forty-two or thereabout are still in slavery. If the Socialist League can do anything to make this matter public and can get it brought before the Government of the country you will help us in this matter greatly.

The Executive of the Trades Council interviewed the men through the aid of an interpreter who had been brought as a slave from the same district (Mashalla, four or five days' journey from Mozambique) several years ago, and found that they had been seized by the Portuguese authorities and thrown into gaol for a month, thence shipped on board the "Rei-da-Portugal" for conveyance to the west coast, St. Paul-de-Loando, and brutally treated during the time they had been detained. We will forward you, if possible, a photo of the group of slaves, with several members of the Trades Council included, as it may be of some use as evidence.

Signed on behalf of the Trades and Labour Council,

JAS. BAIN, Chairman.

Cape Town, South Africa, September 24th, 1890.

We have received a large number of newspaper cuttings, which are at the service of anyone who may like to take up the case.—EDS.

SOCIALISM IN LONDON AND THE PROVINCES.

SOUTH NORWOOD AND STREATHAM.

STREATHAM is waking up! Announcements of speakers from London by our local speakers bring good audiences. Being a middle-class village, our audiences are very critical and hard to please; but our experience is that when the economic basis of Socialism is dealt with by the speakers, well-to-do folks not only listen, but are heard by comrades in the meeting to exclaim, "That is true; you cannot get away from it." Now, this is very encouraging. Our *Commonweal* always sell out, and good literature is in demand here.

September 13th Smith and Osbourne spoke at Fountain to fair audience. Smith dealt chiefly with the wasted energies of the worker in finding and supporting Socialist candidates to Parliament, and with such effect that he was asked to open a debate at the Battersea Labour League, 164 Lavender Hill, September 25. This was gladly accepted by our comrade. After speaking forty-five minutes, was called on by the chairman to close for discussion, which amounted to disgraceful disorder; three questions aimed at once; no debate was intended. When questions were answered, a fresh batch ready on the organisations of Socialist bodies and their numbers. The climax was reached when our comrade asked every man to produce his trade-union card; and one responded, that of a mason with 9½d. per hour. When denouncing the anti-parliamentary party (the committee of John Burns's election) will never forget the licking-up they had by a Revolutionary Socialist. I quite expect every one has since joined a union.

Sunday 20, no meetings were held. Smith attended the meetings at Thornton Heath and South Norwood; reports per Miss Lupton. September 27th Couchman and Smith spoke at Fountain to good audience; Couchman's first attempt at active propaganda. *Commonweal* sold out. In the afternoon both comrades went to South Norwood and spoke to large audience, mostly gas-workers and general labourers. We found the *People's Press* on sale, but after Smith's address Couchman sold out the *Commonweal*. At the close Smith was asked to sing the "Marseillaise." Cheers for the revolution closed the meeting. October 5th Miss Lupton and Smith spoke on the Common to an audience that did not seem to receive us very favourably, but comparing numbers at ours with the "Gospelers," we had by far the largest, in spite of the attraction of a brass band. Fair sale of *Commonweal*. At night Mrs. Lahr spoke at the Fountain to a crowded audience, the police having all their work to keep the footpath clear—so much so that Mrs. Lahr was threatened with arrest if the obstruction continued. To satisfy this bully the chairman asked the people to close up, which had the effect of wearying the speakers, not having a platform. Mrs. Lahr spoke over an hour and promised to come next Sunday—expect good meetings all day. *Commonweal* sold out; 2s. 3d. collected. The "Marseillaise" by Smith closed the meeting, and a most useful month's propaganda was closed.

R. SMITH.

YARMOUTH.

"HURRAH for the Social Revolution!" Prepare for the great revolt so that we be not taken by surprise, for it is coming as sure as light follows darkness. Everywhere we look we see signs of discontent. The spirit of revolt is spreading even in Yarmouth, and the least spark will set fire to the whole country. Therefore it behoves us all to be prepared, for we know not what this winter will bring forth.

In Yarmouth we are working with all our might to educate the people in revolutionary ideas. Our comrades have taken it up lately with great energy, being thoroughly convinced that authority and monopoly has but a short time to live. The lack of funds is the great drawback to the branch. During the summer months 10s. weekly has been spent to pay the fares of speakers from London, besides bill printing, etc., and being all working-men and women, earning at the best of times only from 10s. to 18s. per week, we cannot do much financially, but what is done is done with a willing heart, willing even to sacrifice our lives for the advancement of our noble Cause.

Our comrades of the Hammersmith Branch have assisted us greatly, especially Tochatti, who has been working hard but willingly for us, sacrificing money, and pleasure for the Cause. On Tuesday, August 26th, and during the week, good propaganda has been done in the club-room. Comrades Wess and R. Turner (of London) were with us on a visit for a week or two, revolutionary songs being sung every evening. On Sunday, August 31st, in the morning, on Priory Plain, comrade Wess gave a thoroughly revolutionary speech, which was much appreciated by the audience, assisted by comrade Rogers (of London). A clod-hopper in blue tried to upset the meeting, but seeing we were determined to stand our ground he went away like a dog with his tail between his legs. In the evening on Colman's Quay, Rogers again addressed a fair audience of workers, Wess and Turner having gone to Norwich to assist the comrades there. On Sept. 2nd, a revolutionary concert was held in the club room, comrades A. Tochatti and Headley assisting with their fiddles; altogether a most enjoyable evening was spent. On the 7th, Sunday morning, comrade Leggett (of London) delivered a pointed address to a large and attentive audience, his plain and open speaking having a marked effect on the attentive listeners. In the evening, comrade Mills (of Norwich) addressed a meeting. On the following Sunday morning, a most successful meeting was held on Priory Plain; comrade Bradley (of London) acted as chairman, and opened the meeting by reciting Morris's chant, "The Day is Coming," very effectually; Mrs. Tochatti followed, singing "A Song for Socialism." Comrades Tochatti, Mrs. Tochatti, and family, and Bradley, Mrs. Bradley, and family were on a visit to Yarmouth for a week. Comrade Tochatti then gave an address on the "Practicality of Socialism" and "Some Objections to Socialism," which was well received by a large working and middle-class audience, the meeting being continued for over two hours, and three new members joining as a result of the meeting. In the evening on Colman's Quay, on arriving at the place of meeting, some 50 or 60 children occupied the ground, singing "When Leisure and Pleasure shall be free." This in itself is a healthy sign; they were rather noisy at the beginning of the meeting, but were very attentive a little while after. Mrs. Tochatti sang "No Master," and comrade Tochatti gave a lecture on "The Principles of Socialism." Although the audience was not so large as usual, much interest was shown towards our comrade's able and sensible remarks; good sale of *Commonweal*. We have again started the Bradwell meeting, comrade Brightwell being the speaker. As a result of our propaganda here a club is going to be started on Socialistic principles.

It is encouraging to see the Cause making such headway in the North of England and the Midlands. The only thing we want is more workers. Unless every Socialist does his utmost to educate his brother or sister workers, if they cannot speak publicly, they can to their shopmates or workmates, also by writing to *Commonweal* facts of their every-day life, by distributing literature, and those who can by financial help, for the Cause is in great need of it. Work with all your might, comrades, losing not an hour or a minute for the overturn of the present rotten Society. Since last report we have sold 240 *Weals*, besides *Freedom* and other literature; collection, 7s. 7½d.

J. HEADLEY.

SCOTTISH SOCIALIST FEDERATION.—EDINBURGH—Labour Hall, 50 South Bridge. Business meeting, Fridays at 8 p.m. Lecture, Sunday October 19, at 6.30, Comrade Howie, "The Energy We Waste." LEITH—Henderson Street Hall, Sundays, at 6.30.

THE SOCIALIST LEAGUE.

OFFICES: 24, GREAT QUEEN ST., LINCOLN'S INN FIELDS, W.C.

The Offices of the Socialist League will be open for the sale of *Commonweal* and all other Socialist publications from 8.30 a.m. to 9 p.m. every day except Sunday. The Secretary will be in attendance from 10 a.m. to 9 p.m. daily.

Branch Subscriptions Paid.—1890:—North Kensington, to end of April. Glasgow, Oxford, Hammersmith, 'Commonweal' Branch, Manchester, and Norwich, to end of May. Yarmouth, to end of June. East London, to end of July. Leicester, to end of August. North London, to end of September. Streatham, to end of December.

NEW PREMISES FUND.

Collection by Council on October 14th, 4s. 1d.

"COMMONWEAL" GUARANTEE FUND.

	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.
H. R.	0	1	0	B. W.	0	0	6
C. Saunders	0	2	0				
N.	0	0	6	Total	0	5	0
J. S. S.	0	1	0				

REPORTS.

'COMMONWEAL' BRANCH.—Good meetings have been held at the Hoxton and Union Street stations, *Commonweal* selling well. The second lecture of the course arranged by this branch took place last Monday, October 13th, at the Autonomie Club, 6, Windmill Street, W., when D. J. Nicoll lectured on "The Glorious Reformation: or, How the English People were Evicted, Robbed, and Murdered by the Ruling Classes." Very interesting lecture indeed. The choir opened and closed the proceedings with revolutionary songs. Collection, 7s. 7d.—W. B.

SOUTH SIDE BRANCH.—Three meetings have been held during the past week. At Short Street on Wednesday, Oct. 8th, large audience; speakers were Leggatt, Buckridge, and Miss Lupton. Short Street again on Sunday morning; speakers were Leggatt, Miss Lupton, and McCormack; 34 *Commonweal* sold, and 2s. 3d. collected for branch of International Federation of Trades and Industries, the stick umbrella makers, who are on strike. On Sunday evening, meeting at Crown Hill, Croydon; speakers, Leggatt and Miss Lupton; 33 *Weals* sold. No meeting was held in the afternoon, as Miss Lupton spoke in Victoria Park on behalf of East London Communist-Anarchists. The secretary has to report that this branch, though in its infancy, is in a very flourishing condition; the audiences are large and continually increasing in number, and very attentive and appreciative. There is a great lack of speakers and comrades who could assist from other branches who would be heartily welcomed, also comrades to sell literature, etc.; 7s. 6d. received for branch propaganda from R. Harding.—E. L.

ABERDEEN.—A good meeting was held at Woodside on Sunday, October 5th. The speakers were W. Cooper, Rennie, and Leatham; the singing was excellent. At night our hall was crowded to hear Kropotkin's "Scientific Basis of Anarchy" read; there was a good discussion. The Thursday night meeting on Castle Street was addressed by comrades G. Cooper and Leatham, and on Saturday night in the same place W. Cooper, Rennie, and Leatham spoke to a large crowd. We are looking about for a larger hall for our Sunday night meetings.

GLASGOW.—On Friday Glasier spoke at Bridgeton Cross. On Saturday afternoon comrades Haddow and Glasier went to Tollcross and addressed a meeting of blast-furnacemen and miners, together with a number of their wives. Both speakers explained the principles of Socialism at length, and were enthusiastically received. At the conclusion a quantity of back numbers of the *Commonweal* were distributed. On Sunday Glasier addressed the Joe Biggar Branch of the Irish National League on Socialism. His criticism of the parliamentary party and his revolutionary statements created quite a spirited discussion, but were heartily approved by the great majority present. In the evening Glasier spoke at Paisley Road Toll, where our members gathered in good force. 7s. 7d. was collected in aid of the blast-furnacemen now locked out.

LEEDS.—We held three splendid meetings here on Sunday, although comrade Sketchley was unable to come from Hull. Our best meeting was on Woodhouse Moor, when Sweeney, Sollit, and Samuels spoke to a most attentive audience, who showed their appreciation and sympathy by subscribing to our funds and buying up nearly all our *Commonweal*. They sold very fast, owing to the list of "scab" printing houses in London which it contained. I don't think anything could have gone better just now here, as we are at present troubled with a scab evening paper, which is getting roundly abused. We collected 8s. 9d., and sold 130 *Commonweal*, besides many pamphlets.—H. S.

SCOTTISH SOCIALIST FEDERATION—EDINBURGH.—On Sunday, in Labour Hall, comrade Ritchie addressed a good audience on "The Two Nations." Many questions were put and replied to, and a lively discussion followed. At Leith comrade Bell delivered a good lecture on "What Socialism is NOT." There was a large audience, and a good discussion, in which Chalmers, president of the Dockers' Union, took part.

DUBLIN.—On Monday, Oct. 6th, Annie Besant and Herbert Burrows (S.D.F., London) addressed a meeting of Dublin factory-girls at St. Patrick's Hall, Clanbrassil Street. Mrs. Besant dealt with the methods of organisation, and showed how the London match-girls had won their great strike. Later in the evening Mrs. Besant lectured in the Antient Concert Rooms, Great Brunswick Street, taking as her subject "The Class War." Mr. James Walker was chairman. There was a good audience, who listened attentively. Discussion was rather poor—O'Hea, Foreman (Railway Workers), Brown, and Fitzpatrick, the last-named "going for" the lecture from the Anarchist standpoint. Several dozen of *Commonweal* and leaflets were distributed.

Commemoration Meeting of the Chicago Martyrs and Bloody Sunday.

ON Thursday, November 13th, a great meeting (convened by the Socialist League) will be held in the large Hall of the Radical Club, Kay Street, Hackney Road, to commemorate Bloody Sunday and the Murder and Imprisonment of our Chicago comrades. Full particulars, names of speakers, etc., will be given next week. See small bills.

The Wrongs of the Poor.

It is not because of his toils that I lament for the poor: we must all toil, or steal (howsoever we name our stealing), which is worse; no faithful workman finds his task a pastime. . . . But what I do mourn over is, that the lamp of his soul should go out; that no ray of heavenly, or even of earthly knowledge, should visit him; but only, in the haggard darkness, like two spectres, Fear and Indignation bear him company. Alas, while the Body stands so broad and brawny, must the Soul lie blinded, dwarfed, stupefied, almost annihilated! Alas, was this too a Breath of God; bestowed in Heaven, but on earth never to be unfolded!—That there should one Man die ignorant who had capacity for Knowledge, this I call a tragedy, were it to happen more than twenty times in the minute, as by some computations it does.—*Carlyle: 'Sartor Resartus.'*

LECTURE DIARY.

LONDON.

Battersea.—All communications to E. Buteux, 45, Inwith Street, Battersea Park Road.
Commonweal Branch.—24 Great Queen Street, Holborn, W.C. Tuesdays, Singing Practice. Thursdays, Business meeting. Saturdays, Social Gathering. Sunday, October 19, at 8.30 p.m., Songs and Recitations by Members and Friends.
East London.—H. McKenzie, 10 Victoria Dwellings, Clerkenwell Road, E.C.
Hammersmith.—Kelmescott House, Upper Mall, W. Lecture every Sunday at 8. French Class conducted by Mde. Desroches on Friday evenings at 7.30.
North Kensington.—Clarendon Coffee Palace, Clarendon Road. Meets every Wednesday at 8 p.m. Band practice every Friday at 8 p.m. On Sunday, October 19, at 7.30, a lecture.
North London.—6 Windmill Street, Tottenham Court Road. Meets every Wednesday evening at 8 o'clock.
South Side Branch.—E. Lupton, 59 Selhurst Road, S.E., secretary *pro tem.*
Whitechapel and St. Georges-in-the-East.—Branch meetings at International Club, 40 Berner Street, Commercial Road. J. Turner, organising secretary.

PROVINCES.

Aberdeen.—Organiser, J. Leatham, 7 Jamaica Street. Branch meets in Odd-fellows' Small Hall, Crooked Lane, on Sunday evenings at 6.30. Singing practice, etc., Mondays at 8 p.m.
Glasgow.—Members are invited to meet on Thursday and Sunday evenings, at 8 o'clock, in the Secretary's house, 250 Crown Street, S.S. All communications to be sent to that address.
Halifax.—Socialists meet every Sunday at 6.30 p.m. at Helliwell's Temperance Hotel, Northgate.
Hull.—Club Liberty, 1 Beets Court, Blanket Row.
Leeds.—Socialist League Club, 1 Clarendon Buildings and Front Row. Open every evening. Business meeting Saturdays at 8.—International Educational Club, Templar Street. Open every evening. Discussion class every Friday at 8; lectures every Saturday at 4. All kinds of Socialist literature on tables and for sale.
Leicester.—Room No. 7, Co-operative Hall, High Street. Branch meeting on Thursday at 8 p.m.
Manchester.—Socialist League Club, 60 Grovesnor Street, All Saints. Open every evening. Branch weekly meeting on Tuesdays at 8. Saturday, October 18, lecture by Wm. Clarke (Fabian), "The Politics of Labour."
Nottingham.—Socialist Club, Woodland Place, Upper Parliament Street. Club contribution, 1d. per week; Dancing every Wednesday, 8 till 10.30—fee 3d.
Norwich.—Members' meeting held every Tuesday at 8.30.
Oxford.—Temperance Hall, 25½ Pembroke Street. First Friday in every month, at 8.30 p.m.
Sheffield.—Socialist Club, 63 Blonk Street. French Class, Tuesday at 8.30. Discussion Class, Wednesday at 8.30. Open-air meetings are held as follows:—Sunday: Monolith, Fargate, at 11.30; Newhall Road, Attercliffe, at 11.30; Pump, Westbar, at 8; Heeley, Maresbrook Park, at 7.30; Monolith, Fargate, at 6.30; Rotherham, College Yard, at 3.15. Wednesday: Nursery Street, Wicker, at 8. Thursday: Bramall Lane, at 8; Eckington, at 6.30. Friday: Duke Street, Park, at 8. Saturday: Woodhouse, at 7.
Walsall.—Socialist Club, 18 Goodall Street, Walsall. Meetings every night.
Yarmouth.—Socialist League Club, 56 Row, Market Place. Open every evening. Business Meeting, Tuesday at 8. Singing Practice, Wednesday at 8.30. Discussion Class, Thursday at 8.30. Elocution Class, Friday at 8.30.

OPEN-AIR PROPAGANDA.

SATURDAY 18.

8 Euston Road—Ossulston Street Nicoll and Cantwell
 8 Mile-end Waste Mrs. Lahr and Kitz

SUNDAY 19.

11 Commercial Road—Union Street The Branch
 11 Latimer Road Station North Kensington Branch
 11.30 Hammersmith Bridge Hammersmith Branch
 11.30 Hoxton Church Kitz
 11.30 New Cut—Short Street Leggatt and Miss Lupton
 11.30 Regent's Park Nicoll
 3.30 Hyde Park—Marble Arch The Branch
 3.30 Victoria Park Commonweal Branch
 3.30 Streatham Common The Branch
 6 Streatham—Fountain Mrs. Lahr
 7 Hammersmith Bridge Hammersmith Branch
 7 Wormwood Scrubs North Kensington Branch
 7.30 Croydon—Crownhill Miss Lupton
 8 Kings Cross—Liverpool Street The Branch
 8 South Norwood South Side Branch
 8 Walham Green—back of Church Hammersmith Branch

WEDNESDAY 22.

7.30 New Cut—Short Street Miss Lupton

FRIDAY 24.

8.15 Hoxton Church Kitz

PROVINCES.

Aberdeen.—Saturday: Castle Street, at 7.30 p.m.
Glasgow.—Sunday: Jail Square at 2 o'clock; Paisley Road at 5 o'clock. Friday: Bridgeton Cross, at 8.15.
Leeds.—Sunday: Hunslet Moor, at 11 a.m.; Woodhouse Moor, at 3 p.m.; Vicar's Croft, at 6 p.m.
Leicester.—Sunday: Russell Square, at 10.45 a.m.; Market Place, at 6.15 p.m.; Humberstone Gate, at 8 p.m. Monday: Belgrave, at 8. Tuesday: Sanvey Gate, at 8. Wednesday: Braunstone Gate, at 8. Friday: Infirmary Square, at 8. Saturday: "Cross," Belgrave Gate, at 8.
Liverpool.—Landing Stage, Sundays at 11.30 a.m. and 3 p.m.
Manchester.—Saturday: Middleton market ground, at 7 p.m. Sunday: Philips Park Gates, at 11; Stevenson Square, at 3. Monday: Market Street, Blackley, at 8.
Nottingham.—Sunday: Sneinton Market, at 11 a.m.; Great Market, at 7 p.m.
Norwich.—Saturday: Haymarket, at 8. Sunday: Market Place at 11, 3, and 7.30.
Yarmouth.—Saturday: Church Plain Trees, at 8 p.m. Sunday: Priory Plain, at 11; Bradwell, at 11.30; London Boat Landing Stage, at 3; Colman's Granary Quay, at 7. Monday: Belton, at 8 p.m.

SOCIALIST LEAGUE PUBLICATIONS.

Leaflets.

All pamphlets not published by the Socialist League will in future be charged to Branches and Allied Societies at the following rates:—1d. each, 1s. 6d. per quire of 26; 2d. each, 3s. ditto.

The following are now on hand—Price per thousand:

An Address on the Chicago Martyrs ...	4	0
Strikes and the Labour Struggle ...	3	0
To Working Women and Girls ...	3	0
Socialism and "Public Opinion" ...	2	0
Songs for the Workers (2 leaflets)—each	2	0

American Literature.

A few remainders—

Plutarch's Lives of Famous Men ...	1	0
Modern Christianity v. Heathenism ...	0	9
Scholar in a Republic (Wendell Philipps)	0	8
The Great Strike: the Irrepressible Conflict between Capital and Labour ...	0	4
What is Freedom? When am I Free? ...	0	4
The Railway Kings and an American Empire	0	2

MISCELLANEOUS.

The Triumph of Labour. Memorial Cartoon of the Great Dock Strike, Sept. 1889. With cardboard roll, 6d.; artist's edition, ditto ...	1	0
Amazonia. A Foretaste of the Future. By Mrs. John Corbett ...	1	0

The above Leaflets, at prices given, can be had from the *Commonweal* manager in any quantities by Branches, members, or sympathisers, for distribution, 24, Great Queen Street, Lincoln's Inn Fields, London.

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With Preface by H. HALLIDAY SPARLING.

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THE COMMONWEAL

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SOCIALIST LEAGUE.

Vol. 6.—No. 250.

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 25, 1890.

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"Let the voice of the people be heard."—Parsons.

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ON TUESDAY, NOVEMBER 11th, at 8 p.m.

AT THE

MILTON HALL, HAWLEY CRESCENT,
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The following speakers will address the meeting:—Wm. Morris, F. Kitz, R. W. Burnie, J. Turner, Mrs. Lahr, Miss E. Lupton, Mrs. Schack, D. J. Nicoll, C. W. Mowbray, and Louise Michel.

Revolutionary Songs will be sung during the evening. Admission free.

ON THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 13th, at 8 p.m.

AT THE

UNITED RADICAL CLUB, KAY STREET,
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For full particulars see small bills. Admission free.

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A "QUIET" TIME.

POSSIBLY the ordinary newspaper reader would not think that during the last week we have been passing through a very critical period. If, however, he had been interested in Stock Exchange speculations he would have known it. Anyone who has read the Money article in the papers recently, though he may not be an expert in these matters, can see quite clearly that a serious crisis was only prevented last week by some of those clever manipulations in which the thieves of the Stock Exchange excel. Yes, but this crisis has been postponed, not prevented. It must come, and the longer it is held back by the expert manœuvres of these gentlemen the heavier will be the crash in the end.

Another dangerous sign, the number of unemployed even among the skilled trade unionists is steadily increasing. Mr. Burnett in his recent Board of Trade Report, says: "The unions reporting show an aggregate membership of 229,517, and of this number 6,197 are out of work, this being a proportion of 2.60 per cent. as compared with 2.28 in the month preceding and 2.10 for the corresponding month of 1889." So the number of unemployed is steadily growing, and after all work is not so easily obtained as the reverend Canon Gregory of St. Paul's appeared to think the other day. The unemployed who appear in our streets have, then, some reason for their existence. If so many men are out of work in skilled trades, what must it be in the unskilled, and what will it be when the big crash comes on 'Change which we can all see approaching?

And now, despite the seeming peace at the docks, preparations are being actively made for the coming battle. "No lock-out is intended," say the dock directors. Of course, bless their innocent hearts, they never thought of such a thing! They are only engaging a thousand "permanent hands." "The committee entertain no vindictive feeling toward the dockers, and wish to work amicably with them, but for their own protection and in the interests of their customers, they will in case of future intermittent troubles, draft these permanent men to the spot at which their services are most required." Kind, thoughtful gentlemen! We hear also they are going to propose a new wage system on the 4th November. So in addition to employing blacklegs to take the men's places if they strike against any tyranny, they will benevolently lower their wages also. We wonder if the dockers will stand this. We do not think so, though it is a pity that the weakness and vacillation of their leaders should have encouraged the directors to have taken up this openly hostile attitude.

This is indeed a very quiet time—depressingly quiet. But it only reminds us of an old story. An Irish gentleman was once complimented upon the "quietness" of his country. "O, yes," he replied, "we are very quiet; we are as quiet as gunpowder over there." Yes, and this is the position of affairs everywhere at the present time. The resolution of the Lille Congress in favour of a general strike of miners; the appearance of a strong revolutionary section in the "constitutional" German Social Democratic Party; the growing discontent and agitation among the workers in every country in Europe,—all point to serious trouble in the immediate future. The crisis is inevitable, and when it comes—and come it will—no power on earth can save the capitalist classes from swift and speedy destruction. N.

THE CURSE OF LAND-MONOPOLY.

"Ill fares the land to hastening ills a prey,
Where wealth accumulates and men decay."

OF all social diseases, that of land-monopoly is the most widespread, the deepest rooted, and the oldest standing; it is the origin and fount of poverty, want, disease, and the thrice-accursed wage-system; the upholder of modern warfare, class institutions, and the hateful spirit of nationality, and forms the rotten basis of our so-called civilisation—a civilisation which requires the constant support on all sides of Church, Army, State, and Law to prevent its crumbling to pieces and disappearing. Though these buttresses form worthy points of attack by the Revolutionary Socialist, yet the one which he goes for with the greatest ardour is that of the sacred institution of land-monopoly, the haven to which the bourgeois ever turns his head after a successful business career; for private property in land is the pedestal of privilege and power, and to be a landed proprietor is his final earthly beatitude. Huckstering and sweating must give place to rent-mongering, which is much more respectable.

What an amazing change our worthy friend undergoes after his retirement from "shop." The metamorphoses of a grub are nothing to it. After having gorged himself to his satisfaction on the toil of his "hands" (I don't mean his own useless paws, but the men and women who have spent what ought to have been their brightest days in his factory-hell), he turns his attention from vulgar trade to the more gentlemanly existence of a landed proprietor. True, during his days of labour exploitation he has been the means of shortening the lives of his hirelings to one-half of Nature's allowance, and has recruited to some extent the ranks of prostitution from his work-women; but in this there is nothing at all illegal. It is not his place to keep girls in finery and luxuries; besides, they agreed to work for the wages he offered them, and they were free to go elsewhere if they were not satisfied. This is a free country.

Well, let bygones be bygones. He is somebody else now; a country gentleman living on his estate; a churchwarden, perhaps, taking a strong interest in Sunday-schools, agriculture, philanthropical movements, and the like, and ready to hold out the hand of fellowship to the working man—particularly if it lies in the power of the working man to return him to Parliament at the next election.

Until very recently the attention of the bourgeoisie was so rigidly

fixed on their own contemptible and selfish interests that they could not spare a glance for the symptoms of approaching disaster. They failed to see that

“Slowly comes a hungry people, as a lion, creeping nigher,
Glares at one that nods and winks behind a slowly-dying fire.”

But now they are fully awake to the dangers which beset their blessed estate, they are no longer blind to the ever-growing spectre of Communism, which stalks around and threatens this monster of Land-monopoly; a monster resembling a gigantic octopus, holding nations in its stifling grasp, and sucking from them their life blood through its numberless tentacles.

No other country is held by such a comparative handful of individuals as is the United Kingdom, at once the wealthiest and most pauperised country in the world.

Two-thirds of the soil of England and Wales are held by 10,200 persons
 ” ” Scotland ” 330 ”
 ” ” Ireland ” 1,942 ”
 One-third of the United Kingdom is held by 500 peers
 35,000 persons practically “own” the whole of the British Islands.

Here are figures relating to a few of the large land-monopolists in these islands :

	Acres.	Rental.
The Duke of Sutherland holds	1,358,545	£141,667
Earl Doncaster	460,108	231,855
Marquis Breadalbane	438,358	58,292
The Duke of Richmond and Gordon	286,409	79,671
The Earl of Fife	249,220	72,563
The Duke of Devonshire	198,572	180,750
The Duke of Northumberland	186,397	176,048
The Duke of Portland	183,199	107,920
The Duke of Hamilton	179,650	162,165
Marquis of Lansdowne	142,916	62,025

	Acres.
400 peers and peeresses hold	5,728,979
1,288 great landowners have	8,497,699
2,529 others hold	4,319,271
10,888	51,885,185
2,184	38,875,522
955	29,663,849
421	22,880,755

There is no need to continue these dry, sickening statistics—anyone can read the entire table if he care to look it up. The whole thing is a hideous legend in figures, showing the growth and development of the worst side of man's nature, dominating and befouling the whole history of our peoples; where should be a glowing narrative of real progress and development of a happy race living natural lives in the beautiful regions which Nature has so lavishly provided for all her creatures, we find a dreary record which requires coercion to make even children read, and which nobody cares to recollect after leaving school—a dreary record of little else but bloody destruction, enslavement, and robbery, a state of things continuing with unchecked fury at the present hour, only to be brought to a full stop by a collision with the fast-gathering forces of Social Revolution.

Before the invasion of William the Norman, private property in land was entirely unknown. The soil was divided into *folk-land*, belonging to no person or community, but to the nation as a whole, and *common-land*, held by organised communes and not by separate individuals.

With the Norman Conquest the whole of the land became vested in the Crown, and all lands were held from the king, as representative of the nation, the holders being bound to render certain duties in return, the chief of which were military service in person and the raising of so many capable men-at-arms, proportionate to the extent and population of their estate. This, of course, implied that the first essential was a healthy population.

It is curious to compare the value with regard to the land in which the ruling class held their fellow-men then and the value in which they hold them now. In those days the land was considered of less value than the men who worked upon it, and was looked upon merely as the natural means of raising healthy and capable human beings. Nowadays, a man is regarded by the landlords only as a rent-provider, to be chased from his home and country as soon as he ceases to be useful to them as a tenant. Our outcast will find much consolation and encouragement in that his exodus will have been already provided for by that great and good assemblage of capitalists and landlords, the People's Representatives, in the shape of Assisted Passages to the ends of the world—anywhere, so long as he gets off their land and out of their sight.

Now, the feudal barons, without doubt, were heavy-handed masters, but they were not rent and profit mongers; they did not compel a man to toil for them sixteen hours a-day and then pay him for only four; neither was a woman forced to exist in a rack-rented garret and make shirts for ninepence the dozen. In those days there was rough plenty and comfort and leisure for all; and industry was free, for the new lords of the soil readily relinquished their feudal rights when groups of skilled craftsmen happened to be formed within their manors. Industry thus finding herself fancy-free, grew and grew, and soon found herself giving birth to her offspring, Art, who quickly began to bedeck and adorn her with her lovely blossoms in a thousand different ways, so genial a soil had she now found, and before long the people's lives were interwoven through and through with her bright and joyous fantasies; churches (of which some bare, discoloured shells still exist), dwellings, arms, dress, every detail of daily existence, became an illuminated and beautified outcome of the new life. Every surviving fragment of craftsmanship of these days seems to carry with it the

warmth of the worker's hand and the impress of the worker's love for his work. What of our modern everyday articles will find a place in the museums of the future? Will a policeman's helmet or an automatic sweetmeat-machine be treasured up alongside of Greek, Indian, and Gothic wreckage as examples of a lost and admired art? Yes, surely, if competition should continue to be the ruling factor in our industrial system for another century or two. But this will not be. “The revolt of the New World against the Old,” says Auguste Bebel, has broken out. The stage is crowded with actors; the struggle will be carried on with an amount of intellect such as the world has seen in no struggle before, and will see in none after. For it will be the last social struggle. The nineteenth century will hardly end before the conquest is decided.”

The feudal system may be said to have been maintained, in a loose enough manner, no doubt, for about five hundred years, and came to an end towards the close of the fifteenth century. From about this date commenced landlordism, such as we now know it. The holders of estate began to find out that the soil was the only stay between man and starvation and that he could not exist apart from it, and that private possession of land gave the owner almost unlimited power over the lives of the creatures upon it. Then began the general scramble for the soil, and the landlords with greater rapacity proceeded to enclose and tighten their grasp upon their own estates and whatever lands besides they could manage to lay hold of.

The success of this first stroke for plunder whetted the greed of the landlords, and they panted for more booty. They did not have to wait long for a champion: they found one in Bluff King Hal (Bluff Bill Sykes, he should have been called), the wife-murdering bully, who entered into a conspiracy with them to seize the Catholic churches, priories, and hospitals, and the lands attached thereto. The upshot of this affair was that Henry the Eighth, King by the Grace of God, and his favourites, netted between them about a third of the best agricultural land of the kingdom.

The next great step towards completely monopolising the land took place in the reign of Queen Anne, when began the enclosing of the commons. This kind of legalised robbery continues to the present hour. Altogether over 7,000,000 acres of common land have been filched from the poor by Acts of Parliament. There is not much more land left now worth pilfering. Here and there are little bits of common supporting a family or two with their donkey or their cow. These patches will be nibbled up by the neighbouring landlord bye and bye, perhaps, when he gets or can manufacture a suitable excuse. But there are places in these islands—places worth looking at, too—where a man is still free to ramble unmolested and without fear of prosecution or spring-guns. Have these places, then, been overlooked by the land-grabber? Not a bit of it. They would have been filched long ago had it been worth while; but then, don't you see, nobody else wants them, and a land-grabber does not care to go to the trouble of filching that which nobody else wants. “The force of the guinea you have in your pocket,” says John Ruskin, “depends wholly on the default of a guinea in your neighbour's pocket. If he did not want it, it would be of no use to you. The degree of power it possesses depends accurately upon the need or desire he has for it.”

Now, up to the time of the Stuart Restoration, no taxes were paid by the people, the income from the land forming the principal source of revenue for defraying the expenses of the State; but, during the reign of Charles II. these feudal enactments were abolished by Act of Parliament (carried by means of threats and bribery on the part of the landlord party), and their burdens shifted on to the shoulders of the landless in the shape of an excise on beer, wine, tobacco, and a number of other articles. Thus the landlords threw off their obligations but they stuck to the land, and their descendants and successors stick to it still, drawing rent, together with royalties on minerals, to the amount of about £300,000,000 a year. This is the price which we have to pay them for their permission to use our land. Truly the original squatters perpetrated the most profitable piece of piracy on record; they little thought that their descendants and successors would at the present time be able to plunder the earnings of the workers to this extent.

A land monopolist's privileges now extends to everything in the heavens above and the earth beneath, and in the waters and minerals under the earth; a privilege born of bloodshed and seizure, and enforced to this hour by means of prisons, police, and soldiery. How mercilessly a land monopolist will enforce his “rights” to enable him to satisfy his lust for rent, or his spite at being foiled in his pursuit of it, is best shown in Dr. Wallace's book on “Land Nationalisation,” also in the Liberal newspapers of to-day, wherein the reports of evictions and agrarian matters are given with a faithfulness of detail well calculated to damage the reputation of the present Jacks-in-office, and to inspire one with the idea that one has only to place the reins of government (and the fat salaries hanging thereto) in the hands of the Liberal gang to see how nicely they will settle all these unfortunate disagreements between landlord and tenant.

JONATHAN BINES.

(Continued on page 340.)

NORWICH.—C. W. Mowbray addressed two good meetings here on Sunday. In the afternoon he spoke at an open-air meeting in the Market Place to a very attentive audience. The evening was also very successful, notwithstanding the inclemency of the weather. Afterwards a meeting of members took place to consider what steps should be taken to carry on a vigorous propaganda during the winter months. 4s. 8d. worth of *Commonweal* sold; 10s. collected towards Mowbray's fare from London, and 8s. 4d. for Chicago Martyrs' Commemoration Fund.—S.

TOMMY ATKINS.

(From Songs of the Army of the Night.)

I STAND and watch the soldiers
Marching up and down,
Above the fresh green cricket-ground
Just outside the town.

I stand and watch and wonder
When in this English land
This poor fool Tommy Atkins
Will learn and understand?

Zulus and Boers and Arabs,
All fighting to be free,
Men and women and children,
Murdered and maimed has he.

In India and in Ireland
He's held the people down,

While the robber English gentleman
Took penny and pound and crown.

To make him false to his order,
What was it that they gave—
To make him his brother's oppressor?
The clothes and pay of a slave!

O thou poor fool Tommy Atkins!
Thou wilt be wise that day
When with eager eyes and clenched
teeth
Thou riseth up to say—

“This is our well-loved England,
And I'll free it if I can
From every rotten bourgeois
And played-out gentleman!”

FRANCIS ADAMS.

INTERNATIONAL NOTES.

FRANCE.

Above the mingled din of Congresses—Possibilist, Collectivist, Marxist—there comes to English workers' ears the cry for help of the Calais lace-makers. It is cheering news indeed that that cry has been so well responded to, especially by those of the same trade at Nottingham. Frenchman and Englishman joining hands across the Channel against the common enemy, Capitalism, is the sort of “cordial understanding” that Socialists like to see.

Our Anarchist comrade Dumas (of Saint-Etienne) speaking lately at Romans, gave a good answer to an inquirer who suggested that Collectivism would serve as a transition to true Communism. “Collectivism,” said Dumas, “is too late in the field, and can no longer play the part which might have been open to it forty years ago. The workers have discovered that they are exploited, as it is, by masters and governors; they will never yield to the yoke of a Statistical Committee, which would necessarily transform itself into a reactionary Government. The Anarchist ideas have fostered wider views, and are easier to understand by brains which are evolving new conceptions. If road-locomotives had been invented in time they would have ploughed along every highway, but they were anticipated by the more useful railway-engine, and so remained an antiquarian curiosity. So will it be with Collectivism and Anarchism.”

The Congress of the so-called Workmens' Party at Châtellerault fell to internecine strife in the most approved Parliamentary fashion, and some delegates were expelled by the majority acting under the orders of the excellent Brousse. It is claimed that the delegates excluded really represent the majority of the party, and a meeting of the party has been held in Paris repudiating the Congressional action. *La Parti Ouvrier*, the organ of the dissidents, uses strong language concerning the conduct of the Possibilist Municipal Councillors.

The Marxist Congress at Lille seems to have passed off more quietly. The “Marxists” decided to take part in the Brussels International Congress next year.

I am sorry indeed to note that the editors of the excellent Paris *Révolution* are driven to publish the following notice: “We only appear this week by dint of lengthening our already long list of debts. Comrades must not be astonished if they do not receive the paper next week.” Now, you French-speaking revolutionists, hurry up. It would be deplorable indeed if the workers were to lose yet another organ by their own default.

ITALY.

Il Fascio Operaio of Alessandria translates with approval the article on the English Working Class Movement in *La Révolution*, upon which our comrade Nicoll commented a week or two back. Our comrades of the Italian “Workmens' Party,” if they read English, should correct false impressions by referring to Nicoll's article.

The Italian Workmens' Party holds its fifth General Congress at Milan on November 1st and 2nd. The agenda-paper compares somewhat favourably with those of Social Democratic gatherings elsewhere. The foremost question on the “order of the day” is “The necessity of organising the party on the one basis of ‘Resistance.’” This sounds well.

An excellent new Anarchist paper, *La Campana* of Ancona (to which our comrade Merlino contributes a most interesting paper on “Objections to Anarchist Socialism”), hopes to organise a general congress of all Italian Socialists early in the spring of 1891. Ticino has been mentioned as a suitable locality. Crispi is hardly likely to allow a revolutionary gathering in the kingdom of Italy. A general congress of Italian Socialists is being actually attempted at Ravenna under the auspices of the parliamentarians. Revolutionists apparently will not be welcome there and will not attend.

A somewhat astonishing bit of Italian news comes to us by way of Barcelona. An Anarchist journal, *La Nuova Riscossa*, was prosecuted before the local court at Trapani on account of its articles on the First of May movement. “The defence of the advocate Grignany,” says *El Productor*, “was a reasoned and brilliant exposition of Anarchist principles. It carried away the audience, and even the very jury, who returned a unanimous verdict of ‘Not Guilty.’” English bourgeois are made of sterner stuff, and imagination fails to realise an English advocate delivering an Anarchist oration in court. It would be an excellent way of disposing of some of our more obnoxious judges. Surely they would die of the shock. Seriously speaking, I join with the writer in *El Productor* in congratulating our comrade Grignany and his clients.

The Roman correspondent of the *Daily Chronicle* (for once I may quote from a capitalist paper) says that “according to official information on the subject, the number of unemployed workmen amounts to about 100,000 in Rome and the provinces, with perhaps a like number in the Romagna and at Milan, and some 60,000 at Turin, not to mention those in the remaining provinces.” How glorious a triumph it is to be a citizen of “free Italy,” and what a sweet boon to the workers is the thing called “constitutional government”!

CUBA.

Havannah has been deeply moved by the provisions of the American Tariff Bill, and it seems not unlikely that many a worker's child in Cuba

will have reason to curse the name of MacKinley. The Cuban employers talk of a general cessation of manufacture and commerce with the object of forcing the Spanish Government to enter into a commercial treaty with the United States. That meanwhile the workers (already hard pushed by eight months of scarcity of work) would be starving, is not, of course, a matter that masters care about. It may be, however, that the bosses will hesitate before taking this extreme step, not from pity but from fear. It may be dangerous to drive the workers too much into a corner. *El Productor* (of Havannah) says: “We warn our workers beforehand, so that should this cessation of work come they may know how to rise to that height to which every people should reach when the means of subsistence are snatched from them, and it is sought to lead them to death by hunger. Mayhap this lock-out may prove true the saw which tells us that ‘the unification of the toilers will be the work of the rich, even as the Social Revolution will be the work of the poor.’ Let the lock-out come; we do not desire it, but as little do we fear it. Should it come, the rich will be responsible for what may happen.”

SPAIN.

Our comrades in Barcelona are preparing to celebrate the Chicago anniversary. Strikes, of a more or less sporadic character, continue there.

At Játiva the Anarchists are holding a series of meetings, to which the “partido obrero,” or “Workmens' Party” (here as elsewhere an euphemism for parliamentary Socialists), are invited. There has been free and open debate on parliamentary and anti-parliamentary tactics, and, judging by the reports in the *Barcelona Productor*, the Anarchists would seem so far to have more than held their own.

The Anarchists of the Basque Provinces are working to establish a Communist-Anarchist newspaper. It is to be named *El Combate* (“The Combat”) and to be published at San Sebastian. This is good news to come from that curious old-world Basque-land which has ever been a stronghold of feudalism and reaction,—no doubt mainly because the people have identified Carlism and reaction with their local autonomy—of which, for that matter, they do well to be jealous, at least until the time comes when they can conquer for themselves complete individual autonomy. R. W. B.

A TOUR THROUGH THE MIDLANDS.

I BEGAN on August 4th a propaganda tour through the Midlands, beginning with Leicester, where I stayed a week, during which the comrades worked hard at the various meetings which were held. We broke new ground at Oadby and Anstey, two villages near to Leicester, and with the comrades in this district I paid a visit to Loughborough and Derby, going from there to Sheffield. There I also spent a week, and we carried on vigorous work among the miners of Eckington, where comrade Cores and myself delivered *Commonweal* from house to house, as well as meeting the miners coming from the pits with leaflets. We afterwards held a meeting in the market place. I also addressed a meeting at Woodhouse, and held several meetings at Sheffield. The comrades worked very hard, and making a special feature of the Chicago Martyrs' Speeches, selling during my visit over a hundred. These were sold mainly among the miners, who seem to admire greatly those noble heroes our comrades of Chicago.

On leaving Sheffield I went to Manchester, and addressed a series of meetings in both Manchester and Salford. Here also success crowned their efforts of our comrades, for we held splendid meetings at all places to which we went. I returned to Sheffield after my Manchester trip and again did a week's propaganda, after which I went to Leeds. Here we had three splendid meetings, where I was splendidly supported by our comrades. We made the most of my visit, and notwithstanding the various threats of opposition from our erstwhile comrade McGuire, the day went over without an explosion. I again returned to Sheffield, and spent another four days, prior to my visit to Hull, where I again had three good meetings. The comrades of all nationalities (and there are many in Hull) worked with that energy which is certain to bring success, Smith and Reynolds to help, besides others whose names escape me, we had some enthusiastic meetings.

I may mention in passing that I missed no opportunity of spreading our literature among the soldiers in all the places I visited.

I returned again to Sheffield, this time nearly exhausted, and spent another week prior to my return to London. In all I addressed forty-eight meetings. Literature sold well at all, and collections were good. My general impression of the visit has been to strengthen the views I already held—i.e., that our work in the future must be more in the provinces if we do not wish to court failure. There is a large tract of country comparatively untouched by Socialist teaching, south, west, and north.

The collections in most cases nearly cover the expenses, and I found the people not only eager to listen and question the speakers, but ready and willing to aid in paying expenses. Take Derby as an instance. The first meeting held (I believe) was the one I addressed, and £1 0s. 1½d. was collected. Many comrades I met with feared that a vigorous, thoroughgoing propaganda would frighten the audiences, but the result showed them the mistake. It is no use trying to preach down to the people if you want to make earnest revolutionists of them, for the greater your earnestness the more impression you are bound to make on your audience.

There is one thing also I must not forget, i.e., our paper the *Commonweal*. I found on explaining our principles, and making a point of speaking as far as I could from the paper, that there was no difficulty in selling it; but that on the other hand it went off even beyond my own expectations. Most of the places are trying to vie with Sheffield in paper selling, but are as yet far behind, though to all appearances Leicester will not be long before it takes a place alongside. Leeds also will soon catch up, owing no doubt to our comrade Samuels, who is not only an earnest worker but is filling the other comrades with the same spirit. I must not forget Manchester, who have progressed wonderfully of late. Hull could sell more papers, and before long I have no doubt they will see their way clear to quadruple their order.

Altogether I am pleased with the result of the tour, which shows that our ideas are getting a firm hold in the provinces. I can as a further result say that Leicester, Loughborough, Nottingham, Derby, Sheffield, Manchester, Leeds, and Hull will not be behind when the day of revolution dawns upon us, and the desire of all the comrades was to work hard and earnestly in order to hasten that day. Preparations are also being made in all these places to celebrate the anniversary of the murder of our Chicago comrades for the purpose of explaining to the people why our heroic comrades lives were sacrificed. C. W. M.



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Periodicals received during the week ending Wednesday October 22.

ENGLAND Delfast Weekly Star Justice Labour Tribune People's Press Railway Review Seafaring	NEW SOUTH WALES Sydney—Truth Australian Star	VICTORIA Melbourne—Bull-Ant	QUEENSLAND Brisbane—Boomerang Charters Towers—Republican	INDIA Bankipore—Behar Herald	UNITED STATES New York—Reasoner New York—Freiheit New York—Truthseeker Voice Twentieth Century Volkszeitung Bakers' Journal Boston—Woman's Journal Investigator	Boston—Liberty Nationalist Weekly Nationalist Monthly Buffalo—Arbeiter-Zeitung Chicago—Rights of Labour Vorboten Detroit—Der Arme Teufel Kaweah (Cal) Commonwealth Ottawa—Progress and Liberty Philadelph.—Knights of Labour Paterson Labour Standard S.F.—Coast Seamen's Journal San Francisco Arbeiterzeitung Pacific Union St. Louis—Anarchist Valley Falls (Kan.)—Lucifer	FRANCE Paris—Bourse du Travail Le Parti ouvrier Le Proletariat Charleville—L'Emancipation Lyon—L'Action Sociale Nancy—Le Tire-Pied	ITALY Milan—Il Fascio Operaio Palermo—Avanti Ancona—La Campana	BELGIUM Antwerp—De Werker Ghent—Vooruit	HOLLAND Hague—Recht voor Allen	SWITZERLAND Arbeiterstimme Bulletin Continental	SPAIN Madrid—El Socialista Madrid—La Anarquía Barcelona—El Productor El Proletario	AUSTRIA Vienna—Arbeiter-Zeitung Brunn—Arbeiterstimme	HUNGARY Budapest—Nepszava	DENMARK Copenhagen—Arbejderen	SWEDEN Malmo—Arbetet Stockholm, Social-Demokraten	WEST INDIES Cuba—El Productor	ARGENTINE REPUBLIC Buenos Ayres—Vorwarts
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THE CURSE OF LAND MONOPOLY.

(Concluded from p. 338.)

SINCE Christianity determines the worth of the tree by the quality of its fruit, so may our Church-going land monopolists be judged by our increasing crops of pauperism and prostitution. The following cuttings from contemporary papers speak for themselves:

The Rev. H. V. Mills, in his 'Poverty and the State,' affirms that "eight million people in the British Isles, by inevitable circumstances, cannot obtain honest continuous employment;" while Mr. John Rae (as cited by Mr. Mills) informs us that, "in the wealthiest nation in the world every twentieth inhabitant is a pauper; one-fifth of the community is insufficiently clad; the agricultural labourers, and large classes of working-people in towns, are too poorly fed to save them from what are known as starvation diseases; the great proportion of our population lead a life of monotonous incessant toil with no prospect in old age but penury and parochial support; and one-third, if not indeed one-half, of the families of the country are huddled six in a room in a way quite incompatible with the elementary claims of decency, health, or morality."

Ben Tillett, in his 'Dock Labourers' Bitter Cry,' cites from Professor Thorold Rogers the following appalling statement: "There is a large population collected in our great cities, equalling in numbers the whole of those who lived in England and Wales six centuries ago; whose condition is more destitute, whose homes are more squalid, whose means are more uncertain, and whose future is more hopeless than the poorest serf in the middle ages."

Then, as regards East London in particular, Mr. Charles Booth, whose

area of inquiry embraced 900,000 people, tells his readers that 314,000, i.e., 38 per cent. of this great host, "suffer from poverty sinking to actual want."

Canon Duckworth, preaching at Westminster Abbey on Sunday afternoon, said: "We may boast of an empire upon which the sun never sets, a commerce which belts the planet, but let us also remember that 170,000 paupers inhabit this the richest city of the world."

"Ninety per cent. of our work-people have no place they can call a home beyond the end of the week."

It has been calculated that there are about 200,000 families living in London on about a pound a week, and they are in a large measure the people of one room.

A calculation has been made by Dr. Rhodes "that if all the paupers in England formed into column four deep, the procession would be 100 miles long."

In London one person in every five will die in the workhouse, hospital, or lunatic asylum.

It is extremely difficult to even approximately estimate the number of prostitutes in this country. The police, who might be taken as the most competent authorities in these matters, have it that there are between 90,000 and 100,000 in London alone. This gives an average of about one in fifty for all our large towns.

And yet all this sacrifice of human life and happiness is sanctioned by the law. There is no law on our statute books to require that a man may not let his brother starve or his sister get her bread on the streets, even though he have the means of preventing it. Of course not. The class who have framed these laws took good care that there should be none. The absence of such an enactment is the very breath of their existence, and it is absurd to think that they will permit any alteration in the existing state of affairs while they can keep armed forces in their pay to prevent it. Yet, in the face of all this, Collectivists and Democrats will refer us for freedom to the ballot-box, triumphantly pointing to the Board Schools and the posts and telegraph systems as the real dawn of the Socialistic era. We have, they tell us, only to hammer away and thrust monopoly bit by bit beneath the fostering wing of government, and by the time we are all brooded under the old parliamentary hen, and there you are don't you know. By the way, what will be the State fine when the State workman comes in late to the State factory?

Let us suppose for a moment that after striving and hoping for, say another decade or two, we managed to institute State water-works, State gas-works, and State tramways, what does that mean? Why, merely an extension of our present civil service, that is, we should be jockeyed by more batches of highly-paid useless nobodies such as are now on exhibition at Somerset House and other Government offices, and the really useful servitors would be placed in the underpaid and trammelled position at present borne by our postmen. Of all sweaters the State is the biggest, with its strangulating red tape and its sealing-wax. If it thought fit it would nationalise these and other matters to-morrow. Posts and telegraphs were monopolised by the State solely to facilitate warfare, government, and competitive commerce, and not in the interests of the people at all. Our Board Schools are merely factories for turning out more capable, and therefore more profitable, tools for the service of the labour exploiters; but they are turning out sharper-edged tools than their founders anticipated. The tools are sharp enough to find on facing the world why they are not free to work and live as Nature bids them, and accordingly the young proletarian is a trade unionist as soon as he becomes a hireling, thus, consciously or not, befitting himself for the coming Commune.

Before the workers can free themselves of the murderous grasp of Landlordism, they will have to reckon with the whole of the forces at the command of the bourgeoisie. They have long ago outgrown that old superstitious reverence for the powers that be, and notwithstanding the cant with which some of them have been dosed by their leaders, they are awakening to the fact that freedom is only to be gained by bullet and not by ballot. Parliament seeing that it can no longer pose as the people's voice, has thrown aside its masquerade and is now the honest enemy. Mark the present conspiracy of silence on the part of the Liberal gang in the face of the growing labour organisations. But this is a useful factor, for it makes still clearer the plan of campaign, and is driving the waverers into the ranks of the unions.

As the land and capital have been taken from us by force, so must they be retaken by the same means. You might just as well hope to turn away a shark by prayer when you have tumbled overboard into his jaws as to hope to get them back by any other. By the time a few more affairs like those of Trafalgar Square and Southampton have happened, the Labour battalions will be sufficiently in touch with one another to respond to the general signal to throw down their tools all together. The air may be still for a little while, and then the bourgeoisie will shout for their soldiers, but can they be depended upon to do their "duty." We shall see.

JONATHAN BINES.

THE COMPLAINT OF THE IDLE CLASSES. — Will you bandy accusations, will you accuse us of over-production? We take the Heavens and the Earth to witness that we have produced nothing at all. In the wide domains of created Nature circulates no shirt or thing of our producing. . . He that accuses us of producing, let him show himself, let him name what and when. We are innocent of producing; ye ungrateful, what mountains of things have we not, on the contrary, had to "consume" and make away with! Mountains of those your heaped manufactures, wheresoever edible or wearable, have they not disappeared before us, as if we had the talent of ostriches, of cormorants, and a kind of divine faculty to eat? Ye ungrateful!—and did you not grow under the shadow of our wings? Are not your filthy mills built on these fields of ours; on this soil of England, which belongs to—whom think you?—Carlyle: 'Past and Present.'

THE GREAT AUSTRALIAN STRIKE.

WHEN the last mails left Australia the strike was in full swing. The men had been wrought up to a high pitch of excitement and enthusiasm by the news that the English unions were rallying to their support; and on the other side the capitalists were in a fearful state of funk, which was only equalled by their furious rage. The temper of these people is shown by the following extract from our plucky little contemporary the *Brisbane Worker*: "Lies, calumnies, misrepresentations, all the weapons of wild and fanatical opposition, have been shamelessly used, and this incitation has been assisted by employers who should have more self-respect. Threats of 'We'll shoot the strikers down like dogs'; 'They ought to be hung on the lamp-posts'; 'We'll crush that sanguinary unionism out'; 'We'll teach them who's master' have been openly made. One gentle minister of religion wished he could get the strike leaders at a whipping-post and have the job of flagellator; he'd 'draw blood every stroke,' he said. Persistently and unremittingly a panic among the employers has been worked up by the press and its bloodthirsty assistants, who have spread rumours of general strikes, organised riots, attempts to bring in Communism by force, and other fantasies. As a result firearms are carried by every bank-robber and adulated shopkeeper; special constables have been sworn in from the swell athletic clubs; and a mob of employers waited on the Government in order to terrorise Tozer into proclaiming a sort of martial law. Brisbane is practically being terrorised by Capitalism, which in its miserable fear seems to thirst for the chance to mow a street full of unarmed, inoffensive unionists down with Gatling guns."

But whether the capitalists could carry out these "wild ideas" is exceedingly doubtful. At Newcastle they were threatening to bring the marines and the sailors ashore, to shoot down the miners on strike. A correspondent of the *Sydney Sunday Times* heard one of the marines asked if they were going to shoot the people down. He replied, "Well, we may be sent ashore and we may even be ordered to fire, but I don't think any of you will be hurt." The correspondent, who is certainly no friend of the unions, afterwards got into conversation with the sailors. He says: "He answered my questions with the utmost frankness, and from what he, and scores of his shipmates, told me, I have arrived at the conclusion that it would be folly worse than madness on the part of the Government to seek assistance at the hands of the naval authorities. Such aid might, and probably would, be granted readily enough, but it must be borne in mind that a large majority of the blue-jackets and marines sympathise with the strikers, and, once landed, they might be induced to take sides with them. Were they to do this the consequences that would naturally follow might prove more serious and far-reaching than any of us imagine." This must be nice and reassuring for the capitalist advocates of force.

What has particularly frightened these gentlemen is the fact that the strike has led to a tremendous upheaval of Socialist ideas; the strike and Socialism seems to be the main topic of conversation everywhere. Of course the Socialism discussed is of a very mild type; but even the immense sale of Bellamy's "Looking Backward," and the adoption by the Australian Labour Federation of a Social-Democratic programme, has been quite enough to frighten the capitalists. It is true the Federation only proposes to attain its ends by ordinary political methods, but the red spectre cannot be made alluring even under a robe of legality.

It is difficult to imagine the vast extent of this strike. It is an immense war of labour and capital, extending over a whole continent and affecting even the neighbouring island of New Zealand. On Sept. 7, Sydney and Melbourne were very nearly in darkness, owing to the failure of the gas supply. Not only are the gas-stokers out on strike, but most of the miners are also out, or have been locked out by the masters only to there be no ships to carry away their coal. A curious instance of what may be called by the capitalists "retributive justice" is that the strikers' paper, the *People*, was in danger of suppression through the gas-engine that works the press having to stop through the failure of the gas supply. The editor, however, declared the issue would be got out in spite of all difficulties. The *Bulletin* has a cartoon entitled "Melbourne in Darkness." It represents a middle-class man, who has just arrived home with two lamps, addressing his wife. He exclaims piteously: "Yes, my dear, I succeeded in buying a couple of lamps, but they are very scarce, and to get them home safely I had to buy a revolver." The same paper represents the capitalist undergoing many tortures. He is teased by a cow (Labour) he has been engaged in milking, and as he is flying in the air all the milk (profits) is spilt. Another cartoon shows us the capitalist suffering from the horrors of a general strike. In a dream he beholds a hobnailed goblin (Labour) dancing on his chest. He imagines he awakes in the throes of a general strike, and the poor man has to dress and shave himself, clean his own boots, while his wife cooks his dinner; and finally he has to behold his park turned into corn-fields for the proletariat; and at last, owing to "a great shrinkage of values" and a "great shrinkage" of capital's corpulence, he is compelled to work or starve.

From the capitalists to the blacklegs is an easy transition. As in England, so in Australia, the capitalist has a pet name for them—he calls them "free labour." This is not a very honourable term in Australia, as it used to be applied to those convicts who were handed over to private masters by the Government. Well, these "free labourers" are not very efficient at wharf work, but judging by the precautions taken for their safety by the Government and their employers, you would think their lives were the most valuable in Australia. Huge barricades have been erected at the entrances to the docks for their protection. One of these barricades at the P. and O. Co.'s wharf is thus described by the *Sydney Daily Telegraph*. The barricade might be used for the backing of the 22 in. steel armour of a 10,000 battle-ship. The posts, which are 14 in. by 14 in. and about 9 feet in height clear of the ground, are only a few feet apart, and are connected by strong rails and hard wood planking. This huge barricade is at the foot of Argyle Street, and completely shuts in the King's Head Hotel. The barricade also extends across from the street to the edge of the wharf, and at the Circular-Quay side of the P. and O. wharf a similar gigantic barricade is being constructed. The same paper states: "It is painful to watch the efforts of the 'free labourers' in discharging the 'Coromandel.' Six men are incapable of moving a piece of iron casting, and they simply stand and look at each other. After one of them puts in a quiet three minutes in curling a sling round the chain and then giving the order to heave away, a round of cheers from the onlookers greeted the ascent of the dangling ropes." The correspondent, from watching at work, expresses the opinion that a "hospical job" is by no means improbable. As I said before, great care is taken of these free labourers. Special constables, police, infantry, and artillery are all mustered for their

protection; but despite it all, some of them have been rather roughly handled by the men whom they have robbed of their work.

The strikers hold stoutly together, although the capitalists are doing their utmost to crush them. It appears that the wholesale supply of provisions for Sydney is in the hands of about fifty persons all told—i.e., some seven carcass butchers, a dozen or more flour merchants, and the balance made up of merchant grocers and produce importers. It was proposed at a meeting of masters that these wholesale dealers should refuse to sell to retail shopkeepers except for cash, thus forcing the shopkeepers to refuse credit to their customers and so break the back of the strike. However, this plan has not been carried out. Probably the masters thought that it might drive the men—not into submission, but into open revolt.

To fight against the lies of the capitalist press, the strikers have started an organ, which was first known as the *Labour Defence Journal*, but has since changed its name to the *People*. It is a bright little two-paged sheet, and its tone shows how wonderfully the Australian workers have advanced in opinion during the last few years. For instance, when the barricades were erected and the streets filled with troops and military, this paper gave some very plain words of warning to the "authorities." It said: "Do the enfranchised people of these colonies intend that the authorities shall turn their cities into garrisoned towns, and continue to barricade and fortify the public thoroughfares, in the interests of private individuals? If it is right that one party in the labour struggle should erect barricades and stand by them, to sweep the streets with Gatlings, it is equally right that the other side should do the same. But we would remind those who are responsible for this deliberate outrage that barricades have, ere now, been the overthrow of the very governments who built them."

An "Appeal to the Friends of Labour" is also worth quoting:

"People of Australia! you are the witnesses of a Titanic struggle—the capitalist press tells you—between Capital and Labour. Disabuse your minds at once and forever! The struggle now taking place before your eyes is between two forms of labour—Labour on the one hand, and labour stolen, disguised under the name of Capital, on the other. The subsidised press of the stockjobbers and labour-filchers denounces this strike! It stigmatises this strike as criminal! It appeals to you, the public, to withhold your sympathy from the strikers! . . .

"Yet your best interests are the interests of every individual man who does not live on the labour of his fellows. Every man who lives without working demands some other man to do two days' work—one day for himself and a day for him that idles. Have you thought of this?"

"You are told this present strike is merely a question between employers and unionists. Oh, no! its ramifications are much more extensive than that. The present struggle is between the Past and the Future. The strikers are to-day fighting for the recognition of a great and vital principle, a principle which underlies all liberty, a principle which ought to be the foundation-stone of every nation which bases its hopes on the realisation of all that is involved in the word 'Democracy'—the principle of the full liberty of Labour to organise for its own protection. . . .

"To you, unionists of Australia; to you, public of workers and toilers everywhere in this great continent; to you, all of you, who live by the suffrage of those who have filched the earnings of Labour; to you who, whether by hand or brain, are compelled to sue for the right to labour,—we appeal, and we appeal with confidence! Your conduct in the past merits that confidence. When humanity has ever sued you for aid, it has never been, hitherto, in vain. Your sympathy in the past has ever been one of acts, not of words. You cannot withhold it now. For our fight is your fight, our danger is your danger. If we fail, what one of your boasted liberties is safe? . . . Combination alone has made Australia the free land of free men. Combination is threatened! Stand firm! Stand by us! Assist us in maintaining the right to combine, for thereby you assist us in maintaining the standard of wages.

"If we are worsted in the struggle, be not indifferent. Your turn will come! All along the line so-called Capital will lift its head for the subjection of the worker! If we triumph, you will triumph with us! If we triumph with your support, we shall remember in your day of need who have been for us and who against us! Labour never forgets her friends. She cannot afford to do so. Labour never forgets her foes, nor the foes of Labour anywhere—witness our conduct in the London dockers' struggle against vested interests and funded exploitation.

"Unionists of Australia! help us now, and we will rally around you when the day of your battle shall also come. Our fight is a fight for life! We are challenged on a vital point; a defeat means death! If we fail, not a single union is safe—for the very principle of unionism is at stake. Every unionist has a vital interest in our struggle. Everything we have won in the past may be lost at the cast of the dice. The Rouseabout, the Shearer, the Mechanic, the Wharf-labourer, the Seaman—every trade is threatened; no branch of labour, however humble, but views with interest and anxiety the present crisis. The very bread of our children depends upon our victory!

"Think not that our defeat will not affect you. What is won by Labour in one land is won by Labour everywhere. What is lost by Labour in one land is lost by Labour everywhere. And that word 'Labour' means the people—it means humanity."

Surely this spirited appeal should stir up all of us to help our gallant comrades in the desperate battle they are fighting. Labour in all countries must recognise the fact that the interests of Labour are everywhere the same, and that the battle which the Australian workers are now fighting is the holy war for social salvation of the workers of the world.

[Since the above was set up, we have received another batch of Australian papers, which explain why Mr. Champion sent that lying telegram the other day. The Australian trade unionists will have nothing to do with him, and he has been unanimously denounced as a fraud by them, both by speech and in the press. In revenge he has tried to wreck the strike. There is no need to advise workmen to take no notice of any statements made by Mr. Champion.]

GLASGOW.—On Saturday afternoon comrades Glasier, Anderson, and Robb distributed literature at Tollcross to the miners and blast-furnacemen. Afterwards, together with comrades Haddow and Brodie of the Trades Council, they went to Coatbridge, where they were prevented speaking by the police; they, however, distributed a deal of literature. On Sunday, at mid-day, Glasier spoke at Jail Square to about 400 people, and collected 4s. 2d. for blast-furnacemen on strike. In the evening Joe Burgoyne spoke at Paisley Road Toll, when 2s. 11d. was collected for the furnacemen.

LEEDS.—We had three of the best, if not the best, meetings of the year on Sunday. Although the weather was very cold, large audiences listened to and applauded comrade Andrew Hall. Collections were—Hunslet Moor, 7s. 8d.; Woodhouse Moor, 9s. 5½d. (the largest we have yet had at these stations); and Vicars Croft, 2s. 4d.—a total of 19s. 5½d. Four and a half quires of *Commonweal* were sold, four Chicago Speeches, and a good number of pamphlets. We only regret that the open-air season is almost ended, but we intend to be as active as we can even in the winter season. Our comrade Hall will speak again in Leeds on Sunday the 9th of November.—G. C.

THE LABOUR STRUGGLE.

Allan and Co.'s "Settlement."

Everyone knows that the dispute with Allan and Co. is settled, for a time at least, on terms which to us seem eminently favourable—to Allan and Co. The men are to be paid by piecework instead of by the hour. The consequences being that while the strong and the skilful may earn more than a tanner an hour, the weak and the less skilled will earn less, and the "full round orb of the docker's tanner" in their case will disappear. We are getting on. We always had the idea that the Dock Strike was fought for the benefit of the "poor and downtrodden casual docker," who is not usually the strongest and most vigorous of mankind. Now we see that the weakest must go to the wall, and it is only the men who can and will slave their hearts for the benefit of a gang of greedy shipowners, who will get even "decent" wages under the new system.

There is another clause in the agreement we like still less. According to this valuable document, the men undertake in the discharge of grain to continue working, even after they have made a demand for extra money from heat, dust, or any other cause, until an "expert" from Mark Lane has been called and given a decision upon the question raised. We should like a "definition" of the word "expert." Being left, however, to our own unassisted imagination, we suppose it is a gentleman who jobs in corn in Mark Lane. Of course this gentleman will give a perfectly unbiased verdict. Gentlemen who "deal in corn," like those who deal in stocks or "make books" on races, are never rabid reactionaries and are always perfectly unbiased with regard to questions of capital and labour. The only improvement we can suggest in this excellent plan of deciding labour disputes is to get Newton, Edlin, or some other gentleman who adorns the magisterial bench of the metropolis, to settle all similar questions at the docks; and as a further bright idea, we beg to suggest to the "leaders" of the Dockers' Union that he be empowered to give a sentence of six months hard to any strikers who will not conform to his decisions. We are afraid that poor McCarthy, who seems specially selected to do all the dirty work of the "leaders" of the Dockers' Union, has put his foot in it again. We are sure that the men will not be bound by a decision of an "expert from Mark Lane." Why, they have a worse chance from such a tribunal than even from a "conciliation board," and we believe that the "leaders" of the Dockers' Union have in this agreement provided Messrs. Allan with a weapon that may be used with deadly effect against them. In their "prudence" and "moderation" they have given their worst enemies a splendid chance of creating trouble.

The International Seamen's Congress.

The Seamen's Congress which opened at Glasgow on October 6th, was in every way a great success; their union is really international. In addition to delegates from England, Wales, Ireland, and Scotland, delegates were present from New York, San Francisco, Boston, Holland, and Belgium were present at the Congress. The sailors seem very proud of their internationalism, and they made a special point of extending a hearty welcome to their brethren from other lands. We must say the Seamen's Union is in a thoroughly healthy state; there was a sturdy manly ring about the speeches of their leaders when they spoke of the approaching struggle with the Shipowners' Federation. There was none of that feeble flaccidity about them which too often characterises the utterances of Mr. Ben Tillet or Mr. McCarthy. Mr. Plimsoll and Mr. Cunningham-Graham were both present. Although our opinions differ widely we admire Mr. Plimsoll; we can remember the desperate battle he fought for years for the sailors against the murderous greed of the excellent and worst of the capitalist classes. We remember this, and we can reverence and honour this old man who fought in the people's cause when it was not so "popular" among the middle-class as it is at the present time. We are glad the sailors are not ungrateful. One interesting fact came out at a public meeting held after the Congress. It appears that Messrs. Allen and Co., in spite of the good character given to them by the *Star*, have always been the worst of sweaters. They made themselves especially prominent in fighting the Seamen's Union at Glasgow, and they have always been noted for their love of "free labour." Probably the heads of the firm were "good Liberals," and that in the opinion of the *Star* covers a multitude of sins.

Sacking Trade Unionists.

We clip the following paragraph from the *Weekly Dispatch*. It is interesting as showing the spirit of the shipowners, dock directors, and other slave-drivers towards the unions: "Last Saturday night the men employed by Messrs. Cory and Son, Charlton, were called up by the manager, and asked if they intended to stand by the union. The men were unanimous in their determination to stand by the union, and immediately upon giving their answer ten of them were discharged." Messrs. Allen, Norwood, Morgan and Co. are not yet so bold and outspoken in their hostility, but when "the cold weather comes" we may be sure they will be quite ready to follow this bright example.

LEICESTER.—September 14, Andrew Hall spoke three times; large audiences; collected 21s. 2d. Sunday following, John Turner spoke three times. Weather was bad, but it was encouraging to see the people stand in the wet to hear our lectures; we are convinced that no other subject but Socialism would make people stand in the rain. Made five new members on this date. Sunday 28th, Frank Kitz—three addresses, humorous and satirical, much relished by audiences. October 5th, Chambers, Taylor, and Barclay were the speakers. We have averaged 12s. a-week the last four weeks in sale of literature. Are making arrangements for winter course of lectures to be given inside.

MANCHESTER.—During the past month we have done good propaganda work. Good meetings have been held three times every Sunday and during the week. We have had Cores and Samuels of Leeds down several Sundays, and had good meetings and collections and sale of literature. Reeves of Liverpool gave three good addresses Sunday, October 5; and last Sunday Andrew Hall of Sheffield made a grand impression by his fervid revolutionary oratory. In addition to these, our own members—Baillie, Barton, Stockton, and Scott—have helped forward the cause by their efforts in the propaganda of its principles. Altogether we have done a great deal for Socialist propaganda in this district, and intend during the winter to carry it on by a series of indoor lectures and discussions, and only hope that our efforts will help forward the great object of our life—the Social Revolution.

PHILPOT STREET.—Brillerman and other comrades held a meeting here last Sunday night; some opposition, but good sale of literature.

CORRESPONDENCE.

LAUNDRY WOMEN'S CO-OPERATIVE ASSOCIATION.

COMRADES,—We request you to allow us to make an appeal in the *Commonweal* to our Socialist comrades on behalf of a Laundry Women's Co-operative Association which we are about to start. Our rules are modelled as nearly as possible on those of the Socialist Co-operative Federation, and we have entirely adopted the principle of the formation of a common fund, to which individual members can lay no claim.

Our object is to put a stop to the "sweating" which so largely and increasingly exists in the laundry industry, to pay proper wages, to shorten the hours of labour, to provide comfortable and well-ventilated work-rooms, and to raise the workers at the same time from the position of wage-slaves to that of the owners of their own earnings. We also make a special appeal to our comrades as women, for not only do women suffer as wage-slaves but as chattel-slaves also.

It is probably not necessary to enlarge on the sufferings of the present workers in laundries, for as most of your readers are working-men they probably know as well as we do what the sufferings and privations of these women are, but perhaps there are some who may not know that women are now to be found frequently washing in dark, damp, unventilated cellars for 13 hours a day, not even allowed to sit down for half-an-hour in the afternoon to drink a cup of tea, and cases are known of women who have died at the wash-tub from *exhaustion and want of food*.

The collar for which the customer pays, perhaps, a penny, is washed, starched, and ironed by the sweated laundress for a farthing; and women who take families washing in their own homes, frequently work from dawn to midnight for a few miserable shillings which will not even pay the rent. The work, too, is exceedingly arduous, and results in certain disease if not premature death for women ill-fed and ill-clothed.

Considering, therefore, the present miserable condition of the trade, we confidently hope that our Socialist comrades will help us to improve our own condition and that of other women (as we intend to establish branch laundries in various localities as our funds permit) either by taking shares or sending work to our laundry.

The shares are £1 each, but may be held by two or more shareholders. Application for shares should be made to the Secretary, Miss E. Lupton, 59, Selhurst Road, S.E., who will also supply all information desired.—We are comrades (on behalf of the Committee),

Yours in the Cause,

Signed { ANNIE MARSH,
JENNY WILLIS,
IDA MACKENZIE,
EDITH LUPTON, *Secretary*.

N.B.—Washing will be received from any locality, the carriage paid there and back, and thoroughly good workmanship at moderate prices will be guaranteed.

[We have read the prospectus of the Association, and notice that 5 per cent. will be paid on the shares. We think this is unnecessary, as the Socialist Co-operative Federation has shown that it is possible to carry on a co-operative society without interest. We think it would be better if the new society followed their example. People who really wish to improve the condition of the workers do not want 5 per cent. interest for their trouble, and we are quite sure that ordinary dividend-grabbers are not likely to invest their hard cash in what they would look upon as a "Socialist concern."—Eds.]

"ART FOR THE PEOPLE."

ON Monday, October 20, at the Athenæum Hall, Tottenham Court Road, W., under the management of the 'Commonweal' Branch of the League, William Morris delivered a lecture on "Art for the People." The proceedings opened with music, and the lecture was well attended. Our comrade Morris having traced the history and development from pre-historic times, when the cave dweller scratched a rude imitation of the mammoth on the walls of his dwelling, and dealt with the imitations which it had undergone under the influence of the ancient Egyptians, the Greeks, the Romans, the Goths, and others, down to the time when the English workman placed in position the last stone of Henry VII.'s chapel at Westminster, asked what had become of popular art in the comparatively short time which had since elapsed, during which England had grown from an island kingdom into a mighty empire, dominating the world. He could tell them in three words. It had disappeared. That was a strange story indeed, and they might well doubt its truth, for the change was so tremendous. So far from people rejoicing in the making and using of artistic things they did not know that art existed. What passed as decorative art was touched by the hand of man, but never by his mind. He worked at it not knowing what he did. The workmen found work a sacrifice, a burden, which they would cast off altogether if they could. Not one hour's work would be done if it were not that the worker feared death by starvation if he left off working. He hoped no one present supposed that under such conditions they could have art which had any life in it. If they did he could not imagine the depth of a stupidity which thought that slavery would bring forth art. The great gulf between the rich and the poor, between the two nations nominally under the same laws, had swallowed up the popular art which had produced our ancient buildings, in which every man's intelligence was subordinated to the great work of art, whereas it was now accepted as a fact that whatever intelligence a non-gentleman might possess he must on no account exercise it during his working hours. In order to win that privilege he must raise himself up and be a gentleman—that is have nothing to do, and exercise his intelligence in doing it. The real artist should be considered as a workman, and he wanted the real workman to elevate himself to the position of an artist. That could not be so long as the labour war went on, which made him sacrifice himself in the interests of his union or of the war which was being carried on. It was a natural law that man must work, and in proportion as he had pleasure in his work so would his life be happy or unhappy. The first thing necessary in order to bring about a better condition of things was that there should be no more poverty, none of those sordid troubles which destroyed the imagination and intelligence, or turned them into other channels. Every man must be certain of earning a due livelihood and those things which were necessary for the mind as well as for the body. All men must have a due measure of rest and recreation for the body and the mind, and the daily hours for such labour as was unpleasant must be very short. Eight hours a day for such toil would one day appear to them an absolute absurdity. All work which was unpleasant should as far as possible be done away with, looked upon as a nuisance. It should be done by machinery; but machinery should never be used as it was now, in doing work in which man could take pleasure and delight. Again, those who were to produce beauty

should live in it. A man's home must be cleanly and orderly, and beautiful. That should not be so hard a thing to accomplish, seeing that the whole world was beautiful, save where man had made it ugly. Men should also be educated and have a due share in the stored-up knowledge of the world—not down to his station in life, but up to his capacity. Lastly, the last claim for labour would come to this, that there must be no class distinctions. All crafts should be honourable and honoured, and every man should be able to raise himself in the respect and admiration of his fellow-citizens by the exercise of his own craft. These were the only conditions under which they could hope to see a revival of popular art, and he asked them whether it was worth while to strive to bring about this happy life to which he had alluded. Some discussion followed the lecture. An appeal for funds on behalf of the Special Propaganda Fund realised 13s. 3½d.; *Commonweal* and other literature went well.

HERE'S A CURSE ON VARMERS ALL.

[NOTE.—We believe the following ballad was modelled upon some traditional songs current among the English peasantry concerning rick-burning. Does any one know whether any old songs of this kind are still current among the people in remote parts of the country? If any one can send us some we shall be glad to publish them.]

I ZEEED a vire o' Monday night,
A vire both great and high;
But I wool not tell you where, my boys,
Nor wool not tell you why.
The varmer he comes screeching out,
To zave 'uns new brood mare;
Zays I, "You and your stock may roast,
Vor aught us poor chaps care."
Chorus—Then here's a curse on varmers all
As rob and grind the poor;
To re'p the fruit of all their works
In — for evermoor-r-r-r.

A blind owld dame come to the vire,
Zo near as she could get;
Zays, "Here's a luck I warn't asleep
To lose this blessed hett.
They robs us of our turfing rights,
Our bits of chips and sticks,
Till poor folks now can't warm their hands,
Except by varmer's ricks."

Chorus—Then here's a curse on varmers all
As rob and grind the poor;
To re'p the fruit of all their works
In — for evermoor-r-r-r.
—From Charles Kingsley's "Yeast."

THE SOCIALIST LEAGUE.

OFFICES: 24, GREAT QUEEN ST., LINCOLN'S INN FIELDS, W.C.
The Offices of the Socialist League will be open for the sale of *Commonweal* and all other Socialist publications from 8.30 a.m. to 9 p.m. every day except Sunday. The Secretary will be in attendance from 10 a.m. to 9 p.m. daily.

Propaganda Fund.—F. C. S. S., 1s.; A Few Friends (per Cobbinshaw), 2s.

NEW PREMISES FUND.

Collection by Council on October 21st, 3s. 1d.

SPECIAL PROPAGANDA FUND.

Collection at Morris's lecture, 13s. 3½d.

"COMMONWEAL" GUARANTEE FUND.

	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.
North London Branch	0	12	0	B. W.	0	1	0
J. S. S.	0	1	0				
C. B. (Bordighera)	2	10	0	Total	3	4	0

REPORTS.

SOUTH SIDE BRANCH.—Meeting in Short Street on Friday; speakers Buckridge, McCormack, and Miss Lupton; meeting interrupted by gas-stokers, who as usual went in pretty extensively for "gas and gaiters." Sunday morning same place, speakers R. Harding and comrade from North Kensington. R. Harding gave admirable address on "Anarchism." Collection 1s. 10d.; 24 *Commonweal* sold. Afternoon meeting at Coopers' Hall on behalf of East-end bakers, promoted by International Federation; speaker from South Side Branch, Miss Lupton. Evening meeting at Crown Hill, Croydon; speakers Leggatt and Miss Lupton; *Commonweal*, *Freedom*, and *Free Russia* sold. On Sunday, Nov. 2nd, R. Harding will give address in the morning at Thornton Heath on "First Steps in Civilisation," and in the afternoon in Handcroft Road, Croydon, on "Principles in Politics." On Sunday, October 26, at 3 p.m., Miss Lupton will give an "Address to Women" at Short Street.—E. L.

ABERDEEN.—Comrades W. Cooper and Rennie spoke at an open-air meeting at Woodside on Sunday afternoon, October 12th. The indoor meeting was held as usual in the evening, when comrade Bax's "Address to Trades Unions" was read and discussed. The usual open-air meeting was held on Castle Street on Saturday night, in spite of the inclemency of the weather; the speakers were W. Cooper and Leatham.—G. C.

SCOTTISH SOCIALIST FEDERATION—EDINBURGH.—On Sunday last we had a good meeting in Labour Hall, when comrade Howie delivered a very humorous address on "The Energy We Waste," in which he showed up the ludicrous aspect of Capitalism. The lecture was much appreciated. Comrade Ritchie lectured at Leith to a full house. At both meetings there was good discussion.

LIVERPOOL SOCIALIST SOCIETY.—Vegetarian Restaurant, Eberle Street, Dale Street.—Meets every Tuesday at 8 p.m.

LEEDS.—The Chicago Commemoration Meeting will be held here at Oriel Hall, Cookridge Street, on Monday, November 10. Speakers—R. Bingham, Andrew Hall, F. Charles, T. Maguire, H. Samuels, and G. Cores.

SCOTTISH SOCIALIST FEDERATION.—EDINBURGH.—Labour Hall, 50 South Bridge. Business meeting, Fridays at 8 p.m. Lecture, Sunday October 26, at 6.30, John Gilray, "Comradeship." LEITH.—Henderson Street Hall, Sunday, Oct. 26, at 6.30, Comrade Howie, "The Energy We Waste."

A COMRADE, who has had many years experience as a cook in hotels and restaurants in London and the provinces, is in want of employment.—Apply by letter to T. W., *Commonweal* Office, 24, Great Queen Street, W.C.

LECTURE DIARY.

LONDON.

Battersea.—All communications to E. Buteux, 45, Inwith Street, Battersea Park Road.
Commonweal Branch.—24 Great Queen Street, Holborn, W.C. Tuesdays, Singing Practice. Thursdays, Business meeting. Saturdays, Social Gathering. Sunday, October 26, at 8.30 p.m., Music and Songs, etc., by Members and Friends.
East London.—H. McKenzie, 10 Victoria Dwellings, Clerkenwell Road, E.C.
Hammersmith.—Kelmescott House, Upper Mall, W. Lecture every Sunday at 8. French Class conducted by Mdle. Desroches on Friday evenings at 7.30.
North Kensington.—Clarendon Coffee Palace, Clarendon Road. Meets every Wednesday at 8 p.m. Band practice every Friday at 8 p.m. On Sunday, October 26, at 7.30, R. E. Dell (Fabian), "The Strange Case of the Socialist Radical."
North London.—6 Windmill Street, Tottenham Court Road. Meets every Wednesday evening at 8 o'clock.
South Side Branch.—E. Lupton, 59 Selhurst Road, S.E., secretary pro tem.
Whitechapel and St. Georges-in-the-East.—Branch meetings at International Club, 40 Berner Street, Commercial Road. J. Turner, organising secretary.

PROVINCES.

Aberdeen.—Organiser, J. Leatham, 7 Jamaica Street. Branch meets in Odd-fellows' Small Hall, Crooked Lane, on Sunday evenings at 6.30. Singing practice, etc., Mondays at 8 p.m.
Glasgow.—Members are invited to meet on Thursday and Sunday evenings, at 8 o'clock, in the Secretary's house, 250 Crown Street, S.S. All communications to be sent to that address.
Halifax.—Socialists meet every Sunday at 6.30 p.m. at Helliwell's Temperance Hotel, Northgate.
Hull.—Club Liberty, 1 Beets Court, Blanket Row.
Leeds.—Socialist League Club, 1 Clarendon Buildings and Front Row. Open every evening. Business meeting Saturdays at 8.—International Educational Club, Templar Street. Open every evening. Discussion class every Friday at 8; lectures every Saturday at 4. All kinds of Socialist literature on tables and for sale.
Leicester.—Room No. 7, Co-operative Hall, High Street. Branch meeting on Thursday at 8 p.m.
Manchester.—Socialist League Club, 60 Grovesnor Street, All Saints. Open every evening. Branch weekly meeting on Tuesdays at 8. Saturday, October 25, lecture by Graham Wallas (Fabian), "The Future of Democracy."
Nottingham.—Socialist Club, Woodland Place, Upper Parliament Street. Club contribution, 1d. per week; Dancing every Wednesday, 8 till 10.30—fee 3d.
Norwich.—Members' meeting held every Tuesday at 8.30.
Oxford.—Temperance Hall, 25½ Pembroke Street. First Friday in every month, at 8.30 p.m.
Sheffield.—Socialist Club, 63 Blonk Street. French Class, Tuesday at 8.30. Discussion Class, Wednesday at 8.30. Open-air meetings are held as follows:—Sunday: Monolith, Fargate, at 11.30; Newhall Road, Attercliffe, at 11.30; Pump, Westbar, at 8; Heeley, Maresbrook Park, at 7.30; Monolith, Fargate, at 6.30; Rotherham, College Yard, at 3.15. Wednesday: Nursery Street, Wicker, at 8. Thursday: Bramall Lane, at 8; Eckington, at 6.30. Friday: Duke Street, Park, at 8. Saturday: Woodhouse, at 7.
Walsall.—Socialist Club, 18 Goodall Street, Walsall. Meetings every night.
Yarmouth.—Socialist League Club, 56 Row, Market Place. Open every evening Business Meeting, Tuesday at 8. Singing Practice, Wednesday at 8.30. Discussion Class, Thursday at 8.30. Elocution Class, Friday at 8.30.

OPEN-AIR PROPAGANDA.

SATURDAY 25.

8 Euston Road—Ossulston Street Nicoll and Cantwe
8 Mile-end Waste Mrs. Lahr, Kitz, and Wright

SUNDAY 26.

11 Commercial Road—Union Street The Branch
11 Latimer Road Station North Kensington Branch
11 New Cut—Short Street Miss Lupton, Coulon, and Buckeridge
11.30 Hammersmith Bridge Hammersmith Branch
11.30 Hoxton Church Burnie
11.30 Regent's Park Nicoll and Mainwaring
3 New Cut—Short Street Miss Lupton
3.30 Hyde Park—Marble Arch The Branch
3.30 Victoria Park Commonweal Branch
3.30 Streatham Common The Branch
7 Hammersmith Bridge Hammersmith Branch
7 Wormwood Scrubs North Kensington Branch
7.30 Croydon—Crownhill The Branch
7.30 Streatham—Fountain Mrs. Lahr
8 Kings Cross—Liverpool Street The Branch
8 Walham Green—back of Church Hammersmith Branch

WEDNESDAY 29.

7.30 New Cut—Short Street Miss Lupton and Leggatt

FRIDAY 31.

8.15 Hoxton Church Kitz and Mrs. Lahr

PROVINCES.

Aberdeen.—Saturday: Castle Street, at 7.30 p.m.
Glasgow.—Sunday: Jail Square at 2 o'clock; Paisley Road at 5 o'clock. Friday: Bridgeton Cross, at 8.15.
Leeds.—Sunday: Hunslet Moor, at 11 a.m.; Woodhouse Moor, at 3 p.m.; Vicar's Croft, at 6 p.m.
Leicester.—Sunday: Russell Square, at 10.45 a.m.; Market Place, at 6.15 p.m.; Humberstone Gate, at 8 p.m. Monday: Belgrave, at 8. Tuesday: Sanvey Gate, at 8. Wednesday: Braunstone Gate, at 8. Friday: Infirmary Square, at 8. Saturday: "Cross," Belgrave Gate, at 8.
Liverpool.—Landing Stage, Sundays at 11.30 a.m. and 3 p.m.
Manchester.—Saturday: Middleton market ground, at 7 p.m. Sunday: Philips Park Gates, at 11; Stevenson Square, at 3. Monday: Market Street, Blackley, at 8.
Nottingham.—Sunday: Sneinton Market, at 11 a.m.; Great Market, at 7 p.m.
Norwich.—Saturday: Haymarket, at 8. Sunday: Market Place at 11, 3, and 7.30.
Yarmouth.—Saturday: Church Plain Trees, at 8 p.m. Sunday: Priory Plain, at 11; Bradwell, at 11.30; London Boat Landing Stage, at 3; Colman's Granary Quay, at 7. Monday: Belton, at 8 p.m.

SOCIALIST LEAGUE PUBLICATIONS.

Leaflets.

All pamphlets not published by the Socialist League will in future be charged to Branches and Allied Societies at the following rates:—1d. each, 1s. 6d. per quire of 26; 2d. each, 3s. ditto.

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The Railway Kings and an American Empire	0 2

MISCELLANEOUS.

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STATEMENT OF PRINCIPLES.

THE Socialist League advocates International Revolutionary Socialism. That is to say the destruction of the present class society, which consists of one class who live by owning property and therefore *need not work*, and of another that has no property and therefore *must work* in order that they may live to keep the idlers by their labour. Revolutionary Socialism insists that this system of society, which is the modern form of slavery, should be changed to a system of Society which would give every man an opportunity of doing useful work, and not allow any man to live without so doing, which work could not be useful unless it were done for the whole body of workers instead of for do-nothing individuals. The result of this would be that livelihood would not be precarious nor labour burdensome. Labour would be employed in co-operation, and the struggle of man with man for bare subsistence would be supplanted by harmonious combination for the production of common wealth and the exchange of mutual services without the waste of labour or material.

Every man's needs would be satisfied from this common stock, but no man would be allowed to own anything which he could not use, and which consequently he must *abuse* by employing it as an instrument for forcing others to labour for him unpaid. Thus the land, the capital, machinery, and means of transit would cease to be private property, since they can only be used by the combination of labour to produce wealth.

Thus men would be *free* because they would no longer be dependent on idle property-owners for subsistence; thus they would be *brothers*, for the cause of strife, the struggle for subsistence at other people's expense, would have come to an end. Thus they would be *equal*, for if all men were doing useful work no man's labour could be dispensed with. Thus the motto of Liberty, Fraternity, and Equality, which is but an empty boast in a society that upholds the monopoly of the means of production, would at last be realised.

This Revolutionary Socialism must be International. The change which would put an end to the struggle between man and man, would destroy it also between nation and nation. One harmonious system of federation throughout the whole of civilisation would take the place of the old destructive rivalries. There would be no great centres breeding race hatred and commercial jealousy, but people would manage their own affairs in communities not too large to prevent all citizens from taking a part in the administration necessary for the conduct of life, so that party politics would come to an end.

Thus, while we abide by the old motto

Liberty, Fraternity, Equality,

we say that the existence of private property destroys Equality, and therefore under it there can be neither Liberty nor Fraternity.

We add to the first motto then this other one—

FROM EACH ACCORDING TO HIS CAPACITY, TO EACH ACCORDING TO HIS NEEDS.

When this is realised there will be a genuine Society; until it is realised, Society is nothing but a band of robbers. We must add that this change can only be brought about by combination amongst the workers themselves, and must embrace the whole of Society. The new life cannot be given to the workers by a class higher than they, but must be taken by them by means of the abolition of classes and the reorganisation of Society.

COUNCIL OF THE SOCIALIST LEAGUE.

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THE COMMONWEAL

The Official Journal of the SOCIALIST LEAGUE.

VOL. 6.—No. 251.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 1, 1890.

WEEKLY; ONE PENNY.

CHICAGO MURDERS & BLOODY SUNDAY.

"Let the voice of the people be heard."—Parsons.

Two Meetings to celebrate the Anniversary of above events will be held as follows—

ON TUESDAY, NOVEMBER 11th, at 8 p.m.

AT THE

MILTON HALL, HAWLEY CRESCENT,
KENTISH TOWN ROAD, N.W.

The following speakers will address the meeting:—Wm. Morris, F. Kitz, R. W. Burnie, J. Turner, Mrs. Lahr, Miss E. Lupton, Mrs. Schack, D. J. Nicoll, C. W. Mowbray, and Louise Michel.

Revolutionary Songs will be sung during the evening. Admission free.

ON THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 13th, at 8 p.m.

AT THE

UNITED RADICAL CLUB, KAY STREET,
HACKNEY ROAD, E.

For full particulars see small bills. Admission free.

Funds are urgently needed for the carrying out of the above meetings. All donations will be gladly acknowledged in the *Commonweal* by
F. KITZ, Secretary of S.L.

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WORKHOUSE SOCIALISM.

"GENERAL" BOOTH no doubt does deserve his title; his conduct of the "Army" shows that he is a general of no mean order. But like other people, he has the "defects of his qualities" as the French phrase it, and a good general is not likely to be a good citizen; for it is the business of a general to sacrifice everything to immediate success, and I cannot help thinking that the Salvation General does not fall behind others of his kind in this respect.

Anyhow, his "great scheme" as it is called, seems on the face of it to be meant as a bait to catch those who are looking open-mouthed for something to happen in the way of the improvement of life in this world, the reduction of some of the misery of modern civilisation. Indeed, there are plenty of well-meaning people with money to spare willing to impart it to the setting on foot of a "well-considered scheme" for the easing of their consciences by means of the amelioration of the lot of the poor; especially if such a scheme seems likely to dull the discontent now so rapidly rising all round about us, and which we hope will one day put an end to philanthropy by abolishing poverty. A safe scheme for the regeneration of society is likely to

make rich people open their purses, and I think it is no injustice to the General to say that he knows this well enough. Otherwise he might have discovered any time these twelve years that before people can turn their attention to religion, or anything else than the satisfaction of their daily needs, "they must be helped out of their present social miseries."

Meantime, since Mr. Booth is being proclaimed a new Socialist, and a prophet at that in some quarters, it may be as well to look for a minute at his scheme and see what it is worth, bearing in mind that it is put forward confessedly as a sort of shoeing-horn for a peculiarly degrading form of a worn-out superstition, which sees in the struggling world of men with all its aspirations and every changing succession of deeds, little more than an appendage and plaything of an irresponsible master, who neither asks nor allows mankind to understand him or his arbitrary commands.

For such a scheme of the universe, this social scheme of Mr. Booth's for dealing with the world as it is, is perhaps good enough, but for anybody with manly hopes for finding himself one of a band of friends, with a God, if he has a God, who is also a friend, this scheme of reform is inexpressibly shabby and sordid.

Yet, in a way, we should thank him for the figure of speech under which he shows us the labour of modern civilisation; or, to speak more plainly, the men who labour. Says he: "The cab-horse has its charter of two points; work is found for it, with food and lodging sufficient to enable it to get through its daily task—that is the first; the second is that when it falls down, whether it be by its own fault, or by that of others, it is helped up again—all questions as to who was responsible for its fall being deferred until it is set upon its feet again!"

We have said something like this ourselves from time to time, only we were looking on this state of things as a condition to be struggled out of, while to General Booth it is an ideal which has to be attained to. We must needs thank the General for showing us so clearly that we have not yet reached the cab-horse stage of prosperity.

It is natural that General Booth from the standpoint of this cab-horse ideal should sneer at those who venture to hope that civilised men may one day become as happy as savages and somewhat more wealthy. Natural also that as a "practical man" he should declare himself unable to wait any longer than the time necessary for effecting the smallest and most miserable of improvements. This is an old story that we are quite used to by this time; for we have seen on the one hand useless palliatives and blind-alleys of political trickery gone in for with enthusiasm, and on the other foolish pieces of rashness elevated into principles to be adored through thick and thin, all on the ground that we "cannot wait"; when in good truth we *must* wait for all that is worth having till people's minds are sufficiently impressed by the coming change to allow us to take definite action.

As for the "practical man" in question, the General: his practical scheme does not come to much; on the whole, it comes to less than any evasion of the real question which has been before the public. Whatever in it is not sheer nonsense—"utilising the waste of London," and so forth—seems to be taken from Mr. Herbert Mills' workhouse colony plan, which itself was taken from the Dutch beggar-colonies scheme actually in operation.

In fact, this wonderful new scheme of Salvation Socialism will not save many bodies, whatever it may do for souls. It is a very low form of what may be called, for lack of a better name, Workhouse Socialism, which takes it for granted that the workers must be in the main paupers, and which casts about for devices at once to get them better rations and to lower the cost of keeping them to the capitalists. The professors of this kind of Socialism (save the mark!) can see only that part of the workers who have been so degraded by the vile system under which we live that they seem at least wholly unable to help themselves, and so are fit subjects to be trotted about and organised by those of the well-to-do who are afraid or ashamed of the huge mass of misery which they form. These gentlemen never take any count of whatever is self-reliant or thoughtful amongst the workers, believing them, perhaps, to be too respectable to be either unhappy or discontented—in short, dangerous to the stability of society. I think they are reckoning without their host, and that it is rather from the work-shops than the slums that the serious attack on "civilised society" will

come; though I admit it *may* come with sickening slowness. That is not so much our business as the making it sure, as we certainly shall.

Indeed, the real point of interest in General Booth's cab-horse Socialism is that he should have found it necessary to take up the miseries of the disinherited in order to keep his Army going and to advertise it. A few years ago such a move would not have been thought of. Now nothing is of any interest in politics, sociology, or religion which does not manage to pin itself to the subject of the impending change which is certainly coming on the world. The failure of civilisation is manifest to everyone who takes the trouble to think at all, to everyone who is not fossilised by party political warfare. That gain at least we have won, and it is no small one.

WILLIAM MORRIS.

ANARCHIST MORALITY.

Now and again, perhaps, it is well to turn aside for a while from the haps and chances of the daily conflict and get back to first principles—those first principles of which one is a little apt to lose sight in the strife of detail which necessarily occupies so much of our time. The new Ethic of Free Communism is (as it seems to me) a subject of which we may well think a little at such times. It would be a pity if we should unreflectingly make our adversaries a present of the contentment they are so fond of, that without god or master there can be no morality at all. In striving to show that a Free Ethic is quite conceivable and intelligible, I am conscious for my part that I am not putting forth any very original views, and I do not claim to answer difficulties save in somewhat sketchy fashion. I had at one time thought of translating for the *Commonweal* a very admirable series of articles on Anarchist Morality which have recently appeared in *La Révolte* (and to that series of articles I at once confess myself deeply indebted for much of what follows); but on reflection I have thought it best to give my own conclusions on the matter, for what they may be worth. Of course it is understood that nothing that is written here is put forth as a dogma, but only as the provisional opinion of one comrade addressing other comrades. There is no such thing as dogma among Free Communists, and, at best, our opinions on this question must be provisional, since we have, and can have, no experience of Anarchism in actual operation.

A terrible word in the ears of some, that word of Anarchism!—and a word to the use of which the Socialist League is of course in no way committed. Individually, I call myself an Anarchist, because I look forward to a state of society where there shall be no more coercion in any shape exercised by any human being or set of human beings upon any other human being or set of human beings, where there shall be neither laws nor government—government being replaced by voluntary organisation, law being replaced by order (two words which ought not to be linked together, since they are really opposed to each other). Whether we may pass at once into such a free society as this, or whether it be possible to dispense with all government while we are actually in the throes of the Social Revolution, need not be considered here.

Anarchism being defined, then, for the purposes of this discussion, as the absence of any kind of coercion, what do we mean by "morality"? As already intimated, it doubtless seems to some that to talk about "Anarchist Morality" is like talking about snakes in Iceland or freedom in the England of to-day. Let us dispassionately enquire if, in truth, this be so.

We may at once make a verbal concession to our opponents—a concession which will serve, perhaps, to put us upon the true track which our investigation should follow. Taking the word "morality" in its strictly etymological sense alone, there is no such thing as Anarchist morality.

In that sense, of course, the word merely means "that which is customary." It is an heirloom from the old times of primitive tribal communism, when that was good which was in accord with the custom of the tribe, and that was bad which was contrary to such custom. The custom had usually (perhaps invariably, if analysed) some reason of tribal advantage behind it. It might indeed be very hurtful to the individual in its operation, very injurious to other tribes; but that mattered nothing: tribe A. cared naught for tribe B., and no heed was taken by any tribe of individual as distinguished from tribal welfare. Hence, of course, there were as many systems of morality as there were tribes. Morality, in this old and original sense, may still be found among many savages at the present day. Indeed (although the old customs have perished and others taken their places, and the reasons for these others have often also vanished) large survivals of the ancient reverence for what is customary still continue even under modern civilisation. Hence the conventionalism from which we all suffer to-day. A convention is only a custom the reason for which has departed.

However, in the main, the breaking up of the old tribalism was followed by new theories of good and evil, new systems of right and wrong. Right was no longer (in theory, at least, and largely in practice) based on what was customary, but on considerations of a very different character. Still, we may note, the old word "morality" was used, just as we propose to use it in speaking of Anarchist right and Anarchist wrong. The result of the disappearance of the primitive communism of the tribe and of the coming in of private property was to make the lives of the vast majority of men and women very miserable and wretched. In this world there was no hope for them. They were not indeed perhaps quite so unhappy in their lot as they have

since become, as chattel-slavery has transformed itself into wage slavery; but they were quite unhappy enough to make them despair of ever attaining to content in this life. In a way that would be too long to trace here, a belief in another life hereafter had gradually evolved itself. What wonder that the workers in desperation began to lend ear to any who would bring them glad tidings of great joy of happiness for them after death, since in this present life they could not enjoy it? What if torments in that other life were reserved for their masters, for the "certain rich man" of the parable; Abraham's bosom and the delights of paradise for them? To such a gospel as this (I am dealing, of course, with the instance best known to us of a change which took place wherever "civilisation" conquered; in Asia as well as in Europe) the poorer people listened gladly—listened so eagerly and with such conviction that in the end, for a time at least, and helped by barbaric invasions and other causes, they carried their masters over with them to the new faith. The workers were wretched because for them there was nothing but work; the masters themselves even found this life somewhat barren, because they had left themselves without work at all and without aim or object for their days:—

"In his cool hall, with baggard eyes,
The Roman noble lay;
Then drove abroad, in furious guise,
Adown the Appian way;
He made a feast, drank deep and fast,
And crowned his head with flowers;—
No easier or no quicker passed
Th' impracticable hours."

This is by the way. We are only now tracing the moral story of the human beings alone worth considering, them of the proletariat. The new religion brought in the new morality. Since Heaven was reserved for the wretched, Hell for those who had their good things here, was it not clear that someone up in the sky objected to people enjoying themselves, on earth at least?—that he liked to see men miserable below? This seemed logical, at any rate. As, of course, good people went to Heaven, bad people to Hell, it must evidently be good and moral to be wretched, bad and immoral to be happy. Hence, while the old morality had been founded on tribal custom, the new morality was founded on asceticism—*i.e.*, the renunciation of natural pleasures here, in order to find supernatural pleasures by and by. Anything that attached us to this earth, where we had "no continuing city," was wicked. Of course, the very constitution of our bodies, our old friend "human nature" (which, as we know, is "desperately wicked") would not allow this theory to be fully acted upon in practice; but approximations were made to it. Cardinal Manning, General Booth, Mr. Stead, gospel-grinders of all shades, preach it to this day. Meanwhile the modern bourgeois has evolved a new form of morality for himself, which he calls Utilitarianism or "enlightened self-interest." This practically means that he is the good and moral man who succeeds by force or fraud in forcing himself to the front in the struggle of modern commercialism. I do not think this morality ever had any real hold on the workers, and therefore I pass it by here. It has been well dealt with by a comrade from whom most of us differ very widely, and who is not an Anarchist—I mean Belfort Bax, in his essay on the "Ethics of Socialism."

Now Anarchists, of course, reject all these theories of morality,—the old customary morality because the particular society to which it was applicable has gone, never to return; the religious morality because they know nothing of any life beyond the grave, and because they decline to be miserable at the behest of any real or fancied god or lord; the bourgeois morality because it involves the system of competition, which means, in the result, the system of bossdom, which is the negation of Anarchism. Moreover, Anarchists, I apprehend—believing (as they do believe) in the autonomy of the individual and his need for free self-development, unfettered by physical coercion or intellectual dictation from others—cannot accept any dogmatic system of morality saying to each, "Thou shalt not do this, or leave that undone," at all.

Does it follow, then (returning to our original question) that there is no such thing as Anarchist morality? Some calling themselves Anarchists have answered, "Yes, there is no such thing. Man is only an animal like the others. In every action of his life he is merely obeying a need of his nature. His needs, call them good or bad, he must satisfy. If it pleases him to die on a barricade for human solidarity, like a Parisian artisan, or on the scaffold for Anarchy, like our comrades in Chicago, he does it because it gives him pleasure to die for an idea—more pleasure than to live,—because he *must*. So, if he betrays his comrades to the police, he *only* does it because, given his constitution and his surroundings, he *must*. In either case, he only acts as circumstances force him, and it is absurd to apply terms of praise or blame to acts which he cannot help. Such acts are neither bad or good; they are indifferent."

R. W. BURNIE.

(To be concluded.)

LEEDS.—On Sunday we held two meetings with the assistance of comrade Pillier who came over from Dewsbury. Audiences and collections not so large as usual because of the severe coldness of the weather and the distressing rain which fell in the morning. In the afternoon many of our comrades attended the labour demonstration on Hunslet Moor and sold about 170 *Commonweal* and pamphlets, making a total of about 290 *Commonweal* and pamphlets for the week. We are vigorously pushing forward our arrangements for the commemoration meeting of the Chicago Martyrs. The Oriel Hall, Cookside Street, has been taken, posters and handbills are being printed, and we are expecting a party of comrades from Sheffield to aid us in making it a thorough success. We are expecting a crowded meeting. The speakers will be Hall, Charles, Bingham, Sweeney, Cores, and Samuels.—G. C.

DIVES.

You go to Church clad in your Sunday best,
And pray for all the needy and oppressed;
And who the needy are, you best should know:
For you, and such as you, do keep them so.

You praise the Lord, and rise refreshed from prayer,
To kick the hungry beggar down the stair;
And fondly think you'll enter Heaven's gate
Because you've put a halfpenny in the plate.

Your daughters, too, to sing their (dress) maker's praise,
In Church assemble on the Sabbath days;
While half the gaudy flummery they wear
Would keep a poor man's family for a year.

You leave the House of God resigned and meek,
To rob and cheat your neighbours all the week;
You tell the poor of mansions in the sky,
And draw your rack-rents from the slum close by.

Though indigence and want are everywhere,
You will not see—your eyes are closed—in prayer.

FROM *Cynicus*.

NOTES.

At the Halle Congress the "old gang" of Social Democrats have been showing themselves in their true colours. We knew before that, in the eyes of Bebel, Liebknecht, and the rest, anti-Parliamentarians were invariably traitors and police spies. It is, I suppose, only natural that "leaders" who have become absorbed in that Parliamentary game of "much ado about nothing," which seems to have such a strange fascination for some minds, should in all honesty take this view. Now, however, Liebknecht extends the accusation even to Social Democrats, who chafe a little under the dictatorship of the Reichstag members. It is, perhaps, time that Revolutionary Socialists should frankly express a little of the disgust they must feel at seeing the red flag dragged through the mire in this fashion.

The scribe who writes the demi-semi Socialistic leaders in the *Daily Chronicle*, is of course delighted to see that "the Germans . . . have finally resolved to trust to Parliamentary methods and constitutional action in the pursuit of their objects." He takes opportunity at the same time to attack the First of May demonstrations (boycotted, it will be remembered, by the Social Democratic leaders in Germany). Moreover, it seems that, according to him, even Parliamentary methods will not avail unless they be left mainly in the hands of bourgeois thieves. "We would warn working-men," he says, "against the mistake of supposing that no man can be a good Labour candidate who does not work at what is called manual labour. . . . No one should be proscribed because of his occupation. The merchant and the lawyer, the doctor and the journalist" (does the cloven hoof peep forth a little here?), "the teacher and the artist should be equally eligible, if their principles are such as to entitle them to public confidence." How nice it is to "earn" two or three guineas a leader by "warning" and admonishing working-men, and how unfortunate it would be if a "violent" Revolution were to interfere with this pleasant arrangement!

Let justice, however, be done even to a Radical newspaper. The *Daily Chronicle* has rendered our Cause a signal service by printing a verbatim report of our friend Grant Allen's quite admirable lecture on "Socialism and Natural Selection." It is not often that I find much to praise in Fabian deliverances; but here surely we have the proverbial exception to every rule. Grant Allen has crushed once for all, in most masterly fashion, the silly but constantly recurring objection of half-educated would-be scientists that Socialism would seek to interfere with natural selection. "Those who advance it," says our friend truly, "do not know what is meant by Socialism, and do not know what is meant by natural selection." The whole paper breathes the principles of Free Communism.

Mrs. Fawcett, who is delivering a "course" on the "Problems of Poverty," is a lecturer of another sort. This "lady" (she would be offended, I suppose, were I to speak of her as "this woman") is of opinion that one great cause of poverty is drunkenness, an example of the "cart before the horse" to which we are accustomed. Some of us will remember that her late husband (who was, forsooth, in middle-class eyes, a great authority on "political economy") was actually under the impression that Socialists proposed to divide the land of the country equally among all the inhabitants! Mrs. Fawcett, thanks perhaps to the propaganda of the last ten years, knows just a little better than this; but, as with many others, so with her, her hide-bound bourgeois prejudices will not allow her to realise our position.

She thinks it would be "dishonest" to retake from the capitalist his ill-gotten riches. This is because she does not even yet understand that his riches are ill-gotten, taken from the worker by force and fraud. She deems it very wicked to seek to intensify in violence the class-war, so that by bringing things to a head we may terminate that war by the abolition of classes; but she has not attempted to show how the conflict is to be ended in any other way. Her great argument,

however, is based upon the favourite middle-class wheeze that, taken away the fear of hunger, there will be no "stimulus to exertion." Of course the answer is of the simplest, viz., that men will work because the energy generated in the human body is greater than is needed for mere existence, and must be used up in some fashion. Man, all through his history, has shown that (odd as it may appear to Mrs. Fawcett) he, on the whole, prefers to use this surplus energy (whatever it may be) for social ends.

R. W. B.

INTERNATIONAL NOTES.

SPAIN.

The Barcelona *Productor* continues to furnish an admirable example of what a workers' paper should be. It is at once revolutionary and practical, full of "common-sense," yet with nothing bourgeois or academic about it. In the number for October 16, there is an interesting account of a method of federation of labour organisations which might well be imitated elsewhere than in Spain. A society has been formed there, entitled, "Pacto de Union y Solidaridad ó Federaci6n de Resistencia al Capital" (Covenant of Union and Solidarity or Federation of Resistance to Capital). This new federation (sprung from the First of May movement, and which has had such a vast influence in the Peninsula) proposes to "unite in common action the resisting force of the Spanish proletariat, so as to direct it against ruling Capitalism." The guiding principle of its constitution is the preservation of perfect autonomy to every individual, society, group, or federation joining it. There is no central directing body, no central fund. Each group or individual is responsible for its or his own conduct, and takes instructions from no "leaders." (Ben Tillett, McCarthy, and the rest, please note). The chief point insisted upon by the federation is simple enough, viz., "unconditional support of every strike entered upon by workers for the protection of their wounded dignity or the betterment of their conditions of labour." (If the Docker's Union had acted upon this principle, Southampton might have turned out differently). Every member undertakes to abstain from acting as a blackleg, no matter what the temptation, and to give all necessary support to every toiler who suffers in any way through doing his duty to his class.

It may be worth while again to repeat that Anarchists in Spain take an active and leading part in the labour struggles of the hour, without in the least compromising their opinions. In return they are trusted by the workers. The Parliamentary Socialists set their faces against strikes, but the Anarchists encourage them all as a preparation and rehearsal for the coming Universal Strike. In this connection I may note that our Spanish Anarchist comrades are already working towards a movement on the First of May next, which shall eclipse even that of this year.

One of the most striking figures of the past First of May, our comrade Joaquin Lopez, has just died, and died for others in such fashion as to extort the admiration even of the middle-class press. Lopez, who was only 26, had embraced Anarchist ideas with an enthusiasm which seized his whole being. He founded a paper in Valencia entitled *La Victima del Trahajo* ("Toil's Victim"). He took part in every meeting with entire forgetfulness of the personal responsibility that he incurred—ever urging the workers to leave pacific methods and enter upon the revolutionary period. On the 27th of April last he spoke some burning words on the occasion of a meeting of sympathy with the downtrodden Siberian prisoners which Spanish proletarians are not likely to forget. A prosecution followed, which is not yet over. During the events of May he worked with such activity as to inspire a most salutary terror in the capitalist ranks. He was cast into prison, and only released upon bail after two months' detention. Upon his release, he found that the masters had closed their doors upon him, and he led (he and his family) a life of terrible suffering and privation. When cholera broke at Valencia he offered himself as nurse and rendered (says a bourgeois organ) most important sanitary services. He joined the Society of the White Cross, and toiled day and night at the service of the plague-smitten patients, proletarians and bourgeois alike. Although he never ceased to be a revolutionist of revolutionists, yet his enemies themselves now admit that he was "a hero of the rarest virtue" ("en el fando un virtuosismo varán"). One afternoon, meeting a friend in the street, he told him that he thought "the snake had bitten him," speaking of the matter carelessly enough. Sure enough, cholera had claimed him, and in a few hours he was dead. He leaves behind him a widow and children who are in the greatest misery.

Our friends at Barcelona are still hard at work preparing for the Chicago celebration. They have sent to every workers' society of that city and neighbourhood a circular explaining the murderous deed of three years ago, and inviting the presence of all toilers. This admirable plan of propaganda might perhaps be imitated here.

The Basque-land Anarchists are in good hope of soon producing their journal, *El Combate*, of which I spoke last week. It is to be a Communist paper. Oddly enough, many Spanish Anarchists (possibly most Spanish Anarchists) are Collectivists, and the Barcelona *Productor* for October 19 contains an article on Communism attacking our formula, "From each according to his capacity, to each according to his needs," on the familiar lines of the "man who will not work," and so on.

We have received the third number of the series of papers contributed to the "second Socialist Contest" (*Segundo Certamen Socialista*), held at Barcelona on the 11th November, 1889. Some of the papers are really of exceptional value, and the present writer hopes to return to them.

FRANCE.

Up to the date of writing, there is little to report from across the English Channel this week. The internecine strife between the two factions into which the *Parti Ouvrier* (so-called Workmen's Party) has divided itself continues with redoubled venom. *Le Proletariat* and *Le Parti Ouvrier* fill their columns with little else. To anti-parliamentarians it seems a battle of kites and crows.

R. W. B.

PLEASE NOTE.—A Mass Meeting will be held on Saturday afternoon, Nov. 1, at the Great Assembly Hall, Mile-end, E., to protest against the inhuman treatment and persecution of Jews in Russia. The chair will be taken by Mr. James Beal, L.C.C. The following and others have been invited, and are expected to address the meeting: John Burns, L.C.C., Felix Volkovskiy, S. Stepniak, P. Kropotkin, Eleanor Marx-Aveling, Cunningham Graham, and William Morris. Doors open at 3 o'clock.



OFFICES: 24 GREAT QUEEN STREET, LONDON, W.C.

HAVE YOU NOT HEARD HOW IT HAS GONE WITH MANY A CAUSE BEFORE NOW: FIRST, FEW MEN HEED IT; NEXT, MOST MEN CONTEMN IT; LASTLY, ALL MEN ACCEPT IT—AND THE CAUSE IS WON

The COMMONWEAL is the official organ of the Socialist League; but, unless definitely so announced by the Editors, no article is to be taken as expressing in more than a general way the views of the League as a body. In accordance with the Manifesto and Statement of Principles of the League, the COMMONWEAL is an exponent of International Revolutionary Socialism. On minor differences of opinion the widest freedom of discussion is maintained. As all articles are signed, no special significance attaches to their position in the paper.

Articles and letters dealing with any phase of the social problem are invited and will meet with earnest consideration. They must be written on one side of the paper only, and accompanied by the name and address of the writer, not necessarily for publication. MSS. can only be returned if a stamped directed envelope accompanies them.

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Periodicals received during the week ending Wednesday October 29.

ENGLAND Belfast Weekly Star Die Autonomie Justice Labour Tribune People's Press Seafaring Worker's Friend New South Wales Sydney—Truth Australian Star Evening News Sydney—Bulletin	Chicago—Rights of Labour Vorbote Monist Detroit—Der Arme Teufel Los Angeles—Cal. Nationalist Kaweah (Cal) Commonwealth Philadel.—Knights of Labour Paterson Labour Standard S.F.—Coast Seamen's Journal San Francisco Arbeiterzeitung Pacific Union St. Louis—Anarchist St. Louis (Mo.)—Die Parole	BELGIUM Antwerp—De Werker Ghent—Vooruit
INDIA Bankipore—Bahar Herald	FRANCE Paris—La Revolte Paris—Bourse du Travail Le Parti ouvrier Le Proletariat Lyon—L'Action Sociale Lille—Le Cri du Travailleur Rouen—Le Salariat	SPAIN Madrid—El Socialista Madrid—La Anarquista Barcelona—El Productor Cadiz—El Socialismo
UNITED STATES New York—Der Sozialist New York—Freiheit New York—Truthseeker Twentieth Century Bakers' Journal United Irishman Workmen's Advocate Volne Listy Boston—Woman's Journal Investigator Boston—Liberty	HOLLAND Hague—Recht voor Allen SWITZERLAND Arbeiterstimme	GERMANY Halberstadt, Sonntags-Zeitung AUSTRIA Vienna—Arbeiter-Zeitung Trieste—Confeder. Operaia Brunn—Volksfreund Reichenberg—Freigeist
	ITALY Milan—Il Fascio Operaio	HUNGARY Arbeiter-Dochen-Chronik DENMARK Copenhagen—Arbejderen SWEDEN Malmo—Arbetet Stockholm, Social-Demokraten
		ARGENTINE REPUBLIC Buenos Ayres—Vorwarts El Perseguido Standard

"REVOLUTIONARY WARFARE."

II.

NO RENT AND A GENERAL STRIKE.

LET us now try to imagine what a General Strike would be like, and let us suppose that London leads the way. Let us see what it would mean to the smug City capitalist who resides, we will say, at Wood Green. He comes down to breakfast one morning, and as he gazes over the table which is plentifully spread with a luxurious breakfast, consisting of all delicacies in season and out of season, he muses over working-class discontent and the numerous strikes which have lately taken place. He sits down and commences to eat; while eating he takes up his *Times*, and reads in that "valuable" paper some news which rather spoils his appetite. The first head-line that meets his eye runs as follows: "Serious Revolutionary Movement in London," "A No-Rent Campaign in St. Luke's," "Police and Bailiffs Severely Beaten," "Barriades in the Streets." In disgust, he turns his eye to another portion of the paper; but here worse news awaits him. "The Eight Hours' Movement," "Important Meeting of Delegates," "A General Strike Resolved Upon." Throwing his eye down the paragraph, he finds that the strike is to begin that very morning, and that the men, despairing of any help from Parliament, are resolved to help themselves. He feels alarmed, but on further reflection decides on pooh-poohing the whole business in a superior middle-class fashion, "Non-

sense! Nonsense! A General Strike, never heard of such a thing; and as to the other rebels, the police will quickly put them down. If not the police, the soldiers. It is all those damned Socialist agitators; they ought to hang every man-jack of them!"

He finishes his breakfast and strolls down to the station. Outside he meets an agitated crowd of two or three thousand city men. "What is the matter?" he pompously inquires of a friend. "There are no trains," is the reply; "there is a General Strike in London, and not a single train has come out from there. Besides, I should not dare to go if there were, for they say there is a huge mob waiting at Finsbury Park, who threaten to lynch not only the guard and engine-driver of the first train that starts, but the passengers! They say the Social Revolution has broken out! Oh! what shall I do? What shall I do? I shall be late at the office!"

Our middle-class friend is not easily frightened, and as no trains arrive resolves to walk. Some friends accompany him, after leaving all their valuables behind. They reach Finsbury Park, and sure enough there is a big crowd there. The big crowd playfully inquiring as to "Whether they are blacklegs?" they explain that "They are City gentlemen!" and one murmurs an inquiry concerning the police. He is met with a yell of "Gone home! There ain't no police. We are our own police to-day!" The explanations of the City gentlemen, however, are accepted, and they are allowed to proceed upon their way after some jokers have bonneted them in a spirit of merry frolic. A little further on they notice that "No-Rent" is conspicuously posted up in every slum. At one time a merry populace takes them for bailiffs or landlords, and gives chase. They are rescued with difficulty, and the other two City gentlemen return home. Our friend, who is proud of his courage, perseveres. He soon comes upon a tram-car thrown over in the road, and he looks with a melancholy interest upon this relic of an attempt to run traffic with blackleg labour. He is not noticed now, for he moves with a dense crowd that is pouring towards the "Angel" at Islington, and besides, a good-natured workman is acting as his protector. He probably was never so polite to a working-man in his life before, and he clings to him with a personal affection which only an extreme sense of personal danger could excuse in a man of his respectability.

As they approach the "Angel" they are met by a dense crowd marching towards them, waving their hats and cheering like madmen. A gigantic workman on the shoulders of his comrades calls out in a stentorian voice for "Three Cheers for the Social Revolution!" The two crowds meet and mingle, and glad news is passed from mouth to mouth. The soldiers who were called out have refused to fire, and have joined the people; the police have mysteriously disappeared; the middle-class volunteers have not responded to the call of the Government, they preferred stopping at home, it was more comfortable and safer; the people, pouring in their thousands upon Downing Street, have found that the Government, together with the House of Lords and Commons, have also "retired," and the Revolution is accomplished.

Our City friend has scarcely time to grasp this remarkable fact before he is carried away in a big rush of starving unemployed, who are going for the provisions. They express such opinions as this, "As the Social Revolution has broken out they may as well have some grub! Wot's the use of a Revolution if you can't get nothing to eat?" Down go the shutters, and there is a free and rapid distribution of bread, meat, and groceries. Our friend, who is now rather dilapidated, is seized by some of the hungry and suspicious crowd. Opinions are divided as to his identity; they are doubtful whether he is a capitalist, landlord, bailiff, or "copper's nark." Many are inclined for Jeddart justice, stringing him up to a lamp-post first and settling these abstruse points afterwards. He is rescued, however, and is locked up in Islington Police-station for safety. He is released at midnight, and returns home to find that the Social Revolution has broken out at Wood Green also, and that there is a merry little party consisting of one sweep, two bricklayers, and a costermonger with their wives and families enjoying a communal meal in his drawing-room. They are very hospitable and good-natured, and advised him "to keep his pecker up and 'ave something to eat." He refuses any supper, however, and goes to bed very much shaken up by the events of the day.

We have treated from a humorous point of view the case of our City friend; we could treat it in no other way. But, speaking seriously, in our opinion the people must seize their own factories, streets, railways, mines, and all other means of production at the first favourable opportunity; they must clothe the naked and feed the hungry, and the first day of the Revolution must see the end of misery, poverty, and starvation. No Government can do this, the people must do it all and carry out the Revolution by the strength of their own right arms and their own courage, intelligence, and determination. Then if they fail, they will have no one to blame but themselves.

D. J. NICOLL.

For the 'Commonweal.'

A CONCERT AND BALL will be held at the Autonomie Club, 6, Windmill Street, Tottenham Court Road, W., on Monday, November 3rd, at 8.30 p.m., under the management of the 'Commonweal' Branch of S.L. The programme consists of music, choir singing, recitations, etc., and a grand variety entertainment by Rowson and Sons, who will give selections on violins and zither, violins and banjo, clog dancing, and character songs. Dancing will follow. Admission by programme, 6d. Programmes may be had from the Secretaries of London Socialist Clubs and Branches.

REVOLUTIONARY SOCIALISM AND "LABOUR REPRESENTATION."

THE Revolutionary Socialist often puzzles the novice in Socialism by his determined stand against and denunciation of "palliatives." He is often asked in tones of wonder why he should oppose anything that would make the strain of our social system press more lightly upon the oppressed. The novice naturally turns his eyes to Parliament, and visions of remedial measures pass in succession before him till he beholds the transformation of society into the "statist" of State Socialism.

His dreams of Parliamentary action are naturally seldom disturbed by the thought of the mighty economic movement that is working in its own way with dreadful earnestness the destruction of Modern Industrialism, and that to stop the action of the elements of decay—if that were possible—is only to prolong the agony and increase the miseries of a large section of the workers. No Act of Parliament can humanise competition, nor bring within its reach the helpless thousands whose sorrowful homes are their workshops.

The Revolution alone can bring salvation to the workers, and palliatives can only strengthen the conservative element in human nature and make the workers that they "benefit" more contented slaves. The Revolutionary Socialists are the only real practical men, and the politicians are the dreamers and utopists.

The agitation for an eight hours' day may be of use in knitting the workers more closely together, and turning their minds more directly to a consideration of their position in society as mere agents for the manufacture of wealth for others, and thus making more sure the destruction of the tyranny that renders them helpless to think seriously of any other question save the one of food, and that adulterated too! What a hollow mockery it is for the "professional spiritual guides" to preach "Take no thought for the morrow," when it is the leading impulse of all our actions to-day, developing the greed, the heartlessness, and separateness of all our lives.

An Eight Hours' Bill is an impossibility for a goodly number of years; but, supposing it were passed to-morrow, it would not do one-half the good claimed for it by its promoters. At the most only a few trades would benefit, and for a short time the aristocracy of labour would look with still deeper contempt upon the struggles of their more helpless brethren. I could almost go down on my knees and thank the gods for every new machine that is introduced. When Socialists fail the machines succeed! It is the duty of the Revolutionary Socialist to hail with delight every factor that tends to destroy our present society, and wherever possible to help it in the good work. He will not vote for tyrannical Tory, canting Liberal, or well-meaning Social Democrat, knowing well that "Labour representation" is a farce and a misdirection of energy that could be far better spent in organising the workers for the General Strike. He will help every act that tends to destroy the "sacredness" of "law-'n'-order" and promote a wholesome contempt for landlord and capitalist made "crimes." Rent, interest, etc., are so many devils set up for worship, and he ought to have the zeal of the theologian in striking at them on every possible occasion. He will help the workers to fight their battles in their own way, and show that by "constitutional methods" failure inevitably will be theirs. Whatever weapons the workers find at hand it is their duty to use; they cannot wait like the wealthy capitalist, for he wields the rod of starvation and will use it unmercifully.

Therefore, the revolutionist will teach that only by what is termed "lawlessness" can the workers gain the slightest temporary concession, till co-operation takes the place of brute competition. That the workers are already learning this lesson the Leeds and Southampton strikes show, and the grand spirit of revolt that is rapidly spreading will awaken the constitutional leaders from pleasant dreams of seats in the House of Commons and debates in County Councils.

The increasing solidarity of the workers throughout the world is one of the most hopeful signs to the revolutionist of the coming change, for in that alone he sees the one thing needful to make the General Strike a success. He can look serenely on the posings of the constitutional leaders in the front ranks of the Labour movement, knowing that the truce between Capital and Labour will soon be broken, and that they will have to move more quickly or be left far behind by the onward movement of the rank and file. While our blessed Parliament is "debating," and the Labour leaders moving heaven and earth for seats in the House of Commons, the economic movement, which is far beneath all that and far beyond their influence, is steadily going on, making more naked the social war and stripping it of the fine-spun garments woven by the professors of the "dismal science." It would indeed be difficult to-day to come across a worker who cannot in some fashion define his position in society. The most ignorant of them will agree that he is a mere instrument used by the more cunning, and consequently more powerful section of society, in ministering to all its real and fancied wants, his own always being strictly left out of account; and if he has soul enough in him to feel the "still small voice" of his ruined manhood, he will at once place himself in the active ranks of the rebels and declare war against a system that forcibly denies him the right to *live*.

The novice in Socialism does not see that all attempts at propping up our rotten system can only be done at the expense and still greater suffering of a large portion of the most helpless victims of society, even supposing Parliament sincere in its efforts to make more bearable the condition of the wage-slaves. Let him think of the years it

would take before a "respectable minority" of Labour representatives could be sent to the House of Commons, and he will soon conclude that far more effective and practical work can be done outside in organising labour and giving direction to the growing feeling of revolt. Instead of waiting for reactionary measures, let him preach the ideal of Socialism and inculcate the spirit of rebellion wherever he goes.

In the East-end of every great city a most successful crusade could be made against the payment of rent and taxes. Much would follow from this alone, and who can doubt the success of this when the huddled-up workers will be starving in the coming depression of trade. Not all the schemes of General Booth and his army of chloroformers will be able to stem the tide of discontent, and it is for the Socialist to give it enlightenment and direction.

The time has come now for an extension of the movement in a practical way. In every city and town where Socialist societies exist, bands of young men ought to be formed and excursions made through those parts of the country where "trespassers are strictly prohibited," and if a few rabbits or grouse could be caught it might give a zest to this new phase of the propaganda, which would soon become popular. The time is ripe for a new departure, and action like this would soon make the conditions possible for the issuing of a "No-Rent Manifesto."

Let us take every means in our power to harass the enemy, for every act of lawlessness is the preliminary to the Social Revolution. The resources of civilisation are great, and many are the ways of striking terror into the hearts of the enemy. J. M. B.

LIFE ON AN EMIGRANT SHIP.

COMRADES,—Having just come from Buenos Ayres among the human merchandise in the steerage of one of the Royal Mail steamers, it may interest some of the readers of the *Commonweal* to read what my experiences was under the circumstances.

We sailed on the 19th of September, and after leaving the Rio de la Plata we called first at Santos in Brazil. This is a beautiful place and splendid harbour, and is beside the port of disembarkation for the human material which is being imported in rather large quantities at present for the colonies in the province of San Paulo. As we anchored, a French steamer arrived, crowded with Italian immigrants, and in the evening, being ashore, I witnessed the transshipment of them to a lighter, which later on was towed up the river with barely standing room on board of her. From some of the passengers who came ashore in Santos I learned that there were 800 in all and that they were all going to San Paulo.

From our own experience on board of the "Trent" I judged that the passengers of the "Bearn" must have had a pleasant voyage of it in such a full ship. Worse awaits the poor creatures, however; for an Italian who joined us at Santos, and who had come down from San Paulo, told me that a few weeks before more than two thousand immigrants had arrived there and that they were wandering about half starved.

Brazil is at present going ahead on the same road of progress which I have seen have such a pleasant turning in the Argentine Republic. Free passages are given to all who wish to come, purely with the object of giving a value to the lands on which they may settle, and, where the climate permits them to do so, this will give such a value to the land as will completely exclude any but capitalists from possessing it. Then the earnings of the labourers becoming less and less—or as the "practical" people put it, "labour becoming cheaper and cheaper," everyone will soon be astonished at the great "progress" of the country, as shown by the rise in the value of land. Speculation will then drive this up far beyond its real value, the future prices of land will seem to have no limit, and then one fine day will come the inevitable smash, which will paralyse everything, and drive the labourer back to starve or fight in the country he came from.

It will take but a short time for this to be brought about in Brazil, for the greater part of the country is quite unfit for European races to live in. Men told me who came from Santos that there was no want of work there, as public works were in progress, but they said it was so horribly unhealthy that it was worse than other places where they were half starved. Everyone knows what a fever-den Santos is.

In spite of this I found that the hard work of loading and unloading ships and the coaling of steamers was done entirely by white men (Portuguese and Italian "free" labourers). Formerly, as I have seen, this hard work was all done by black slaves, but now the free whites have the privilege of killing themselves at it. The black man, as I have been told, is taking it pretty considerably easy in Brazil at present. He is not yet ambitious of making a fortune, the lazy fellow!

We loaded about ten thousand bags of coffee in Santos, and I don't know when I saw men working so hard as those who carried it aboard. Every man with a bag of coffee on his shoulders, and some with two and even three, came running up the gangway, flinging their load into the hold and rushing back again for another. It was quite a lively scene, and some of the poor fellows laughed and shouted as they became excited, and I heard some of our respectables remark how very happy the fellows were and what a lot of money they must earn! Some of them, I know, looked very much distressed, as the weather was very sultry, though we were very far indeed from the really hot season.

We took in a good many passengers here, and sailed for Bahia. Up to this the space provided for steerage passengers had not been quite full, and yet there was a horrible stench in the steerage, which I at first attributed to my fellow passengers, but which I found disappear here, though the number increased. The fact was that a quantity of jerked meat was discharged here, which had been stowed under our noses! When it left I had a better opinion of the passengers and felt a truly Christian spirit toward the company!

We called at Bahia, Rio Janeiro, and Pernambuco, and by the time [we left the latter place our space was well filled. It was almost impossible to sleep below, the atmosphere was so stifling, and we were not allowed to bring the company's mattresses on deck for fear they might be soiled, but a blanket and pillow on the hard deck was preferable to smothering below.

And the food! and the feeding! There was a group of Spaniards on board coming from Buenos Ayres—fine sturdy, strong fellows they were, as the Spanish workers in general are, thanks to the fact that Spain has not progressed like some of her neighbours, and ground body and soul of the

workers into riches for a few capitalists. Well, these men complained loudly one day of their treatment, and as I agreed with them, they requested me to go with them to the captain and protest.

We were fed almost exclusively on black beans and rice. Black water called coffee was served, with a piece of bread badly baked, at 6 a.m. Then at 8 we had beans and rice boiled in a mash, and ladled out to us from a bucket; which each one had to receive at the end of his bunk. As there are two rows of bunks, the feet of the man on top either brushed the hair of the man below or hung on each side of his nose! Fortunately I was on top.

Then you received your ladleful of the mash, scalding hot, on a tin platter which the ladle nearly filled, and then you must decide while your fingers burn whether you will be able to endure it on your thighs, or with a wrench round of your body place it hastily in the middle of your bed!

We generally got a chunk of nauseous-looking tough uneatable meat as second course, on the same platter, and a cup of wine; and the same at dinner at 1 o'clock. Tea and bread and butter at 5 p.m., and this closed the festivities. We occasionally got some variety in the way of macaroni and potatoes, but the diet was substantially as I mentioned from day to day. The wine supplied was by nature good common wine, but we were defrauded of it by the stewards, who went in for doing a little business on their own account. They contracted with a number of passengers to give them good diet on payment of two sovereigns a-head, and the way they did it was by keeping the best part of the food apart for them and getting it cooked specially, and by taking part of the wine for them and filling up with water for the other passengers.

Of course the protest to the captain had little or no result, except in bringing the wrath of the chief steward down on my devoted head because I acted as spokesman. The watering of the wine was, however, put a stop to, and the food was not quite so abominable as before.

Ah, how far the workers are yet from understanding their rights in such matters! While they who ought to have everything are treated invariably as animals, or as merchandise to be made money of, their masters in the cabin have plenty of space and ventilation and every convenience that can possibly be provided. The workers produce everything and are grudged the merest necessities; their masters produce nothing and have everything at their disposal.

J. CREAGHE.

(To be concluded).

THE LABOUR STRUGGLE.

A Bait for Blacklegs.

The dock directors undoubtedly know their game. They have prepared a bait for their "permanent men" which will undoubtedly take. Here are the particulars of this splendid offer: 1. An eight-hour day; 2. Twenty-four shillings a-week; 3. A week's notice on either side; 4. Half-pay during sickness; three days' leave a-year and holidays.

Now, the Company know very well that these terms will attract a tremendous rush of labour from the country districts, and not only will all the permanent men's places be filled, but there will be a large reserve army of labour at hand ready to crush the dockers should they revolt against the wholesale introduction of blacklegs which the company are evidently contemplating. For the amiable company announces that it will make no distinction between "free labour" and unionists for the future. This means that when they have attracted enough blacklegs by their glowing announcements, blacklegs will be given the preference. How much chance do our readers think anyone will stand who has made himself prominent as a unionist? When the company's foremen select their workers at the dock gates, it strikes me the blackleg will get the preference. The men will practically lose their last protection if their representatives are driven away by the company on November 3rd, when the old agreement expires. The union will then be no longer recognised, and if the men show fight a big lock-out will follow as a certainty. But what are the leaders of the union doing? O, they have the most touching faith in the directors; they appear to think that the directors are as much in love as the representatives of the dockers with Tom Mann's co-operative scheme; but they will find their mistake out. The company's magnificent offer of a "high" wage, with an eight hours day and a pension, to outsiders to come in and take the places of the dockers, ought to be quite enough to warn these gentlemen of the trouble in front of them; but they are totally blind to what everyone else can see. Although affairs are looking so threatening, yet the dockers' leaders are still standing cap in hand to the men who are about to make war on them. For instance, when Mr. Wilson, of the Seamen's Union, advised his men to be prepared for a strike last Saturday, the dockers' leaders at once announced that Mr. Wilson would find himself alone, and that a strike was the very thing they were "labouring day and night to avert." Very likely, but when the masters are determined on war, not all their piteous pleading will save them from it.

Allan and Co.'s "Settlement."

We said last week that Allan and Co.'s "settlement" would not work well, and we were right. On Thursday there was another dispute on account of the dust among the corn on the steamship "Brazilian." The "expert" was called in and gave his decision against the men. The men struck against this "decision," but their leader McCarthy persuaded them to go to work. The "friendly" press was very much down upon the corn-porters for striking against the decision of a Mark Lane gambler in corn; they ought to abide by agreements drawn up by their leaders, etc. We wonder if this precious agreement was explained to the men or whether it was concluded behind their backs. We know the dockers' leaders have done this before, and what they have done once they may do again.

N.

LIVERPOOL SOCIALIST SOCIETY.—Vegetarian Restaurant, Eberle Street, Dale Street.—Meets every Tuesday at 8 p.m.

DUBLIN.—A general meeting of the Irish Socialist Union will be held on Monday, November 3rd, at 8 p.m., at 87 Marlboro Street. Punctual attendance requested.

LEEDS.—The Chicago Commemoration Meeting will be held here at Oriol Hall, Cookridge Street, on Monday, November 10. Speakers—R. Bingham, Andrew Hall, F. Charles, T. Maguire, H. Samuels, and G. Cores.

SCOTTISH SOCIALIST FEDERATION.—EDINBURGH.—Labour Hall, 50 South Bridge. Business meeting, Fridays at 8 p.m. Lecture, Sunday November 2, at 6.30 (see *Evening News* Saturday). LEITH.—Henderson Street Hall, Sunday, November 2, Gilray on "Comradeship."

MR. CHAMPION IN AUSTRALIA.

MR. CHAMPION has certainly made a mess of it in Australia. There is ample evidence of this in the Australian papers that have reached us. Soon after this worthy gentleman landed, he began lecturing the trade unionists upon their proper behaviour, and curiously enough his advice was just what the employers desired. The Marine Officers were recommended to withdraw from union with the men; at the same time he advised the gas-workers to go back to work without demanding the dismissal of the blacklegs, and the unionists were told generally to treat the blackleg as a "brother." In fact, Mr. Champion recommended a base and cowardly surrender of nearly every claim the men had made. Luckily they saw through this treacherous advice, and our own comrades also were able to give some interesting facts concerning Mr. Champion's past career; and the result was that the Trades Councils of Melbourne and Sydney both passed resolutions repudiating Mr. Champion. The resolution of the Sydney Trades Council was passed after our comrades Thompson and McNamara had attended and shown Champion up. It runs as follows: "That this Council declines to recognise Mr. Champion as representative of trades-unionism, refuses to accept him as mediator in the present dispute, and regards his action during his visit to Australia as opposed to the best interests of labour." Great credit is due to our friends for their action; in fact it is certainly owing to the Australian Socialists that the workers were saved from the machinations of a treacherous scoundrel.

Mr. Champion got it very hot from the popular press. *Truth*, a well-known Sydney paper, has an article entitled "Mr. Chameleon Champion," from which we give a few extracts, just to show in what sort of estimation the late editor of the *Labour Elector* is held in Australia. The paper, after giving some account of the changes that "reptile" the chameleon undergoes, describes the changes of opinion which Mr. Champion has also experienced, and then says:

"Now, as regards Mr. Champion's fitness to act as mediator in the present dispute. His antecedents would scarcely seem to qualify him for the confidence of the Labour party. But admitting, for the sake of argument, that there had been nothing in the past career of this perigrinating Proteus to bar his way to the confidence and councils of Labour at this critical juncture, what shall be said of his recent utterances, artfully couched in the form of cautious deprecation and mild reproof? Hardly had this man been a week on our shores than he began to play the part of public catechist and rebuker. Without knowledge or the slightest circumspection he deals out approval and censure like some omniscient Solon, at whose nod and dictum the united forces of federated Australian Labour are expected to bow in abject obedience, to lay down their arms and fraternise with blacklegs. This would be yielding the neck of the Democracy to the crushing heel of Capital with a vengeance! Well may the Trades Hall Council of Melbourne and the Trades and Labour Council of Sydney repudiate the mission of one who preaches such dastardly subservience as this. In doing so they have vindicated the dignity of Labour and the righteousness of Labour's cause in the present terrible conflict. Such a mission is one which the paid emissary of a military tyrant and of the *Tory Times* alone is fit to undertake. Seeing themselves approached under the guise of friendship, by the agent of such interests, the workers might well exclaim, in the paraphrased language of Shakespeare's apostrophe to Cranmer:

Again! there is sprung up
A heretic, an arch one, Champion; one
Hath crawled into the favour of the King.

Mr. Champion has, doubtless, discovered ere this that his record has preceded him to Sydney; and that neither the countenance of an Emperor nor that of the aristocratic press of England, nor even that of the capitalistic press of Australia, will suffice to reconcile the Australian Democracy to the advocates of "scab" labour. Such advocates might as well sell their souls to the devil, as hire out their services to the enemies of their fellow-men. Perhaps the bargain with Beelzebub would be the less blameable. In any case, Mr. Champion fully understands by this time that he can have no honourable part or lot in the present great fight for the rights of humanity, as represented by Australian Labour. The confidence of the workers in England he irretrievably lost long ago; and now he has, consistently in accord with his past chameleon-like career, forever forfeited the right to enjoy that of the workers in Australia."

The reference to "a military tyrant" and "the *Tory Times*" may need some explanation. It is generally supposed that Mr. Champion has been employed by the German Emperor to collect facts and statistics concerning English trade unions. It has also leaked out that he has been sent to Australia as correspondent for the *Times* newspaper. Now we all know that the *Times* is the official organ of those capitalists who are the most bitterly opposed to trade unionism. It is, therefore, not remarkable that its correspondents should try to play the game of the capitalists in Australia. The Australian and English capitalists have formed an alliance in order to crush the workers, and Mr. Champion has been employed by these people as a useful and unscrupulous tool. The plot, however, has failed, and neither Mr. Champion's "conciliatory advice" nor his lying telegram of the other day, has had the least effect in defeating the Australian workers in their struggle for freedom. Mr. Champion has one consolation, if he is unpopular with the Australian workers he is very popular with the Australian capitalist classes. Their press praises him to the skies, and the "democratic" government, composed of sweating and swindling capitalists, has granted him a free pass on the "State" railways as a "distinguished" visitor. It is a pity that these gentlemen cannot provide Mr. Judas Champion with a "free" rope to hang himself, for his treachery is discovered and he will be of little use to his employers in future.

N

THE CHICAGO MARTYRS—DUBLIN.—The Irish Socialist Union will hold a Commemoration Meeting in honour of the Chicago Martyrs on Monday, Nov. 10, at 8 p.m., at 87 Marlboro Street. All sympathisers are invited to attend.

FABIAN SOCIETY.—A course of lectures on "COMMON OBJECTIONS TO SOCIALISM" will be given at Bloomsbury Hall, Hart Street, New Oxford Street, W.C. Friday, November 7, at 8 o'clock—IV. *That Socialism is incompatible with Political Economy.* "Because it would check production," William Clarke; "Because it would fail to provide for efficient management of industry," Louis Cohen.

NORTH KENSINGTON BRANCH.—A course of four lectures, entitled "*What becomes of our Wealth*," will be given by members of the Fabian Society at the Clarendon Coffee Palace, Clarendon Road, North Kensington, commencing next Sunday, November 2nd, at 7.30, when G. Bernard Shaw will open with "The Landlord's Share." Nov. 9th, Graham Wallas, "The Capitalist's Share." 16th, E. R. Pease, "The Labourer's Share." 23rd, W. S. De Mattos, "How Wealth will be Shared."

CORRESPONDENCE.

LAUNDRY WOMEN'S CO-OPERATIVE ASSOCIATION.

COMRADES,—We think in your haste to condemn us that you have scarcely correctly stated the principles of our Association. Our circular states that 5 per cent. will be paid on *non-worker* shares only, and that no interest is paid on *worker shares* at all; and if, therefore, our Socialist friends would kindly assist us by taking these shares, there would be no obligation upon us to issue the others. But, in any case, the Socialist Co-operative Federation, which permits its committee to borrow money at 5 per cent., should scarcely be thrown as a stone at us for adopting a plan by which we can raise the necessary money, which at present we have no other means of obtaining. The *non-worker* shares are by the rules to be paid off out of the first profits. We comment on your straining at a gnat and swallowing a camel by drawing attention so severely to a mere technical point, while making no remark on the terrible trade conditions under which laundry women are at present suffering, which we are at any rate honestly trying to alleviate—conditions of suffering which we think should appeal to all Socialists who have the cause of humanity at heart.—We are comrades (on behalf of the Committee), Yours in the Cause,

Signed { ANNIE MARSH,
JENNY WILLIS,
IDA MACKENZIE,
EDITH LUPTON, *Secretary*.

[We do not see that Miss Lupton's explanation alters the case very much. Although the Socialist Co-operative Federation may have power to borrow money at 5 per cent. in case of necessity, yet no interest is paid upon their shares, and we thought Miss Lupton's scheme would get more support from Socialists if this example was followed. We have quite as much sympathy with the sweated laundry women as Miss Lupton, only we are not sure that co-operation, or even trade unionism, will sweep their slavery away. They both may do something to improve the condition of some of these workers, but nothing but the Social Revolution will raise the mass from the horrible misery from which most working-women suffer at the present time.—Eds.]

"PIONEER AID AND SUPPORT ASSOCIATION."

COMRADES,—The appeal in the *Commonweal* two weeks since must not be neglected. I should propose that at every one of the Chicago Commemoration Meetings special collections be made, or the surplus remaining after expenses are paid, be reserved and sent to Mr. T. Grief, 54, West Lake Street, Chicago, Ill., for the purpose of helping to defray the expenses of a grand memorial stone to the memory of our murdered comrades, and as a token of our fraternity and international solidarity. Might I suggest to the committee in Chicago the advisability of placing on record the names of all the subscribing towns and cities, or societies, clubs, and branches. In conclusion, I would urge on all comrades the necessity of going over and taking part in the World's Congress of working-men in Chicago in 1893, and also at the unveiling of the monument, assuming of course that the system does not break down or up before then.—Yours fraternally,
Leeds. H. SAMUELS.

THE SOCIALIST LEAGUE.

OFFICES: 24, GREAT QUEEN ST., LINCOLN'S INN FIELDS, W.C.

The Offices of the Socialist League will be open for the sale of *Commonweal* and all other Socialist publications from 8.30 a.m. to 9 p.m. every day except Sunday. The Secretary will be in attendance from 10 a.m. to 9 p.m. daily.

Branch Subscriptions Paid.—1890:—North Kensington, to end of April. Glasgow, Oxford, Hammersmith, 'Commonweal' Branch, Manchester, and Norwich, to end of May. Yarmouth, to end of June. East London, to end of July. Leicester, to end of August. North London, to end of September. Streatham, to end of December.

NEW PREMISES FUND.

Collection by Council on October 27th, 5s. 2½d.

"COMMONWEAL" GUARANTEE FUND.

	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.
Glasgow Branch	0	5	0	H. R. (2 weeks)	0	2	0
W. Blundell	0	5	0	B. W.	0	0	6
M. P. H. (Oxford)	0	4	0				
Ph. Webb (4 weeks)	0	4	0	Total	1	0	6

REPORTS.

'COMMONWEAL' BRANCH.—Good meeting on Friday at Hoxton addressed by Blundell, Mrs. Blundell, and Cook; some opposition by a well-dressed individual in the crowd, who, on hearing the announcements made with reference to our commemoration meetings and Chicago comrades, thought they were justly hanged and imprisoned; he was advised to come to our meetings and hear the facts; we sold one quire of 'Weals.

ABERDEEN.—Comrades Leatham, W. Cooper, and Rennie addressed an open-air meeting at the fountain, Woodside, on Sunday afternoon, 19th Oct. At the indoor meeting in the evening the Introduction to 'Commercial and Communal Economy,' by Carruthers, was read and discussed. A good meeting was held on Castle Street on Thursday evening; the speakers were W. Cooper and Leatham; and on Saturday night in the same place Rennie, Aiken, and Leatham spoke to an enthusiastic crowd. Through the overcrowding at our indoor meetings we have been induced to take the Oddfellows' Large Hall for Sunday nights, which is seated for 400, where we commence to-night (26th Oct.) with a debate on the best means of securing an eight hours day. Comrade Duncan will open in favour of a general strike and comrade W. Cooper in favour of legal enactment.—G. A. C.

GLASGOW.—We have had to abandon our Bridgeton Cross meeting on Friday nights, owing to the space being quite monopolised by hucksters and cheap-jacks. On Sunday evening comrade Brodie, vice-president of the Trades Council, addressed our Paisley Road Toll meeting. 4s. 8d. was collected for the blast-furnace men on strike.

SCOTTISH SOCIALIST FEDERATION—EDINBURGH.—Good meetings were held on Sunday both here and at Leith. In the afternoon Mackenzie, Hamilton, and Connolly spoke in the Meadows, but cold and rain, or providence, drove the audience off. In Labour Hall in the evening Gilray addressed a good audience on "Comradeship." Howie spoke at Leith on "The Energy We Waste," and was well received. Good discussion followed at each meeting.—W. D. T.

LECTURE DIARY.

LONDON.

- Battersea*.—All communications to E. Buteux, 45, Inwith Street, Battersea Park Road.
- Commonweal Branch*.—24 Great Queen Street, Holborn, W.C. Tuesdays, Singing Practice. Thursdays, Business meeting. Saturdays, Social Gathering. Sunday, November 2, at 8.30 p.m., Mrs. Blundell, "Socialism."
- East London*.—H. McKenzie, 10 Victoria Dwellings, Clerkenwell Road, E.C.
- Hammersmith*.—Kelmescott House, Upper Mall, W. Lecture every Sunday at 8. French Class conducted by Mde. Desroches on Friday evenings at 7.30.
- North Kensington*.—Clarendon Coffee Palace, Clarendon Road. Meets every Wednesday at 8 p.m. Band practice every Friday at 8 p.m.
- North London*.—6 Windmill Street, Tottenham Court Road. Meets every Wednesday evening at 8 o'clock.
- South Side Branch*.—E. Lupton, 59 Selhurst Road, S.E., secretary *pro tem*.
- Whitechapel and St. Georges-in-the-East*.—Branch meetings at International Club, 40 Berner Street, Commercial Road. J. Turner, organising secretary.

PROVINCES.

- Aberdeen*.—Organiser, J. Leatham, 7 Jamaica Street. Branch meets in Oddfellows' Small Hall, Crooked Lane, on Sunday evenings at 6.30. Singing practice, etc., Mondays at 8 p.m.
- Glasgow*.—Members are invited to meet on Thursday and Sunday evenings, at 8 o'clock, in the Secretary's house, 250 Crown Street, S.S. All communications to be sent to that address.
- Halifax*.—Socialists meet every Sunday at 6.30 p.m. at Helliwell's Temperance Hotel, Northgate.
- Hull*.—Club Liberty, 1 Beets Court, Blanket Row.
- Leeds*.—Socialist League Club, 1 Clarendon Buildings and Front Row. Open every evening. Business meeting Saturdays at 8.—International Educational Club, Templar Street. Open every evening. Discussion class every Friday at 8; lectures every Saturday at 4. All kinds of Socialist literature on tables and for sale.
- Leicester*.—Room No. 7, Co-operative Hall, High Street. Branch meeting on Thursday at 8 p.m.
- Manchester*.—Socialist League Club, 60 Grovesnor Street, All Saints. Open every evening. Branch weekly meeting on Tuesdays at 8. Saturday, October 25, lecture by Graham Wallas (Fabian), "The Future of Democracy."
- Nottingham*.—Socialist Club, Woodland Place, Upper Parliament Street. Club contribution, 1d. per week; Dancing every Wednesday, 8 till 10.30—fee 3d.
- Norwich*.—Members' meeting held every Tuesday at 8.30.
- Oxford*.—Temperance Hall, 25½ Pembroke Street. First Friday in every month, at 8.30 p.m.
- Sheffield*.—Socialist Club, 63 Blonk Street. French Class, Tuesday at 8.30. Discussion Class, Wednesday at 8.30. Open-air meetings are held as follows:—Sunday: Monolith, Fargate, at 11.30; Newhall Road, Attercliffe, at 11.30; Pump, Westbar, at 8; Heeley, Maresbrook Park, at 7.30; Monolith, Fargate, at 6.30; Rotherham, Colledge Yard, at 3.15. Wednesday: Nursery Street, Wicker, at 8. Thursday: Bramall Lane, at 8; Eckington, at 6.30. Friday: Duke Street, Park, at 8. Saturday: Woodhouse, at 7.
- Walsall*.—Socialist Club, 18 Goodall Street, Walsall. Meetings every night.
- Yarmouth*.—Socialist League Club, 56 Row, Market Place. Open every evening. Business Meeting, Tuesday at 8. Singing Practice, Wednesday at 8.30. Discussion Class, Thursday at 8.30. Elocution Class, Friday at 8.30.

All persons who sympathise with the views of the Socialist League are earnestly invited to communicate with the above addresses, and if possible to help us in preparing for the birth of a true society, based on equality, brotherhood, and freedom for all.

OPEN-AIR PROPAGANDA.

SATURDAY 1.

- 8 Euston Road—Ossulston Street Nicoll and Cantwell
- 8 Mile-end Waste Mrs. Lahr and Wright

SUNDAY 2.

- 11 Commercial Road—Union Street Mrs. Lahr
- 11 Latimer Road Station North Kensington Branch
- 11 New Cut—Short Street The Branch
- 11.30 Hammersmith Bridge Hammersmith Branch
- 11.30 Hoxton Church The Branch
- 11.30 Regent's Park Nicoll
- 11.30 Thornton Heath Harding and Miss Lupton
- 3.30 Croydon—Handcroft Road Harding and Miss Lupton
- 3.30 Hyde Park—Marble Arch Mainwaring and Nicoll
- 3.30 Victoria Park Commonweal Branch
- 3.30 Streatham Common The Branch
- 7 Hammersmith Bridge Hammersmith Branch
- 7 Wormwood Scrubs North Kensington Branch
- 7.30 Croydon—Crownhill Leggatt
- 7.30 Streatham—Fountain Kitz
- 8 Kings Cross—Liverpool Street The Branch
- 8 Walham Green—back of Church Hammersmith Branch

WEDNESDAY 5.

- 7.30 New Cut—Short Street Miss Lupton and Leggatt

FRIDAY 7.

- 8.15 Hoxton Church Kitz and Mrs. Lahr

PROVINCES.

- Aberdeen*.—Saturday: Castle Street, at 7.30 p.m.
- Glasgow*.—Sunday: Jail Square at 2 o'clock; Paisley Road at 5 o'clock.
- Leeds*.—Sunday: Hunslet Moor, at 11 a.m.; Woodhouse Moor, at 3 p.m.; Vicar's Croft, at 6 p.m.
- Leicester*.—Sunday: Russell Square, at 10.45 a.m.; Market Place, at 6.15 p.m.; Humberstone Gate, at 8 p.m. Monday: Belgrave, at 8. Tuesday: Sanvey Gate, at 8. Wednesday: Braunstone Gate, at 8. Friday: Infirmary Square, at 8. Saturday: "Cross," Belgrave Gate, at 8.
- Liverpool*.—Landing Stage, Sundays at 11.30 a.m. and 3 p.m.
- Manchester*.—Saturday: Middleton market ground, at 7 p.m. Sunday: Philips Park Gates, at 11; Stevenson Square, at 3. Monday: Market Street, Blackley, at 8.
- Nottingham*.—Sunday: Sneinton Market, at 11 a.m.; Great Market, at 7 p.m.
- Norwich*.—Saturday: Haymarket, at 8. Sunday: Market Place at 11, 3, and 7.30.
- Yarmouth*.—Saturday: Church Plain Trees, at 8 p.m. Sunday: Priory Plain, at 11; Bradwell, at 11.30; London Boat Landing Stage, at 3; Colman's Granary Quay, at 7. Monday: Belton, at 8 p.m.

SOCIALIST LEAGUE PUBLICATIONS.

Leaflets.

All pamphlets not published by the Socialist League will in future be charged to Branches and Allied Societies at the following rates:—1d. each, 1s. 6d. per quire of 26; 2d. each, 3s. ditto.

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To Working Women and Girls ...	3 0
Socialism and "Public Opinion" ...	2 0
Songs for the Workers (2 leaflets)—each	2 0

American Literature.

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Modern Christianity v. Heathenism ...	0 9
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The Great Strike: the Irrepressible Conflict between Capital and Labour ...	0 4
What is Freedom? When am I Free? ...	0 4
The Railway Kings and an American Empire	0 2

MISCELLANEOUS.

The Triumph of Labour. Memorial Cartoon of the Great Dock Strike, Sept. 1889. With cardboard roll, 6d.; artist's edition, ditto ...	1 0
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The above Leaflets, at prices given, can be had from the *Commonweal* manager in any quantities by Branches, members, or sympathisers, for distribution, 24, Great Queen Street, Lincoln's Inn Fields, London.

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"There will come a time when our silence will be more powerful than the voices you strangle to-day."
—AUGUST SPIES.

THE

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THEIR SPEECHES IN COURT.

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STATEMENT OF PRINCIPLES.

THE Socialist League advocates International Revolutionary Socialism. That is to say the destruction of the present class society, which consists of one class who live by owning property and therefore need not work, and of another that has no property and therefore must work in order that they may live to keep the idlers by their labour. Revolutionary Socialism insists that this system of society, which is the modern form of slavery, should be changed to a system of Society which would give every man an opportunity of doing useful work, and not allow any man to live without so doing, which work could not be useful unless it were done for the whole body of workers instead of for do-nothing individuals. The result of this would be that livelihood would not be precarious nor labour burdensome. Labour would be employed in co-operation, and the struggle of man with man for bare subsistence would be supplanted by harmonious combination for the production of common wealth and the exchange of mutual services without the waste of labour or material.

Every man's needs would be satisfied from this common stock, but no man would be allowed to own anything which he could not use, and which consequently he must abuse by employing it as an instrument for forcing others to labour for him unpaid. Thus the land, the capital, machinery, and means of transit would cease to be private property, since they can only be used by the combination of labour to produce wealth.

Thus men would be free because they would no longer be dependent on idle property-owners for subsistence; thus they would be brothers, for the cause of strife, the struggle for subsistence at other people's expense, would have come to an end. Thus they would be equal, for if all men were doing useful work no man's labour could be dispensed with. Thus the motto of Liberty, Fraternity, and Equality, which is but an empty boast in a society that upholds the monopoly of the means of production, would at last be realised.

This Revolutionary Socialism must be International. The change which would put an end to the struggle between man and man, would destroy it also between nation and nation. One harmonious system of federation throughout the whole of civilisation would take the place of the old destructive rivalries. There would be no great centres breeding race hatred and commercial jealousy, but people would manage their own affairs in communities not too large to prevent all citizens from taking a part in the administration necessary for the conduct of life, so that party politics would come to an end.

Thus, while we abide by the old motto

Liberty, Fraternity, Equality,

we say that the existence of private property destroys Equality, and therefore under it there can be neither Liberty nor Fraternity.

We add to the first motto then this other one—

FROM EACH ACCORDING TO HIS CAPACITY, TO EACH ACCORDING TO HIS NEEDS.

When this is realised there will be a genuine Society; until it is realised, Society is nothing but a band of robbers. We must add that this change can only be brought about by combination amongst the workers themselves, and must embrace the whole of Society. The new life cannot be given to the workers by a class higher than they, but must be taken by them by means of the abolition of classes and the reorganisation of Society.

COUNCIL OF THE SOCIALIST LEAGUE.

Printed in the Socialist League Printery, and published in the name and on behalf of the Socialist League, by FRANK KIRZ, at 24 Great Queen St., Lincoln's Inn Fields, London W.C.

THE COMMONWEAL

The Official Journal of the SOCIALIST LEAGUE.

VOL. 6.—No. 252.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 8, 1890.

WEEKLY; ONE PENNY.

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CHICAGO MURDERS & BLOODY SUNDAY.

"Let the voice of the people be heard."—Parsons.

Two Meetings to celebrate the Anniversary of above events will be held as follows—

ON TUESDAY, NOVEMBER 11th, at 8 p.m.

AT THE

MILTON HALL, HAWLEY CRESCENT,
KENTISH TOWN ROAD, N.W.

The following Speakers will address the meeting :—

WM. MORRIS. F. KITZ. R. W. BURNIE. J. TURNER.
MRS. LAHR. MRS. SCHACK.
D. J. NICOLL. C. W. MOWBRAY. LOUISE MICHEL.

The following Resolutions will be submitted to the meeting :—

CHICAGO MARTYRS.

"That this meeting, called together to commemorate the legal murder of four men in Chicago on November 11th, 1887 (Parsons, Spies, Fischer, and Engel), the driving to suicide of another (Lingg) in prison, and the cruel imprisonment of three more (Fielden, Schwab, and Neebe), by the government of the State of Illinois, for the crime of encouraging workmen on strike and helping them to carry on the struggle against their masters, and the further crime of trying to maintain the rights of free speech and public meeting, calls the attention of the workmen of the world to the gradual abrogation of these rights in all capitalistic countries, and while emphatically denouncing the tyrannical interference with these elementary rights, points out that it is a natural and necessary result of a so-called Society based upon the robbery of Labour."

BLOODY SUNDAY.

"That this meeting also denounces the similar attack on free speech and the right of public meeting in London on Sunday, November 13, 1887, through which three men were killed (Linnell, Curwen, and Connell), one (Harrison) so injured that he died after a painful and lingering illness, and many sent to prison after a mere mockery of trial for being present at a political meeting which was ferociously attacked by the police."

Revolutionary Songs will be Sung during the Evening.

Doors open at 8 p.m.; commence at 8.15. Admission Free.

ON FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 14th, at 8 p.m.

AT THE

UNITED RADICAL CLUB, KAY STREET,
HACKNEY ROAD, E.

For full particulars see small bills. Admission free.

Funds are urgently needed for the carrying out of the above meetings. All donations will be gladly acknowledged in the *Commonweal* by
F. KITZ, Secretary of S.L.

THE CHICAGO MARTYRS.

In Memoriam.

Murdered by law, Nov. 11, 1887.	Killed himself in prison, Nov. 10.
GEORGE ENGEL	LOUIS LINGG
ADOLPH FISCHER	Imprisoned for life.
ALBERT R. PARSONS	SAMUEL FIELDING
AUGUST SPIES	MICHAEL SCHWAB
	Fifteen years' imprisonment.
	OSCAR NEEBE

THE capitalists of America thought that they had crushed the Labour movement when they strangled four men upon the gallows at Chicago. The rich men of England also imagined they had provided an adequate remedy for the wrongs of the poor by driving them away by blows of the bludgeons of their hired bullies from Trafalgar Square; but have they been successful? No! the memory of the murdered men in Chicago and London now stirs the hearts of the people, and in the place of thousands who believed then that a better life was possible for the workers in all lands, hundreds of thousands believe now.

"Our silence will be more powerful than the voices you strangle to-day!" said Spies upon the scaffold at Chicago, and has not the silence of these murdered men been powerful? Why, if we were superstitious we should say that the avenging spirits of the dead were sweeping over the world borne by the wings of the wind to rouse the people to battle against their tyrants.

Let our friends who believe that an Eight Hours' Day is one of the things needed to free the workers from the evils of low wages and over-work, which now weigh so heavily upon them, remember that it was for taking part in an attempt to realise an Eight Hours' Day—in the only way in which we Revolutionary Socialists maintain it can be carried, by a General Strike in all trades and industries—that our comrades were murdered. As revolutionists they knew that an Eight Hours' Day would in the end make but little difference to the workers, but they did not refuse to take part in a General Strike, which they knew is the only method by which the people can ever rid themselves of their tyrants and oppressors.

And it is because our comrades were revolutionists, because they did not cry "Peace! Peace!" when there is no peace, that we find that they are not so popular with those organs of the capitalist classes, who affect to champion the cause of the workers, and who diligently puff every humbug who pretends to cure serious social diseases with quack medicines. Well, wisdom is justified of her children, and the admirers of the pious quack-salvers, who do but "skim and film the ulcerous place, whilst rank corruption mining all within affects unseen," may some day cease their eloquent cackling and learn what geese they were!

Yes, our comrades were revolutionists, and therefore said that the ills with which modern society is sick unto death sprang from one cause alone, the robbery of labour by a rich idle class; remove this cause and our sick society would return gradually to health and vigour, let it remain and not all the quack remedies of politicians, cardinals, bishops, and "generals" can save society from death. It was for preaching these ideas, which were rightly held to be very "dangerous" to the wealth of the monopolists, that our comrades were murdered.

But were they not physical-force revolutionists? Did they not advise the people to use armed force against the capitalists? What if they did? Did not the capitalists previously threaten to use force against the people? They not only threatened, but they did it—witness the men shot down at McCormack's Works. And is it not

also a fact that a gang of hired murderers was advancing upon a peaceful meeting with the full intention of murdering the people who were present, when an unknown hand threw the bomb which prevented the massacre. Surely the rich men who, whenever a strike is on in any country, shriek for Pinkertons, troops, ball cartridge, and gatling guns, have no right to complain if the workers meet force with force.

Not even the deadliest foes of our comrades can deny their courage and sincerity. They believed what they taught and they died for their faith. Let us ask the same question of you, reader—do you believe what you preach? Whether you are politician, religionist, Socialist, or freethinker, that is really the question of questions. Not in the history of the world was there such an age of shams as the present. Men have lost faith in all, and rightly too. The very food we eat, the clothes we wear, the houses we dwell in, the gods we worship, or affect to worship, are not what they pretend to be. And it is in these days, in a world from which goes up a mournful wail of pessimism from the satiated rich in their heaven of idle luxury, and a cry of frightful despair from the suffering poor, tortured and starved in the hell of the slums; at a time when all can see the inevitable revolution approaching that has come at the end of every century for the last five hundred years,—we feel that there is only one living faith on earth. For this faith our dead comrades lived and died, for this faith three others are now suffering a doom that is even harder—a living death amidst prison tortures; and in the name of both living and dead we appeal to you to-day to join hands with us to save the people from starvation, misery, and oppression.

D. J. NICOLL.

SOCIALISM OF THE MARKET-PLACE.

HEARD FROM THE STOOL.

A MISTY damp night, the oozy London mud beneath one's feet; above the sky reddened with the glare of an adjacent street market. The light of a street lamp falls upon the folds of a red flag, and the pallid anxious faces of a crowd gathered in the middle of the muddy road to hear the Socialists. What a study those faces are! Here with gaudy feathers and glaring hats, but sorry clothing and boots, are a group of work-girls returning from the sweater's den in which they have passed their working hours. They are not an encouraging element in the audience, as leaning upon each other's shoulders munching apples or rancid fried fish they titter and giggle at the speeches.

A female comrade is the first to speak, and her remarks are greeted with jeers and jibes from these wretched wage-slaves of her own sex. Nor do they lack incitement from the older women in the crowd. True types of the slum-dwellers, squat and unkempt, repulsive and vile, they join in the chorus of abuse. Horrible oaths and ribald utterances assail our comrade upon the stool, but she holds bravely on, and at last the men in the crowd turn fiercely upon her assailants and insist upon their "shutting up," bidding them be ashamed of themselves. At last the contentious voices are silenced, the abuse turns into applause, and as the strains of a revolutionary song arises upon the murky air the words are eagerly devoured by the now attentive audience.

A strong male voice now claims attention, and the crowd thickens to hear the Gospel of Discontent and Revolution. Says the speaker: Friends, we are here for the distinct purpose of preaching the glorious Gospel of Discontent. We do not shrink from openly avowing this, for discontent is the forerunner of Revolution, and we as ardent Revolutionists are bound to show the present system in all its naked hideousness, and where the people have become accustomed through apathy and usage to the daily horrors and wretchedness of the present system, it is our mission to stir them up to a true perception of the veiled barbarism we call civilisation to-day. The other side, the defenders and participators in the swindle of modern society, the stock-jobbers, the usurers, the landlords, in short, your masters generally, are equally active in striving to make you contented with your daily existence.

Enlisted upon their side are the sky-pilots, who assure you of a heaven hereafter as a reward for your tribulations here. Postpone your happiness to the sweet by-and-bye, whilst their employers rob you hourly and daily here. There's your perigrinating slum visitor and gospel grinder, who cant to your wives about the blessed Saviour's redeeming blood, doling out soup-tickets to stave off the Revolution. He is as much a policeman as the hulking chawbacons stationed around this meeting, because their masters, the Labour robbers, are afraid of the spread of the Gospel of Discontent.

We have been told here of what Christians give in charity, of their efforts to help the wreckage and outcasts of society, and we have been tauntingly asked, What do you Socialists do in this direction? and we reply, We want justice, and not charity.

Out upon the smug-faced humbugs who, like the late S. Morley, wring thousands out of robbed labour, and then build hospitals and refuges for those driven to prostitution. Yes, it is true that we do not subscribe to maintain the lazar-houses of our rotten civilisation; but it is also true that we are not guilty of causing the evils which they are intended to patch up, but we stand out, on the contrary, preaching the truths which shall eventually cause the people to see the sham of Christian charity, and demand their full rights instead. How I laugh when I come across one of their appeals for help from the wealthy toward their slum mission work. "Dear Sir or Madam," it generally runs, "we are engaged in a benevolent work in one of the most benighted and dangerous districts in such and such a district, to the

saving of souls we add the clothing and feeding of the bodies of those whom we bring to the feet of the Saviour." Oh, and then of course a little is needed for the maintenance of the missionaries. Yes, slightly so. And then the dear sister or brother in the Lord is informed of the Bible classes—where, no doubt, they explain where Cain got his wife and the microcosms in the ark—and there are also the mothers' meetings and the sewing classes, and last but not least the model soup-kitchen, where the problem of how to live upon next to nothing is being practically solved, for we are told wholesome soup is distributed daily by the ex-P.C. (saved) in charge to crowds of hungry poor at 1d. per quart, leaving a slight profit to the blessed mission.

Now, I have satirised this sort of thing again and again, and the reason I do so is because these people batten upon the social misery of the people. Not one word of protest or denunciation of the rack-renters of the slums, no sound of indignation escapes them at the palpable causes of the physical and moral deterioration around them. They advise Christian meekness and resignation. How else were it possible to find wretched women stitching their fingers to the bone, earning a few paltry pence for hours of life-destroying toil, and satisfied with a crust and a cup of tea? Their patience under intolerable burdens is the result of the unctuous cant of the missionaries. They preach patience in the interests of their wealthy patrons; I advise revolt in the interests of the masses and for a higher and better life.

What are the net results of Christian rescue work in connection with paupers, prostitutes, and criminals? To put cheap labour into competition with those already in employment and indirectly to bring them down to the same level. In this wise mat-makers, shoe-makers, laundry-women, brush-makers, etc., etc., are hampered by pauper and prison labour. And why? Because the Christians engaged in these so-called reformatory efforts are the accomplices of the land and labour robbers. It is not their interest, therefore, to go to the root-causes of poverty and crime, but to nibble at the fringe of the matter, simply because, as Ingersoll has it, they cannot afford to damn their paymasters.

F. K.

[This article is inserted to show the nature and conditions of out-door propaganda in the slum districts, and to exhibit the difference between Socialism of the Market and that of the Arm-chair, of which latter we are having a surfeit. It depends upon the suffrages of our readers whether this kind of propaganda shall be continued.—Ed.]

THE GLASGOW LABOUR LITERATURE DEPOT.

OUR friends will remember that some time ago a meeting was held in Glasgow for the purpose of forming a Labour Literature Depot. A committee was formed for that purpose, and they have sent in a prospectus in which they point out that it is expected that the expenses connected with such a depot, including wages, rent, taxes, etc., would be £2 10s. per week. As the profit on literature may be safely taken at 25 per cent., the promoters are of the opinion that there can be no difficulty in securing sufficient patronage to make the venture successful. This estimate is based on the fact that there are in Glasgow and vicinity 35,000 trade unionists, besides many thousands of other workers, who take a sufficient interest in the Labour Question to support newspapers and literature bearing on it, if they had an opportunity to do so.

If but 10 per cent. of the trades' unionists alone spend only one penny per week, a trade of over £14 per week would be secured, 25 per cent. on which sum would be £3 10s., which would cover the working expenses and leave £1 profit. But as the amount expended in literature by most men is, at least, on the average, three times the amount taken in this estimate, as such a depot will have the support of the unorganised as well as the organised workers, and a large amount of support may be expected from other sources, it will be seen that this venture should be successful even from a commercial point of view.

The promoters have agreed to the following as the financial basis to establish the Labour Literature Depot on:—

1. That the capital be raised in shares of 5s. each—2s. 6d. payable on application, and 2s. 6d. on the opening of the shop.
2. Shareholders' liability will be limited to their share capital.
3. Neither interest or dividends will be paid on the shares. Any surplus will be applied to repayment of shares, until no member holds more than one share.

The profits then accruing from the business can only be used for purposes that will benefit the working-class collectively.

The committee are as follows:—William Parkhurst, *Chairman*, 853, Govan Road, Govan; Peter Anderson, *Treasurer*, 31, West Campbell Street; Samuel Bolton, James D. Boyd, M. T. Burgoyne, George Carson, Peter Dougan, David H. Drummond, Henry Flett, John B. Glasier, Alexander Haddow, John Munro, Richard M'Ghee, Duncan M'Naughton, Thomas Sinclair, James Smith, Donald Stewart, and John W. Warrington. Application for shares should be made to George Mitchell, *Secretary*, 26, Burgher Street, Parkhead.

We are pleased to see that no interest is paid on shares, and that, therefore, the depot will be managed on a Socialist basis.

THE ELECTOR'S CHOICE.—What is it to the ragged grimy Freeman of a Ten Pound Franchise whether Aristides Rigmarole, of the Destructive or the Hon. Alcides Do-little, of the Conservative Party, be sent to Parliament? Destructive or Conservative, what will either destroy or conserve of vital moment to the Freeman? Has he found either of them care, at bottom, a sixpence for him or his interests, or those of his class or his cause, or any other class or cause that is of much value to God or man? Rigmarole and Do-little have alike cared for themselves hitherto; and for their own clique and self-conceited crochets—their greasy dishonest interest of pudding, or windy dishonest interest of praise; and not very perceptibly for any other interest whatever. . . . Why, reader, if they asked thee or me Which way we meant to vote? were it not our likeliest answer, Neither way.—*Carlyle, 'Past and Present.'*

NOTES.

THE case of Castioni which will soon come before the Court of Appeal, shows that the authorities are endeavouring in an underhand way, to sweep away the right of asylum which the dauntless rebels against Continental tyranny have hitherto found in England. The game was begun by the Gladstone Government in the *Freiheit* prosecution, and our present Tory Government are now following in their footsteps. It is evident that our rulers, alarmed at the spread of revolutionary doctrines in every country, are determined to crush these ideas even by handing over political refugees to the hangman. But is not this action on the part of all European Governments very much like sitting on the safety-valve when the steam is up?

Our dear friend Stanley is in hot water. Everybody who took part in the expedition will soon be anxious to prove what a crew of infernal scoundrels his comrades are. Mr. Stanley began it by accusing the deceased Major Barttelot, whose brother then opened fire on Stanley and was backed up by Mr. Troup, who has certainly produced some damning testimony against Stanley and his companions.

Mr. Troup declares that with regard to the "horrible acts" of which Stanley accuses Major Barttelot, that in quelling "mutiny" among the natives "he did not see anything done in retaliation that Stanley had not done himself." When we enquire into what caused the "mutiny," we find that "the natives refused to work under English officers, for they said they had seen what treatment the natives had received, and did not want to be treated similarly." And Mr. Troup admits they saw "some things which ought not to have occurred." When we find also that the virtuous Major Barttelot was shot by a native because he attempted to beat his wife with a thick stick, we agree, for once, with Stanley that Barttelot deserved his fate: the only cause for regret is that some native did not shoot Stanley as well. If it is the custom in these "philanthropic" expeditions to beat women with "clubs," we can imagine what sort of treatment the men get, and why "mutinies" which are quelled by ironing, flogging, and hanging so frequently occur.

Mr. Troup has settled all the humbug about these expeditions having a philanthropic motive. He says:

"Mr. Stanley is a great explorer, but he went into this Emin Relief Expedition for fame and what he could get out of it. He has no more philanthropy than my boot. I will go further, and say that the expedition was in the nature of a speculation, and not a philanthropic relief movement. The capitalists backing it were after the ivory which Emin Pasha was supposed to have collected. The officers of the expedition were promised certain shares in the expected big supply of ivory as a reward for their services. The release of Emin Pasha was a secondary consideration entirely. Emin Pasha did not wish to be released, and had been up there ten or twelve years and held his own all right."

Mr. Stanley and his friends will hardly be able to cant about their "philanthropy" and "piety" after this. We revolutionary Socialists said months ago what Mr. Troup and thousands of people are saying now. The idol of society is finding out that "exploration plus elephant-rifles and explosive bullets" does not always succeed in gaining popular applause; and the murdered African natives may be avenged at last, when their murderer is driven from public life by a howl of universal execration.

N.

CHICAGO MARTYRS COMMEMORATION MEETINGS.

LONDON.—The Socialist League will hold meetings in London as announced on another page.

DUBLIN.—The Irish Socialist Union will hold a Commemoration Meeting in honour of the Chicago Martyrs on Monday, Nov. 10, at 8 p.m., at 87 Marlboro Street. All sympathisers are invited to attend.

LEEDS.—The Chicago Commemoration Meeting will be held here at Oriel Hall, Cookridge Street, on Monday, November 10. Speakers—R. Bingham, Andrew Hall, F. Charles, T. Maguire, H. Samuels, and G. Cores.

HULL.—A Great Meeting will be held at the Sailors' Institute, Waterhouse Lane, on Monday, November 10th, at 7.30, in remembrance of our Chicago brothers, who were murdered November 11th, 1887. Speakers from London and elsewhere will be present.

SCOTTISH SOCIALIST FEDERATION.—EDINBURGH—Labour Hall, 50 South Bridge. Business meeting, Fridays at 8 p.m. Sunday, Nov. 9, at 6.30, "The Chicago Anarchists: their Views, and the Circumstances which led to their Execution." LEITH—Henderson Street Hall, Sunday, November 9 (see *Leith Burghs Pilot*).

NORWICH.—Chicago Commemoration meetings will be held in Norwich as follows: Saturday, November 8th, on the Haymarket at 8 p.m.; Sunday 9th, Market Place at 11 a.m. and at 3 and 7.30 p.m.; Monday 10th, at St. Augustine's Boys' School at 8 p.m. Amongst the speakers will be C. W. Mowbray and W. B. Parker (London), Mr. and Mrs. Oldman (Manchester), J. Headley (Yarmouth), G. Poynts, W. Moore, T. Swash, G. Lenneying, and others.

YARMOUTH.—Commemoration of the legal murder of our five comrades in Chicago, and protestation against the unjust imprisonment of three other comrades, on Sunday, November 9th, in the morning, at 11, in the hall of the Radical Club; at 3 p.m., on the Fish Wharf; at 7 p.m., in the hall of the Radical Club, to be addressed by Mrs. Schack, Mowbray, and Parker (of London), Oldman and Mrs. Oldman (Manchester), and Saunders, Brightwell, and Headley (Yarmouth). Several comrades are also expected from Norwich.

LIFE ON AN EMIGRANT SHIP.

(Concluded from p. 350.)

THERE was a partial strike one day by the fireman on board the "Trent," which forcibly called my attention to the way these workers are treated. One morning I found the chief officer of the ship and the chief engineer, log-book in hand, surrounded by a group of the firemen, who were called upon each in turn to say if they would turn to and go down below or not. The dispute seemed very serious, and there was evidently a savage determination on the part of the chief engineer not to grant whatever the men demanded. After considerable hesitation, and some words between this chief machinist and one of the men—in which the said chief adopted the principle of saying what he liked in as angry a tone as he chose, and ordering the other to shut up when he answered him quietly—the men had to give in for fear of being logged and afterwards heavily fined. The chief engineer or machinist triumphed over them, calling them the usual "damned" in a remark which he made to the chief officer as he went away, a remark which was heard by the men and repeated from mouth to mouth.

And what was it all about? The men demanded to get a cup of coffee before turning to at their hard exhausting labour. Ah! if they only chose, they could have their coffee and everything else they asked for, or stop the whole machinery, as I hope to see the coal miners do some day with the whole machinery of Capitalism.

I could not help thinking of this, and all that I saw and have seen in former years of the life of the poor sailor, when I read to-day an indignant article in the *Times* and other papers about the "absurd" demands of the sailors and dock labourers, and how the indignant shipowners had federated to bring down their pretensions, and were going to lay up all their ships. I devoutly wish they may, and then perhaps they may stir the workers to go and take a part of what belongs to them.

Why the life of a sailor is worse than that of a prisoner in jail, with the addition of running the chance almost every day of being drowned, as Doctor Johnson is reported to have said about a century ago. And what it is in steamers is nothing to what it is in sailing ships! Beastly food, filthy styes to lie in, wet, cold, slobber, hard work, little sleep, hard words, contempt, more kicks than halfpence—such is the paradise which the shipowners are so astonished to find sailors getting tired of. May they never cease, and they never will until they dine and sleep in the palaces which up to now they have provided for these ship-"owners," and others who call themselves owners of the wealth of the workers.

The evening before reaching Lisbon the steerage passengers had another specimen of the utter contempt and indifference for their comfort with which they are treated, and will be treated like all the workers as long as they put up with it. We had little enough room on deck in all conscience, but this evening what space we had was in a fair way to be filled up with empty barrels, and which were to be put ashore in Lisbon. Cargo of all importance, steerage rubbish none. Along came the barrels, rolled and flung end over end by the underlings, with a savage "Look out, there!" putting to flight women and children as well as men, who were settling down to converse and amuse themselves in one way or another.

Again the passengers became indignant, and as we had no faith in protests to the authorities any longer it was proposed that we should go and occupy the space kept apart for the second-class passengers, which a group of us, chiefly Spaniards, accordingly did, and we remained there in spite of efforts to dislodge us until we were tired of it. But that we were so near port the barrels would all have gone overboard; but at Lisbon the bulk of the passengers were to leave, and then we would have plenty of room.

I tried to improve the occasion by pointing out to the men how the life of the worker and producer was everywhere the same as on board that ship. Plenty of space and ventilation and comfort in their dwellings for the proud idlers, and the life of pigs (far worse in one way for more unhealthy) for those who feed these idlers and provide them with healthy, commodious, and luxurious dwellings. In the conversation I heard some dreadful accounts of the misery endured by working people out of employment in Buenos Ayres and Montevideo. I did not really know all of it until told by some of these eye-witnesses. I was told of strong young men going round in the morning and collecting scraps of refuse food from the *vasura*, or refuse boxes, which are left at the doors to be emptied into carts which call round for the purpose. One man said he saw poor women, brought out as immigrants, going about near the Immigrant's Home in the most frightful state of filth and crawling with vermin, offering themselves for sale for any trifle they could get to buy themselves some decent food.

There is one comfort in all this for us Revolutionists, and it is that the so-called *new* countries are no longer what they were; they do not any longer offer the immigrant the slightest hope of getting out of his class and living as an exploiter. Nor do they any longer offer him a field for labour where competition is less than elsewhere and wages higher. I, for one, rejoice at it, for if there was one selfish class more than another that filled me with disgust it was that of the men who, finding their own bellies filled, no matter where, turned a deaf ear or laughed contemptuously at whoever tried to call their attention to the sufferings of their class.

Buenos Ayres and Montevideo, that is to say, the two Republics of which they are the capitals, I can assure my comrades are entirely "played" out as immigration fields. Everything is delightfully monopolised there to that extent and in so short a space of time, that even the poor Italians, who suffer such misery in their own country, are returning in thousands, and this has been going on for the last six or eight months. Brazil will never amount to anything, as may be seen from what I said before.

At last the emigration fad is thoroughly played out. The wanderers are returning, and with a vengeance, for from men of all nations I have heard the opinion invariably expressed that poor men had better remain in future in their own country, and do what they can to change social conditions so as to make it possible to live there. When we remember that we have means of producing twice as much food and three times as much of other articles of consumption as we require, it is easy to see what has to be done.

Down with the exploiters, the rich robbers! Down with the vile system which compels the producers of wealth to starve in the midst of plenty.—Yours in the Social Revolution,

J. CREAGHE.

'John Bull and his other Island.' We have already noticed one number of this series. We are now pestered for the "favour of a review" of No. 3, just issued. Any one with bowels of compassion for Irish landlords brought to want through non-payment of rent, or who delight in abuse of the democracy written in the caddish style of a City 'Arry, should read the book. Life is hard enough. Don't send in any more of such productions,

That capital little dialogue, "Jones's Boy," which some of us have found so effective at open-air meetings, bids fair, it would seem, to go the round of the world. An Italian translation is published in the *Turin Lavoratore* and in the *Ancona Campana*.



OFFICES: 24 GREAT QUEEN STREET, LONDON, W.C.

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WILL Branch Secretaries please write Reports and Orders for Literature on separate pieces of paper.

CORRESPONDENTS who order literature should prepay postage, or state if they wish their parcels to be sent per rail or carrier, "carriage forward."

To CONTRIBUTORS—Workmen could help us greatly by sending in accounts of capitalist tyranny and sweating in London and the provinces. We want the names of the sweaters. Those who write must send us their name and address, not necessarily for publication, but as a guarantee of good faith. We shall not fear to publish the truth.—EDS.

Periodicals received during the week ending Wednesday November 5.

ENGLAND	Volkszeitung	BELGIUM
Belfast Weekly Star	Twentieth Century	Antwerp—De Werker
Church Reformer	Bakers' Journal	Ghent—Vooruit
Justice	Boston—Woman's Journal	SWITZERLAND
People's Press	Investigator	Arbeiterstimme
Railway Review	Chicago—Rights of Labour	ITALY
Seafaring	Vorbote	Ancona—La Campana
Unity	Detroit—Der Arme Teufel	SPAIN
Worker's Friend	Kaweah (Cal) Commonwealth	Madrid—El Socialista
Der Landstreicher	Philadel.—Knights of Labour	Madrid—La Anarquía
Theosophical Siftings	Paterson Labour Standard	Barcelona—El Productor
NEW SOUTH WALES	San Francisco Arbeiterzeitung	AUSTRIA
Sydney—Bulletin	Pacific Union	Vienna—Arbeiter-Zeitung
Daily Telegraph	Valley Falls (Kan.)—Lucifer	HUNGARY
Australian Workman	FRANCE	Arbeiter-Wochen-Chronik
VICTORIA	Paris—Bourse du Travail	SWEDEN
Melbourne—Bull-Ant	Le Parti Ouvrier	Malmo—Arbetet
QUEENSLAND	La Revue Europeenne	Stockholm, Social-Demokraten
Brisbane—Boomerang	La Verite Philosophique	Norrköping—Proletaren
INDIA	Le Proletaire	WEST INDIES
Bankipore—Behar Herald	Charleville—L'Emancipation	Cuba—El Productor
Bombay—Times of India	Lyon—L'Action Sociale	CAPE COLONY
UNITED STATES	Lille—Le Cri du Travailleur	Cape Town—Argus
New York—Freiheit	HOLLAND	
	Hague—Recht voor Allen	

ANARCHIST MORALITY.

(Concluded from p. 346.)

Now it seems to some of us that people who argue in this way are simply unable to free themselves from the ideas of the old moralities we have been considering;—they are by no means such advanced Anarchists and such terrible fellows as they fancy. As has been well put lately in *La Révolte*, because roses obey a necessity of their nature in smelling sweetly as they do, assafoetida a necessity of its nature in stinking as it does, am I to conclude that there is no such thing as perfume or stink, no good smell or bad smell? Let us sweep away all these legacies from old times—these attempts to show that, because there is nothing moral or immoral, bad or good in the abstract, apart from our human likes and dislikes, there is nothing bad or good at all. The whole ridiculous contention rests upon a mere word-strife. We cannot put ourselves outside ourselves and say, "Now, if I had no olfactory nerves, rose and assafoetida would smell the same, or rather, not smell at all; therefore in the abstract they have no smell at all, but only in the concrete and in reference to me." Neither can we put ourselves outside our instinctive liking and admiration for a hero, our instinctive detestation of a scoundrel, because the hero cannot help being a hero, the blackguard help being a blackguard.

I think, if we look at the matter in a truly positive and common-sense

way, it is just here we touch bottom, and get upon the track of a really scientific conception of morality. That *instinctive* liking or disliking furnishes a key to the whole problem. What is instinct! Is it not an inherited tendency to do those things which tend to the preservation of the individual and the race?—in the long run (although not, of course, in particular cases) the two things are usually the same. An *instinctive* liking for an act done by another is founded upon the tendency of that act to our preservation, or the preservation of our race. Deep down in the very fibres of our nature is worked that instinct for the race, as well for ourselves, which goes back hundreds of thousands of years to the first appearance of our father man upon this earth,—aye, and before his appearance, to the time of our remoter ancestors who were before him. Man has always been a social animal, anxious for his race as well as for himself, and (as has been repeatedly shown) the social instinct exists so strongly in other of the higher animals that it is clear man must have inherited it from his animal ancestor who preceded him. Two or three thousand years of individualism and private property have only, so to speak, lightly touched man with anti-social impulse. When you find him admiring the action of another, he does not know why—certainly not because custom or religion or self-interest tell him to admire it—you may be sure that it is the social instinct unconsciously at work, and that he admires it because it tends to the preservation and development of the race.

Have we not here the test and the criterion of Anarchist morality? Those actions are good—"moral"—which the immense majority of men ("normal men") instinctively admire, not because they are told to do so, but because they cannot help it. Conversely, those actions are bad—"immoral"—which men in like fashion instinctively dislike. In speaking of "badness" and "goodness," of course, we are only speaking relatively to man. Of absolute "badness" or "goodness" we can know nothing—never can know anything.

This morality is Anarchist, because it needs no enforcement by artificial law or penalty,—it enforces itself. For example, after the Revolution there will probably, for a time, be here and there our old friend the man "who will not work." Usually, no doubt, he will spring from the remnant of the middle classes. He will of course be a worthless bad lot. But the Anarchist will not put him in prison, or beat him, or "punish" him in any way. The Anarchist will not even say to him (like St. Paul or a Social Democrat) "neither shalt thou eat." To him also shall be given according to his needs. But the Anarchist will hate the idle loafer—the survival of the bad old times. He will be no comrade or friend of his. Moreover, all the world (when the world is once released from the tyranny of artificial law and artificial morality) will be, in the main, of the Anarchist's opinion. Women will be ashamed to love a loafer. Under the pressure of an effective public opinion of this kind the type will tend to disappear—will finally disappear. There will thus be a real "survival of the fittest"—the fittest for social purposes. The thing will work automatically. The loafer is free to satisfy his need of loafing; the worker is free to satisfy his need to associate with those he likes, to avoid association with those he hates. As with the loafer, so will it be with other anti-social individuals—with the liar, the quarrelsome person, and so on. General dislike and sexual selection will bring about their elimination. Here as elsewhere, if we only leave natural laws unfettered, the race will develop on true lines; it is when we seek to impose artificial restraints upon the free course of evolution that we land ourselves in difficulty.

Can we prepare the way for the New Morality? Surely we can, if we recognise the impotence of the older systems to help. Let us (so far as the wretched conditions of life to-day will allow) do our best to harmoniously develop all our faculties—physical and intellectual. A poor, anemic, physically weak man or woman will never shine as an exemplar of the New Ethic. The preservation of the individual life always has the first call on the organism, and if that organism be weak or badly harmonised there will be no energy to spare for social effort. It is out of the abundance of vitality that great deeds for others spring (vitality does not, of course, necessarily imply muscular strength). The mere maintenance of the individual existence does not exhaust the energy of the vitally strong man, and (since there is ever in any animal an intense desire to employ all its available energy) he is impelled to spend it in obeying that instinct of social preservation and development which is deeply rooted in his nature and which is only second to self-preservation itself. To put it shortly, health and morality are inter-dependent on each other. We find here that theoretical reasoning is borne out by experimental observation. Lombroso and others have shown that the modern criminal (in so far, of course, as he is really anti-social; very often he is a true hero) is invariably a man of low vitality. Of course we must always remember that, under present conditions, even a man of rich vitality often finds his superabundant energy (which under Anarchism would take social lines) diverted to other ends. That does not touch the main argument. Let us, so far as our vital energy will carry us, fight in every way to bring the happy time when all will be free to spend their life-forces for the benefit of all; when the distinction between individual effort and social effort will be a distinction without a difference, because the individual will find in society a full satisfaction of his needs, and work for self will be work also for everybody else.

R. W. BURNIE.

DEATH.

Heinrich Reuter. Died Nov. 3rd, 1890.

The funeral procession will start from the Autonomie Club, 6 Windmill Street, W., on Sunday, Nov. 9, at 11.30 a.m. for Manor Park.

THE AMERICAN "PUBLIC" AND PHYSICAL FORCE.

THE American public in general believe in accomplishing their purposes by physical force. The whole country is blotched by forts, arsenals, and police stations, which are depots for firearms and rallying places for men to use them. Prisons and jails are on every hand. Armed men constantly parade the streets, singly, in couples, and at times in regiments and battalions. The people applaud, praise, pay, and pension these professional killers. If John Smith comes from Europe with a paper of pins about his person, he is searched and robbed by force. If Jack Robinson refuses to deliver up part of his goods to the politicians each year his house is entered and plundered by force, or he is dragged off to prison. If James Brown owes Bill Jones a dollar, he is compelled by force to pay it. If a poor man wishes to employ himself by using vacant land, he is driven off by force. If a poor woman cannot pay her rent, she is thrown out of the house, and her little property is destroyed by force. If poor Italians choose to sleep under the piers on which the garbage is dumped, to save paying rent, they are dragged out by force. If a poor man wants to sell shoestrings on the street, until he has given a politician something for the privilege, he is prevented from doing so by force. If a person wishes to listen to music and drink beer at the same time, he is hindered by force. If a small boy smokes a cigarette on the street, he is "run in" by a big policeman. If an earnest, honest man tells the truth about some married people, he is put in the penitentiary. The legal right of the monopolists to steal is defended by force, and the attempt is made to protect conventional virtue and sham religion by force.

I know the reply that will be made to this. It will be said that in all these cases force is used for the good of society, for the good of the very persons against whom the force is used. The majority is supposed to know what is for the good of everybody, and they force everybody to do it. It is dangerous to society to allow people to bring pins from Europe, or to wickedly sell shoestrings right out in the open street, or to smoke cigarettes, or to mix music with beer, or to tell the truth; and so such things must be prevented.

I will not stop to argue this question, but will call your attention to some other phases of the use of force of which the American people highly approve. A few years ago the Southern monopolists of slave labour were robbed of millions of dollars' worth of property by force, and that was all right. General Sherman marched through the Southern States, tearing up railroad tracks, stealing food for his army, burning houses and killing people right and left,—and that was all right. It was so right that the word "bummer" became a title of honour, and to this day you will find men who glory in that they were among "Sherman's bummers," and everybody is proud to be noticed by the chief "bummer" of them all.

Ah, but those were days of war. Precisely. Stealing, train-wrecking, arson, and murder are all right if you call it war; "holy" war; war with "God" on our side; war to put down rebellion. Exactly. The Southern States were in rebellion, and it was right to steal and burn and kill to compel them to stay in the Union when they wanted to go out.

But what about standing on Concord Bridge and shooting Government troops who came to put us down when we were in rebellion? Oh, that was all right, too—because it succeeded. But were we not rebels? Were we not traitors? Were we not every bad thing that we afterward called the Southerners? Oh, yes; but that was different. One was a "holy" war of revolution; the other was a "holy" war to put down revolution. What you mean is that any amount of physical violence is right to accomplish what the majority can succeed in doing.

The American people believe in physical violence to avenge insults or resent several kinds of personal injuries. They believe generally in the doctrine that is expressed by the familiar saying: "An eye for an eye, and a tooth for a tooth." How comes it then that they have tacitly laid down the dictum that under no provocation shall working people avenge their wrongs by violence? Was it right to resist taxation a hundred years ago, and is it now wrong to do the same thing? Was it right to take away the monopolists slaves thirty years ago by force, and is it now wrong to take away the monopolist's vacant land or charters by force?

I cannot understand why it is right for everyone except a working man to use force to get what he wants. I cannot see why if a money-lender or landlord is justifiable in collecting by force money that he does not earn, a working man is not also justifiable in taking by force what he does earn. It seems to me that if General Sherman is to be glorified for tearing up railroad tracks and stealing chickens and burning houses to whip the South, the strikers should not be blamed for wrecking trains to whip the New York Central Railroad, which is a worse enemy to them and the general public than the South ever was to the North.

The American rule of conduct is: If you cannot get your rights in any other way, fight for them; but when there is the slightest indication that the working people, who are robbed every time they turn around—now by the State, now by the Church, now by the landlord, now by the employer—mean to fight for their rights, everybody calls them fiends incarnate. This is humbug; and it is folly to suppose that you can teach people to almost worship George Washington, who was a rebel against tyranny, and Thomas Jefferson, who said that the roots of the tree of liberty should be watered every twenty years by blood, and General Grant, who waded knee-deep in the red stream of death, and then expect these same people to tamely submit to worse wrongs than provoked the heroes of the past to rebellion.

It is bad teaching, this, to hold up so many fighters to reverence; it is a bad education to have armed policemen on every corner, and celebrate every conspicuous event by a military parade. I deplore it, and warn you that unless more peaceful precepts and examples are held up to the people trouble will ensue. By predicting trouble I do not encourage it. They encourage it who preach the holiness of war and practice the subjugation of the poor by the employment of armed policemen and detectives.

HUGH O. PENTECOST in *Twentieth Century*.

NOTICE.

ON MONDAY, NOVEMBER 10, at the ORIEL HALL, Spiritual Institute, Cookridge Street, Leeds, a Chicago Martyrs Commemoration Meeting will be held at 7.30 p.m. Speakers: Andrew Hall, F. Charles, and Robert Bingham (of Sheffield), H. Samuels, G. Cores, and J. Sweeny (of Leeds). Admission free.

SPECIAL APPEAL TO OUR READERS.

DURING the winter a large number of outdoor meetings will have to be discontinued, and a large circle of readers will be deprived of their *Commonweal*, unless they help us by making their newsagents obtain it. The hostility and indifference of newsagents, with few exceptions, from monopolist W. H. Smith downwards, are really the chief obstacles to the circulation of the *Commonweal* and the spread of our ideas. Owing to this boycotting there are a large number of towns where the *Commonweal* is never seen.

Amongst our subscribers and friends there are many who are anxious to forward the Cause of Socialism, and yet they do not know exactly how to render help. Here is a field for quiet and useful work, where no heroic sacrifices are demanded—

1. Insist that your newsagent obtain you your '*Weal*. Don't trade with him for other things if you find him throwing obstacles in the way.
 2. Pester W. H. Smith's agents at all railway stalls by enquiries for the '*Weal*.
 3. Introduce it to the notice of wholesale agents, and send us the names and addresses of all who are willing to sell the journal and display bills. Above all, push it amongst your friends.
 4. Distribution in tram-cars and railway carriages can be unostentatiously effected by leaving copies upon seats and in luggage racks.
- In short, those willing to aid us can find plenty of opportunities where there is a will to do so.

Eds.

THE GREAT STRIKE IN AUSTRALIA.

"It seems generally conceded as a fact," says the *Sydney Star*, "that there is a kind of revolutionary tidal wave rolling over everything and everybody." Well, on Friday, September 17, the "revolutionary tidal wave" burst into surf and foam in Sydney. Or in plain English, there was a lively riot, which filled the middle and upper classes with intense terror. It appears that a large consignment of non-union wool had arrived in Sydney, and the capitalists desired to move it from the Darling Harbour railway-station to the Circular Quay. This was difficult, as the carmen were on strike on principle. The capitalists, however, feeling themselves perfectly safe with the strong force of troops, police, and specials massed in Sydney, determined on driving the vans themselves in a kind of triumphal procession. It is probable they desired to provoke a riot by this action, but the riot they provoked was rather more serious than they expected. At half-past ten on Friday, September 19, the procession, consisting of some twelve or thirteen trollies of non-union wool, started from the railway-station and moved slowly through the streets, fat capitalists driving, while "specials" were seated on the wool as guards, the trollies being escorted by mounted troopers. The procession was followed by an immense crowd of unionists, whom the worthy employers proceeded to madden by jeering laughter and insulting gestures. The crowd retaliated by hooting and yells, which so alarmed one of the masters that he drew a revolver and levelled it at the people. Then the stones began to fly. A trooper received a blow behind the ear with a piece of road-metal, and blood began to trickle over the collar of his coat. At the corner of George and Market streets a man was arrested by the police, who dragged him into a cab. A "heavy-limbed individual" then calmly proposed that the cab should be overturned and the prisoner rescued, and a heavy stone came crashing through the window of the cab. The police then got out with their prisoner, who was promptly rescued. The shower of stones now grew into a storm, and police and troopers had to dodge very considerably to avoid them. Windows were smashed in all directions, and continual shouts and yells rent the air. Reinforcements of foot and mounted police arriving on the scene, the crowd assailed them desperately, and with the evident intention of stopping the passage of the trollies. In Market Street a trooper was nearly dragged off his horse, and the capitalists driving the trollies began to look very pale and uncomfortable. However, the procession reached the Circular Quay at last, and the blacklegs started to unload the bales. A crowd of ten thousand had now collected on the quay, and the most desperate of them rushed to the front to stop the unloading, while stones came flying thick and fast. Then the Riot Act was read, and mounted troopers and foot police charged upon the people, the police using their batons mercilessly. They met with a fierce resistance; one trooper was thrown from his horse and another had his cheekbone laid bare. After a short sharp struggle, however, the people were completely routed, and "order" was restored.

This riot had a most alarming effect on the capitalist classes. They thought that the Social Revolution was coming off at once, and there was immediately a tremendous rush by the propertied classes upon the gun-makers. It is stated on the authority of the *Sydney Evening News* that in twenty-four hours more revolvers and revolver-ammunition was sold than would have been disposed of in two or three weeks of ordinary business. The Government, in fear that these weapons should get into the hands of strikers, ordered the buying up of all revolvers in Sydney, so that between 3 and 4 on Saturday afternoon not a single revolver could be had for love nor money. The ranks of the special constables were also greatly increased, and in many instances clerks and other workers were forced into their ranks by threats of dismissal on the part of the masters. A corps of fifty mounted specials was formed, and one of these gentlemen at the outset of his career tumbled off his horse and hurt himself, which rather destroyed the effect which this redoubtable body might otherwise have had upon the public mind. The specials created, in fact, as much merriment as they did in England in '87. There are a lot of mere boys among them, and the mass are weedy-looking clerks, narrow chested and short in stature, whose physical education has evidently been neglected. The *Bulletin* has a very funny picture of a special of the short and podgy species endeavouring to arrest a big, dangerous-

looking wharf-labourer of about six feet, who looks as if he could eat the special. The cartoon has under the ironical direction, "Prisoner must be taken to the nearest lock-up." Not content with specials, police, and troops, it was known that the Government were contemplating landing the marines with machine-guns from H.M.S. Orlando and Curacoa, while ball-cartridge was served out among the soldiers. Mr McMillan, the Colonial Treasurer, who was mainly responsible for issuing this order, and who had also shown himself a bitter opponent of the strikers in a speech made to a deputation of capitalists, in which he described the Labour Defence Committee as a "semi-revolutionary government," and practically declared that this sort of thing must be put down, was pulled up in his wild career by Sir Henry Parkes, the premier, and resigned in consequence.

Meanwhile the terror was increased by the calling out of shearers and rouseabouts, and also by the statement of the Labour Defence Committee that unless the employers would meet them in conference they would proclaim a general strike by calling out all trade-unionists. In fact, their difficulty was at that time to keep the rest of the unionists at work, so intense was the excitement among them. A correspondent of the *Australian Star* who had been conversing with all sections of the workers agrees in this opinion. He says:—"So far from talking of yielding, this is what they said: We will stop the gasworks, call out the compositors (which I believe they intend doing early next week), call out the butchers, bakers, and shopmen who belong to the unions, and at last take out the engineers, employed anyhow and anywhere, ashore or afloat—railways also. Enquiry gave the strength of this position. Of course the stopping of supplies to the gasworks means no light, and a picnic for burglars and pickpockets; if the compositors are called out there will be no daily papers; if the other branches of labour mentioned are told to be idle there will be no trade; and if the engineers and engine-drivers stop work the theatres, leading hotels, and places of public entertainment generally will be left without reliable assistance of any kind."

With this awful prospect before them, the capitalists were literally frantic with terror and rage. Their press shrieked for the prosecution of the Labour Defence Committee for conspiracy, but Sir Henry Parkes knew better; although he thought the committee "could be prosecuted for conspiracy," yet he doubted "whether it would be expedient and advisable to take that course." Sir Henry Parkes is a wily old politician, and knew very well that to arrest this committee would be more likely to drive the strikers to riot and insurrection than to crush the strike; and though the *Sydney Daily Telegraph*, the organ of the capitalists, indulged in tall talk, and declared that the "public" (the capitalists) would take "very drastic measures in their own defence," they have not done so yet: possibly, like Sir Henry Parkes, they know better. Shooting down the people, or an attempt to lynch the Labour Defence Committee, might have very serious results: the capitalists might taste their own medicine, and find that rope, lead, and steel did not agree with them.

THE LABOUR STRUGGLE.

Trouble at the Docks again.

We do not think the union officials have gained much of a victory by their agreement with the dock directors. As far as we can see, this agreement involves the surrender of every point the Dockers' Union has hitherto fought for. We all can remember the declaration of the union officials that they could take no more men into the union and therefore there was no chance of work for any stranger down at the docks. It is very strange to see these gentlemen, who objected to the admission of any more workers into the union, and told the casual docker to go to that other union, the workhouse, for relief, now consenting meekly, at the dictation of the all-powerful dock directors, to allow blacklegs to work at the docks without joining their union at all. The men who are displaced by these blacklegs are being told as a consolation "to make known their grievances through their branches in the usual course, and the same will be promptly dealt with." But how, if the dock company are to be allowed to take the place of the "genuine docker," and if the union agrees to this, do they think that they can persuade the company by mild words to sack their blackleg pets to give the unionists work? At any rate, it is rather a come-down for the men who refused to receive the poor casual docker into their union and called him all sorts of opprobrious names—"criminal loafer," "dead-beat," etc.—to have to stand by and let him take the bread out of the mouths of their own men as a blackleg. Their admirers in the press may call this a "triumph," and talk of the remarkable trio of leaders who accomplished it, but it seems to be the fashion now to call a surrender by that name, and we fail to see where the genius of the leaders comes in.

If the capitalist press, the dock directors, and the leaders are satisfied with the new arrangement, the dockers are not. They complain bitterly of the introduction of blacklegs and the loss of the 3d. dinner money. There has been a succession of strikes at most of the docks during Monday and Tuesday, and the discontent with the leaders is so intense that it may force them into vigorous action.

Federated Labour.

The federation of sailors, dockers, gas-stokers and coal-porters, bargemen, etc., is a good idea, but why was it not done before? The present crisis has been certain for months, and surely directly the Shipowners' Federation started it ought to have been answered by the federation of the workers engaged in the shipping industry. However, better late than never, and if the new federation could only get the miners and railway-men to join with them, they would have in their grasp the whole trade of the country and could make what terms with the capitalists they pleased. We are sure that a federation as large and powerful as this will be required to fight and defeat the federated unions of the capitalists.

THE FATE OF PARLIAMENT.—Our poor old Parliament, thousands of years old, is still good for something, for several things;—though many are beginning to ask, with ominous anxiety, for what thing? But for whatever thing or things Parliament may be good for, indisputably it must start with other than a lie in its mouth. On the whole, Parliament working with a lie in its mouth will have to take itself away. . . . At all hours of the day and night some Chartism is advancing, some armed Cromwell is advancing, to apprise such Parliament. "Ye are no Parliament. In the name of — Go!"—*Carlyle, 'Past and Present.'*

INTERNATIONAL NOTES.

BELGIUM.

I copy from the *Paris Révolte* a little story of the workers at Lize-Seraing which merits reproduction. A master named Rose turned out of doors a toiler of fifty, simply because he could no longer work quite as hard as in his younger days. Thereupon the old worker's mates (by the way, what middle-class man is old at fifty?) fell upon the cruel boss and beat him in such fashion that he had to be carried home. With *La Révolte* I say, "Bravo, comrades! Don't be afraid to hit hard; masters have tough hides."

FRANCE.

La Révolte still continues, I rejoice to say, to pursue its useful career. It affords a pleasant relief to one wearied with the barren personal polemics of *Le Parti Ouvrier* and *Le Proletariat*—Montague-and-Capulet-like disputes about loaves and fishes and seats in parliament. I do not think, however, that our comrade Nicoll the other day quite meant to suggest that the "New Unionist" movement in this country was to be explained entirely by Tory intrigues. This is what seems to be suggested by an article in *La Révolte* on the "1st May, 1891." However, Nicoll is quite able to take care of himself. For my humble part, I quite accept the following passage from the article in question: "What we must above all bring clearly out is that, if you search, you will find in the working-class movement—in England Conservative intrigues, in Belgium German intrigues, aye, even Governmental intrigues, in France Boulangist intrigues; but you will find much else besides. Every reactionary party, but every revolutionary party also, has sought to profit by the movement. Conservative gold you will find, if you please; but you will find the freemasonry of the miners, the restless energy of the Knights of Labour (we speak of the men, not of their chief), the feverish activity of the Irish, republican dreams, the charitable sentimentalism of the thousand organisers of women's unions, the propaganda of the Social Democrats, the inflammatory speeches of revolutionists, and the deeds and blood of Anarchists. Everything has contributed to this great movement. To explain it by a single cause would be as absurd as to maintain that Philippe-Egalité's money made the French Revolution, or that monarchist gold caused the burning of the country-houses, or that the Jacobin Club (then a constitutional assembly) produced 1793."

ITALY.

Our comrade Malatesta, in *La Campana* for October 23, urges preparation for the congress of all Italian Socialists, of which I spoke lately in these Notes. Comrades at Lugano (Ticino) have offered themselves as centres of communication. A broad-based congress, such as is proposed, would be of great practical utility.

I cannot resist reproducing the announcement of the Fabian campaign of this winter, as it is given in *La Campana*: "The lecturers are all celebrities—Sydney, Oliver, Besant, Mrs. Bernard Shaw, etc." ("Sydney, Oliver, Besant, la signora Bernard Shaw, ecc."). No doubt equally funny blunders are made in this column, but it is not unpleasant to find our excellent Fabian friends thus travestied.

SPAIN.

El Socialismo of Cadiz is publishing a translation of the *Révolte* articles on Anarchist Morality of which I have spoken elsewhere. This journal also gives a pretty full account of our Anti-Parliamentary Conference of last August, with reports of the speeches of comrades Mowbray, Kitz, Charles, Malatesta, and Louise Michel.

At Gibraltar Spanish and English workers have cast aside jingoism and the hateful spirit of race hatred and joined as one man in a successful strike.

The *Socialismo* is not only an Anarchist, but also a Communist paper, and, as a Communist, one is pleased to note in its reports of the formation of Anarchist-Communist groups in all parts of Spain.

The last copy of *El Socialista* (organ of the so-called "Workmen's Party") we have received is mainly filled with a report of the Halle Congress and the dictatorial calumny and stale abuse of the "dumb driven cattle" who follow the Reichstag Socialists. I do not know if I am prejudiced, but I always find Social-Democratic sheets singularly dull reading.

The first number of the Basque-land *Combate* has been seized and its editor imprisoned. This will make a good advertisement for the second number; for Spanish comrades are not the men to be easily disheartened by Governmental rigour.

CUBA.

On the 28th of September a most important meeting of tobacco workers (to the number of about four thousand) was held at Havannah, for the purpose of considering the course to be pursued in view of the McKinley Bill, which, as I have already explained, bids fair to bring about a serious crisis in Cuba. The whole spirit of the gathering (judging from the official report published in *El Productor*) seems to have been thoroughly revolutionary. The following was one of the resolutions voted unanimously:—"This assembly declares that it asks for the abolition of no law, since, on the day when it deems its strength sufficient for the purpose, it will demand the abolition of all laws." Our comrade E. González spoke out with especial manfulness. "The workers," he said, "ought never to take sides in any matter with the bourgeois, since the bourgeois are their hangmen. The middle classes grow rich upon the sweat and misery of the toilers; they cause us to live in hovels while they dwell in sumptuous palaces; they debauch our daughters with the gold they steal from us. Never let us join with the manufacturers for any purpose. When our situation becomes so desperate that we have no food for our families, let us sally forth into the street, and to the cry of 'bread or lead' seek food where it is to be had." At this stage the Chief of Police interfered, and our comrade sat down amid continued cheering.

R. W. B.

Our Leeds comrades announce that they are willing to deliver lectures upon the following subjects to any society in their immediate neighbourhood. Application for their services should be made to the Secretary of Propaganda Committee, Socialist League Club, Clarendon Buildings, Victoria Road, Leeds. **GEORGE CORES.**—The Coming Change in Society—The Fraud of Politics—Why Pay Rent—Trades' Unionism and Socialism—Socialism, its Aims and Methods. **HENRY SAMUELS.**—The Evolution of Cannibalism—Insufficient Remedies for Poverty—Socialism and Political Economy—Reform or Revolution—The General Strike. **JAMES SWENEY.**—The Labour War—Trades' Unionism and Socialism. **MATTHEW SOLLITT.**—Individualism Realised in Socialism.

DO YOU AGREE?

Do you agree with us that the social awakening of the workers is a desirable end? Do you agree with us that we are working in the right way to achieve that end?

You do not? Then oppose us and prove us wrong on every platform and in every paper to which you can gain access!

You do agree? Then work with us and for us; help us to extend our circle of influence; let no day pass in which you have not interested some one in our propaganda!

There is no middle course for an honest man!

THE SOCIALIST LEAGUE.

OFFICES: 24, GREAT QUEEN ST., LINCOLN'S INN FIELDS, W.C.

The Offices of the Socialist League will be open for the sale of *Commonweal* and all other Socialist publications from 8.30 a.m. to 9 p.m. every day except Sunday. The Secretary will be in attendance from 10 a.m. to 9 p.m. daily.

Branch Subscriptions Paid.—1890:—North Kensington, to end of April. Glasgow, Oxford, Hammersmith, Manchester, and Norwich, to end of May. Yarmouth, to end of June. East London, to end of July. Leicester, to end of August. North London, to end of September. 'Commonweal' Branch, and Streatham, to end of December.

"COMMONWEAL" GUARANTEE FUND.

	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.
H. R.	0	1	0	B. W.	0	0	6
C. Saunders	0	3	0				
Ph. Webb	0	1	0	Total	1	0	6
Sheffield Socialists	0	15	0				

REPORTS.

'COMMONWEAL' BRANCH.—Good meeting on Friday at Hoxton addressed by Kitz and Mrs. Lahr. On Sunday, Nov. 2, Mrs. Blundell addressed meeting in hall on "Socialism"; our comrade laid great stress on the necessity of fraternal unity amongst comrades, and thought the movement would soon become larger if minor differences were put on one side, keeping in sight the real enemy—Capitalism; good discussion. On Monday, at the Autonomie Club, our Concert and Ball, given for the benefit of the paper, went off well; songs and recitations were given by comrades, and a variety entertainment by H. Rowson and Sons was well appreciated; dancing followed.—B.

ABERDEEN.—Our first meeting in the Oddfellows' Large Hall was a great success, the hall being filled with an enthusiastic audience. Comrade Duncan opened the debate in support of the general strike as the best means of securing the eight hours day. W. Cooper supported legislative enactment as a means to that end. Discussion was carried on by several friends and members throughout the audience. Comrade Cooper replied in a fifteen minutes' speech, and Duncan closed the debate. Rennie occupied the chair. 14s. 2½d. was collected to defray expenses. The open-air meeting on Castle Street on Saturday night was somewhat spoiled by the rain. Comrades Duncan and Rennie spoke for some time, however, before the rain got too heavy.—G. A. C.

HALIFAX.—On Sunday evening, at Helliwell's Hotel, Cores, of Leeds, addressed a good audience on "The Fraud of Politics." He pointed out the failure of political methods and changes to affect economic evils, and advocated direct revolutionary action by the workers. The audience were thoroughly sympathetic, the chief opponent being a "Socialist" who advocated the claims of the Liberal Party as "the friends of the working men." Ten *Commonweal* were sold. Unfortunately the reply to the opposition was cut short by want of time. A promise to commence revolutionary propaganda in Halifax was received with evident favour.

LEEDS.—We are still doing well here. In addition to our usual propaganda work, a debate is being carried on in the Leeds *Evening Express* on "Socialism and Temperance" between G. Cores and the local agent of the U. K. Alliance, a Mr. Pearson. It is affording us a splendid opportunity of preaching our Socialist ideas. Last Wednesday week, October 15, comrades Cores and Samuels visited the Spiritualists' Mutual Improvement Class and took part in a debate on Socialism. As a consequence comrade Samuels by invitation opened the debate the following Wednesday, and Cores is to open on the 5th. The members are intelligent and thoughtful, and are eager to get information on Socialism. We wish to draw the attention of all our comrades and friends in Leeds to our discussions on Thursday evenings. Comrade Dyche opened on October 16th by reading a paper on "Economics." Cores following last Thursday on "Anarchist-Communism," and Menkey is to continue the debate on Thursday the 6th from the democratic point of view. This subject promises to be specially interesting and productive of vigorous discussion. On Sunday we held our usual meetings on Hunslet and Woodhouse moors, Cores and Samuels speaking.—G. C.

SCOTTISH SOCIALIST FEDERATION—EDINBURGH.—On Sunday evening, comrade Bruce Glasier (Glasgow) addressed a large meeting in Labour Hall on "Gladstone and the Labour Problem." His criticism of the G. O. M.'s recent utterances was certainly fearless, and he showed in a most convincing manner the utter uselessness of politics and Parliament in the way of doing anything to benefit the people. The lecture was listened to with great attention, and although no one attempted to defend Gladstone, some discussion took place on the general question of Socialism and the Universal Strike, to which Glasier referred and advocated. Gilray lectured at Leith on "Comradeship"; there was a good attendance and a discussion followed. The *Leith Pilot* is reporting our lectures there at some length.

The Persecution of Jews in Russia.

We did not, even after his amusing performance on the London County Council as a puritanical fanatic, expect to find Mr. Charrington among the enemies of free speech and public meeting. But after the way in which he turned our comrades of the International Club into the street last Saturday, because the Chief Rabbi did not approve of their calling attention to the sufferings of the Jews, it is impossible to look upon this intolerant bigot in any other light. The Chief Rabbi and Mr. Charrington are both in the same boat, and have proved once more to the workers that clericalism is the enemy, no matter whether it wear the garb of Roman Catholic, Salvationist, Jewish Rabbi, or English Puritan. However, a very successful meeting was held outside the hall on Mile-end Waste, at which William Morris, Stepniak, Felix Volkhovsky, Edward and Eleanor Aveling, James Beal, R. W. Burnie, and others spoke, and a strong resolution censuring the heads of the Anglo-Jewish community for procuring the boycott of the meeting was carried unanimously.

LECTURE DIARY.

LONDON.

Battersea.—All communications to E. Buteux, 45, Inwith Street, Battersea Park Road.
Commonweal Branch.—24 Great Queen Street, Holborn, W.C. Tuesdays, Singing Practice. Thursdays, Business meeting. Saturdays, Social Gathering. Sunday, November 9, at 8.30 p.m., Theodore R. Wright (Fabian), "Thrift."
East London.—H. McKenzie, 10 Victoria Dwellings, Clerkenwell Road, E.C.
Hammersmith.—Kelmescott House, Upper Mall, W. Lecture every Sunday at 8. French Class conducted by Mlle. Desroches on Friday evenings at 7.30.
North Kensington.—Clarendon Coffee Palace, Clarendon Road. Meets every Wednesday at 8 p.m. Band practice every Friday at 8 p.m. Sunday, November 9, at 7.30, "What becomes of our Wealth"—II. The Capitalist's Share." Graham Wallas (Fabian).
North London.—6 Windmill Street, Tottenham Court Road. Meets every Wednesday evening at 8 o'clock.
Whitechapel and St. Georges-in-the-East.—Branch meetings at International Club, 40 Berner Street, Commercial Road. J. Turner, organising secretary.

PROVINCES.

Aberdeen.—Organiser, J. Leatham, 7 Jamaica Street. Branch meets in Oddfellows' Small Hall, Crooked Lane, on Sunday evenings at 6.30. Singing practice, etc., Mondays at 8 p.m.
Glasgow.—Members are invited to meet on Thursday and Sunday evenings, at 8 o'clock, in the Secretary's house, 250 Crown Street, S.S. All communications to be sent to that address.
Halifax.—Socialists meet every Sunday at 6.30 p.m. at Helliwell's Temperance Hotel, Northgate.
Hull.—Club Liberty, 1 Beets Court, Blanket Row.
Leeds.—Socialist League Club, 1 Clarendon Buildings and Front Row. Open every evening. Business meeting Saturdays at 8.—International Educational Club, Templar Street. Open every evening. Discussion class every Friday at 8; lectures every Saturday at 4. All kinds of Socialist literature on tables and for sale.
Leicester.—Room No. 7, Co-operative Hall, High Street. Branch meeting on Thursday at 8 p.m.
Manchester.—Socialist League Club, 60 Grovesnor Street, All Saints. Open every evening. Branch weekly meeting on Tuesdays at 8.
Nottingham.—Socialist Club, Woodland Place, Upper Parliament Street. Club contribution, 1d. per week; dancing every Wednesday, 8 till 10.30—fee 3d.
Norwich.—Members' meeting held every Tuesday at 8.30.
Oxford.—Temperance Hall, 25½ Pembroke Street. First Friday in every month, at 8.30 p.m.
Sheffield.—Socialist Club, 63 Blonk Street. French Class, Tuesday at 8.30. Discussion Class, Wednesday at 8.30. Open-air meetings are held as follows:—Sunday: Monolith, Fargate, at 11.30; Newhall Road, Attercliffe, at 11.30; Pump, Westbar, at 8; Heeley, Maresbrook Park, at 7.30; Monolith, Fargate, at 6.30; Rotherham, College Yard, at 3.15. Wednesday: Nursery Street, Wicker, at 8. Thursday: Bramall Lane, at 8; Eckington, at 6.30. Friday: Duke Street, Park, at 8. Saturday: Woodhouse, at 7.
Walsall.—Socialist Club, 18 Goodall Street, Walsall. Meetings every night.
Yarmouth.—Socialist League Club, 56 Row, Market Place. Open every evening Business Meeting, Tuesday at 8. Singing Practice, Wednesday at 8.30. Discussion Class, Thursday at 8.30. Elocution Class, Friday at 8.30.

All persons who sympathise with the views of the Socialist League are earnestly invited to communicate with the above addresses, and if possible to help us in preparing for the birth of a true society, based on equality, brotherhood, and freedom for all.

OPEN-AIR PROPAGANDA.

(Weather permitting.)

SATURDAY 8.	
8	Mile-end Waste.....The Branch
SUNDAY 9.	
11	Commercial Road—Union Street.....The Branch
11	Latimer Road Station.....North Kensington Branch
11.30	Hammersmith Bridge.....Hammersmith Branch
11.30	Hoxton Church.....The Branch
11.30	Regent's Park.....Nicoll
3.30	Hyde Park—Marble Arch.....Mainwaring and Nicoll
3.30	Victoria Park.....Commonweal Branch
3.30	Streatham Common.....The Branch
7	Hammersmith Bridge.....Hammersmith Branch
7	Wormwood Scrubs.....North Kensington Branch
8	Kings Cross—Liverpool Street.....The Branch
8	Walham Green—back of Church.....Hammersmith Branch
FRIDAY 14.	
8.15	Hoxton Church.....Kitz and Mrs. Lahr

PROVINCES.

Aberdeen.—Saturday: Castle Street, at 7.30 p.m.
Glasgow.—Sunday: Jail Square at 2 o'clock; Paisley Road at 5 o'clock.
Leeds.—Sunday: Hunslet Moor, at 11 a.m.; Woodhouse Moor, at 3 p.m.; Vicar's Croft, at 6 p.m.
Leicester.—Sunday: Russell Square, at 10.45 a.m.; Market Place, at 6.15 p.m.; Humberstone Gate, at 8 p.m. Monday: Belgrave, at 8. Tuesday: Sanvey Gate, at 8. Wednesday: Braunstone Gate, at 8. Friday: Infirmary Square, at 8. Saturday: "Cross," Belgrave Gate, at 8.
Liverpool.—Landing Stage, Sundays at 11.30 a.m. and 3 p.m.
Manchester.—Saturday: Middleton market ground, at 7 p.m. Sunday: Philips Park Gates, at 11; Stevenson Square, at 3. Monday: Market Street, Blackley, at 8.
Nottingham.—Sunday: Sneinton Market, at 11 a.m.; Great Market, at 7 p.m.
Norwich.—Saturday: Haymarket, at 8. Sunday: Market Place at 11, 3, and 7.30.
Yarmouth.—Saturday: Church Plain Trees, at 8 p.m. Sunday: Priory Plain, at 11; Bradwell, at 11.30; London Boat Landing Stage, at 3; Colman's Granary Quay, at 7. Monday: Belton, at 8 p.m.

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SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 15, 1890.

WEEKLY; ONE PENNY.

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WHERE ARE WE NOW?

It is good from time to time for those who are engaged in a serious movement to look back and review the progress of the past few years; which involves looking around them and noting the way the movement is affecting other people. It is good to do so for this reason amongst others, that men absorbed in such a movement are apt to surround themselves with a kind of artificial atmosphere which distorts the proportions of things outside, and prevents them from seeing what is really going on, and consequently from taking due council as to what is best to do.

It is now some seven years since Socialism came to life again in this country. To some the time will seem long, so many hopes and disappointments as have been crowded into them. Yet in the history of a serious movement seven years is a short time enough; and few movements surely have made so much progress during this short time in one way or another as Socialism has done.

For what was it which we set out to accomplish? To change the system of society on which the stupendous fabric of civilisation is founded, and which has been built up by centuries of conflict with older and dying systems, and crowned by the victory of modern civilisation over the material surroundings of life.

Could seven years make any visible impression on such a tremendous undertaking as this?

Consider, too, the quality of those who began and carried on this business of reversing the basis of modern society! Who were the statesmen who took up the momentous questions laid before England of the nineteenth century by the English Socialists? Who were the great divines who preached this new gospel of happiness from their pulpits? Who were the natural philosophers who proclaimed their hope and joy at the advent of a society which should at last use their marvellous discoveries for the good of mankind?

There is no need to take a pen in hand to write their names. The traveller (*i.e.*, the toiler) had fallen among thieves, and the priest and the Levite went by on the other side; or perhaps in this case threw a stone or two at the wounded man: it was but a Samaritan, an outcast, an unrespectable person, who helped him.

Those who set out "to make the revolution"—that is, as afore said, to put society on a new basis, contradictory to the existing one—were a few working-men, less successful even in the wretched life of labour than their fellows; a sprinkling of the intellectual proletariat, whose keen pushing of Socialism must have seemed pretty certain to extinguish their limited chances of prosperity; one or two outsiders in the game political; a few refugees from the bureaucratic tyranny of foreign governments; and here and there an unpractical, half-cracked artist or author.

Yet such as they were, they were enough to do something. Through them, though not by them, the seven years of the new movement toward freedom have, contrary to all that might have been expected, impressed the idea of Socialism deeply on the epoch. It is true that the toilers have not begun to reap benefit from that impression; but it was impossible that they should. No permanent material benefit can accrue to them until Socialism has ceased to be militant, and is merged in the new society. But as I said the other week, the move-

ment has at least accomplished this, that no one who thinks is otherwise than discontented with things as they are. The shouts of triumph over the glories of civilisation which once drowned the moans of the miserable (and that but a dozen years ago at most) have now sunk into quavering apologies for the existence of the horrors and fatuities of our system; a system which is only defended as a thing to be endured for lack of a better, and until we can find some means of packing it off into limbo: and the workers, who in the period of "leap and bound prosperity" were thought to have reached the end of their tether, and to be fixed in a kind of subordinate heaven on earth, are now showing that they are not going to stop *there*, at any rate, and whatever happens. And the principles of Socialism are beginning to be understood, so that to some of ourselves, who are always hearing of them, they seem now mere commonplaces which need not be insisted on. Though with that view I can, as I shall show presently, by no means agree.

All this has come to pass. How and why? Was it by virtue of the qualities of those who have furthered it? That little band of oddities who fell in with Socialism during these last few years, did it turn out after all that they were so much better than they seemed? Well, they were (and are), most of them, human at least; but otherwise it cannot be said that great unexpected talent for administration and conduct of affairs has been developed amongst us, nor any vast amount of foresight either. We have been what we seemed to be (to our friends I hope)—and that was no great things. We have between us made about as many mistakes as any other party in a similar space of time. Quarrels more than enough we have had; and sometimes also weak assent for fear of quarrels to what we did not agree with.

There has been self-seeking amongst us, and vainglory, and sloth, and rashness; though there has been at least courage and devotion also. When I first joined the movement I hoped that some working-man leader, or rather leaders, would turn up, who would push aside all middle-class help, and become great historical figures. I might still hope for that, if it seemed likely to happen, for indeed I long for it enough; but to speak plainly it does not so seem at present.

Yet, I repeat, in spite of all drawbacks the impression has been made, and why? The reason for it has been given in words said before, but which I must needs say again: because that seemingly inexpugnable fabric of modern society is verging towards its fall; it has done its work, and is going to change into something else. That is the reason why, with all our faults, we have been able to do something; nor do I believe that there will ever be lacking instruments for bringing about the great change, exactly in proportion to the readiness of the solid elements in society—the workers, to wit—to receive that change, and carry on the new order to which it will give birth.

So much at least we have to encourage us. But are not some of us disappointed in spite of the change of the way in which Socialism is looked on generally? It is but natural that we should be. When we first began to work together, there was little said about anything save the great ideals of Socialism; and so far off did we seem from the realisation of these, that we could hardly think of any means for their realisation, save great dramatic events which would make our lives tragic indeed, but would take us out of the sordidness of the so-called "peace" of civilisation. With the great extension of Socialism, this also is changed. Our very success has dimmed the great ideals that first led us on; for the hope of the partial and, so to say, vulgarised realisation of Socialism is now pressing on us. I think that we are all confident that Socialism will be realised: it is not wonderful, then, that we should long to see—to feel—its realisation in our own life-time. Methods of realisation, therefore, are now more before our eyes than ideals: but it is of no use talking about methods which are not, in part at least, immediately feasible, and it is of the nature of such partial methods to be sordid and discouraging, though they *may* be necessary.

There are two tendencies in this matter of methods: on the one hand is our old acquaintance palliation, elevated now into vastly greater importance than it used to have, because of the growing discontent, and the obvious advance of Socialism; on the other is the method of partial, necessarily futile, inconsequent revolt, or riot rather, against the authorities, who are our absolute masters, and can easily put it down.

With both of these methods I disagree; and that the more because

the palliatives have to be clamoured for, and the riots carried out by men who do not know what Socialism is, and have no idea what their next step is to be, if contrary to all calculation they should happen to be successful. Therefore, at the best our masters would be our masters still, because there would be nothing to take their place. We are not ready for such a change as that! The authorities might be a little shaken, perhaps, a little more inclined to yield something to the clamours of their slaves, but there would be slaves still, as all men must be who are not prepared to manage their own business themselves. Nay, as to the partial violent means, I believe that the occurrence of these would not shake the authorities at all, but would strengthen them rather, because they would draw to them the timid of all classes, i.e., all men but a very few.

I have mentioned the two lines on which what I should the methods of impatience profess to work. Before I write a very few words on the only line of method on which some of us can work, I will give my views about the present state of the movement as briefly as I can.

The whole set opinion amongst those more or less touched by Socialism, who are not definite Socialists, is towards the New Trades' Unionism and palliation. Men believe that they can wrest from the capitalists some portion of their privileged profits, and the masters, to judge by the recent threats of combination on their side, believe also that this can be done. That it could only very partially be done, and that the men could not rest there if it were done, we Socialists know very well; but others do not. Let that pass for the present. The Parliamentary side of things seems in abeyance, at present; it has given place to the Trade Union side. But, of course, it will come up again; and in time, if there is nothing to cut across the logical sequence of events, it will achieve the legal Eight Hours' Day—with next to no results either to men or masters.

For the rest, I neither believe in State Socialism as desirable in itself, or, indeed, as a complete scheme do I think it possible. Nevertheless, some approach to it is sure to be tried, and to my mind this will precede any complete enlightenment on the new order of things. The success of Mr. Bellamy's utopian book, deadly dull as it is, is a straw to show which way the wind blows. The general attention paid to our clever friends, the Fabian lecturers and pamphleteers, is not altogether due to their literary ability; people have really got their heads turned more or less in their direction.

Now it seems to me that at such a time, when people are not only discontented, but have really conceived a hope of bettering the condition of labour, while at the same time the means towards their end are doubtful; or, rather, when they take the very beginning of the means as an end in itself,—that this time when people are excited about Socialism, and when many who know nothing about it think themselves Socialists, is the time of all others to put forward the simple principles of Socialism regardless of the policy of the passing hour.

My readers will understand that in saying this I am speaking for those who are complete Socialists—or let us call them Communists. I say for us to make Socialists is the business at present, and at present I do not think we can have any other useful business. Those who are not really Socialists—who are Trades' Unionists, disturbance-breeders, or what not—will do what they are impelled to do, and we cannot help it. At the worst there will be some good in what they do; but we need not and cannot heartily work with them, when we know that their methods are beside the right way.

Our business, I repeat, is the making of Socialists, i.e., convincing people that Socialism is good for them and is possible. When we have enough people of that way of thinking, they will find out what action is necessary for putting their principles in practice. Until we have that mass of opinion, action for a general change that will benefit the whole people is impossible. Have we that body of opinion or any thing like it? Surely not. If we look outside that glamour, that charmed atmosphere of party warfare in which we necessarily move, we shall see this clearly: that though there are a great many who believe it possible to compel their masters by some means or another to behave better to them, and though they are prepared to compel them (by so-called peaceful means, strikes and the like), all but a very small minority are not prepared to do without masters. They do not believe in their own capacity to undertake the management of affairs, and to be responsible for their life in this world. When they are so prepared, then Socialism will be realised; but nothing can push it on a day in advance of that time.

Therefore, I say, make Socialists. We Socialists can do nothing else that is useful, and preaching and teaching is not out of date for that purpose; but rather for those who, like myself, do not believe in State Socialism, it is the only rational means of attaining to the New Order of Things.

WILLIAM MORRIS.

A DEAR GOSPEL.—“Men cease to regard money!” cries Bolus of Houndsditch. What else do all men strive for? The very Bishop informs me that Christianity cannot get on without a minimum of five thousand five hundred in its pocket.—*Carlyle, Past and Present.*

TO THE “PHILANTHROPISTS.”—O Anti-Slavery Convention, loud-sounding, long-eared Exeter Hall!—But in thee too there is a kind of instinct towards justice, and I will complain of nothing. Only, black Quashee over the seas being sufficiently attended to, wilt thou perhaps open thy dull sodden eyes to the “sixty thousand valets in London itself who are yearly dismissed to the streets, to be what they can, when the season ends”; or to the hunger-stricken, pallid, yellow-coloured “Free Labourers” in Lancashire, Yorkshire, Buckinghamshire, and all other shires? . . . Quashee has already victuals and clothing; Quashee is not dying of such despair as the yellow-coloured pale man's.—*Carlyle, Past and Present.*

FALSE REMEDIES FOR POVERTY.

IN all directions, and from nearly all parties of the State, we hear various proposals for the solution of the greatest problem of the time—i.e., the Labour Question. A few short years ago no statesman, and very few indeed connected with politics, would admit that there was such a thing as a labour question at all. We were told by Liberal and Tory alike that we, the Socialists, were merely a set of agitators, who were stumping for notoriety. Even Mr. C. Bradlaugh compared us to a set of dreamers, fools, or worse. But thanks to our steady plodding propaganda since 1880, in the alley and slum, in the hall and park, with voice and leaflet, we have compelled our masters to listen to the voice of the people who have been silent, alas! too long; and true to the order to which our rulers and masters belong, even now they refuse to listen to, or deal with, the truth, but vainly attempt by various schemes (most of which have been tried in other countries) to gull or mislead the people of this country, even as the people on the Continent have been misled and deceived by somewhat similar proposals.

Let us take a sample or two of the proposals—and there are many before us at the present time. The one which seems to meet with most favour is that relating to pensions for worn-out or disabled workers, who are not only to continue to be robbed by the capitalist, but are further expected to contribute from their already scant wages to this pension fund, from which they are to draw a certain sum per week after they are 65 years of age. Considering that the average life of the worker is only 35 in the whole of the country, and in some particular districts—such as London, Liverpool, Manchester, Sheffield, etc.—it is only some 27 years, I would ask workers (who think) is this worth a trial at all so far as they are concerned? I have no hope of its even being a good palliative; as it appears to me, it is only another method of easing the pockets of our masters of their poor-rates; or in other words, our rulers are getting tired of keeping the worn-out human machines, and would fain have the workers compelled (seeing their stone-yard and oakum-picking tests have failed) to insure themselves whilst young in order not to be a burden to the robber class when they are old. The workers are to be docked 1s. per week from about 16 years old to 65, and then to have 10s. per week after that for life. What a glorious prospect for the worn-out decrepid wretch who can contrive to live to 65 years! But, as the immense mass of the workers have no chance of living so long, I cannot see what this precious scheme with its pauper pensions has to do with them. What fools we workers are, and have been, to be misled by every plausible cry, present and past.

The position I take up might seem to the wilfully blind that I have no sympathy with the old, but I think that those who care to study will see that it is much better to end the system (at once) that renders it possible for aged workers to end their days in receipt of charity. Seeing as I do that every able-bodied worker can and does produce three times as much as he consumes, I would warn any worker from expecting any success from this so-called insurance scheme, and would have them bear in mind that its promoters only aim at making it impossible for cases of “extreme hardships” to exist; not “hardship,” mark, but only “extreme hardships”; not a solution of the question, but only a little paint over a worm-eaten beam, which must continue to rot until the burden becomes too great, and then a crash must come.

Well, it may be said, this is only one scheme; there is the new and old unionism, which is securing more comforts for the workers—more wages, less hours, more leisure, all of which will enable the worker to beautify his home, increase his knowledge, and build up the physical condition of himself and family; and all for what?—that he may continue a wage-slave. Nay, I can never believe that; for alongside of the workers unions we have growing up with lightning rapidity the federated unions of the capitalists; and what, pray, is their object? It is, and can only be, to break up or curtail the power of the workers' unions; and does anyone think that this coming battle—the signs of which are already appearing—can end successfully for the workers? I don't believe it will.

Say our critics, these are only two instances. Well, let us take a third. The workers are to get and keep the franchise; which is most difficult, for according to both returning officers in the Eccles division of Lancashire, the number of removals has been something alarming, and with the coming struggle between Labour and Capitalism this evil of removal must increase. But, for the sake of argument, we will suppose the workers get, and do keep, the franchise. Does anyone really believe that they are going to avoid an appeal to force to settle this great question? What do you think the land-holding and capitalist class are made of? Does anyone think they will give up all their monopoly and the power it gives them without a struggle? If there is anyone who believes this I am afraid they are doomed to a sudden and awful awakening to the truth. The only thing worth dying for is freedom; but I am afraid a large number of workers are doomed to lay down their lives for a mere shadow, and all because they are either mentally blind or morally cowards. Is it not wiser, then, to try and find out the truth of the economical position and strengthen the workers' position in the coming struggle by being prepared to raise the cry, “The land for the people, the product to the producer,” and see that there is no petty shuffling for only a part of what belongs to us? “No Compromise” must be written large on our flag, and “No Surrender” be firmly engrafted in heart and head. If the workers are going to fight for anything less than this, then their case is hopeless, because it can only end in disappointment and failure. Isn't this the

truth, you who are half-starved and ill-clad; you who are in work, you who are fathers of families, not knowing what will become of them? Do you not also know it, you who are compelled to tramp from town to town in search of what you perhaps already know you cannot get—work and food; you who to-day are compelled to risk so much to obtain so little, you who are compelled to steal; and you also who are forced to eke out a miserable life by prostitution, contracting diseases and ending by a terrible death, either at the hands of some monster of the "Ripper" type or perhaps disease in a hospital? Be ready, then, ye fathers and mothers, young and old, for we are nearing a terrible crash. Have no fear in your hearts of the power of our masters. They may for a time be able to hire ruffians like the Pinkertons of Chicago, who with revolver and club may attempt to crush our hopes; but already we see signs that they dare not rely on our kinsmen who have been forced from field, mine, and workshop to be dressed and drilled to do their fighting for them. Detachments of guards, artillery, army service corps, and infantry of the line, have shown what is inwardly working among them by open mutiny; it was only a little while ago we heard that a large number of the 2nd Surrey Regiment revolted against going to India, no doubt believing that their enemies as well as ours are here at home. The sun of Freedom is shining in all lands, and we here ought also to prepare for the day of revolution. Let us waste no more time in trifling, but strike; strike quick, strike hard, and the day will be our own.

C. W. MOWBRAY.

NOVEMBER 11TH.

BENEATH the frowning battlements of wrong
Our fallen comrades we commemorate;
To those immortal dead our hearts belong,
They met, for us, their undeserved fate.

For us they suffered in the prison cell;
For us they dared the evil powers of state;
They strove to rescue us from economic hell;
And we, their heirs—their deaths commemorate.

We meet, and on their tombs our garlands place
While listening to the voices of the dead,
Which echo from their final resting-place
And urge us forward in the fight they led.

They tell us of the wrongs endured by men;
Of slavery and its thrice-accursed chains;
Of strong exploiting weak since time began,
Of Labour foully robbed to swell the idler's gains.

How Mother Nature's ever-bounteous yield,
By legal schemers is monopolised;
How chartered Might holds factory and field,
While Labour, all-creating, is ever pauperised.

As storm-birds predicate the coming storm,
So do their voices bid us to prepare
For social tempest, when grim ranks shall form
Of fierce determined men, angered to do and dare:

When states shall crumble, rotten to the core
With parasitic wrongs; while in their place—
Nor gods nor constitutions vexing more—
Shall rise a free, an all-enfranchised race.

Thus do their words their mission yet fulfil,
And we to them eternal fealty vow;
Their smothered words shall volume gain until
The world shall listen, as we do listen now.

FROM THE CHICAGO *Alarm*, 1888.

Coercion in "Free America."

The American middle-classes received Dillon and O'Brien with great enthusiasm as the representatives of the oppressed Irish people. At the same time, Anarchists who desire to celebrate the murder of our Chicago comrades, are first driven from the hall in Newark, N.J., where they were going to hold their meeting, and then when they hold a meeting of protest outside the hall they are set upon by those uniformed bullies, the American police, and cruelly bludgeoned. In addition to this object lesson as to the blessings of freedom in a "Democratic Republic," their leaders are arrested and Lucy Parsons has been committed for trial. At another meeting held in New York, "100 policemen marched into the hall and took up positions, standing around the hall and alongside the platform," ready for more brutality. American middle-class politicians and their friends in England are very severe on "bloody" Balfour, and shrieks of horror arise when he does in Ireland what the "Republican authorities" are doing in America.

"PINKERTONS."—One of the many "prophecies" which remain to be proved in opposition to Socialism, is that, if the workers revolted, many of them could be bribed to become traitors and armed assassins, or Pinkertons as in America. To such statements as this we answer that the average worker, robbed, degraded, and enslaved as he is, has still a small amount of courage, a brain to think, and a heart to feel, and has not yet descended to the brute level in spite of the ruling classes, who have done their level best to keep him in ignorance so that they may the more effectively fleece him. No Pinkertons can ever stand against the forces of the Revolution, which will be composed of all those workers who are dissatisfied with their position, and are at last resolved to take their own and sweep away all obstructions in the path to Liberty, Equality, and Fraternity.—*J. Smythe.*

INTERNATIONAL NOTES.

FRANCE.

The "Marxist" *Cri du Travailleur* ("Toiler's Cry") of Lille publishes the agenda of the Brussels International Congress as agreed upon at Halle by the Social Democrats there gathered. The Congress is to be held in August 1891, and to last a week. The Congress at large is to verify delegates' credentials, and it is to be "open to every workers' organisation and to every Socialist party without distinction." This is all very pretty; but (inasmuch as the first question for discussion is "The state of labour legislation, both national and international, and the means by which it may be extended and rendered effective") it does not seem very likely that anti-parliamentarians will be especially welcome.

At Lyons Anarchists are being arrested right and left, on one pretext or another, and their rooms searched. At Tarare our comrade Brault has been prosecuted for announcing a public meeting without making the "preliminary declaration" required by law. For this "offence" the judicial authorities of the French Republic have sentenced him to three months' imprisonment!

The Brousseist section of the old "Possibilist" party now issues the *Proletaire* as its official organ, the "Allemaneists" having captured the daily *Parti Ouvrier*. This latter "Socialist" organ gratifies its readers by publishing racing news and Stock Exchange quotations! I am sorry that space fails me to reproduce an extremely foolish article on English Socialism in the number for November 7th. It seems that we are showing our sense by going in for trades-unionism, John Burns and State interference. Evidently we must go abroad to hear news.

In view of what looks very much like the final collapse of the "Workmen's Party" (falsely so-called), Eugène Chatelain in the *Revue Européenne* suggests the formation of a true "French revolutionary party," and appeals to all citizens who would wish to finish, once for all, with hampering directors and governors. The formation of such a party will, however, be of little good if, like the others, it is to sink in the political bog. Surely the history of the "Parti Ouvrier," with its three divisions—"Marxist," "Brousseist," and "Allemaneist"—ought to completely cure French workers of parliamentarianism. In the meantime, I welcome our comrade Chatelain as a fellow-worker for the First of May, 1891. Only I prefer the cry of "Bread for all" to that of "Long live the Universal Republic,"—for which most of us, I fancy, care nothing. This "universal republic" might easily become (would probably become) the greatest engine of oppression the world has yet seen.

PORTUGAL.

The Oporto *Revolução Social* reproduces the recent *Révolte* article on the English Working-class Movement. Our Chicago comrades seem likely to be worthily commemorated at Oporto.

SPAIN.

The delegate of the Spanish Workers' Party (*i.e.*, the Social Democrats) to the Brussels International Congress is to be instructed to "combat every proposition having for its object the advocacy of the general strike." *El Socialista* endeavours to justify this resolution by the usual arguments. It seems we must wait for the Revolution and be patient until the workers are educated and organised, and we must not hurry matters by any such leap in the dark as the general strike. This is the kind of "hush-a-bye baby" twaddle that we have heard nearer home. Happily, in Spain genuine revolutionists have much more influence than the parliamentary nostrum-vendors.

CUBA.

El Productor has been twice seized within a few days. The last number which has reached us (October 19th) is full of a great strike of cabmen, omnibus-drivers, and tram-car drivers which had broken out at Havannah. The Government turned on soldiers (protected by police) to act as blacklegs and run the omnibuses and cars. They also, on various pretexts, prohibited public meetings. The people replied to this action by stoning every vehicle they found on the streets. Gradually, too, other trades came out in sympathy, and, by the 17th (the strike having begun on the 11th) something very like a general strike was on foot. Our comrades of *El Productor* were expecting their paper to be altogether stopped by the authorities; in which case they propose to issue leaflets as opportunity serves.

Still more serious news has, however, since come from Cuba by cable—*viz.*, that the tobacco-manufacturers have actually begun the general lock-out which is intended as their reply to the McKinley Bill. Up to date of writing, the telegraph has brought us no further explanation. If the prize-fighters had been knocking each other about (or pretending to do so), we should doubtless have heard all about it long ago—even if the encounter had taken place in the depths of China.

ARGENTINE CONFEDERATION.

In September of last year two Anarchist groups, entitled respectively "November 11th" and "Land and Liberty," prepared for publication a Communist-Anarchist Manifesto addressed to the workers of the Argentine Republic. The manifesto spoke out clearly for the Social Revolution on Anarchist-Communist lines, but assuredly there was nothing more "violent" in its tone than there is, for example, in the Statement of Principles of the Socialist League (I do not, of course, mean that the principles contended for in the two documents were necessarily the same). Nevertheless, the Buenos Ayres police seized ten thousand copies which had been printed ready for distribution and cast into prison three of our comrades—Emilio Piette, Victoriano San José, and Matei—as presumed authors of the "dangerous" tract. In prison they remained until the 19th of August last, when they were released as an indirect consequence of the so-called "revolutionary" movement of last July. The manifesto is now at length issued with an account of its history. How delightfully free an institution is a "free republic"!

We have received the sixth number of a new Communist-Anarchist journal published at Buenos Ayres, *El Perseguido* ("The Persecuted One"). It seems well worthy of support. There is certainly no feature of commercialism about it, for payment for it is entirely voluntary. Mayhap it will be none the less successful on that account. There is in the number which has just reached me, a good article on "That which is needed"—*i.e.*, to bring about the Revolution. According to the writer, the thing needed is simply "daring" (*audacia*). Revolutionists should not be ashamed of being called "criminals," either by the ordinary bourgeois or by the State Socialist. From the bourgeois point of view they *are* criminals, and they should accept the title with pride.

R. W. B.



OFFICES: 24 GREAT QUEEN STREET, LONDON, W.C.

HAVE YOU NOT HEARD HOW IT HAS GONE WITH MANY A CAUSE BEFORE NOW: FIRST, FEW MEN HEED IT; NEXT, MOST MEN CONTEMN IT; LASTLY, ALL MEN ACCEPT IT—AND THE CAUSE IS WON

The COMMONWEAL is the official organ of the Socialist League; but, unless definitely so announced by the Editors, no article is to be taken as expressing in more than a general way the views of the League as a body. In accordance with the Manifesto and Statement of Principles of the League, the COMMONWEAL is an exponent of International Revolutionary Socialism. On minor differences of opinion the widest freedom of discussion is maintained. As all articles are signed, no special significance attaches to their position in the paper.

Articles and letters dealing with any phase of the social problem are invited and will meet with earnest consideration. They must be written on one side of the paper only, and accompanied by the name and address of the writer, not necessarily for publication. MSS. can only be returned if a stamped directed envelope accompanies them.

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TO CORRESPONDENTS.

WILL Branch Secretaries please write Reports and Orders for Literature on separate pieces of paper.

TO CONTRIBUTORS—Workmen could help us greatly by sending in accounts of capitalist tyranny and sweating in London and the provinces. We want the names of the sweaters. Those who write must send us their name and address, not necessarily for publication, but as a guarantee of good faith. We shall not fear to publish the truth.—Eds.

Periodicals received during the week ending Wednesday November 12.

ENGLAND Belfast Weekly Star Die Autonomie Freedom Justice The Journeyman Labour Tribune People's Press Railway Review Seafaring Worker's Friend Rochdale Times Polytechnic Magazine Temperance World Detroit Free Press (Xmas No.)	Chicago—Rights of Labour Vorbote Kaweah (Cal) Commonwealth Philadelph.—Knights of Labour Paterson Labour Standard San Francisco Arbeiterzeitung S. F.—Coast Seamen's Journal St. Louis (Mo.)—Die Parole St. Louis—Anarchist	ITALY Ancona—La Campana Milan—Il Fascio Operaio Palermo—Avanti
UNITED STATES New York—Freiheit Volkszeitung Twentieth Century Bakers' Journal United Irishman Freie Arbeiter Stimme Boston—Woman's Journal Boston—Liberty Investigator The Dawn Detroit—Der Arme Teufel	FRANCE Paris—Bourse du Travail Le Parti Ouvrier Paris—La Revolté Le Proletaire Charleville—L'Emancipation Lille—Le Cri du Travailleur Rouen—Le Salariat	SPAIN Madrid—El Socialista Madrid—La Anarquía Barcelona—El Productor
	HOLLAND Hague—Recht voor Allen	PORTUGAL Porto—A Revolucao Social
	BELOGIUM Antwerp—De Werker Ghent—Vooruit	AUSTRIA Vienna—Arbeiter-Zeitung Brunn—Arbeiterstimme
	SWITZERLAND Arbeiterstimme	HUNGARY Arbeiter-Wochen-Chronik
	GERMANY Halberstadt, Sonntags-Zeitung Berlin—Volks Tribune	DENMARK Copenhagen—Arbejderen
		SWEDEN Malmö—Arbetet Stockholm, Social-Demokraten
		WEST INDIES Cuba—El Productor
		ARGENTINE REPUBLIC Buenos Ayres—Vorwärts El Perseguido

SOCIALISM OF THE MARKET-PLACE.

HEARD FROM THE STOOL.

II.

A WINDY inclement night; a few ardent Socialists standing in the road, and waiting to gather an audience; but the tired workers hurry past on their way from toil. Now and again one or two stop to gaze at the flag, the meaning of which they do not quite gather, for one says impatiently to the other, "Oh, come on, its only the Salvation Army lot!" The keen wind does not conduce to the holding of a meeting, and if one is to be held some one must perform the heroic task of addressing the stones in front of him, and calling one or two irreverent youngsters who are standing around staring curiously, "His dear comrades!"

How my heart has yearned in sympathy at times for the first speaker under such circumstance! By cheek-splitting efforts at last a small crowd is gathered, and there, of course, is our old friend the inebriate, "Who (hic) knows we get blooming well paid for spouting; ort to be all locked up, we ort!" And then there is the sour querist, whose outward appearance would disgrace a respectable scarecrow; he is thoroughly assured "that it is such as us lot who are driving the trade away from this glorious Empire; and we as runs down the rich,

what should we do without them, eh, he would like to know?" And having fired his shot, without waiting for a reply, he contentedly shambles off.

But he has afforded a cue to the speaker, who now stands upon the stool. "Oh! what should we do without the rich?" says the slave, who, contented in his wretchedness, is yet so solicitous about the probable fate of the wealthy when our ideas obtain headway. I have seen a journal, devoted to the interests of what is termed Tory Democracy, represent the probable departure of the capitalists from these shores in consequence of the demands of Labour. "Oh! consummation devoutly to be wished!" and oh! still more devoutly to be wished, that the vessels in which they depart were their own, over-insured, unseaworthy tubs, which are intended to be the death-traps of our hard-working seamen—for then, whilst there might be more fish in the sea there would be less capitalists.

We are told even now when Labour—so far as the New Unions are concerned—only demands a larger pittance, that Capital will fly the country. Capital, we are assured by the hiring scribes of the press, is sensitive; Capital fluctuates, is governed by the law of supply and demand. By Capital they mean their money-bags, their scrips, bonds, shares, debentures, leases, and all other kinds of legal machinery whereby they contrive to live in idleness upon the sweat and tears of the workers. You have become so debased in ideas by this kind of thing, that you accept it as truth that money and scrip are Capital.

"What!" says our friend at the back of the crowd, "How will yer do without money?" Well, that seems a plausible and pertinent question, but allow me to answer it by putting another, "What will you do with it if Labour refuses to be the bond-slave?" What would a Goschen, a Bleichroder, or a Rothschild do if shut up alone with their scrip and cash for a week and deprived of food? I'll tell you what would happen,—they would be discovered dead as door-nails and not a sovereign digested, and yet these thieves hold the fate of nations in their hands because of the power of gold!

Ah! my fine soldier, you sneer at the Socialist, and yet you are also the poor blind tool of the cosmopolitan gang of money-mongers. You shed your blood to recover their Shylock bonds. Holocausts of human beings are slain by war, overwork, or starvation, and all because you allow the metal coin, the means of exchange, to be made in the hands of blood-stained criminals the master of Labour instead of its servant.

What do you call shareholders? I call them thieves. You are shocked; and if you saw a deliberate robbery of the vulgar sort performed before your eyes you would probably help the police to capture the thief. Does it ever strike you that the horde of shareholders in mines, railways, trams, etc., etc., who are content to take dividends wrung from the overwork, the daily risk to life and limb, of the labourers,—that these sort are thieves? They take that which they have never toiled for. The thief who may purloin a loaf or a pocket-handkerchief is sent to jail; those who rob labour sit in judgment upon him. The J. P. who sentences a poacher has stolen a country-side; the poacher has taken a hare; the poacher goes to jail, the J. P. to the county ball.

The man who smiles in your face and solicits your attendance at the next gospel-grind or muffin-struggle whilst he weighs or measures up your purchases for you is selling you something which is not what it is represented to be. It may be some fabric which he assures you is all wool, when it is half cotton; or if for cotton, half glucose and clay; or adulterated food, which half poisons the consumer. And oh! how nimble he can be should an unsophisticated prig, too stupid or poor to be able to keep a shop and mix religion and trade, come along and annex some of his wares. "Where's the police!"

You see that your ideas of thieving are wrong. Honesty is a purely relative term. It depends upon the method of your theft whether you shall have the power to punish others or go to jail yourself. Accept the Bright philosophy that adulteration is justifiable, live upon labour not your own, and you shall be respectable and an ornament to society as constituted to-day.

Now, I have said here over and over again that the teachings of revolutionary Socialism have nothing to do with political warfare, and my remarks here to-night will show you that if we tear up the prejudices which have hitherto caused you to join in the chorus of condemnation of the unfortunate inmates of our jails (those are termed generally the criminal classes), and rouse you to perceive with us the fact that as society stands now, with the means of labour and exchange in the hands of monopolists,—if we have succeeded in enlarging your mental vision and reaching your hearts upon the subject, then we really shall have been (as is alleged by our friend who has been interrupting me at the back of you) paid for our work, and well paid too. For the hour that the people see that the vast mass must either work, starve, or thieve, that all cannot under present conditions obtain work, they will deny the right of the legal robbers and monopolists to punish. Soon they will turn and view the misery, bloodshed, and degradation of the system with increasing detestation; and in pulling down in your minds the moral supports which you have hitherto conceded to existing institutions, we have performed one portion at least of our duty as revolutionary teachers. I thank you: good-night.

F. K.

PIANO (Bacon and Co.) FOR SALE; second-hand; suit learner. What offers? Can be seen on application to Secretary of 'Commonweal' Branch, 24, Great Queen Street, Lincoln's Inn Fields London, W.C.

NOTES.

WE feel it our duty at the present time to denounce General Booth as an old fraud, and his precious "Social Salvation Scheme" as a miserable imposition. That General Booth is a fraud is almost self-evident; a glance at the countenance of that "venerablest of dodgers" reminds you so forcibly of the late lamented Mr. Fagin, "the merry old gentleman" who "took in" Oliver Twist out of "charity," that an instruction to give General Booth as wide a berth as possible ought to be superfluous to any one of average intelligence.

With General Booth's "Scheme"—an excellent word "Scheme," so suggestive of the author—it is different. The working people have seen it highly praised in the capitalist press, and they hear at the same time that it has received the benediction of canons, bishops, cardinals, philanthropists, princes, and those two other great potentates—the Emperor of Germany and the Czar of all the Russians! Probably they imagine that the scheme is really for their benefit. It is, therefore, necessary to point out that this is an error.

The adhesion of the Czar of Russia is almost enough to damn the whole affair. When we heard that that monster had praised the scheme, we almost expected to hear that General Booth had received a congratulatory telegram from the devil himself. As the father of lies, his Satanic Majesty would naturally highly approve of such a gigantic swindle. Cannot the General obtain a little approbation from hell? It would be a splendid advertisement; better than any puff he could obtain in the *Star* or the *Daily Chronicle*.

But the General shall be judged out of his own mouth, or his own book, it is all the same thing. How does he propose to feed and clothe the unfortunates who fall into his hands? The good man says that he does not propose that every individual should be content to live a human life. Even the "jail idea of comfort" he regards as beyond the range of practical politics. He says it would be hopeless to demand that every willing worker should be as "well lodged, warmly clad, and regularly fed as the criminals in our convict prisons." This, we suppose, means that any one applying for relief to General Booth must expect worse treatment than he would get in jail. Therefore, the kind-hearted magistrates who give starving lads six weeks' hard for stealing turnips are better practical philanthropists than General Booth. Those boys can be sure that they will be as "well lodged, warmly clad, and as well fed as the criminals in our convict prisons."

But what of the food which General Booth's free labourers are to eat? Why he is going to form a Salvage Brigade to collect the broken victuals of middle-class families, and these "broken victuals and endless stores of old crusts will be capable of being served up when steamed and dressed, as human food."

O let us be joyful! Has General Booth ever read the parable of Dives and Lazarus? In that ancient story, in which General Booth professes some belief, the rich man got warmed up considerably in another world for giving a beggar the crumbs from his table. Another philanthropist, who discovered and advocated a still cheaper mode of feeding the people—namely, a nice diet of grass—was strung up on a Parisian lamp-post in the last century by a hungry and savage mob. Don't forget Dives and Foulon, General Booth.

But now comes the crowning point. Fagin Booth announces that when his scheme is in full working order, any outcast who may object to slaving in his beggar-colonies, on a diet of steamed crusts and broken victuals—worse fed, clothed, and lodged than the criminals in our jails—shall be sent to prison; he would make "begging a penal offence." Let him. The proletarian who accepts Booth's "hospitality" in preference to going to jail is a fool, the only greater fools being the middle-class people who subscribe the money Booth asks for in the hope of staving off the Social Revolution.

What do the Christian philanthropists think of the gang of devilish fiends, Stanley's companions and comrades? I wonder what is the opinion of the natives of Africa concerning those nice young men Barttelot and Jameson. If in future these poor savages desire to make an effigy of the devil, they will surely paint it white.

The whole story is so monstrous and horrible that even the demon of Whitechapel must hide his diminished head before these highly educated British officers, the product not of frightful slums but of public schools and colleges; and they have evidently derived their taste for stuffed negro heads, cannibalism, and flogging and kicking boys and men to death, from their education at these centres of refinement and culture. Cleveland Street and the African horrors spring from the one cause—the corruption which always springs from great riches and idleness. The sons of the rich English middle classes are threatening to outrival in lust and cruelty Nero, Caligula, and the nobles of old feudal France.

Meanwhile Lieutenant Troup and Barttelot inform Stanley that he is no better. So we are likely to have some interesting information concerning the great explorer. It fills me with joy to see these tigers tearing one another to pieces. N.

SOME REMINISCENCES OF THE DARK DAYS FOLLOWING MAY 4.

THE following appeared in the *Chicago Alarm* of November 10, 1888. We reprint it, as it contains some facts not generally known among English workmen:

THE history of the great strike of May, 1886, for eight hours is well known. Equally so are the details regarding the famous Haymarket meeting for the proceedings of the celebrated trial has been read by thousands. Affidavits have been given showing that special pains were taken to pack the jury; a leading paper proposed to raise a fund of a hundred thousand dollars as a present for their verdict of conviction; it is a matter of record that the informers were suborned, or at least generously paid for their alleged "truthfulness." Even the press, so eager for the deaths of our comrades, have since admitted that they died for their convictions. Still, well known as are these facts, it is well now on this anniversary occasion to recall a few of them to refresh the memory.

Briefly stated, the great strike for eight hours had on the third of May become general. Over 50,000 toilers had quit work and were soberly, if sullenly, demanding the concession from their imperious masters. In the meanwhile most of the since condemned men were actively engaged on the stump cheering the strikers, pointing out to them the deeper issues involved, and nerving them to resolute and patient endurance. So pronounced was the animosity against Parsons and Spies that on May 1, when the strike began, the *Chicago Mail*, a leading daily, in a leader marked these two men as special objects of attack for capitalistic hatred. It was a warning, but it fell on ears too devoted to their cause to pause in the advocacy of unpopular truth.

The selfish industrial barons grew alarmed at the revolt of their slaves. Human rights and human lives are secondary in importance to property. This must be defended, even though lives are ruthlessly destroyed.

The Haymarket meeting, it is proven by the testimony of the mayor himself, was pre-eminently a peaceable meeting. After so notifying Inspector Bonfield, he went home. Scarcely had he disappeared than a hurried order was given to the police to form, and they were rushed upon the meeting with hurried strides and swinging batons, ready to club every head they could reach.

Although "legal," inasmuch as it was authorised by the legal representative of property's protective army—though even this might be well disputed—it was in reality a burglarious entrance into a peaceful meeting. As much, to all intents and purposes, a burglary as would be a surreptitious entrance into a private house with felonious intent. As is shown upon the trial by a witness of unquestioned veracity, Bonfield had the same day expressed his desire to get several hundred of the Socialists together, and he would then make short work of them. Against the burglar who seeks to rob you of property, common law recognises the right of self-defence, and you may shoot him down on the spot. But when a band of uniformed ruffians attack a public meeting, with design to rob men of the right of free speech—a right recognised as dearer than property rights—a just resistance is met with a storm of rage.

But the bomb! There are many incidents connected with that fatal tragedy which will probably never be written, but one important fact connected therewith may as well be told. Only two of the prisoners, as was shown—Fischer and Engel—had anything to do with the calling of the meeting. They had resolved to defend themselves if attacked. So bitter had grown the feeling that the possibility of a raid and wholesale clubbing was admitted. In the first draft of the call appeared a summons to come armed. When Spies saw this, he sent for Fischer and peremptorily demanded that this be stricken out. This was done. Further, Spies insisted that word should be at once sent out to all their friends that no arms must be brought under any circumstances whatever. To execute this commission a gentleman connected with the office devoted the entire day riding around the city giving the above instructions. So thoroughly did he execute Spies' orders, that when the police raided them they stood like sheep before a pack of wolves.

One man, unknown, was present with a bomb; and probably righteously indignant at this invasion of their constitutional right, hurled it at the police. There is no evidence that the spectators had weapons. The police in their wild fright shot each other. The only conspiracy was that carried out by Bonfield. Neither Fischer, Engel, Lingg, nor Parsons were present at the meeting when the event occurred. How far the course pursued by Spies was wise there will be a difference of opinion: I simply narrate the fact.

Mr. Parsons left the city that night and went to Geneva, Ill., where he stayed two days with a friend. He then went to Elgin, and after a short time went on to Waukesha, Wis. He had a subscriber there, but whom he had never met. He was a small manufacturer. Mr. Parsons walked into his shop and entered into conversation with him. They talked on various matters, but soon the all-pervading topic of the Chicago riot was brought up. The gentleman expressed himself so decidedly that Mr. Parsons revealed his identity and was at once welcomed to the house, where he remained and worked under an assumed name. His return to stand trial was an act of his own volition. Reports that either his wife or Captain Black were instrumental in inducing him to take this step are without the slightest foundation. His own proud sense of honour made him reluctant to leave his comrades alone to face trial.

He wrote to Captain Black his intention, and returned to the city, went directly to the house of Mrs. A., on S. Morgan Street, where he remained for two days consulting with his wife and counsel. The step was a characteristic one; and if he believed that a conviction of guilty of a charge of murder could not follow, he but shared the feeling of all of us at that time. He was in the best of spirits, and evidently enjoyed the situation. On the morning of the trial, Captain Black drove up to the house with a carriage for him, and together they drove to the Court-house, where, without any theatrical display, they quietly passed through the crowd of officials and detectives arm in arm to the bar of the Court.

As they passed up the steps to the Court-house a man said to a detective, "I'll bet five hundred dollars that is Albert R. Parsons." "Nonsense," replied the detective; "arn't we looking for him? I guess we ought to know." His astonishment a few minutes later was extreme. Many thoughtless persons have called Parsons "a fool" for that act; but in the last week of his life he solemnly assured me that he had no regret for his action and honestly believed that he did right and wisely.

SPECIAL APPEAL TO OUR READERS.

DURING the winter a large number of outdoor meetings will have to be discontinued, and a large circle of readers will be deprived of their *Commonweal*, unless they help us by making their newsagents obtain it. The hostility and indifference of newsagents, with few exceptions, from monopolist W. H. Smith downwards, are really the chief obstacles to the circulation of the *Commonweal* and the spread of our ideas. Owing to this boycotting there are a large number of towns where the *Commonweal* is never seen.

Amongst our subscribers and friends there are many who are anxious to forward the Cause of Socialism, and yet they do not know exactly how to render help. Here is a field for quiet and useful work, where no heroic sacrifices are demanded—

1. Insist that your newsagent obtain you your '*Weal*. Don't trade with him for other things if you find him throwing obstacles in the way.

2. Pester W. H. Smith's agents at all railway stalls by enquiries for the '*Weal*.

3. Introduce it to the notice of wholesale agents, and send us the names and addresses of all who are willing to sell the journal and display bills. Above all, push it amongst your friends.

4. Distribution in tram-cars and railway carriages can be unostentatiously effected by leaving copies upon seats and in luggage racks.

5. We must also ask our comrades to do their utmost to subscribe to the Guarantee Fund. Revolutionary Socialists are not rich, we have no capitalist advertisements to bring in cash, and it is a hard fight to keep an advanced paper alive in the cold and dreary winter months. All those who approve of the principles of the *Commonweal* should send subscriptions, however small, to this fund. If every workman who reads the paper only subscribed a few pence weekly, the *Commonweal* would be secured from all possibility of failure.

In short, those willing to aid us can find plenty of opportunities where there is a will to do so.

Eds.

THE LABOUR STRUGGLE.

Does the Dock Company mean Mischief?

I hear that the co-operative scheme has gone very well in the small experiment that has been tried during the past week in the Albert Docks, for it has resulted in securing 7½d. an hour to the men. The plan adopted is for a gang of men to bargain with agents of the Dock Company as to what rate they will carry out a certain piece of work, without the intervention of any middleman. The men are to receive a subsistence wage of 4d. an hour and take the surplus when the work is completed. There is only one objection to the scheme: if blacklegs were not employed it might work all right, but it is possible that if there are a large number of the blacklegs to be had, the company might make agreements with gangs of these to take the work at a stated price which would be considerably less than even sixpence an hour. And we must bear in mind that as long as blacklegs are allowed to work in the docks they may be easily used for this purpose, and with these ready allies at hand the company will not be long inclined to pay 7½d. an hour. The main question, after all, is whether the company, like the shipowners, are inclined for union-smashing or not. And there are some other reports from the docks which make us think that these gentlemen mean to play the same game as the shipowners. At Tilbury Dock the superintendent has refused to discuss the co-operative scheme with the men's representatives, and at the India Docks the superintendent has been taking on blacklegs in the place of old hands and has been employing as overmen the sweating subcontractors who were swept away by the agreement concluded at the end of the great strike. This looks as if the company is thinking more of restoring the sweating system than of paying the men a fair wage for their work.

Although matters have settled down at Cardiff and Liverpool, still the study of the articles in the *Times* concerning the present position at the various ports is not reassuring. These articles are obviously inspired by the Shipowners' Federation, and they show that these gentlemen mean "smashing the unions" at the first opportunity. An anonymous correspondent to the *Times* of Monday last, who talks as if he had some connection with the London Dock Co., suggests that shipowners shall supply the company with funds to fight the Dockers' Union. And at the same time we fear from reports received that despite a gallant fight, the Australian unions have been beaten. All these facts taken together go to prove that war is inevitable sooner or later, and I fancy that it is lack of funds and not want of will that has prevented the Dock Company from making even a more determined onslaught upon the union within the last few days. For the present the company prefer undermining the union by the gradual enlistment of blacklegs and permanent men; but there can be no question that directly they feel strong enough they will throw off the mask and declare open war.

N.

London Compositors.

There was a crowded attendance of delegates at the usual quarterly delegate meeting of the London Society of Compositors on Wednesday, November 5th, at the Memorial Hall, Farringdon Street. This was no doubt due to the fact that it was rumoured that something definite would be stated regarding the advance in wages which the comps. are going in for. The only information that was obtained was that during the current year the members and masters would have the revised scale in their hands, and that a memorial would be presented to the masters. The time has arrived

when some very drastic alterations should be made in connection with the Book Scale. Compositors have frequently been known to work fifty-four hours on book-work and take the magnificent sum of 28s. In no trade is there so much overtime worked as by comps., and some of it, it is almost impossible to abolish, owing to customers bringing in their work at the last minute and wanting a proof the next morning. One of the features of the meeting was the presence of Mr. Fitzgerald, the Australian strike delegate, who in a very pointed speech explained the position of affairs in Australia when he left for England. He further said that he placed no reliance upon telegrams received through Reuters or any other capitalistic agency, and he hoped that the delegates would not let such information influence them when the vote for a donation to the Australian Strike Fund came on. Answering a question as to the letter of recommendation which John Burns gave to H. H. Champion (wonder is how Burns could recommend such a traitor to the cause of labour) he said that Champion had done the mischief before the letter arrived. If that is so, it shows that the Australians must have been very careless in taking into their confidence any one who said that he sympathised with them. The compositors are going to entertain Mr. Fitzgerald, who is a fellow craftsman, to a complimentary dinner on Wednesday evening, November 19th.

E.

The good old English Sweater.

The polishers at Brinsmeads and Collards pianoforte factories have been agitating for a rise. So Brinsmead's patriotic British manager went to see the manager of a German firm to know what is the price in Germany. Strange to say, the "blarsted furrin" polishers at Bechsteins are getting from £2 to £2 5s., while Collards only pay 30s. This seems to contradict the prevalent theory that Germans always work cheaper than Englishmen. The good old English sweater is not always beaten for low wages and long hours.

T. C.

SOCIALISM IN THE PROVINCES.

SHEFFIELD.

THE Cause is still progressing, and our sale of literature keeps up well; though the season for outdoor propaganda is drawing to a close, yet we shall continue to hold our outdoor meetings whenever we can. The average sale of literature is about 25s. per week. The *Commonweal* and "Chicago Speeches" are going very well; we are now selling the third hundred of these speeches. Since our last report in August we have held over 116 meetings, besides supplying speakers to Manchester, Leeds, Derby, Nottingham, Hull, Leicester, Clay Cross, Chesterfield, Glasgow, and London. We have had the following comrades with us during the last few months—Samuels (Leeds), Chapman (Liverpool), Bailey (Manchester), and R. Unwin and Furnis (Chesterfield). Some rowdy opposition has lately been organised by some of the Conservative clubs with a view to breaking up our meetings, which has, however, miserably failed. The only result was that it gave us splendid audiences at our meetings on several successive Sundays, though it secured an unlimited supply of free booze and several cheap feeds to the roughs employed by them. We have now made arrangements for meetings on Sunday evenings in the Hallamshire Hall, so as not to have our meetings stopped by wintry weather. We are also making further arrangements for a thorough lecturing campaign throughout the surrounding villages on week-nights, intending to give courses of lectures dealing with the various phases of the revolutionary movement. This is being taken in hand upon the suggestion of several workers residing in these villages, and who are anxious to acquire more knowledge of our aims and objects. This is one encouraging result of our summer country propaganda. Our comrade Dr. Creaghe is now staying with us, and intends helping us to get the Rev. over speedily. The comrades here, without exception, have been highly pleased and encouraged at the thorough character of most of the articles that have recently appeared in the *Commonweal*, and will send in 15s. weekly to the Guarantee Fund.

E. ROBINSON.

CARDINAL MANNING AND THE JEWS.

SURELY the Millenium has come at last, with its lion lying down with the lamb! The affecting spectacle of Cardinal Manning being presented with an address by the arch enemies of his creed and Lord would lead one to think so. This remarkable incident has no parallel in history. On the contrary, the Catholics of the Middle Ages would have thought it an indelible disgrace to allow a Jew to eat at the same table. They were also the self-appointed dentists to the rich Jews, whose teeth they kindly extracted daily, until a certain little arrangement was come to.

What is the cause of this great change? A common danger, a common enemy to resist. When the floods rise animals of all kinds, the fierce and the weak, crouch together in terror. Religionists of all grades, seeing the waters rising that shall overwhelm them, rush into each other's arms. This, we are told, is the age of religious toleration; in other words, the age of shams and hypocrisy, otherwise it would be impossible to reconcile two creeds so antagonistic. Does not this go to prove that intrinsically there is only one religion, i.e., that of money-getting, and that Commercialism has Judaized the so-called Christian of to-day? We are convinced, at any rate, that if Christ walked the earth to-day the Christians would be the first to cry, "Hang him!" or "Kill him by electricity!" The execution of our Chicago comrades for preaching the Gospel of Universal Brotherhood is only a small item of proof.

There must be a common interest to unite two once bitter enemies. It is, in the first place, to preserve their own position, which is threatened by the advancing torrent of men who have freed their minds from cant, and who are determined to have their own. The bulwark that has been, and is to be used to stem this torrent, is religious education in schools. We know that the essence of school education is to inculcate respect for the law and the worship of authority (for business purposes). Religious education by turning this worship into a dogma, with penalties attached, has been the chief obstacle to the realisation of Liberty and Equality. The writer remembers, with disgust, that he was taught in a Catholic school never to rebel against any laws, or any one in authority, however palpably unjust they might be, because there was such merit in obeying bad laws and bad governors. When we consider that this sort of teaching is forced upon millions of people, we must hold it responsible that so many injustices stalk the earth to-day. He has so far recovered as to throw that lie to the winds and to profess himself an Anarchist, a rebel against all law and authority; and as a revolutionist is certain that before the Social Revolution the hoary superstitions of the Dark Ages will vanish as the mists of night dissolve before the rising sun.

V.

GLASGOW.—A series of Sunday evening lectures and discussions on Socialism will commence in the Sewing-Machine Makers' Hall, Nelson Street, City, on Sunday evening, 23rd inst., at 7 o'clock.

THE SOCIALIST LEAGUE.

OFFICES: 24, GREAT QUEEN ST., LINCOLN'S INN FIELDS, W.C.

The Offices of the Socialist League will be open for the sale of *Commonweal* and all other Socialist publications from 8.30 a.m. to 9 p.m. every day except Sunday. The Secretary will be in attendance from 10 a.m. to 9 p.m. daily.

Branch Subscriptions Paid.—1890:—North Kensington, to end of April. Glasgow, Oxford, Hammersmith, Manchester, and Norwich, to end of May. Yarmouth, to end of June. East London, to end of July. Leicester, to end of August. North London, to end of September. 'Commonweal' Branch, and Streatham, to end of December.

NEW PREMISES FUND.

Collection by Council on November 10th, 3s. 1d.

"COMMONWEAL" GUARANTEE FUND.

			£	s.	d.				£	s.	d.
H. R.	.	.	0	1	0	B. W.	.	.	0	0	6
Ph. Webb	.	.	0	1	0						
R. F. H.	.	.	0	5	0	Total	.	.	0	8	6
F. C. S. S.	.	.	0	1	0						

Special Propaganda.—J. B., 2s. 6d.

For Chicago Meeting Expenses.—Purcell (Derby), 1s. 6d.

REPORTS.

ABERDEEN.—On Sunday afternoon, November 2nd, comrades Duncan and Rennie spoke to a good audience at the quayside. In the evening the Oddfellows' large hall was again well filled to hear comrade Leatham lecture on the question "Was Jesus Christ a Socialist?" Discussion was carried on by comrades Duncan, Rennie, McLean, Webster, and Mr. McKenzie, to which comrade Leatham replied. No open air meetings have been held during the week, owing to the heavy rains.—G. A. C.

MANCHESTER.—Owing to the inclement weather of late, our out-door work has had to be given up in a great measure, though good meetings have been held regularly in Stevenson Square every Sunday. Last Sunday our indoor course of lectures was commenced, and comrade Scott addressed a good audience on "Poverty: its Cause and Cure," followed by some discussion which was fully answered. We have lately started nights for discussion, and last Friday an interesting discussion took place on "Revolutionary Warfare," which passed off very successfully, and resulted in showing that all our members were agreed in supporting the revolutionary policy of the *Commonweal*. Though we have still hard work before us, we look hopefully forward to the Revolution which shall bring to all leisure, freedom, and happiness.

YARMOUTH.—Most successful meetings have been held during the past month; a lot of revolutionary literature has been distributed amongst the soldiers and police; large bundles of *Commonweal* and other literature have also been sent to sea to enlighten the fishermen to their true position. Altogether, things are moving in the right direction. On October 19th two successful meetings were held in the club room; fair audience, good discussion; revolutionary songs sung; two new members. 24th, comrade John Oldman, Apostle of Anarchy, from Manchester, delivered a stirring address in the morning on Priory Plain on "The Voting Swindle." Mr. Smith, a Radical, occupied the platform for several minutes, advising the audience to vote for Mr. Ecookes, "the working-man's friend"—a man who has put up for the North Ward. Oldman thoroughly convinced the audience that the voting dodge was a swindle. In the afternoon, on the Fish Wharf, another successful meeting was held. Comrade Oldman lectured on "The Wage Swindle," after which opposition was invited. Five Scotch fishermen responded to the call. Oldman, Saunders, Brightwell, Barnes, and Headley formed five groups, taking one opponent each. The meeting was continued for upwards of three hours. In the evening, good discussion in club-room, weather too wet for out-door speaking; room crowded to excess until a late hour. November 2nd, good muster in the club-room in the morning—too wet for out-doors. On the Fish Wharf, in the afternoon, good meeting addressed by Oldman and local comrades; interesting discussion. In the evening, on Hall Quay, comrade Oldman lectured on "The Morality of Force." Large audience; host of questions, answered by Oldman, H. Ceiley, Saunders, Brightwell, and Headley. The meeting was again continued for over three hours. Since last report 4s. 10d. has been collected; one quire of *Freedom* and 320 *Commonweal* sold, besides good sale of literature and songs.—J. H.

SCOTTISH SOCIALIST FEDERATION—EDINBURGH.—On Sunday, in Labour Hall, Bell delivered an address on Anarchism, in the course of which he made special reference to the circumstances which led up to the execution and imprisonment of our comrades in Chicago. The address was listened to with marked attention throughout, and at the close many questions were put and ably replied to; discussion followed. At Leith Elder spoke in our Hall in Henderson Street.

FUNERAL OF HEINRICH REUTER.

On Sunday last we buried our comrade Heinrich Reuter, aged 41. The procession started from the Club Autonomie, and consisted of members of the Socialist League, Freedom Group, and the German, French, Italian, and Scandinavian Sections; altogether about 800 comrades followed the remains. The speakers at the grave were F. Kitz (Socialist League), Neilson (Freedom Group), comrades Stansleit and Trunck (Club Autonomie), and Louise Michel (French Section). Our comrade Reuter, whose career is thus early closed, was a hardworking member of the Revolutionary Party. He was for some time German correspondent for the *Commonweal*. His death, due primarily to consumption, was accelerated by the brutality he endured at the hands of the police in their raid upon the Stephen Mews Club. F. K.

NOTICE.

In the next Number of the 'Commonweal' will appear full Reports of the Meetings held in memory of the Chicago Martyrs.

LIVERPOOL SOCIALIST SOCIETY.—Vegetarian Restaurant, Eberle Street, Dale Street.—Meets every Tuesday at 8 p.m.

DUBLIN.—Irish Socialist Union, 87 Marlboro Street. Lecture every Saturday at 8 p.m.

BRIGHTON.—Sunday, November 16, at 7.30, comrade Ford will deliver an address on "Priest and Politician."

FABIAN SOCIETY.—A course of lectures on "COMMON OBJECTIONS TO SOCIALISM" will be given at Bloomsbury Hall, Hart Street, New Oxford Street, W.C. Friday, November 21, at 8 o'clock.—V. *That Socialism leads to general depravity. "As destroying Religion,"* Hubert Bland; "As undermining Morals," J. F. Oakeshott.

LECTURE DIARY.

LONDON.

Battersea.—All communications to E. Buteux, 45, Thwirth Street, Battersea Park Road.

Commonweal Branch.—24 Great Queen Street, Holborn, W.C. Tuesdays, Singing Practice. Thursdays, Business meeting. Saturdays, Social Gathering. Sunday, November 16, at 8.30 p.m., an Address, "Parsons' and Spies' Last Words."

East London.—H. McKenzie, 10 Victoria Dwellings, Clerkenwell Road, E.C. **Hammersmith.**—Kelmecott House, Upper Mall, W. Lecture every Sunday at 8. French Class conducted by Mdlle. Desroches on Friday evenings at 7.30.

North Kensington.—Clarendon Coffee Palace, Clarendon Road. Meets every Wednesday at 8 p.m. Sunday, November 16, at 7.30, "What becomes of our Wealth"—III. The Labourer's Share," E. R. Pease (Fabian). Band practice every Tuesday at 8 p.m. in the hall at the back of the "Britannia" public-house, Latimer Road—more fifters wanted.

North London.—6 Windmill Street, Tottenham Court Road. Meets every Wednesday evening at 8 o'clock.

Whitechapel and St. Georges-in-the-East.—Branch meetings at International Club, 40 Berner Street, Commercial Road. J. Turner, organising secretary.

PROVINCES.

Aberdeen.—Organiser, J. Leatham, 7 Jamaica Street. Branch meets in Oddfellows' Small Hall, Crooked Lane, on Sunday evenings at 6.30. Singing practice, etc., Mondays at 8 p.m.

Glasgow.—Members are invited to meet on Thursday and Sunday evenings, at 8 o'clock, in the Secretary's house, 250 Crown Street, S.S. All communications to be sent to that address.

Halifax.—Socialists meet every Sunday at 6.30 p.m. at Helliwell's Temperance Hotel, Northgate.

Hull.—Club Liberty, 1 Beets Court, Blanket Row.

Leeds.—Socialist League Club, 1 Clarendon Buildings and Front Row. Open every evening. Business meeting Saturdays at 8.—International Educational Club, Templar Street. Open every evening. Discussion class every Friday at 8; lectures every Saturday at 4. All kinds of Socialist literature on tables and for sale.

Leicester.—Room No. 7, Co-operative Hall, High Street. Branch meeting on Thursday at 8 p.m.

Manchester.—Socialist League Club, 60 Grovesnor Street, All Saints. Open every evening. Branch weekly meeting on Tuesdays at 8. Monday, Nov. 17, A Social Evening will be held to meet P. Kropotkin. Admission 1s. for members and friends only. Friday 21st, a discussion will take place at 8 o'clock—subject, "Anarchy."

Nottingham.—Socialist Club, Woodland Place, Upper Parliament Street. Club contribution, 1d. per week; dancing every Wednesday, 8 till 10.30—fee 3d.

Norwich.—Members' meeting held every Tuesday at 8.30.

Oxford.—Temperance Hall, 25½ Pembroke Street. First Friday in every month, at 8.30 p.m.

Sheffield.—Socialist Club, 63 Blonk Street. French Class, Tuesday at 8.30. Discussion Class, Wednesday at 8.30.

Walsall.—Socialist Club, 18 Goodall Street, Walsall. Meetings every night.

Yarmouth.—Socialist League Club, 56 Row, Market Place. Open every evening. Business Meeting, Tuesday at 8. Singing Practice, Wednesday at 8.30. Discussion Class, Thursday at 8.30. Elocution Class, Friday at 8.30.

All persons who sympathise with the views of the Socialist League are earnestly invited to communicate with the above addresses, and if possible to help us in preparing for the birth of a true society, based on equality, brotherhood, and freedom for all.

OPEN-AIR PROPAGANDA.

(Weather permitting.)

SUNDAY 16.

11	Commercial Road—Union Street	The Branch
11	Latimer Road Station	North Kensington Branch
11.30	Hammersmith Bridge	Hammersmith Branch
11.30	Hoxton Church	The Branch
11.30	Regent's Park	Nicoll
3.30	Hyde Park—Marble Arch	Mainwaring and Nicoll
3.30	Victoria Park	Commonweal Branch
3.30	Streatham Common	The Branch
7	Hammersmith Bridge	Hammersmith Branch
7	Wormwood Scrubs	North Kensington Branch
8	Kings Cross—Liverpool Street	The Branch
8	Walham Green—back of Church	Hammersmith Branch

FRIDAY 21.

8.15	Hoxton Church	The Branch
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PROVINCES.

Aberdeen.—Saturday: Castle Street, at 7.30 p.m.

Glasgow.—Sunday: Jail Square at 2 o'clock; Paisley Road at 5 o'clock.

Leeds.—Sunday: Hunslet Moor, at 11 a.m.; Woodhouse Moor, at 3 p.m.; Vicar's Croft, at 6 p.m.

Leicester.—Sunday: Russell Square, at 10.45 a.m.; Market Place, at 6.15 p.m.; Humberstone Gate, at 8 p.m. Monday: Belgrave, at 8. Tuesday: Sanvey Gate, at 8. Wednesday: Braunstone Gate, at 8. Friday: Infirmary Square, at 8. Saturday: "Cross," Belgrave Gate, at 8.

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STATEMENT OF PRINCIPLES.

THE Socialist League advocates International Revolutionary Socialism. That is to say the destruction of the present class society, which consists of one class who live by owning property and therefore need not work, and of another that has no property and therefore must work in order that they may live to keep the idlers by their labour. Revolutionary Socialism insists that this system of society, which is the modern form of slavery, should be changed to a system of Society which would give every man an opportunity of doing useful work, and not allow any man to live without so doing, which work could not be useful unless it were done for the whole body of workers instead of for do-nothing individuals. The result of this would be that livelihood would not be precarious nor labour burdensome. Labour would be employed in co-operation, and the struggle of man with man for bare subsistence would be supplanted by harmonious combination for the production of common wealth and the exchange of mutual services without the waste of labour or material.

Every man's needs would be satisfied from this common stock, but no man would be allowed to own anything which he could not use, and which consequently he must abuse by employing it as an instrument for forcing others to labour for him unpaid. Thus the land, the capital, machinery, and means of transit would cease to be private property, since they can only be used by the combination of labour to produce wealth.

Thus men would be free because they would no longer be dependent on idle property-owners for subsistence; thus they would be brothers, for the cause of strife, the struggle for subsistence at other people's expense, would have come to an end. Thus they would be equal, for if all men were doing useful work no man's labour could be dispensed with. Thus the motto of Liberty, Fraternity, and Equality, which is but an empty boast in a society that upholds the monopoly of the means of production, would at last be realised.

This Revolutionary Socialism must be International. The change which would put an end to the struggle between man and man, would destroy it also between nation and nation. One harmonious system of federation throughout the whole of civilisation would take the place of the old destructive rivalries. There would be no great centres breeding race hatred and commercial jealousy, but people would manage their own affairs in communities not too large to prevent all citizens from taking a part in the administration necessary for the conduct of life, so that party politics would come to an end.

Thus, while we abide by the old motto

Liberty, Fraternity, Equality,

we say that the existence of private property destroys Equality, and therefore under it there can be neither Liberty nor Fraternity.

We add to the first motto then this other one—

FROM EACH ACCORDING TO HIS CAPACITY, TO EACH ACCORDING TO HIS NEEDS.

When this is realised there will be a genuine Society; until it is realised, Society is nothing but a band of robbers. We must add that this change can only be brought about by combination amongst the workers themselves, and must embrace the whole of Society. The new life cannot be given to the workers by a class higher than they, but must be taken by them by means of the abolition of classes and the reorganisation of Society.

COUNCIL OF THE SOCIALIST LEAGUE.

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WEEKLY; ONE PENNY.

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CIVILISATION ON THE WAR-PATH.

"LIGHT FIELD PIECES, INCLUDING MAXIM-GARDNER GUNS"!

THE Chartered Company is a syndicate of British and South African capitalists who obtained a charter from the British Government some years ago to explore and "open up" the territory north of the present South African States. Its constitution is akin to that of the nefarious old East Indian Company. It has power to employ an armed force, to appropriate land, and to grant concessions to traders. The notorious millionaire, Cecil Rhodes, who is presently Prime Minister of Cape Colony, is the chief boss of the enterprise. The Duke of Fife and other royal and noble personages are stated to have large money investments in it, and there can be no doubt that its proceedings will be approved, and its claims and privileges supported by the British Government.

At present a "pioneer force" of over a thousand men, commanded by General Pennefather, is marching up the country. "It is not," we are told by the *Natal Mercury*, "an avowedly warlike movement. On the contrary, it is proclaimed to be a mission of peace and civilisation; yet it advances into the interior with all the precautions and methods that would be employed by an army of invasion. The whole force is under arms. Its march is carefully sheltered by scouts and reconnoitring parties as though it were passing through an enemys country. . . . It is equipped with a few light field pieces, including Maxim and Gardner guns, electric search lights, and other appliances of modern warfare. No available resource of civilisation has been wanting in its equipment, nor has money been spared in providing for an ample commissariat and transport service."

"Light field pieces including Maxim and Gardner guns"! "Search-lights and other appliances of modern warfare"! These are pretty playthings for a mission of civilisation and peace! One wonders what they would have taken with them had their mission, instead of being "avowedly" one of civilisation and peace, been avowedly one of barbarism and war! It is not easy conceiving how the most avowed gang of cut-throats and brigands could set out on a raid of rapine and plunder more fully equipped for their exploits than this expedition of the hirelings of the Cecil Rhodes and the Chartered Company.

What would our Christian newspapers say, and what would our Christian Government do, were it reported that a "pioneer force" of Russians, "equipped with light field pieces including Maxim and Gardner guns," was descending upon Afghanistan or India? What would the South African colonists say and do if a "pioneer force" of Hottentots, similarly equipped and professing a similar philanthropic mission, marched down upon their territory?

"But," says the *Natal Mercury*, "by far the most important statement is that which refers to the enlistment of Transvaal farmers 'to work up the country under the Company.'" It indeed ought to be an important statement to the dupes of imperial politics in this country. Were they not told some half dozen years ago that the Boer farmers were a gang of indescribably brutal and greedy taskmasters? That the black population were harder wrought and more cruelly whipped under Boer masters than under Arab and Algerian slave-drivers? That the rule of the Boers was inimical to every interest of civilisation

and humanity, and that they should be routed off African soil? And yet these are the men whom the Chartered Company intend placing upon their appropriated territory of the Matabeles with the view of "opening it up" and conferring upon the natives the inestimable blessings of "civilisation and peace"!

The whole business is quite sickening in its hypocrisy and cynicism; and we can only hope that the villainy of the enterprise may be frustrated by the natives—even if they have to do so at the expense of their own lives.

True, these natives are themselves cruel and in some instances even cannibal; but their cruelty and cannibalism are only less refined and less disguised than those of their civilised invaders. Moreover, cruelty and cannibalism are in them the unconscious disposition of their savage and animal nature, and may be regarded as we regard the ferocious habits of most animals—habits which do not contaminate us or do violence to our social responsibilities. But the heedless butchery and torture, the oppression and plunder perpetrated by Britons upon them, are done consciously and in defiance of what the perpetrators know to be humane and just, and the perpetration of them is a crime that reacts upon and inflicts outrage upon us as well as upon the victims.

The civilisation which is presently being forced upon the Africans at the point of the revolver, rifle, and Maxim gun, is more hideous, more immoral, and essentially more cruel than the barbarism which it is displacing; and it is sad to see it making such inroads. Were the lakes and rivers of Africa studded with replicas of our Liverpools and Londons, replete with public-houses, jails, poor-houses, lunatic asylums, churches, hospitals, divorce-courts, sweaters' dens, factories, and slums—were Africa, in fact, made like England to-day—there would be more tears shed, more blood spilt, more hearts broken, and more lives wrecked than under the worst form of existing barbarism.

Would that the natives could raise a wall of devastation round their land, so that no white men might enter, till white men had learnt what true civilisation is, and practising it themselves, could then teach it to others!

J. BRUCE GLASIER.

THE GLORIOUS REFORMATION:

OR,

HOW THE ENGLISH PEOPLE WERE EVICTED, ROBBED,
 AND MURDERED BY THE RULING CLASSES.

I.—THE PEASANT REVOLT.

MANY workmen have an idea that there was a period in which the English people were far better off than they are now. This notion is always vigorously attacked by middle-class teachers in pulpit, school, and lecture-room, and yet after all it is the workman who is instinctively right, and the middle-class people who are wrong. These worthy persons, who for interested motives are always assuring the workman that the people were never so well off as they are at present, and who inform him that the "Merrie England" of the past is a dream of poets and romancers, will perhaps be surprised to learn that not only the writers of works of the imagination, but grave, practical men, professors of political economy and historians of the highest character and "respectability," give an overwhelming mass of testimony against them. In these articles I mean to explain by what means the working classes rose to a state of high prosperity, and also who were the robbers who plundered them of all that makes life worth living—wealth, happiness, and leisure. We shall not rely for our information upon poets or novelists, although men of imagination often by a kind of intuition arrive at truths to which the "practical" man is completely blind; we will fight the practical man with his own weapons, and he shall have facts and figures to his heart's content—facts and figures which it will be impossible for even him to disprove or deny.

But now to our story. But before we describe the famous fifteenth century, the golden age of English labour, let us first glance further back and see how this golden age came about. From the Norman Conquest, when England was conquered by William the Conqueror and his robber horde, the history of England is the story of one long struggle between the king and the barons on one side, and the barons

and their Saxon serfs on the other. Every baron was practically a little king—with the power of life and death over his serfs—on his own domain, which he held on condition of providing a certain number of men to serve the king in time of war. These men were quite as often used against the king as for him, and practically the central government had very little power beyond the actual crown lands. On his own estates the Norman baron did just what he pleased, and cared a fig for the king or the king's justice. On the other hand, the serfs were continually revolting against the tyranny of the barons. This revolt took several forms—actual insurrection, ending probably with flight into the greenwood and the wild free forest life so joyously sung of in the ballads of Robin Hood and Little John; but more often, as with all servile races, took the form of flight from the baron's paternal protection to the refuge of some town and city, where they sought refuge among the handicraftsmen, who were protected by the king's power and also by their own strength and courage from the tyranny of the nobles. But one thing at least must be understood: this tyranny rarely took the form of depriving the serfs of the necessities of life, unless his lord for some offence or imaginary offence confined him in a dungeon, beneath the castle moat, and starved him to death. But this kind of punishment was rare. It is true, however, that early Norman barons looked upon their serfs as cattle—"Saxon swine" was a favourite term of reproach applied to them; it is true that they had the power of life and death over them; that they exercised also their seignorial rights by seizing the fairest women as their property; but the Saxon serf was a sturdy fellow, a good bowman, who could send a cloth-yard shaft even through a coat of mail; and perhaps it was this fact that induced the barons, after the first four Norman kings, to treat their serfs with more kindness and humanity. Frequently we find, as in the reigns of John, Henry III., and Edward II., barons, serfs, and citizens united in revolt against attempts of tyranny on the part of the crown.

But though no doubt in those days there were plenty of wiseacres who, when they saw the huge feudal fortresses, that a system of which these strong stone buildings were the outward signs and emblems was eternal as the heavens, yet in reality already feudalism was doomed. In the reign of Edward III., a king placed on the throne by the revolt of the barons against his father, when feudalism seemed to have reached a height of glory and prosperity, in the midst of his French victories in a war undertaken in assertion of feudal rights to the throne of France—feudalism was already doomed to destruction. A new spirit was abroad; men were ceasing to believe in the divine right of king and pope, priest and baron to rule, rob, torture, and murder as they pleased. Years before, a dreamy scholar, groping blindly in the dark after the elixir of life and philosopher's stone, had discovered the blind force—gunpowder—that was destined to shatter feudalism into fragments. Already at Oxford John Wickliffe in his quiet cell was questioning all the most "sacred theories" on which the feudalism rested. A few more years his poor priests would wander through the country preaching these ideas to the common people, denouncing the luxury and corruption of baron, monk, and priest; nay, some of them, like that mad priest of Kent, John Ball, would go further, and finding in book Wickliffe had translated, the doctrine of rough and ready communism, would tell the people how they might sweep away all their oppressors and live a free and happy life in the land of their birth.

The crimes of the feudal aristocracy, particularly the bloody and useless wars which were characteristic of feudalism just as much as commercial war is of the present system, was hastening its end; the barons already began to show signs of decadence; continual warfare swept them away; but more fatal still was their own exclusiveness—their habit of marrying only in their own class. Forgetting that their ancestors were but brave and spirited warriors who had sprang from the people, becoming leaders only through their skill in warfare and their courage, they did not seek to strengthen their race with strong healthy peasant blood; they married with fine luxurious ladies of their own class; and so we find noble family after noble family dying out, till according to Green, from the reign of Edward III. till the time of the Tudors the number of temporal peers in the House of Lords had sunk to the lowest ebb: from this time to the time of the Tudors they number but fifty. The war with France ended in total defeat of the English king and nobles. Defeated in war, they returned to England and sunk into habits of idle luxury, in which the old king set the example. In place of real warfare, mimic war was waged in the lists of the tournament, to which idle nobles rode attended by their courtisans dressed as pages in rich silken attire; the most unblushing profligacy was common.

Meanwhile the Lollard peasant or handicraftsman, ground down with taxes, the result of the unsuccessful French war, his mind seething with new ideas, looked on grimly and gloomily, prophesying nought but evil of all this luxurious pride, offensive alike to gods and man. And evil came. The Black Death, a horrible pest, swept through Europe; the people died like rotten sheep; land went out of cultivation; villages were depopulated; and most historians reckon that a third of the population of England perished. But good came from evil. Labour was scarce; masters were running after men instead of men after masters. The serfs took advantage of the time to break their bondage in large numbers and throng into the towns. The scarcity of labour sent wages went up in all directions. The ruling classes tried to keep them down by legislation; the famous Act of Edward III. was passed, fixing wages at the old standard that prevailed before the plague; but it was useless. The nobles, finding that they could not make enough out of the work of the labourers

on their own domain on account of the high price of labour, endeavoured to revive the system of forced labour, by which the peasants had in the past paid their rent by cultivating the lord's land without any wages for their work. These labour-rents had been commuted for years by a small money payment; but now the lords insisted on the peasants paying them by their "free labour." But the peasants would not stand this; they were not going to be forced back into slavery for an idle luxurious class.

The old king was dead, and his grandson, Richard II., the model of a courtier youth of his time, had been on the throne only a few years, when the peasants rose everywhere in revolt against the attempted enforcement of the old labour-rents, against the king's taxes, against all forms of feudal and royal authority. Remember the bold deed of one man, which lit up the flame of revolt in Kent, was the killing of a royal-tax gatherer, who in course of his extortions had insulted Wat Tyler's daughter.

The men of Kent admired strength and courage, and placed Wat the Tyler, of Dartford, at their head. It is not my purpose here to tell the story of that rebellion; another comrade, whose knowledge of mediæval history is far greater than mine, has promised to do that for us. It is my purpose to notice its results. Still, there is one observation worth making—the frantic terror which fell upon the nobles at this uprising of the people. This may be due to the fact that a Jacquerie of such dimensions had been unknown in England before, and men always fear the unknown. But we imagine there was also another cause. What we call the democracy now was the most powerful part of the English army. Yeoman and peasant were trained to arms from boyhood; it was the long bows of these men, and not the lances or the battle-axes of the knights and men-at-arms, which had gained the victory in many a well-fought field in France and Scotland, and the English nobility, who had seen that the armour of Scottish and French chivalry was powerless against the cloth yard shafts launched from the English archers bows, had no desire to fall struck down by the deadly hail of arrows. The bow was a democratic weapon, and to its use may be traced the fact that the English working-classes were never crushed down into the slavish misery of many Continental peoples. Therefore, the nobles enervated by luxury, shrank before the popular storm.

But where force failed cunning succeeded; many of the peasants were moderate and dispersed to their homes on being granted charters of emancipation from serfdom by the king. Their leader was then basely murdered, and his followers, who would have avenged his death, foolishly listened to the voice of the cunning young diplomatist, Richard II., and dispersed to their homes, to find out afterwards what royal promises were worth. But though the king and nobles might hang the boldest of peasants and their leaders, and burn the parchments on which were written their lying promises, it was useless. The insurrection had done its work; serfdom could not be restored for the peasant revolt had killed it. Let us quote two standard authorities for the benefit of our practical friends, and also for the good of the people who are always canting about "moral force" and the folly of "violence." Let us hear on the authority of these what "violence" did for the English workmen in the fourteenth century. Green in his "History of the English People," says:

"Terrible as were the measures of repression which followed the Peasant Revolt, and violent as was the passion for reaction which raged among the proprietary classes at its close, the end of the rising was in fact secured. Cancel charters of manumission as the Council might, serfage was henceforth a doomed and perishing thing. The dread of another outbreak hung round the employer. . . . A hundred years after the Black Death the wages of the English labourer were sufficient to purchase twice the amount of the necessaries which could have been obtained under Edward III. The incidental descriptions of the life of the working-classes, which we find in Piers Ploughman, show that the increase of social comfort had been going on even during the troubled period which preceded the outbreak of the peasants, and it went on *faster after* the revolt."

And here is the testimony of another authority, whose evidence even Bradlaughite Radicals of the "peace at any price" school will admit. Professor Thorold Rogers, in his "Six Centuries of Work and Wages," says:

"Once in the history of England only, once perhaps only in the history of the world, peasants and artisans attempted to effect a revolution by force. They nearly succeeded; at least, they became for a short time the masters of the situation. That they would have held the advantages they gained at Mile-end, had they provided against the tragedy of Smithfield, is improbable. But they caused such terror by what they actually did, that they gained all that they claimed and that speedily. The English labourer for a century or more became virtually free and certainly prosperous."

Thus a "bloody revolution," which, according to modern political humbugs and capitalist swindlers, "never did any good and never will," shattered the might of feudalism and ushered in the dawn of the golden age of English labour, for it made by the terror it inspired a free, prosperous, and happy life possible for the workers of England.

D. J. NICOLL.

THE GOSPEL OF CHEAPNESS.—The Continental people, it would seem, are importing our machinery, beginning to spin cotton and manufacture for themselves, to cut us out of this market and then out of that. Sad news indeed, but irremediable;—by no means the saddest news. The saddest news is that we should find our National Existence, as I sometimes hear it said, depend on selling manufactured cotton a farthing an ell cheaper than any other people—a most narrow stand for a great nation to base itself upon!—*Carlyle: 'Past and Present.'*

"IF YOU WISH TO SUCCEED."

(WITH APOLOGIES TO W. S. GILBERT.)

Air: "If you wish to succeed as a Jester."—*Yeoman of the Guard.*

If you're a working-man,
Then the following plan,
May assist you to gain a position
As a Labour employer,
Both of children and sire,
If you act as requires my tuition;
You must always be sure
To be first at the door,
When your workshop is opened on
Monday.
Above all, don't forget
To take care to be met
Coming out of the church every Sunday.

Above all, don't forget
Its the thing you desire,
To make sure you are met
By your honest employer,
Coming out of the church every Sunday.

You'll abhor all strong drink,
Say it leads to the brink
Of eternal damnation and ruin,
Take your dear wife and Ethel,
Round to Little Bethel,
To see what Brother Stiggins is doing;
Mind you make a good shift,
For the practice of thrift,
Take your cash to the saving's bank
weekly,
And you say you're content
With the life God has sent,
Be it ever so humble or meekly.

It cannot be denied
Its a very good plot,
To say you're satisfied
With whatever your lot,
Be it ever so humble or meekly.

Say the workmen don't like
Things so go out on strike,

You must take care to be at their meet-
ings,
With tales of disaster
Run back to your master,
Be sure that he'll give you good greet-
ings.
By this means he'll frustrate,
And the men's plans checkmate:
In return for your service I'm sure,
man,
That your wage will be higher'd
And a job you desired
Will be given—that is, you'll be fore-
man.

If their fingers they burn
Through your able abuse,
See, you get in return
For your cooking their goose
The envied position of foreman.

When as foreman instated,
Pray don't be elated,
But plod ever humble and steady;
Live in just the same rank,
Surplus put in the bank—
By this means you'll have plenty of
"ready."
Then with smile on your face,
Take and rent a small place,
Send out letters and handbills for cus-
tom;
Then men you'll engage,
At a sixth their fair wage:
Though you sweat 'em, be careful don't
trust 'em.

It's a very good plan
When your hands you engage,
To see every man
Gets a sixth his fair wage—
Though above all be careful, don't trust
'em.

J. L.

NOTES.

"WHEN thieves fall out honest folk may come by their own," and in the recriminations of Mr. Stanley and his subordinates the public has come by some knowledge of the real meaning and methods of British philanthropy in Africa. The details of the fiendish brutality perpetrated by educated English gentlemen on the poor and ignorant natives of mid-Africa will not surprise Socialists, who are familiar with the barbarities which educated English gentlemen perpetrate upon the wretched wage-slaves of their own country.

Sickening as some of the incidents recently revealed are, they are not more loathsome than multitudes which occur every day in our own land without comment or protest from the public or the press. We have thousands of Stanleys, Barttelots, and Jamesons at home! We have thousands of poor men, women, and children who are prodded and kicked and killed in the interests of commerce and civilisation in our own "darkest England"—and it is doubtful if even the most hapless victims of that filibustering escapade suffered torture comparable to the torture which is inflicted every day upon the poor throughout the length and breadth of our own land, for the greed, gratification, and pride of the very people who planned and paid for the "Emin Pasha Relief Expedition"!

Nevertheless, it is our duty to join loudly in the protest against these atrocities in Africa. Just because they are perpetrated on poor black people abroad, they are much more visible and shocking to the "British Public" than when perpetrated upon the poor white slaves at home, and perhaps the horror of them may rouse some people to a perception of what civilisation and commerce really are, alike in Africa and in England.

J. B. G.

Deeper and deeper into the mire plunge the combatants in the Rear Column fray. The unfortunate Mrs. Jameson is—like so many other people of her class—so morally blind that she has proved the guilt of her husband out of his own mouth, to the satisfaction even of a *Times* leader-writer. Jameson himself seems to have thought that, in the letter his wife has published and which proves every substantial fact against him, he was "clearing his character." I do not suppose that these Barttelots, Jamesons, and the rest, are really worse than their fellows—possibly to men of their own colour and class they may be kind and helpful; but they do not really look upon "niggers" as human beings like themselves. Never let the workers forget that, in their inmost hearts, these folk, and others like them, look also upon the toilers whom they rob as of another and inferior species.

The capitalist press—with the honourable exception of the *Daily Chronicle*—has, naturally enough, carefully boycotted the various London celebrations of the Chicago murders. Even from the erst-

while socialistically-minded *Star*, all mention of our meetings has been excluded. Chairman's Mustard Stuart has, no doubt, instructed his young men upon the matter. After all, it is but natural that the plundering classes should dislike to be reminded of the deeds of their analogues in America; deeds which our millionaires (Radicals or Conservatives, as the case may be) are no doubt ready to repeat here, upon occasion.

One small bit of consolation comes to us to make some slight amends for the failure of the Australian strike, and that is the final and complete exposure of Iscariot Champion. This personage is now shown as the traitor he is to every worker throughout the world. Words need never more be wasted on him. Nevertheless, one really could wish that John Burns would see his way, even now, at this more than eleventh hour, to openly and conclusively repudiate the betrayer of the Australians. Accepting to the full Fitzgerald's explanation that Burns' letter, in fact, did no harm, since Champion had been accepted as an ally on his own merits, yet still it would surely have been better if no such letter had been written.

Bombardos Booth continues to receive adhesions from all sorts and conditions of upper-class folk. Paunchy Albert Edward, "of Wales," instructs one of his flunkies to signify his august approval; and the rich society actor, who likes to be called "Squire" Bancroft, is ready to give the Salvation General £1,000,—upon conditions. That strange compound of hysteria and business aptitude, the pious Stead, still beats the big drum, and is ably seconded by Colman's Mustard Stuart's staff and other "advanced" middle-class philanthropists. It is only natural that these things should be so; anything which seems likely to stay the onward march of the Revolution, by filling for a time, at a cheap rate, the hungry bellies of the men who alone can make it, is of course only the welcome to those who will (as they think) lose everything by the Great Change.

The Executive of the Docker's Union, however, need not have gone out of the way to pat Bombardos on the back. This, I suppose, is another instance of the wisdom and "moderation" of our heaven-sent Labour leaders. The workers themselves I believe, do not take Bombardos at his own valuation by any means. One was glad to notice that, at a mass meeting at Canning Town the other day, "reference to General Booth's new social schemes provoked much laughter." I quote from the *Daily Chronicle*, which is almost a semi-official organ of the S. A.

What is known as the "right of asylum" in this land is preserved for the present by the decision in the Castioni case. For all that, do not let us deceive ourselves into thinking that it rests upon any very secure basis. For myself, I have little confidence that future Communards (if such there be)—not to speak of Anarchists of a practical turn—will be safe here, as the refugees of twenty years ago were safe. Even in Castioni's case, the Government decided to give up the accused, the Secretary of State allowed proceedings to be taken, and the Attorney-General argued in favour of extradition. Only, in this case, the prisoner happened to be a bourgeois, well-off and respectable, and the "revolution" in which he took part was sworn to be a bourgeois revolution, fomented by "wealthy and respectable people." This point was made the most of by the "wealthy and respectable" (and also astute) advocate who argued for the defence. Is it wonderful that the "wealthy and respectable" judges pronounced in favour of liberty?

It is perhaps worth while to point out that the crop of "accidents" which shocked and horrified us during the past week would have been impossible under any real system of Socialism. Under Free Communism old men of 65 would not be set to anxious and exhausting work. No signalman, on such railways as it was thought worth while to keep going, would be encouraged to work more than a couple of hours a day. Special trains to take folk hastily to London through the night would be unknown; since the nineteenth century hurry would have vanished, never (we may hope) to return. It is needless to add that Socialists would not build war-ships "crank" by reason of their heavy armament; since war-ships and armaments would be things of the past.

Everywhere the same lesson meets us, writ plainly, so that truly we may run and read. The mother of the unhappy "Mrs. Percy" tells a story to the reporters bearing truth stamped upon it to one who has ever had a glimpse of "lower class" lives—a story strange enough, I daresay, to the middle-class woman (the ideal denizen of Podsnap's harem) who has never been allowed to glance outside the limits of her own fenced and guarded life. A kindly human little girl—with "bad headaches" now and then (through some ancestral taint, possibly, the product of evil conditions)—who by-and-bye tires of the weary monotony of her life of toil, disappears in search of amorous adventure, and finds that life hard, too, and poverty-stricken more or less. Under such treatment the nervous taint spreads and developes, and then comes the miserable catastrophe. Wretched daughter, wretched mother, upon you, too, the yoke of "civilisation" has borne hardly!

R. W. B.

A CONCERT AND BALL will be held on behalf of the proposed International School, at the Athenæum Hall, Tottenham Court Road, on December 9th.



OFFICES: 24 GREAT QUEEN STREET, LONDON, W.C.

HAVE YOU NOT HEARD HOW IT HAS GONE WITH MANY A CAUSE BEFORE NOW: FIRST, FEW MEN HEED IT; NEXT, MOST MEN CONTEMN IT; LASTLY, ALL MEN ACCEPT IT—AND THE CAUSE IS WON

The COMMONWEAL is the official organ of the Socialist League; but, unless definitely so announced by the Editors, no article is to be taken as expressing in more than a general way the views of the League as a body. In accordance with the Manifesto and Statement of Principles of the League, the COMMONWEAL is an exponent of International Revolutionary Socialism. On minor differences of opinion the widest freedom of discussion is maintained. As all articles are signed, no special significance attaches to their position in the paper.

Articles and letters dealing with any phase of the social problem are invited and will meet with earnest consideration. They must be written on one side of the paper only, and accompanied by the name and address of the writer, not necessarily for publication. MSS. can only be returned if a stamped directed envelope accompanies them.

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All P. O. orders should be made payable to Post-office, 42 Drury Lane, W.C.

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TO CORRESPONDENTS.

WILL Branch Secretaries please write Reports and Orders for Literature on separate pieces of paper.

CORRESPONDENTS who order literature should prepay postage, or state if they wish their parcels to be sent per rail or carrier, "carriage forward."

To CONTRIBUTORS.—Workmen could help us greatly by sending in accounts of capitalist tyranny and sweating in London and the provinces. We want the names of the sweaters. Those who write must send us their name and address, not necessarily for publication, but as a guarantee of good faith. We shall not fear to publish the truth.—EDS.

Periodicals received during the week ending Wednesday November 19.

ENGLAND Belfast Weekly Star Die Autonomie Justice Labour Tribune People's Press Railway Review Seafaring Worker's Friend Der Landstreicher	New York—Freiheit Twentieth Century Workmen's Advocate Phrenological Journal, etc. Boston—Woman's Journal Nationalist Chicago—Rights of Labour Vorbote Freedom Detroit—Der Arme Teufel Los Angeles—Cal. Nationalist Philadel.—Knights of Labour Paterson Labour Standard S.F.—Coast Seamen's Journal Valley Falls (Kan.)—Lucifer	HOLLAND Hague—Recht voor Allen Anarchist
NEW SOUTH WALES Sydney—Bulletin Sydney—Truth Daily Telegraph Australian Star	FRANCE Paris—Bourse du Travail Le Parti Ouvrier Paris—La Revolte La Societe Nouvelle Le Proletaire Charleville—L'Emancipation Lille—Le Cri du Travailleur Rouen—Le Salarial Lyon—L'Action Sociale	BELOGIUM Antwerp—De Werker Ghent—Vooruit
VICTORIA Melbourne—Bull-Ant	GERMANY Berlin—Volks Tribune	SWITZERLAND Arbeiterstimme Przedswit
QUEENSLAND Brisbane—Boomerang Brisbane—Worker	SPAIN Madrid—El Socialista Barcelona—El Productor	AUSTRIA Reichenberg—Freigeist Brunn—Volksfreund
INDIA Bankipore—Behar Herald	GERMANY Berlin—Volks Tribune	HUNGARY Arbeiter-Wochen-Chronik
UNITED STATES New York—Der Sozialist New York—Truthseeker Bakers' Journal Volkszeitung	FRANCE Lyon—L'Action Sociale	DENMARK Copenhagen—Arbejderen
	ITALY Palermo—Avanti	SWEDEN Malmo—Arbetet Stockholm, Social-Demokraten
		ARGENTINE REPUBLIC Buenos Ayres—Vorwarts

THE "COMMONWEAL."

After November this Journal will appear Monthly until we can tide over present difficulties. We fear that the several appeals which have been made on behalf of 'Commonweal' have fallen flat because of their frequency. We are now hampered by want of premises, and still worse, want of money. We wish to send out an independent Revolutionary paper that will strike hard and often at the rotten system around us, and if the comrades and sympathisers in this and other countries wish to see us do this they must help, and that quickly. This is a final and urgent appeal. Surely the Revolutionary Socialists are not going to allow the common enemy to chuckle over the disappearance of a paper from the small list of those which appear in England to fight oppression and monopoly!

ANNIVERSARY MEETINGS

OF THE

CHICAGO MURDERS & BLOODY SUNDAY.

"Let the voice of the people be heard."—Parsons.

On Friday, November 14, the Socialist League held its annual commemoration of the Chicago Martyrs and of Bloody Sunday in the large hall of the United Radical Club, Kay Street, Hackney Road—which was kindly placed at our disposal. There was a good gathering, despite the many anniversary meetings which had been held in various parts of London during the week.

Burnie occupied the chair, and for the benefit of the Radicals present, stated the facts of our comrades' martyrdom. He read a resolution of sympathy passed by the Irish Socialist Union and telegrams to the same effect from Glasgow, Manchester, Hull, Leeds, Sheffield, and Norwich,—as well as a letter from our friend Cunninghame Graham wishing our meeting great success and regretting his inability to be present. "Every day," said our friend, "I see more clearly the great impression the Chicago affair made on the American working classes. . . . In regard to Trafalgar Square, that, too, is still unpaid—for I like to pay my debts. One day it is to be hoped that the working classes of London will endeavour to pay theirs (with compound interest). Neither will they, I hope, forget the base and tricky snivellings of the commercial Liberal hack, who, whilst baying at wrongs in Ireland, never raised a whimper in London. . . . Let us not forget either event, friends!"

The united choirs of the "Commonweal" and Hammersmith Branches (conducted by comrade Sparrow) then sang "All for the Cause" and "Annie Laurie"—Mrs. Sparling accompanying at the piano.

Nicoll moved the following resolution:

"That this meeting, called together to commemorate the legal murder of four men in Chicago on November 11th, 1887 (Parsons, Spies, Fischer, and Engel), the driving to suicide of another (Lingg) in prison, and the cruel imprisonment of three more (Fielden, Schwab, and Neebe), by the government of the State of Illinois, for the crime of encouraging workmen on strike and helping them to carry on the struggle against their masters, and the further crime of trying to maintain the rights of free speech and public meeting, calls the attention of the workmen of the world to the gradual abrogation of these rights in all capitalistic countries, and while emphatically denouncing the tyrannical interference with these elementary rights, points out that it is a natural and necessary result of a so-called Society based upon the robbery of Labour."

He said that some non-Socialists there might deem the events in Illinois a few years ago no concern of theirs; but it was a true saying that the Cause of Labour was the same all over the world. The same tactics were pursued by capitalists in every civilised country. Lately in Australia the capitalists had shown the same animosity to the workers that was displayed in Chicago, and if the leaders there had been Revolutionary Socialists or Anarchists the same fate would have befallen them which befel our comrades in Illinois. There could be no doubt that the agitation at present going on all over the world for an eight hours' day had spread from Chicago. The martyrdom of our comrades was being everywhere remembered. The workers would never forget these men,—the men who had told them that nothing but a complete change would ever really benefit them—a change which would sweep away Vanderbilts, Goulds, and Carnegies. The only way to gain concessions was by the method advocated by our murdered heroes—the method of the General Strike (Loud cheers).

Samuels (of Leeds) seconded the resolution. He was not sure that that was a night to make propaganda or to discuss Socialism. We Socialists ought to feel very sad that night, and to try if we could not find some means to avenge our friends' deaths. He did not advocate force, but sooner or later force might have to be resorted to, if we were attacked.

Johanna Lahr supported the resolution. She reminded those there who were outside the movement that the rich lived upon the robbery of the workers' labour. The toilers who produced all wealth found it monopolised by a few idlers. The evil would never be cured by governments or leaders; the workers of the world must themselves unite and do it, by sweeping classes away for ever. In this great work that we had undertaken our comrades' deaths had been of infinite help. August Spies had truly said that their silence would speak more loudly than the voices strangled that day. The very German Emperor had found that he must somehow deal with the social question. Do not let us fight for a country which was no country of ours, but for the right to live as men and women, to bring up our children as men and women—the right to food and clothing. Where now, under commercialism, was the English freedom boasted of old? England was filled with the haggard faces of pale careworn slaves.

The resolution was then put to the meeting and carried unanimously. The Choir then sang "Linnell's Death Song" and "No Master." Both songs were greeted with continued applause, and the meeting would take no denial but insisted upon "No Master" being encored.

William Morris then moved:

"That this meeting also denounces the similar attack on free speech and the right of public meeting in London on Sunday, November 13, 1887, through which three men were killed (Linnell, Curwen, and Connell), one (Harrison) so injured that he died after a painful and lingering illness, and many sent to prison after a mere mockery of trial for being present at a political meeting which was ferociously attacked by the police."

Our comrade was received with cheers. He said that perhaps the second event we were met there to commemorate might seem almost like the comedy after the tragedy. No doubt in the eyes of some

there were elements of the comic in the Trafalgar Square business. He had himself seen one of the processions, consisting of 3,000 men, put to flight by some 30 policemen. That, no doubt, was very funny. It was very funny, too, he supposed, to see Graham's head hammered, and it supplied, he concluded, an additional element of comedy that poor Linnell, the law writer, should be killed in a quarrel with which, as he (the speaker) frankly admitted, he had nothing to do. It was doubtless funny that neither we nor our Radical friends could speak in Trafalgar Square to this day. In all seriousness it was a tragical enough thing that men should be sent to prison (let alone being killed) for allowing themselves to be beaten by the police,—for that was what it came to. If our rulers did these things in the green tree of the Revolution, what would they do in the dry? Surely pit and gallows would be the least of their doings. Three years ago Sir Charles Warren had got it into his head that the Revolution was coming then and there,—an idea sufficiently absurd,—but his consequent action was yet more absurd. What could we say of a man who tried to put down a Revolution by stopping a public meeting? Why, if people could not talk in public they would plot in secret,—and so the Revolution would come sooner. (Cheers). Warren with his drum-head courts-martial had lost ground for his side, rather than gained it. The Socialists were far stronger now than three years ago. The attempt to put down the coming Revolution by bludgeoning in London, and by murder in America, had been perfectly futile, and had had, in fact, the contrary effect. The word "Revolution" was often used to denote some last dramatic event in which a gradual change culminated, but when he spoke of "the Revolution" he meant the realisation by mankind that they might in the mass be happy—have at least a chance of being happy. The essence of the Revolution was the intense desire and settled intention of the people to be free in the only way a people could be free—by the realisation of equality of conditions. If that feeling once grew in people's hearts, it could not be put down. Something had been said about revenge, but the only real revenge we could possibly have was by our own efforts bringing ourselves to happiness. Only unhappy people thought of revenge; when we were happy we should forget it. The great change coming was the sure outcome of our present state of misery and discouragement, and our efforts should be directed to bring it about as soon as possible.

Kitz seconded the resolution. He complained of the indifference and apathy we sometimes found among the workers. Chicago was too far away for them to care for what happened there. Even in regard to Trafalgar Square they often deemed it a mere political difficulty, and not (as it was) an event in the Labour War. The governing classes knew better, and were determined to put all these movements down. Chicago and Trafalgar Square were battles in the great conflict between the Haves and the Have-nots. All party distinctions the capitalists and their hangers-on pushed on one side, so soon as the Labour War came to the front. Some might think us dreamers, but it was dreamers who had led the world forward. We were practical enough, and we wanted every worker to remember that at some time or other his life was shortened by what he suffered. Why, then, should he fear bloodshed, if bloodshed were to come? The fact was the tragedy of the workers' lives was so slow and insidious in its operation that they did not realise it. To-day we reared children in slums where no flowers would grow. Those who came after us would blush for shame at this cowardly generation.

The second resolution was also carried unanimously.

The Choir then sang the "Carmagnole" and the *Marseillaise* amid great enthusiasm, and a successful meeting was brought to a close with three hearty cheers for the Social Revolution. R. W. B.

We also had a most successful meeting at Milton Hall on Tuesday, November 11th. R. W. Burnie took the chair. Kitz, Mrs. Lahr, Morris, Louise Michel, and Nicoll were the speakers. Louise Michel made a most eloquent speech in memory of our murdered comrades. Revolutionary songs were sung by the choir with great effect. There were many strangers present who were evidently deeply impressed. On the whole, excellent propaganda was done. A large quantity of literature was sold, and £2 2s. 6d. was collected. N.

ABERDEEN.

On Sunday, Nov. 9th, we celebrated the anniversary of Bloody Sunday and the Judicial Murder of the Chicago Martyrs. Spies' speech was read, and stirring speeches were made by comrades Rennie, W. Cooper, Duncan, and Leatham. Comrade Duncan sang "Annie Laurie," and was vociferously applauded by the large and enthusiastic audience; he also sang "England Arise." The choir of the branch sang revolutionary songs at intervals. The meeting was most enthusiastic throughout, all the speakers being loudly applauded.

BRIGHTON.

On Sunday, Nov. 9th, a well attended meeting was held at the Bath Arms Assembly Rooms, in commemoration of the Chicago Martyrs; comrades Barker and Ford delivered impressive speeches.

DUBLIN.

On Monday, Nov. 10th, the Dublin Socialist Union held a very successful meeting at 87, Marlboro Street, to commemorate the judicial murder of our Chicago brethren. The room was decorated with Anarchist mottoes, etc. Speeches were delivered by Graham (Glass Bottlemakers), Hamilton (Gas Workers), Greene, Fitzpatrick, O'Gorman, and Weichsleder, a German comrade.

EDINBURGH.

On Tuesday, Nov. 11th, the members of the S.S.F. celebrated the anniversary of the martyrdom of the Chicago Anarchists in Edinburgh. The memory of our murdered comrades was toasted in silence. The "Social Revolution" was also proposed, stirring speeches made, and several revolutionary songs sung by various members

GLASGOW.

On Tuesday, Nov. 11th, a meeting of the joint Socialist bodies was held in the Sewing Machine Maker's Hall to commemorate the anniversary of the Martyrdom of our Chicago comrades and Bloody Sunday. The meeting was opened with "The March of the Workers," and the *Commonweal* resolutions—moved by our Swiss comrade Jaques Dupont and seconded by James Biggar—were passed. Thereafter addresses were given by Glasier, Joe Burgoyne, Downie, and Robert Biggar. Carl Derwald (who with several of his German comrades, has attended these celebrations every year) sang "Das Proletariat" and the "German Marseillaise"; Dupont sang the "Worker's Marseillaise," Miss Biggar "Annie Laurie," and McKechnie "La Carmagnole." Revolutionary songs were sung by Smith, Bolton, and others. The meeting terminated with three ringing cheers for the Social Revolution.

LEEDS.

On Monday, Nov. 10th, we had a very satisfactory meeting at Oriel Hall. Despite bad weather and other disadvantages, the body of the hall was fairly full. The spirit of the audience was thoroughly in sympathy with the objects of the meeting. Our comrades Charles Bullas, Hall, and Robert Bingham (of Sheffield) made good speeches; Cores, Samuels, and Sweeny also spoke. Altogether the meeting must result in greatly strengthening our movement here.

MANCHESTER.

On Sunday, Nov. 9th, our projected demonstration in the Square could not take place owing to the heavy downpour of rain, but a fairly large and enthusiastic meeting was held in the club at night, when comrades Bailie, Barton, Scott, and Kennedy gave an account of the murder of "our martyrs," and denounced the system which enabled such a deed to be accomplished, and a resolution was unanimously passed protesting against their brutal execution and the system of plunder and murder it was done to support.

NORWICH.

On Monday, November 10th, we held a meeting at St. Augustine's School to commemorate the anniversary of our Chicago comrades. Amongst the friends present were Oldman and Mrs. Oldman (Manchester), C. W. Mowbray (London), J. Headley, Brightwell, and two more comrades from Yarmouth. Comrade Poynts took the chair, opening with a short address, explaining why the meeting was held. Oldman followed at some length, dwelling upon the object of these men, and what they died for. Mowbray spoke next, dealing with each of the speeches delivered by these comrades before the judge, and pointed out that the men were hanged, not for the bomb-throwing, but because they were Anarchists. On Saturday evening a good meeting was held on the Haymarket, when reference was made to this matter. On Sunday afternoon a large meeting was held in the Market Place. We had a large red banner with two Liberty caps on each pole, draped with black, and bearing the following words—"Chicago Martyrs. Their silence is more powerful than speech. Hurrah for Anarchy!" Comrade W. Moore opened; Mowbray and Emery followed; meeting closed with three ringing cheers for our Chicago comrades. In the evening, open-air meeting held in the Market Place. Emery opened, followed by Mowbray, which brought these meetings to a close. We have been very successful, having sold over two dozen *Social Science*, and a good number of *Commonweal* and *Freedom*, and collected £2 8s. 2½d. Our success is a plain proof of the sympathy towards the cause.

SHEFFIELD.

On Tuesday, Nov. 11th, a very successful meeting was held in the Hallamshire Hall in commemoration of the murder of the Chicago Anarchists. Comrades Cores, Samuels (Leeds), Hall, Charles, Creaghe, and Bulas were the speakers, and their stirring revolutionary speeches were received with the utmost enthusiasm by the large audience. Revolutionary songs were sung during the evening, and it was most encouraging to see how the audience joined in the singing. Our large posters announcing the meeting were boycotted by the Bill Posting Company, but an enthusiastic set of amateur bill-posters sallied forth from our club at midnight, and before daylight dawned every hoarding in Sheffield had our posters.

YARMOUTH.

On Sunday, Nov. 9th, three mass meetings were held at Yarmouth, flags and banners being draped in commemoration of the murder of five of our comrades and imprisonment of three others in Chicago. In the morning, on Priory Plain, large audience was addressed by Oldman, Poynts (of Norwich), and Headley. In the afternoon, on Fish Wharf, a large meeting was addressed by same comrades; a few questions were put and answered. In the evening, on Hall Quay, another splendid meeting was opened by singing the "Marseillaise"; Headley then read Lingg's address out of Chicago 'Speeches,' followed by Oldman and Poynts. Great interest shown, and the meeting was continued by Saunders and Brightwell until 10.30 p.m. amid general excitement.

Very near a Crash!

We very nearly had a crash in the City last Friday. Baring Bros., generally known in commercial circles as "highly respectable bankers," and known to the unfortunate natives of Egypt and the people of the Argentine Republic as one of the most remorseless gangs of usurers which even our blest country has produced, had rather overdone it with their "shent per shent" operations, and narrowly escaped bankruptcy. Luckily our present Government contains that prince of usurers, Joachim Goschen, and doubtless upon his advice they came to the rescue, and thus averted a "terrible calamity." But there are more big houses than Baring Bros. that have been on the same game. Over-speculation has been common during the period of prosperity which is now passing away; and it is certain that the crisis has been only postponed. When it does come we shall have a crash that will put past panics into the shade; and then—

Good News.

We hear that our contemporary *Die Autonomie* will in future appear as a weekly paper. Up till the number for November 1st it has been issued as a fortnightly. We are glad to hear that the paper has been so successful. N.

INTERNATIONAL NOTES.

FRANCE.

Illustrations of the freedom the workers enjoy under a free republic are being constantly furnished to us. A Belgian named Brion has been taking a leading part in the miners' strike at Carvin. He is a working miner himself, much respected by his French comrades, among whom he had long worked. He has eight children. The French Government has expelled him from French territory—simply and solely because he is a striker. As the *Charleville Emancipation* most properly says: "Under the bourgeois Republic of Constans and his friends, a foreign workman has a right to come and toil in France at a rate below that of French workmen; the manufacturers may nobble foreign workmen and bring them here to replace Frenchmen, and in so doing be protected by policemen and judges; but if a foreign worker, recognising his rights and duties, makes common cause with his comrades, like Brion he is run in and expelled."

The *Révolte* publishes a tolerably full report of the prosecution of our comrade Lorion, who has been sentenced to fifteen months' imprisonment. The Public Prosecutor's description of our comrade in his inflammatory opening speech to the judges is quite charming in its simplicity: "You have before you a man boldly intelligent, arrogant, a cold-blooded reasoner who shrinks from nothing, who would have neither god nor master, neither policeman nor constable!" Exactly so, oh innocent Public Prosecutor! From your point of view, you have described our friend as he doubtless is and as we would wish to be. Upon hearing his sentence Larion exclaimed in a loud voice, "Long live Anarchy!"

BELGIUM.

It is finally settled that a Congress of the National Federation of Belgian Miners shall meet on the 14th of December next. The agenda includes four points—Universal Suffrage; General Strike; Eight Hours' Day; Paris International Congress.

The State Socialists of Belgium have been holding great demonstrations in favour of Universal Suffrage (!). At Charleroi there were 20,000 processionists, headed by Calbawaere, "General Master of the Knights of Labour, wearing his insignia." The demonstrators, being forbidden to carry red flags, bore French and Swiss standards instead. At Mons there were 4,000 or 5,000 demonstrators, who played the "Marseillaise" before the French Consulate and shouted "Long live France!" It is pitiable to see workers thus enthusiastic for universal suffrage and middle-class republics. At Brussels there were as many as 40,000 demonstrators in a similar sense.

ITALY.

Il Fascio Operaio brings us the official report of the Fifth General Congress of the "Italian Workmen's Party," held at Milan November 1st and 2nd. The Congress commenced by a somewhat warm discussion as to whether the following question should be added to the agenda: "Ought the Workmen's Party to take part in political and administrative elections?" The majority held that this matter had been clearly settled at the Bologna Congress, and refused to allow it to be reopened. Resistance to capitalists by means of strikes was approved, as were also the institution of Labour Exchanges and the Eight Hours' Day. As regards the First of May, the Congress declared "that the First of May ought to be the holiday of the workers of the whole world," and ordered "that all its own branches should upon that day celebrate, in great and worthy manner, the reaching out of the toilers towards Liberty and Justice." It was agreed to push propaganda among the peasants. Resolutions were also adopted on Co-operation, which are too long to set out here, but which do not seem specially objectionable, so long as palliatives are deemed admissible at all.

In the Ancona *Campana* for November 2 our comrade Merlino has a good article on the "Conduct of Anarchists at the Approaching Elections." There are words in it as applicable to England as to Italy, and which we shall do well to remember when—possibly in a few weeks' time—we are plunged in that hateful melée of liars and swindlers known as a "General Election." The abstention of anti-parliamentarians, Merlino contends, should be an active abstention and not a passive one. We should manifest our abstention and the reasons for it everywhere, even, if possible, in the very polling-booth. Our Italian Anarchist comrades seem to be likely to act upon this advice.

SPAIN.

La Anarquía for Nov. 7th publishes the portraits of our five murdered Chicago comrades, with brief biographical notices of them and an account of their slaying. Shiploads of emigrants are returning to Spain from the Argentine, sick of democratic and federal republics.

The editor of the San Sebastian *Combate* remains in gaol, very heavy bail having been required which it is impossible to find, as the authorities well knew when they fixed it.

Our Barcelona comrades have published a Spanish translation of Hugh H. Pentecost's discourse on the Chicago crime.

BULGARIA.

Our Anarchist comrades here are beginning to have their share of legal worrying. One of them was prosecuted the other day for publishing a pamphlet called the "Right of Poverty." The trial took place at Scolievo, and the court was crammed with persons anxious to see the "New Men," as they are called. Strange to say, much to the disappointment of the Government, the judges decided in our comrade's favour. Many students are being expelled for reading the Paris *Révolte* or Anarchist pamphlets, as well as for making propaganda.

CHILI.

From the Madrid *Anarquía*, I learn that our comrade Castro is working hard to spread Socialism in this republic. With the help of one other comrade he is publishing a little paper called *El Obrero* (The Worker). He fears that the life of this journal is precarious. Socialism, he says, has no existence for the native Chilian, who is a patriotic person who cares for nothing save praise of the land of his birth. Jesuitry reigns everywhere. I am sure the *Weal* would be glad to hear from Castro direct and to exchange with him.

UNITED STATES.

The vile Chicago police (as vile as any policemen in the world, save the loathsome "Pinkertons") are harassing even respectable middle-class women by their habit of arresting innocent work-girls on manufactured charges of street-walking. "This is done," says the "Christian Socialist" Boston *Dawn*,

"on the slightest pretext, often merely because they happen to be on the side-walk. . . . Some of the deeds of these Chicago policemen are an outrage on humanity." I may note, by the way, that a memorial has been presented to the Federal Senate for the suppression of the "armed assassins known as Pinkerton detectives." "It is not likely," says the *Tacoma Globe*, "that the memorial will ever come back from the committee to which it was referred." Pinkerton's men are far too useful to the bosses (who "run" the Senate, as they "run" everything else) to be spared. Powderly proposes to his "Knights" to abolish Pinkertonism by promoting Bills in the State Legislatures. Various States have adopted enactments which, in his view, do prevent the employment of these ruffians. I regret to say I cannot agree that the legislation in question has that effect, or, for that matter, was intended to have it.

Another Bellamy experiment is to be tried in California. A certain Mrs. Olive Washburn, residing at San Francisco, "will devote nearly her entire fortune to the founding of a Nationalist" (i.e., Bellamyite) "colony, where the ideas advanced by the National leader can be developed to their fullest extent. A part of her large fortune consists of 1,700 acres on the road from San Jose to the Lick Observatory on Mount Hamilton, and it is there the colony will be located. The tract is desirable in every respect, and, when improved according to Mrs. Washburn's plans, will be a veritable paradise. Over 100,000 dollars will be spent in the erection of factories, dwelling houses, etc., and the purchase of farming implements; and, when all is ready, she will present the entire estate to the colony. All people of good moral character, irrespective of religious belief" (this last is a delightful touch—the self-conscious tolerance is so characteristic of the bourgeois mind) "who are willing to work are welcome to become a part of the community. Mrs. Washburn does not expect any colonists to use funds they may have, and merely asks them to do the work allotted to them." (Suppose, oh excellent Mrs. Washburn, they should prefer doing the work they "allot" themselves?) "The work of improvement was begun about two months ago, and at present is well advanced. Mrs. Washburn has invited several hundred prominent Nationalists to be present at the dedication of the colony, which will take place shortly, and she is in hopes of having Bellamy himself to lead the exercises [*sic!*]. He has been written to regarding the matter. Several families are ready to start to the colony as soon as the arrangements are complete, and many others have signified their intention of joining. Mrs. Washburn is a Spiritualist also, and claims to have received suggestions from spirits [!]." It is sad to see so much energy wasted upon an attempt to redeem from poverty at most a few hundred of workers—an attempt, too, probably doomed to failure, as every attempt must be, until (not a space of 1,700 acres, but) the world is changed. The fascination of the barrack Socialism of 'Looking Backward' for our "law and order" friends of the middle classes is symptomatic of much. Our quotation is from the *Journal of the Knights of Labour*.

That remarkable journal the Boston *Liberty* welcomes the *Herald of Anarchy* in a fashion not very complimentary to some of our Anarchist-Communist comrades here. "The English Anarchists," we are informed, "have had to rely thus far on *Liberty* as their only organ." This is rough on Chancery Lane. Are Communist-Anarchists to be drummed out of the Anarchist church? That queer product of Anglo-Saxondom, the Individualist-Anarchist, should remember that, outside a few score of people in England and the States, he has no existence, whereas Socialist Anarchism (be it Communist or Collectivist) is spreading far and wide.

Dawn is very much exercised by what it calls "the dastardly train-wrecking on the New York Central," which has "proven to be the work of a few wretched Knights" of Labour, "probably involving even one or two local officials of the Order." This illustrates the kind of "dastardly" desertion and pious whining scrupulosity which we shall meet with from the Christian Socialists whenever serious business begins. Happily, like the Individualist-Anarchists, they are not numerous—there being, after all, some sense of logic in that much-abused human nature of ours.

We are glad to receive from Chicago the first number of a new Revolutionary Communist-Anarchist monthly entitled *Freedom*. It is dated November 11, and appears with a black border in memory of our martyrs. "A few of the 'old guard,' steadfast and true, have banded themselves together as Albert R. Parsons Assembly" and issued this new journal. Lucy Parsons contributes to the first number. A hearty welcome to the fresh-comer.

R. W. B.

SWEDEN.

Two of our comrades in Stockholm (Carleson and Bergegren) have started a series of sociological lectures for working men. Sweden offering very few facilities for the intellectual training of workers, this scheme, full of truly revolutionary inspiration, will be very useful.

Branting, the editor of *Socialdemokraten* (Stockholm), was present at the Halle Congress as delegate of the Swedish party. It is evident that he has been very favourably impressed by the proceedings at Halle, and it is also evident that he has been able to communicate his admiration of the German Social Democratic party to a great number of his Socialist countrymen. What this means to the future aspect of Socialism in Sweden remains to be seen. One thing appears to me certain, that our Swedish friends for several reasons understand the events in Germany better than English Socialists generally do.

Branting in Stockholm and the Socialist Danielson in Malmö got several hundred votes in the Parliamentary elections this summer. SYN.

ABERDEEN.—The usual meeting was held on Castle Street on Saturday night, when comrades Duncan and Leatham spoke to a large crowd. Next week we are to have comrade Glasier of Glasgow here on a propagandist trip.—G. A. C.

SCOTTISH SOCIALIST FEDERATION—EDINBURGH.—On Sunday, in Labour Hall, Miss Cameron spoke on "Socialist Ideals," and at Leith Hamilton spoke on the "Eight Hour Day." At both meetings the audiences were large; questions plentiful, and good discussions followed.

SHEFFIELD.—All our outdoor meetings are still well attended, and a thorough revolutionary propaganda is being carried on by our comrades. The police are at last beginning to display some activity. An attempt was made last Sunday by the representatives of law-'n'-order to stop our meeting at Attercliffe Road—a place where the Great Booth's chloroformers meet regularly. Comrade Kent refused to "move on," and continued the meeting amidst the cheers of the people. His name and address has been taken, and it is likely we shall hear of a prosecution shortly. Considerable feeling has been roused here by comrade Morris's article in last week's *Commonweal*, and a night will be set apart to debate it.—J. M. B.

LIVERPOOL SOCIALIST SOCIETY.—Vegetarian Restaurant, Eberle Street, Dale Street.—Meets every Tuesday at 8 p.m.

DUBLIN.—Dublin Socialist Union, 87 Marlboro Street. Lecture every Saturday at 8 p.m. Nov. 22, J. E. Masterson, "Politics for the Worker."

DWELLINGS FOR THE LABOURING CLASSES.

THERE are some good kind people in this world, as the following extract from the prospectus of a "philanthropic" joint stock company will show. The italics are ours:

"The excessive rate of mortality, and the large proportion of sickness in the numerous old and dilapidated dwellings in all the thickly populated districts of Manchester and Salford, cry aloud for immediate remedy. These dwellings, utterly unfit for human habitation, are the abodes of about one-fourth of the entire population, *wherein disease generates, and vice abounds to an alarming extent.* Investigations have shown beyond dispute or doubt that all efforts at social improvement of the poorer classes are rendered futile by the unsuitable arrangements of their dwellings, and that their physical and moral condition cannot be ameliorated except by the demolition of these rookeries and hot-beds of disease, clearing the sites, and erecting thereon healthy and comfortable dwellings. The immediate demand for labour on the opening of the Ship Canal will, it is expected, induce large numbers of porters, labourers, and others to seek residences as near as possible to the docks; thus small tenements at rentals within their means will be instantly required. The evils hereinbefore alluded to, the prospect of further overcrowding, and the energetic measures now being taken by the Corporations in condemning unhealthy dwellings, render the present time opportune and *advantageous* for the establishment of a limited company. In London, several million pounds have been invested through joint stock enterprise in such dwellings with *highly satisfactory results.* Encouraged by the hope of similar success in Manchester and in Salford, it is proposed to establish a Joint Stock Company, to be called the 'Manchester and Salford Dwellings Corporation Limited,' with practical and comprehensive powers to erect suitable blocks of dwellings. The capital of the Corporation will be £250,000, in 50,000 shares of £5 each, half in 4 per cent. preference shares and half in ordinary shares; the first issue being £25,000, viz., £12,500 preference and £12,500 ordinary capital. The rentals of the proposed tenements will be from 1s. 6d. to 4s. 6d. per week, estimated to yield, after providing for repairs and all expenses, a sum equal to a dividend of between *four and five per cent.* on the total capital expended. *Apart from the material welfare not only of the people occupying these improved sanitary dwellings, but to the residents of Manchester and Salford at large, the investment will, it is believed, be equally safe and more profitable to investors than the majority of investments in municipal bonds yielding only 3 to 4 per cent.*"

Now then, all you good people who want "five per shent" for your money, and to "benefit" the working classes at the same time, now is your opportunity. Of course we understand it is all pure philanthropy on your part, and if even there was not a "safe and profitable five per shent" hanging on to the business you would be just as ready to invest your money. You can tell that story to the Marines, but we fear the working people will not believe you. We should like to know also how many of the former tenants of the slums will find shelter in these "Dwellings for the Labouring Classes." It may be that they are not "respectable" enough!

THE SOCIALIST LEAGUE.

OFFICES: 24, GREAT QUEEN ST., LINCOLN'S INN FIELDS, W.C.

The Offices of the Socialist League will be open for the sale of *Commonweal* and all other Socialist publications from 8.30 a.m. to 9 p.m. every day except Sunday. The Secretary will be in attendance from 10 a.m. to 9 p.m. daily.

Branch Subscriptions Paid.—1890:—North Kensington, to end of April. Glasgow, Oxford, Hammersmith, Manchester, and Norwich, to end of May. Yarmouth, to end of June. East London, to end of July. Leicester, to end of August. North London, to end of September. 'Commonweal' Branch, and Streatham, to end of December.

NEW PREMISES FUND.

Collection by Council on November 17th, 1s. 7d.; 'Commonweal' Branch, 10s.

"COMMONWEAL" GUARANTEE FUND.

	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.
H. R.	0	1	0	Sheffield Socialists (2 weeks)	1	10	0
W. Crane	1	5	0	Proceeds from Lectures (per			
C. Saunders	0	2	0	'Commonweal' Branch)	4	5	3
B. W.	0	0	6				
'Commonweal' Branch	0	14	9	Total	7	18	6

For Chicago Meeting Expenses.—W. Crane, 5s.

REPORTS.

NORTH LONDON.—Comrades who have not seen our report for some time might imagine that we have been somewhat idle; but we have been carrying on a pretty vigorous and successful propaganda during the summer and up till the present time, the receipts from our meetings on Sunday frequently amounting to 25s. and 30s. We have distributed 10,000 leaflets of various kinds, and have disposed of 125 Chicago Speeches. We have kept up a donation to the Guarantee Fund of 4s. weekly, and at our four meetings sold from four to seven quires of *Commonweal*, and we expect to carry on the propaganda of theory and practice energetically all through the winter.—T. C.

DUBLIN.—The opening meeting of the Dublin Socialist Union was held on Saturday, November 15th, at 87 Marlboro Street. J. O'Gorman delivered an address, "What is Human Slavery." A good discussion followed, in which King, McDonnell, Masterson, Cully, Fitzpatrick, and others took part. There was a good attendance.

LEEDS.—On Sunday, November 9th, Andrew Hall spoke on Hunslet and Woodhouse Moors; good audiences, etc. On Sunday evening, at the Club, we had a free feed, free drinks, and general jollification as a farewell gathering to comrade Samuels. Speeches were made by Sweeny, Cores, Hall, Allworthy, Wilkinson, Sollit, and responded to by Samuels. Songs and recitations were rendered by comrades Foster, Orsman, Curlin, and others. Altogether, a capital evening's enjoyment was obtained. It was manifest that the propaganda in Leeds is to be maintained as vigorously as the weather and circumstances generally will permit. On Sunday the 16th rain prevented our meeting at Hunslet Moor, but Cores and Menkey spoke at Woodhouse; 'Stanley's Exploits' sold well. In the evening, for the first time, we held a good meeting at the Market Gates, Roper, Cores, Menkey, and Sollit speaking. Thirty-five *Commonweal* and pamphlets sold.

LECTURE DIARY.

LONDON.

- Battersea.**—All communications to E. Buteux, 45, Inwith Street, Battersea Park Road.
- Commonweal Branch.**—24 Great Queen Street, Holborn, W.C. Tuesdays, Singing Practice. Thursdays, Business meeting. Saturdays, Social Gathering. Sunday, November 23, at 8.30 p.m., Mrs. Lahr, "The Condition of the Bakers Here and Abroad."
- East London.**—H. McKenzie, 10 Victoria Dwellings, Clerkenwell Road, E.C.
- Hammersmith.**—Kelmescott House, Upper Mall, W. Lecture every Sunday at 8. French Class conducted by Mde. Desroches on Friday evenings at 7.30.
- North Kensington.**—Clarendon Coffee Palace, Clarendon Road. Meets every Wednesday at 8 p.m. Sunday, November 23, at 7.30, "What becomes of our Wealth"—IV. How Wealth will be Shared, W. S. De Mattos (Fabian). Band practice every Tuesday at 8, in the hall at the back of the "Britannia" public-house, Latimer Road—more fifiers wanted.
- North London.**—6 Windmill Street, Tottenham Court Road. Meets every Wednesday evening at 8 o'clock.
- Whitechapel and St. Georges-in-the-East.**—Branch meetings at International Club, 40 Berner Street, Commercial Road. J. Turner, organising secretary.

PROVINCES.

- Aberdeen.**—Organiser, J. Leatham, 7 Jamaica Street. Branch meets in Odd-fellows' Small Hall, Crooked Lane, on Sunday evenings at 6.30. Singing practice, etc., Mondays at 8 p.m.
- Glasgow.**—Members are invited to meet on Thursday and Sunday evenings, at 8 o'clock, in the Secretary's house, 250 Crown Street, S.S. All communications to be sent to that address.
- Halifax.**—Socialists meet every Sunday at 6.30 p.m. at Helliwell's Temperance Hotel, Northgate.
- Hull.**—Club Liberty, 1 Beets Court, Blanket Row.
- Leeds.**—Socialist League Club, 1 Clarendon Buildings and Front Row. Open every evening. Business meeting Saturdays at 8.—International Educational Club, Templar Street. Open every evening. Discussion class every Friday at 8; lectures every Saturday at 4. All kinds of Socialist literature on tables and for sale.
- Leicester.**—Room No. 7, Co-operative Hall, High Street. Branch meeting on Thursday at 8 p.m. Lecture in the Spiritualist Hall, Silver Street, every Sunday at 6.30. Nov. 23, T. Barclay, "Present-Day Slavery."
- Manchester.**—Socialist League Club, 60 Grovesnor Street, All Saints. Open every evening. Branch weekly meeting on Tuesdays at 8.
- Nottingham.**—Socialist Club, Woodland Place, Upper Parliament Street. Club contribution, 1d. per week; dancing every Wednesday, 8 till 10.30—fee 3d.
- Norwich.**—Members' meeting held every Tuesday at 8.30.
- Oxford.**—Temperance Hall, 25½ Pembroke Street. First Friday in every month, at 8.30 p.m.
- Sheffield.**—Socialist Club, 63 Blonk Street. French Class, Tuesday at 8.30. Discussion Class, Wednesday at 8.30.
- Walsall.**—Socialist Club, 18 Goodall Street, Walsall. Meetings every night.
- Yarmouth.**—Socialist League Club, 56 Row, Market Place. Open every evening. Business Meeting, Tuesday at 8. Singing Practice, Wednesday at 8.30. Discussion Class, Thursday at 8.30. Elocution Class, Friday at 8.30.

OPEN-AIR PROPAGANDA.

(Weather permitting.)

SUNDAY 23.

- 11 Commercial Road—Union StreetThe Branch
- 11 Latimer Road StationNorth Kensington Branch
- 11.30... Hammersmith BridgeHammersmith Branch
- 11.30... Hoxton ChurchThe Branch
- 11.30... Regent's ParkNicoll
- 3.30... Hyde Park—Marble ArchMainwaring and Nicoll
- 3.30... Victoria ParkCommonweal Branch
- 3.30... Streatham Common The Branch
- 7 Hammersmith Bridge Hammersmith Branch
- 7 Wormwood ScrubsNorth Kensington Branch
- 8 Kings Cross—Liverpool StreetThe Branch
- 8 Walham Green—back of ChurchHammersmith Branch

FRIDAY 28.

- 8.15..... Hoxton ChurchThe Branch

PROVINCES.

- Aberdeen.**—Saturday: Castle Street, at 7.30 p.m.
- Glasgow.**—Sunday: Jail Square at 2 o'clock; Paisley Road at 5 o'clock.
- Leeds.**—Sunday: Hunslet Moor, at 11 a.m.; Woodhouse Moor, at 3 p.m.; Vicar's Croft, at 6 p.m.
- Leicester.**—Saturday: Old Cross, Belgrave Gate, at 8 p.m. Sunday: Russell Square, at 10.45 a.m.
- Liverpool.**—Landing Stage, Sundays at 11.30 a.m. and 3 p.m.
- Manchester.**—Saturday: Middleton market ground, at 7 p.m. Sunday: Philips Park Gates, at 11; Stevenson Square, at 3. Monday: Market Street, Blackley, at 8.
- Nottingham.**—Sunday: Sneinton Market, at 11 a.m.; Great Market, at 7 p.m.
- Norwich.**—Saturday: Haymarket, at 8. Sunday: Market Place at 11, 3, and 7.30.
- Sheffield.**—Sunday: Monolith, Fargate, at 11.30; West Bar, at 11.30; Newhall Road, Attercliffe, at 11.30; Grimsthorpe, at 11.30; Rotherham, at 3; Woodhouse, at 3; West Bar, at 8; Attercliffe Road, at 8.
- Yarmouth.**—Sunday: Priory Plain, at 11; Fish Wharf, at 3; Hall Quay, at 7.

SCOTTISH SOCIALIST FEDERATION.—EDINBURGH—Labour Hall, 50 South Bridge. Business meeting, Fridays at 8 p.m. Sunday, Nov. 23, at 6.30, lecture by J. H. Smith, "Rent, Interest, and Profit." LEITH—Henderson Street Hall, Sunday, November 23, a lecture by Miss Cameron, "Socialist Ideals."

GLASGOW.—Members and friends are asked to note that a series of lectures and discussions on Socialism, under the auspices of the joint Socialist bodies, will take place in the Sewing-Machine Makers' Hall, Nelson Street, City, every Sunday evening at 7 o'clock. On Sunday first, Alexander Hadow lectures on "Why Workmen should be Socialists."

TICKET BENEFIT.—A benefit in aid of the funds of the United Shop Assistants' Union is taking place at the Royalty Theatre, Dean Street, Soho, from November 19th to November 28th inclusive. Tickets only will benefit. These can be obtained from the Hon. Sec., A. Mussett, 8, Featherstone Buildings, Holborn, W.C.; at any branch meetings of the union; or at the Socialist Co-operative Stores, 7, Lamb's Conduit Street, W.C.

SOCIALIST LEAGUE PUBLICATIONS.

Leaflets.

All pamphlets not published by the Socialist League will in future be charged to Branches and Allied Societies at the following rates:—1d. each, 1s. 6d. per quire of 26; 2d. each, 3s. ditto.

The following are now on hand—Price per thousand:

An Address on the Chicago Martyrs ...	4 0
Socialism and "Public Opinion" ...	2 0
Songs for the Workers (2 leaflets)—each	2 0

American Literature.

A few remainders—

Plutarch's Lives of Famous Men ...	1 0
Modern Christianity v. Heathenism ...	0 9
Scholar in a Republic (Wendell Phillips)	0 8
The Great Strike: the Irrepressible Conflict between Capital and Labour ...	0 4
What is Freedom? When am I Free? ...	0 4
The Railway Kings and an American Empire	0 2

MISCELLANEOUS.

The Triumph of Labour. Memorial Cartoon of the Great Dock Strike, Sept. 1889. With cardboard roll, 6d.; artist's edition, ditto ...	1 0
Amazonia. A Foretaste of the Future. By Mrs. John Corbett ...	1 0

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Shirley, 26 Leigh-street
Socialist Co-operative Stores, 7 Lambs Conduit-street
Harrison, 306 Grays Inn-road, Kings Cross
Truelove, 256 High Holborn

And at all Branch Meeting-Places and Outdoor-Stations of the Socialist League.

STATEMENT OF PRINCIPLES.

THE Socialist League advocates International Revolutionary Socialism. That is to say the destruction of the present class society, which consists of one class who live by owning property and therefore need not work, and of another that has no property and therefore must work in order that they may live to keep the idlers by their labour. Revolutionary Socialism insists that this system of society, which is the modern form of slavery, should be changed to a system of Society which would give every man an opportunity of doing useful work, and not allow any man to live without so doing, which work could not be useful unless it were done for the whole body of workers instead of for do-nothing individuals. The result of this would be that livelihood would not be precarious nor labour burdensome. Labour would be employed in co-operation, and the struggle of man with man for bare subsistence would be supplanted by harmonious combination for the production of common wealth and the exchange of mutual services without the waste of labour or material.

Every man's needs would be satisfied from this common stock, but no man would be allowed to own anything which he could not use, and which consequently he must abuse by employing it as an instrument for forcing others to labour for him unpaid. Thus the land, the capital, machinery, and means of transit would cease to be private property, since they can only be used by the combination of labour to produce wealth.

Thus men would be free because they would no longer be dependent on idle property-owners for subsistence; thus they would be brothers, for the cause of strife, the struggle for subsistence at other people's expense, would have come to an end. Thus they would be equal, for if all men were doing useful work no man's labour could be dispensed with. Thus the motto of Liberty, Fraternity, and Equality, which is but an empty boast in a society that upholds the monopoly of the means of production, would at last be realised.

This Revolutionary Socialism must be International. The change which would put an end to the struggle between man and man, would destroy it also between nation and nation. One harmonious system of federation throughout the whole of civilisation would take the place of the old destructive rivalries. There would be no great centres breeding race hatred and commercial jealousy, but people would manage their own affairs in communities not too large to prevent all citizens from taking a part in the administration necessary for the conduct of life, so that party politics would come to an end.

Thus, while we abide by the old motto

Liberty, Fraternity, Equality,

we say that the existence of private property destroys Equality, and therefore under it there can be neither Liberty nor Fraternity.

We add to the first motto then this other one—

FROM EACH ACCORDING TO HIS CAPACITY, TO EACH ACCORDING TO HIS NEEDS.

When this is realised there will be a genuine Society; until it is realised, Society is nothing but a band of robbers. We must add that this change can only be brought about by combination amongst the workers themselves, and must embrace the whole of Society. The new life cannot be given to the workers by a class higher than they, but must be taken by them by means of the abolition of classes and the reorganisation of Society.

COUNCIL OF THE SOCIALIST LEAGUE.

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THE GLORIOUS REFORMATION:

OR,

HOW THE ENGLISH PEOPLE WERE EVICTED, ROBBED,
AND MURDERED BY THE RULING CLASSES.

II.—THE GOLDEN AGE.

THE storm of revolution passed, but it cleared the air and left peace behind it. Though the great lords might destroy their own power in civil war or private vendetta, peasant and serf tilled their land in quiet and craftsmen worked undisturbed in their workshops; for the people had shown their might in revolt. The lords therefore feared the people, who were therefore left undisturbed during all the great battles which turned the fair fields of England from green to red, and who enjoyed a condition of freedom, happiness and substantial wellbeing such as had never been known before, and has certainly never been known since.

Serfdom being abolished, the immense majority of the people consisted of free peasant proprietors. The ordinary agricultural labourer even was a landowner on a small scale, having several acres attached to his cottage. Besides this, the peasant enjoyed the use of the common land, of which there was plenty near every town and village—wide stretches of heath, pasture, and woods, where his pigs, geese, poultry, and cattle could freely graze, where he could find timber to repair or rebuild his cottage. He did not have to pay for coal; there was plenty of turf or firewood to be found on the common. And as for his cottage and small holding, he lived there nearly rent free. Between yeoman, small farmer, and peasant there was little real distinction; both frequently worked together as labourers on the lands of king, abbot, or noble for a daily wage. The fact was, feudalism, with all its faults, as Karl Marx, has well pointed out, encouraged the division of soil among a large number of small proprietors. The more men the feudal lord had upon his estate the greater the number who fought behind his banner and the greater his might as a man of war. But we have spoken of yeomen and peasants working for a wage. Let us see now what these wages were. Professor Thorold Rogers says, speaking of this period:

"The fifteenth century and the first quarter of the sixteenth were the golden age of the English labourer, if we are to interpret the wages he earned with the cost of necessaries of life. . . . The wages of the artisans during the period to which I refer were generally and throughout the year about 6d. a-day. Those of the agricultural labourer were about 4d. I am referring to ordinary artisans and ordinary labourers. Persons who plied a craft in which greater skill was needed, perhaps one which was rarely procurable except from a distance, received more. . . . There is no reason to think that these labourers were paid well because their employment was precarious. Men got just as good wages, in the fifteenth century, whether they were employed for a day or a year. Nor, as I have already observed, were the hours long. It is plain that the day was one of eight hours. Nor was the period of winter wages, when the pay was lessened, considerable, for the short-pay season is, when such a period is specified, only the months of December and January. Sometimes the labourer is paid for every day in

the year, though it is certain he did not work on Sundays and the principal holidays. Thus at Windsor, in 1408, four carpenters got 6d. a-day, and six got 5d., for 365 days in the year—i.e., the former receive £9 2s. 6d. for their year's wages, the latter £7 12s. 0d.; the rate per day and the amount for the year being specified in each case. These men were no doubt in the service of the king, and the king, as I shall show presently, was a very good paymaster; but he is not the only person who hires labour on these liberal terms. At York Cathedral six masons got £8 8s. a-year each; six more £6 3s.; and one carpenter gets £7 5s. 4d. This is in 1415, when the prices of labour had not risen to their full amount." (*Six Centuries of Work and Wages*, vol. ii., pp. 326-328.)

What glorious times, when religious bodies and even kings gave their men seven days pay for six days' work! What do you think of that, postmen, police, sailors, soldiers, and dock-labourers? What do you think of it, you sweated matchmakers, and other workers employed in sweating-factories to produce big dividends for holy men? What do you think of it, sweated tailors, who produce cheap clothes in feverdens for their use? And you, too, agricultural labourers, who toil on the soil to provide these good men with their living in the shape of tithes? Is the Church, or anybody connected with the Church, a good paymaster now? Perhaps we had better ask the sweated authors and authoresses who write religious publications for a "moderate wage"—a very moderate wage: £5 for a good-sized book—for the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge;—the "Christian knowledge" for these authors and authoresses being how to live on air, or, say, visions of heaven, where it is to be hoped they will be adequately remunerated for their pious labours in this wicked world. We fancy, also, the women employed in folding cheap Bibles for certain pious firms might also give a decisive opinion on this point. As to the Queen paying well nowadays—why, everyone knows that Her Majesty's Government is the greatest sweater in this happy land.

But the contemplation of the present times tends to lower your spirits: let us get back to Professor Thorold Rogers and the glorious fifteenth century. Doesn't it make your mouths water, you free British workmen and workwomen? But it appears that high wages and an eight hours day were not the only blessings enjoyed by the workers of this golden age. In addition to high wages, the labourer often got his food as well. Professor Thorold Rogers says:

"Very often the labourer is fed. In this case the cost of maintenance is put down at from 6d. to 8d. a-week. Sometimes the labourer is paid as though he were fed and a further allowance for his board is given him, this probably being paid to some person who has contracted to feed him at a rate. Sometimes the food is given in, and the labourer's wages are paid at the full average. This is especially the case when the labourer is hired by opulent corporations and on their premises. There was always a servants' table in these establishments, and the workman is bidden to it without stint or grudging. I find, for example, at some of the Oxford colleges that ordinary rates are paid and the workman is fed into the bargain. Food is so abundant and so cheap, that it was no great matter to throw it in with the wages."

Thorold Rogers then deals with the condition of the agricultural and unskilled labourers, and also with that of the women workers of the time. Let us note what he says of these, now the most oppressed and sweated of all the labouring classes:

"The agricultural labourer gets about 4d. a-day for his work; but in harvest time, 6d. The practice of paying this person by the day instead of by the piece becomes commoner than it was. . . . The man (*homo*) who is employed as a help to the thatcher and tiler, and often to the mason, later on to the bricklayer, is paid at the rate of the agricultural labourers in ordinary times, or a little less. This help was sometimes a woman, as was generally the case in the earlier period; and thus it is seen that women's work, when of what we may call an unskilled kind, was equally well paid with that of the men. . . . The full price of a labourer's board was a shilling a-week, often considerably less; his wages were twice or three-times the cost of his maintenance under contract. In 1467 two girls are hired to work, and are paid twopence a-day; they are also boarded, and this put at twopence a-day more. In the same year, at Selborne Priory, in Hampshire, the board of men is put at 2d. and of women at 1½d." (*Thorold Rogers: 'Six Centuries of Work and Wages.'*)

But let us see what the artisan could buy with his sixpence a-day and the unskilled labourer with his fourpence. Professor Thorold Rogers quotes in his 'History of Agriculture and Prices' the following:

"The price of diverse sorts of provisions and fresh Achates, spent in the

Priory of Southwick from A° 2 R. Hen. V. to the end of 2 Hen. VI., taken forth of an old parchment book written at the time :

Wheat at 4s. and 5s. 4d. the quarter betwixt both.	Chickens, ½d. to 1d.
Malt from 3s. 4d. to 5s.	Eggs, 25 a penny.
Barley from 3s. 2d. to 4s. 10d.	Cheese, 1 lb. ½d.
Salt, qr., 4s.	Honey, quart, 3d.
Oxen and bulls, 12s. to 16s.	Cider, tun, 10s. to 14s.
Calves, 1s. 4d. to 2s. 8d.	Mallard, 1½d. to 2d.
Hogs for pork or bacon, from 2s. 3d.	Pigs (i.e., sucking), 2½d. to 5d.
Lambs, from 4d. to 8d.	Geese, 2½d. to 5d.
Capons at 3d.	Pigeons, three a penny.
Hens at 2d.	Conies, 2d.
Fresh Congers, 4d. to 1s. 8d.	Butter, 1 lb. 1½d.

Fancy a country labourer having lamb, goose, or capon, or chicken for his Sunday's dinner! Yet we see that was quite possible. Nay, even in the reign of Henry VIII., when the people were being ruthlessly driven off the land to make way for sheep—a sad story we shall have to tell soon—an Act of Parliament of the twenty-fourth year of that noble British monarch, which fixes prices, enacting that “no person shall take for beef or pork above a halfpenny, and for mutton or veal above three-farthings, a pound avoirdupois weight, and less in these place where they are sold for less” also gives us the information that “beef, pork, mutton, and veal” were “the food of the poorer sort.” What do you think of that, you London poor, who only taste meat in the shape of “pieces,” which your forefathers would have disdained as carrion, fit for dogs and swine, but not for men?

But here is some more “respectable evidence.” Those people who may look upon a bourgeois Radical writer as too “advanced,” and therefore untrustworthy, may listen to the opinion of a moderate Whig like Mr. Hallam. In his ‘History of the Middle Ages’ he states that—

“There is an unpleasing remark, which everyone who attends to the subject of prices will be inclined to make, that the labouring classes, especially those engaged in agriculture, were better provided with the means of subsistence in the reign of Edward III. or Henry VI. than they are at present. In the 14th century, Sir John Cullum observes, a Larvestman had 4d. a-day, which enabled him in a week to buy a comb of wheat; but to buy a comb of wheat a man must now (1784) work ten or twelve days. So under Henry VI., if meat was at a farthing and a half a-pound, which I suppose was about the truth, a labourer earning threepence a-day, or eighteenpence a-week, could buy a bushel of wheat a 6s. a qr., and twenty-four pounds of meat, for his family. Several Acts of Parliament regulate wages which might be paid to labourers of different kinds. Thus the Statute of Labourers in 1350 fixed the wages of reapers during harvest at threepence a-day without diet, equal to five shillings at present; that of 23 H. VI. c. 12, in 1444, fixed the reaper's wages at 5d. and those of common workmen in building at 3½d.—equal to 6s. 8d. and 4s. 8d.; that of 11 Hen. VII. c. 22, in 1496, leaves the wages of labourers in harvest as before, but rather increases those of ordinary workmen. . . . I know not why some have supposed that meat was a luxury seldom obtained by the labourer. Doubtless he could not have procured as much as he pleased. But now the greater cheapness of cattle as compared with corn, it seems to follow that a more considerable portion of his ordinary diet consisted of animal food than at present. It was remarked by Sir John Fortescue that the English lived more upon animal diet than the French, and it was natural to ascribe their superior strength and courage to this cause.” (*Middle Ages*, vol. iii., p. 371-3.)

Mr. Hallam as an orthodox Liberal is naturally not anxious to paint the condition of the labourers in too glowing colours. Our readers will notice that he takes his prices from Acts of Parliament passed by the masters to keep wages down, and not from old records of *wages actually paid*. It is notorious; in fact, political economists of all schools admit it, that all these statutes fixing wages were total failures, and that prices and wages were always higher than those fixed in these Acts of Parliament. So Mr. Hallam's grudging testimony as to the prosperity of the English labourers is only valuable because it comes from the enemy. Even he, like Macaulay and other writers of his school, is forced to admit very much against the grain that the people in the “barbarous Middle Ages” were much better off than under the beneficent rule of the Whig capitalists. Mr. Hallam has mentioned Sir John Fortescue, Lord Chancellor of England in the reign of Henry VI., who, while an exile in France through the triumph of the Yorkist party in England, wrote a book for the instruction of Edward of Lancaster, the son of that monarch entitled “*De Ladibus Legum Angliæ*” (Praise of the Laws of England), in which he gives some valuable contemporary testimony as to the condition of the people at that time. He says:

“The King of England cannot alter laws or make new ones, without the express consent of the whole kingdom in Parliament assembled. Every inhabitant is at his liberty fully to use or enjoy whatever his farm produceth, the fruits of the earth, the increase of his flock and the like; all improvement he makes whether of his own proper industry, or of those he retains in his service, are his own to use and to enjoy without the let, interruption, or denial of any. If he be in any wise injured or oppressed he shall have his amends and satisfactions against the party offending. Hence it is that the inhabitants are rich in gold, silver, and in all the necessaries and conveniences of life. They drink no water unless at certain times, upon a religious score and by way of doing penance. They are fed in great abundance, with all sorts of flesh and fowl, of which they have plenty everywhere; they are clothed throughout in good woollens, their bedding and other furniture in their houses are of wood and that in great store. They are also well provided with all sorts of household goods and necessary implements for husbandry. Every one, according to his rank, hath all things which conduce to make life easy and happy.”

Why the people were so well off perhaps appears in another statement of Fortescue's—they were the most riotous, rebellious, and independent race in Europe. They also had a very revolutionary method of preventing huge accumulations of wealth in the hands of the rich.

Fortescue, who was a bit of a Jingo, cites this as a proof of national superiority. He says that more Englishmen were hanged for robbery in a single year than Frenchmen in seven, and that “if an Englishman be poor and see another having riches which may be taken from him, he will not spare to do so.” Our upper and middle-classes are fond of boasting now-a-days, that English people are quite tame and law-abiding, and not like those revolutionary French. How nations do alter to be sure, and how upper-class opinion has changed from the days when a Lord High Chancellor could boast of the fact that “more Englishmen were hanged for robbery in a single year than Frenchmen in seven.” The natural habit of taking from the rich to give to the poor certainly discouraged what Marx calls “capitalistic accumulation,” and kept the poor but not the rich in a state of great prosperity.

Such was life in the fifteenth century; food was abundant and cheap, wages high, work light and pleasant, for you must remember the men did not work hard during their eight hours day but took it leisurely. Every one knows, who has talked with an old workman, that even down to the present century the workman was not driven like a slave as he is now, but “took it easy.” So it was then, but rather more so, for besides this, there were numerous holidays ordered by the church, and these days were given up to enjoyment and merriment. The lasses danced on the village green, while the men and lads shot at butts or played with the quarter-staff, and practised all those warlike exercises which made the people feared by the nobles. “Englishmen were very prone to defend their rights, real or supposed, by insurrection,”¹ says Professor Thorold Rogers; and he further says, “I believe that under ordinary circumstances the means of life were more abundant during the Middle Ages than they are under our modern experience. There was, I am convinced, no *extreme poverty*.”² Yes, because Englishmen were men and not craven slaves, crouching like curs at the frown of their masters. Be men again; show that you have the courage of your fathers, and we will bring back the golden age and make it impossible for landlord or capitalist to make us slaves again.

D. J. NICOLL.

THE “SEX-SLAVERY” FAD.

THERE are so many fads becoming confused with the economic question that it would be discouraging if it were not ludicrous. The most prominent among these many fads just now in vogue is the “sex-slavery” fad. But this fad, like all other fads, will have its day. “Sex-slavery” is due to the present false iniquitous economic system. To illustrate: Here is a family of grown-up children, say a boy and a girl, who have just passed school. The girl has received as high honours as the boy, so there is no difference on this score. The girl is as frolicsome as the boy; her cheeks aglow with health. Let us watch their lives from now on. The boy joins base-ball clubs, gymnasiums, and engages in occupations which develop muscles, wears clothing which permit the free action of the body and limbs. What becomes of the girl? She laces her frame, uses cosmetics—the statistician informs us that the females of America expend yearly several millions of dollars for cosmetics!—pours over silly “love-stories,” enters occupations of a sedentary nature, and works too long hours. The result is inevitable. Pale-faced, hollow-eyed, languid, vapid-minded, ever on the look-out for a “mash,” she finally succeeds in finding one—a strong, vigorous, strapping fellow, with veins full of rich, red fluid. One or two children come. The woman is used up. She is, in the language of certain sentimental reformers, a “sex-slave”; he a “brute” because he still has desires and insists on having them gratified by his legal spouse. Do you ask me if this isn't bad? Yes, awful. But suppose he went elsewhere—out of the bonds of matrimony—would he not be pointed at also as a “beast”? Who are those we find lashing themselves into ecstatic fits about “sex-slavery” and rummaging around in real or imaginary bed-chambers, and pulling out the real or imaginary horrid ghosts? Are they the vigorous and healthy—those whom the life current courses through their veins, where the electric currents vibrate, showing the passions are at play and indicating the demands of nature regardless of sex? No, it is not this class who are troubling themselves, but as a rule it is those whom the eternal laws of nature have made such ravages upon their systems that their sexuality is of a very limited quantity and a rather uncertain quality. These seem to think that all you have to do is to make women “sexually free”—whatever that may mean—and then the world is saved and safe.

I have a specific for “sex-slavery,” and I do not intend to patent it either. Here it is: Let women live according to nature's laws; keep the blood circulating; don't lace in the waist, lungs and chests; take plenty of physical exercise; keep the mind healthy by reading healthful literature; use your influence to make divorce as easy to obtain as marriage, and above all, work for your *economic* emancipation, because on this alone rests your whole case.

LUCY E. PARSONS,
in Chicago ‘*Freedom*.’

THE DAWN OF DAY.—Yes, here as there, light is coming into the world; men love not darkness, they do love light. . . . “Some Chivalry of Labour,” some noble humanity and practical Divineness of Labour, will yet be realised on this earth. Or why *will*; why do we pray to heaven without setting our own shoulder to the wheel? The Present, if it will have the Future accomplished, shall itself commence. Thou who prophesieth, thou who believest, begin thou to fulfil.—*Carlyle's Past and Present.*

¹ “The Economic Interpretation of History,” p. 25. ² *Ibid*, p. 17.

THE SOCIAL HOUSE THAT JACK BUILT.

THIS is the house that Jack built.

This is the nine hundred millions of wealth
That's forced from the worker, or taken by stealth,
In the national house that Jack built.

This is the worker, tattered and torn,
That of the result of his labour is shorn,
The toiling, moiling slave of the "ring,"
The abject adorer of lord and king,
Producer of nine hundred millions of wealth
That he's dispossessed of by force and stealth,
And that ought to be used for the life and the health
Of the labouring house that Jack built.

This is the wife of the working-man,
Who lays out the coppers as well as she can,
And suckles her children in sorrow and fear,
With never a holiday year after year,
The anxious ignorant drudge of a drudge,
Who never can rise from poverty's sludge,
Having married the worker, tattered and torn,
Who wishes sometimes he'd never been born,
The down-trodden, thick-headed, slave of the "ring,"
Who cringes to plutocrat, placeman, and king,
While his muscle and brain create the wealth
That gives him no power for joy and health,
Since it's taken away by the force and the stealth
Of thieves in the house that Jack built.

This is the youth, and likewise the maid,
Who start life hopeful and undismayed,
Buoyant and hearty, they've no misgiving,
But that they can earn a capital living ;
But find, when they've tried for years to get on,
That the chances against are a hundred to one,
That from worry and want they never may budge,
And perhaps to the workhouse must take the last trudge,
Being robbed, and reduced, and left forlorn,
In livery which they detest and scorn ;
To life, in spite of their shame, to cling,
Who ought to be blithe as birds on the wing,
Having toiled their lives long making the wealth,
That property-leeches have sucked by stealth,
And will waste in destroying the life and the health
Of the flower of the house that Jack built.

This is the "boss," the employer of labour,
Who lives by the sweat and blood of his neighbour,
Higgling with riggers, and "bulls" and "bears,"
Who manipulate consols, stocks, and shares,
Grinding the white slave haggard and worn,
The human sheep, that is yearly shorn
Of nearly a thousand millions of wealth
Which contemptible drones acquire by stealth,
But that yet shall be used for the joy and health
Of the bees in the house that Jack built.

This is the banker, the lord of the dross,
Who lends to the boss, and lives by the loss
That the worker sustains, who must pay the per cent,
Of whatever the flint-hearted Shylock has lent,
Who to squeeze a per-centage never does fail,
Causing the poor to groan and to wail,
Building the piles of "bulls" and of "bears,"
Till they've plundered enough to become millionaires,
Exploiting the white slave tattered and torn,
Who must rise and rebel upon some fine morn,
And no longer submit to be slave of the "ring,"
But attack the usurer, jobber, and king,
Determined to die or to win back the wealth,
He's been dispossessed of by force and stealth,
To the loss of his freedom and joyous health,
And place in the house that Jack built.

This is the landlord, the primary thief,
That with banker and boss shall be yet brought to grief.
Who is made a statesman the further to cheat,
Taking ten pounds a foot for the pave of the street,
Who bribes the priest with a share in the feast
To persuade the worker he's blessed and not fleeced,
That it's God's design to so order the hive
That the drones are the fittest and must survive,
That the poor should abstain from children and wife
And think on another and happier life,
As suffering here in the hell of the slum
Will be compensated in kingdom come :
That struggling is good, and the best thing to do
Is to live upon folks, or let them live on you ;
For the laws of the Kosmo's are fixed, and ordain
That robbery's right, and its vain to complain.
You must still go on toiling for blue-blooded varlets,
Mashers and flunkies, and high-flying harlots,
Lords of the bedchamber, gold-sticks-in-waiting,
Spies and ambassadors, fawning and fétting,
Canting, false-witnessing, editing scribes,
War-breeding generals, and takers of bribes ;
Still must you groan and sweat for the shares
Of asses, and foxes, and "bulls," and "bears,"
Who keep you in misery, tattered and torn,
Cut off from your wine, and oil, and corn,
Your land, and whatever springs from it—the wealth
Which cannon, and truncheon, and legal stealth

Forbid you to use for the life and the health
And the peace of the house that Jack built.

This is the lawyer—for shortness called "liar" ;
No night-walker fouling her form in the mire
But shines when compared with the pandering wretch—
The plunderer's hack, the tyrant's Jack Ketch—
Who robs without risk, and cares not a straw
For fair play and justice, but only for law,
Which crushes the wage-slave, tattered and torn,
Who's beginning to feel that it shouldn't be borne ;
That lawyer and law-maker back up the stealth
From the workers of full two-thirds of their wealth,
Which is needed for joyous and perfect health
In the hapless house that Jack built.

This is the priest, who would think he was "green"
To live like his Master the poor Nazarene—
The priest, who says "Seek not for riches down here,"
While getting himself some thousands a-year :
A hireling who preaches peace where there is none,
And seeing the evil done under the sun,
Is afraid on account of the loaves and the fishes,
And sticks to his dear, dainty flesh-pots and dishes ;
Retained by the boss, and bribed by the dross,
A reproach and a scorn to the faith of the Cross ;
Bamboozling the poor sheep fleeced and torn,
Who may go to the devil when old and outworn—
Victims of merciless greed and stealth,
On every hand plundered of hard-earned wealth,
Debarred of the sweetness, the joy, and the health
Of a prosperous house that Jack built.

This is the humbug they call politician,
Ensnoring himself in an easy position,
Who first cries reform, but who finally "rats,"
And for sweets of office throws over us flats ;
Who damns, when he's out, the other side's sin,
But plays the same fiddle himself when he's in,
Facing both ways with an ease that at least
Out-Herods "by many chalks" even the priest ;
He'll swear, with more lies than his confrere the lawyer,
To make earth a heaven, if you make him "top-sawyer ;"
Yet bribes the wire-pullers, all running races
For pensions and entrances into high places,
Sniggering meanwhile at the poor voting fool
Who gives him the power to rack-rent and rule—
The free-born British elector,—the blind,
Who neither sees through, before, nor behind,
Expecting the wolf to be good to the lamb,
And will not behold the dodging and sham,
Thinking that hope should not be foresworn,
Though he's hungry and desperate morn after morn,
And so must remain till there be no such thing
As jobber, or robber, or lord, or king :
No more pillaging mis-named rent,
But the land for all, as common-sense meant ;
No more swindling of neighbour by neighbour ;
No more profit extorted from labour ;
No longer a fear of getting the "sack" ;
No creeping for power behind a man's back ;
No more "sweating," no more competing ;
No more shoddy, nor other such cheating ;
No more oppressing of one by another,
But thorough agreement of brother with brother :
The capital common, and masters none,
And goods galore for everyone
Who manfully wishes to take a share
In the small burden everyone able should bear,
When we've throttled the force, and stopped the stealth,
And things are used for the life and the health,
The leisure and pleasure, and culture and wealth
Of the *whole* of the House that Jack built.

THOS. BARCLAY.

THE SCOTCH FREE CHURCH AND SOCIALISM.

In the busy little manufacturing town of Beith in Ayrshire an active Socialist propaganda has been going on since the beginning of the year. Comrade Brown, now of Sheffield, was responsible for the inauguration of the movement, and during eighteen months of quiet work he made many converts among the cabinet-makers of "Chairopolis." Most wonderful of all to relate, the Socialists have invaded the "sacred" precincts of the Free Church—the most straight-laced of all the Scottish churches. On Monday, the 3rd of November, two young and ardent Socialists debated, in the Church Guild, before a large audience, on the best Socialistic ideals. Mr. John Hamilton pinned his faith to Bellamy's system ; while Mr. James Anderson adversely criticised 'Looking Backward,' and offered as an alternative scheme village communes, with home industries, rendered possible and profitable through the electric conveyance of energy from large waterfalls or steam-engines. The discussion which followed was the most spirited and the longest sustained ever held in the Guild. On Monday the 10th the attack on the Church citadel was renewed by Mr. Harry Brown, in an essay on "The Moral Aspects of Socialism." The discussion was again keen and all for social improvement. To show that working men are not the only converts here, I may state that half-a-dozen scholars, including four M.A.'s, took part in the first night's discussion, and two of the latter returned to the charge on the second night while another sent a letter of apology for absence, regretting that some people had understood his remarks of the previous night to imply that he was less advanced than was really the case. The seed planted by comrade Brown is now shooting up and spreading its branches over the community like a green bay tree. The Beith Socialists are ambitious enough to take up the unusual task of trying to convert the churches, and, Quixotic though the task may seem, they are confident of a measure of success.

J. S. A.



OFFICES: 24 GREAT QUEEN STREET, LONDON, W.C.

HAVE YOU NOT HEARD HOW IT HAS GONE WITH MANY A CAUSE BEFORE NOW: FIRST, FEW MEN HEED IT; NEXT, MOST MEN CONTEMN IT; LASTLY, ALL MEN ACCEPT IT—AND THE CAUSE IS WON

The COMMONWEAL is the official organ of the Socialist League; but, unless definitely so announced by the Editors, no article is to be taken as expressing in more than a general way the views of the League as a body. In accordance with the Manifesto and Statement of Principles of the League, the COMMONWEAL is an exponent of International Revolutionary Socialism. On minor differences of opinion the widest freedom of discussion is maintained. As all articles are signed, no special significance attaches to their position in the paper.

Articles and letters dealing with any phase of the social problem are invited and will meet with earnest consideration. They must be written on one side of the paper only, and accompanied by the name and address of the writer, not necessarily for publication. MSS. can only be returned if a stamped directed envelope accompanies them.

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TO CORRESPONDENTS.

CORRESPONDENTS who order literature should prepay postage, or state if they wish their parcels to be sent per rail or carrier, "carriage forward."

To CONTRIBUTORS—Workmen could help us greatly by sending in accounts of capitalist tyranny and sweating in London and the provinces. We want the names of the sweaters. Those who write must send us their name and address, not necessarily for publication, but as a guarantee of good faith. We shall not fear to publish the truth.—EDS.

Periodicals received during the week ending Wednesday November 26.

ENGLAND Belfast Weekly Star Die Autonomie Justice Labour Tribune People's Press Railway Review Seafaring Worker's Friend Free Russia La Tribune Libre Manchester Examiner	NEW SOUTH WALES Sydney—Bulletin Sydney—Truth Adelaide—Quiz	VICTORIA Melbourne—Bull-Ant	QUEENSLAND Brisbane—Boomerang	UNITED STATES New York—Truthseeker Volkszeitung Volne Listy Freie Arbeiter Stimme Voice The World	NEW YORK —Freiheit Boston—Woman's Journal Boston—Liberty Investigator Chicago—Rights of Labour Vorworte Detroit—Der Arme Teufel Kaweah (Cal) Commonwealth Philadel.—Knights of Labour Paterson Labour Standard S. F.—Coast Seamen's Journal San Francisco Arbeiter Zeitung St. Louis (Mo.)—Die Parole	FRANCE Paris—Bourse du Travail Le Parti Ouvrier Le Proletaire Charleville—L'Emancipation Lille—Le Cri du Travailleur Rouen—Le Salarial Lyon—L'Action Sociale	HOLLAND Hague—Recht voor Allen	BELGIUM Antwerp—De Werker Ghent—Vooruit	SWITZERLAND Arbeiterstimme Bulletin Continental	ITALY Palermo—Avanti	SPAIN Madrid—El Socialista Madrid—La Anarquia	PORTUGAL Porto—A Revolucao Social	GERMANY Berlin—Volks Tribune Halberstadt, Sonntags-Zeitung	AUSTRIA Vienna—Arbeiter-Zeitung Brunn—Arbeiterstimme	HUNGARY Arbeiter-Wochen-Chronik	DENMARK Copenhagen—Arbejderens	SWEDEN Malmo—Arbetet	ARGENTINE REPUBLIC Buenos Ayres—Vorwärts El Perseguido
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THE "COMMONWEAL."

Whilst thanking the many friends and comrades who have volunteered their sympathy and help during the present crisis, we wish to assure all that no efforts will be spared to resume the Weekly Issue at the earliest opportunity. We by no means despair of being able to do so if our comrades will but rally round at this juncture. We regret as much as our comrades do the disappointment and inconvenience which even the temporary suspension of a Weekly Issue entails. We also ask the indulgence of Subscribers and Correspondents for any delays that occur in forwarding answers, as the task of obtaining New Premises and Removal from present address is a heavy one. We are confident that if all do their share of work in helping, that we shall take up a stronger and more durable position in the future than we have held in the past. The First Number of the New Monthly will appear early in December.—EDS.

NOTES.

Our friends will note that several comrades do not agree with comrade Morris as to revolutionary policy. In common with these comrades, I also think that Morris is mistaken in imagining, as he seems to do, that Socialists have no other task but to educate the people. Unfortunately, before the task of education can even be begun the agitators, or "disturbance-breeders" if you please, must be at work.

Let us look back a bit and take the earlier Socialist agitation in this country. What first drew general attention to our doctrines? Lectures on Scientific Socialism? They were excellent, doubtless; far be it from me to under-value them; but they did not make much noise in public, nor did the people come in large numbers to hear them. No; if the only Socialists had been those of the armchair and the study, Socialism would not have made the impression it has at the present time. After all, was it not the "blatant agitators" at street corners who translated the thoughts of the scientists, poets, and philosophers into the language of the people, and made Socialism popular? Free-speech fights, unemployed meetings, the Trafalgar Square riots of '86 and '87, the great strikes of '89—was it not these events which drew public attention to the new ideas? I believe that is the general opinion.

And were not all these events the work of men who in many cases might not have a thorough knowledge of the "law of economic rent," and who had not yet mastered all the mysteries of Marx's 'Capital'?—I wonder how many educated people can put their hands on their hearts and truly say they have. Did not their preaching stir up crowds still more ignorant, but who had an idea they were hungry, and that knew by bitter experience the evils of the present system, who smashed windows, sacked shops, and thereby got an audience for even scientific and educational Socialism?

Morris has mentioned Edward Bellamy's 'Looking Backward.' I wonder how many people would have waded through that extremely dull and stupid work if it had not been for the "disturbance-breeders" in London and Chicago. And is not the popularity of the Fabian Essays and numerous other educational works due to the same cause? Would they have sold so well if it had not been for the men who have done the rough and dirty work in the highways and byways of our great towns and cities? I do not under-value educational Socialism. I see the necessity of large numbers of the people understanding what Socialism really is before the revolution can be accomplished; but I think on the other hand that there is a tendency on the part of many men who have been gifted by nature and society to disparage the work of those who have not been so fortunate. Let them remember that the agitators and "disturbance-breeders" are quite as necessary as the learned and cultured Socialist, for without the help of the former the ideas of the latter would often be fruitless.

I frankly confess that the disgusting spectacle of sanctimonious hypocrisy presented by some of the "lights" of English Society during the past week, is even more horrible than the frank cruelty and brutality of our African filibusters. The cruelty and brutality is real, but the present howling outcry raised by Pecksniff, Stiggins, Chadband and Co. is not. The very people who have been silent over the African Horrors, where there was something to shriek about, are now yelling themselves hoarse over the case of Mr. Parnell.

Any one to hear these people talk, would imagine that Mr. Parnell had committed some new crime. Of course, the fact that "Society's" favoured sons are purifying the lusts of flesh in Cleveland Street, and encouraging the spread of "Civilisation and Christianity" by flogging niggers to death and assisting at cannibal feasts in Africa, perfectly qualifies it to raise a yell of virtuous horror at an act of commonplace adultery which has injured no one, but, on the contrary, has freed two people from a yoke too heavy to bear.

We note also that Mr. Stead is to the front in the cause of "morality and virtue." Mr. Stead, in the same cause, a few years ago flooded the town with every nasty story he could collect in the fashionable brothels of London, and thereby has done more harm to "public-morality" than even Mr. Parnell. Yet Mr. Stead leads the chorus. "Morality and Religion" must be in a very bad way indeed when Stead is its champion.

If Stead, Price Hughes and Co. are really in earnest, why not strike a little higher? Why not deal a crusade against certain members of the Royal family, who are notorious "evil livers"? Why does not the Vigilance Society set their spies and keyhole reporters to dog the steps of the "little bald man in red"? or, better still, watch his beloved son in his rumoured wanderings towards certain dens of curious vice? Then let Stead and Stiggins, Price Hughes and Chadband, Pecksniff and Parker raise a howl against "such persons ever ascending the throne of England." Their ancestors, the Puritans they are so fond of talking about, would have done this. But then, the Puritans were men; their "descendants" are only scandalous old women.

N.

We have received a request to give "as extended a notice as possible to an appeal for funds" made by the Young Women's Christian Asso;

ciation, for the furtherance of their work in establishing "Homes" (*sic*), Bible-classes, and Tract distribution, etc. The appeal is written in a perfervid strain. "Have you thought," it says, "of the great army of factory girls? In London, about 150,000 of them are ill-fed and without any true home; they are brought up amid drunkenness, wickedness, and wretchedness. . . . Many of them earn only a few shillings per week, yet they must toil on often having to support a widowed mother. . . . Many a girl, ill-clad, badly shod, has to tramp on a wet morning from East to West in the chill air to their occupation!" and we are asked whether we have thought of the long hours and the weary round of the same occupation.

Yes, we have, and the thought of it makes us bitter enemies of the system which demands from our women folk their health, nay, their lives, in order to obtain bread. We know that the physical deterioration of our women workers strikes at the very future of the race, and we are astonished at the cool audacity which prompted the request to us to advertise a paltry palliative scheme, consisting of Flower Mission Bible-classes, backed up by thousands of pounds given towards these objects by a horde of titled and untitled parasites upon Labour, whose luxurious idleness is enjoyed at the expense of the tired work-women. When the women workers of England bestir themselves to obtain Justice, the need for Charity doles accompanied with the inevitable snuffle of cant will disappear; and so also will disappear the list of idle donors.

F. K.

CORRESPONDENCE.

"WHERE ARE WE NOW?"

The article headed "Where Are We Now?" by William Morris, which appeared in the *Commonweal* for Nov. 15th, has been read by many of us in Sheffield with a shiver—as if a bucket of cold water had been poured unexpectedly down our backs. The effort to cool us is very palpable, but there is really so much effort about it that the effect has only been to awaken a decidedly warm reaction.

It certainly seems to me that our comrade has a strange conception of the social struggle we are engaged in, when he lectures us as if we were merely conspirators seeking to overthrow the authorities and establish ourselves in their places. In such case we could understand our leaders warning us to avoid such methods as "partial, necessarily futile, inconsequent revolt or riot against the authorities," as Morris says. Such methods, we know, do not suit "leaders" or mere political parties, who are seeking their own advantage; but it is a very different case with the workers engaged in the social war, who are really in the position of slaves desirous to revolt against their masters rather than of soldiers in the ranks of an army.

I must say that I think it is a gross abuse of language to state, as Morris does, that the authorities are our absolute masters. The slave who prefers death to a continuance of his slavery cannot be called a slave any longer, and if his example be followed by his fellows there is an end of servitude. This is the position in which the workers are to-day, and every blow, no matter how struck at their masters, must benefit them. It surely cannot injure them as a class, though some of them may lose their lives.

But it must be remembered that in estimating our position, bad as the condition of the wage-slave is, it is infinitely more *hopeful* than that of the chattel slave, and much of this is due to the very insecurity of his existence. He is forced to consider his condition, as the well-fed and well-cared for chattel slave was not, and he is even encouraged by his masters to talk and think of freedom as his right. We have then much better ground to work on, and much more encouragement in our efforts than if we had only chattel slaves to deal with.

There are, under such conditions, a thousand simple methods of action much more effective and natural than that which Morris has in his mind, which seems to be a conspiracy with numbers of men "who do not know what Socialism is" enlisted in the service. Strange enough, too, he really thinks they might possibly be successful, but he says "we are not ready for such a change as that." For my part, I think that it would not be anything to be frightened at if it could be thus effected. It really would not be such a great change after all.

But the change which we seek to make is very different, and *must* be brought about by individual action, or by the action of individual groups, for by that means alone can slaves obtain a freedom worth having and be educated in the exercise of it. By that means alone can it be done in fact, and in every hungry man we will find a recruit who will very soon learn what Communism and Anarchy are if he has not known them before.

Every rising then, or even riot, of wage slaves against their masters, though, as Morris says, it would at first "leave them slaves still," would not leave them so much enslaved as they were before it, for the hold of their masters on them would either be relaxed, or they would be forced to use such measures of repression as would only have the effect of intensifying the struggle and leading to more violent efforts in the future.

For us, then, however partial it may be, there is no such thing as "necessarily futile, inconsequent revolt." Every man who openly declares himself a rebel against our present atrocious system of society, and *proves* that he is so by doing something to show his contempt for property, authority, or law; any one who asserts his own dignity or that of his class, or makes it more difficult for the land-grabber or money-grubber to live in peace by perpetrating some act of violence, is waging active war upon Society, and is doing a thousand times more to make Socialists than one who is merely lecturing or writing. Of course, the most effective action will be done by those who are our comrades and do such acts consciously; but even the ordinary criminal is an unconscious revolutionist, and is doing good work for us. If then, as Morris says, our business is to make Socialists, he certainly has not shown us the best way, and he has tried to discourage those who are beginning to find out the most effective way.

I think it is clear from what I have said that the struggle in which we are engaged is one that entirely excludes such Fabian tactics as Morris recommends. It excludes them from its nature. Let those, then, who can

speak and write do so by all means, but let us clearly understand that this is not the only way to make Socialists, nor by any means the best, and that it is absurd to think of stopping at it even now. The best way, on the contrary, both to teach and to make a beginning of really revolutionary action, is to have the courage of our opinions, and by acts as well as words show our contempt for what is called private property and every institution based on it.

Every man should take what he requires of the wealth around him, using violence whenever necessary, and when dragged before his enemies he should tell them plainly that he has done what he knows to be right and what he is proud of having done. His example will soon find imitators, and in a very short time the people will find it quite right and proper, and only wonder it was not done before to provide food for empty bellies; and can any Socialist say that this action is not justified by his principles.

This will be the first step and the first battle. We will have to fight for it, for we know that our enemies will not take in a Christian or Fabian spirit the attempt to deprive them of their power to plunder us, though we are expected by so many to submit, or only mildly expostulate, in that spirit.

J. CREAGHE.

Our comrade Morris's article of November 15th with the above title must, I am sure, impress all readers of *Commonweal*—more especially those who are active propagandists—as calling for serious meditation before arriving at any conclusion. Being myself a speaker and one who has certainly seen as much as any other speaker the condition and position of Socialism in London and the provinces, I feel bound to try and answer our comrade.

I agree with our comrade that the result of our past seven years' work is not exactly that which we had pictured to ourselves. Yet, as he says, we have done something, and that something is, we have drawn the attention of the masses, as well as the classes, towards Socialism; and though the workers who have heard our teaching have not gone exactly as we might have wished, yet they are to-day in thought where many of us were a few short years ago.

Our comrade admits that the principles of Socialism are being understood, and that the workers are not going to stop at merely being a little better off. That being our opinion also, it seems to me that the time has arrived when another step forward ought to be taken. Our comrade seems to deprecate riots and revolts, but how else are the masses to be prepared, how are they to receive that necessary education in revolutionary action, if they are to wait, and never make an attempt to strike a blow at this accursed system until the majority are converted to our way of thinking? We who, like our comrade, refuse to have any dealings with parliamentary warfare, must, when questioned as to how we are going to attain our object, have some answer to give; and it seems to me the only answer that can be given by us is that at the first favourable opportunity we will strike a blow against our present masters and the system which upholds them. To what result this course will lead must be left for time to reveal; but this may be fearlessly stated now, that it is a mistake to be too moderate in our language, and we should not care so much as to what others may think. When the matter in hand is to overthrow a rotten system like the one we live under, we should not hesitate, but seize any and every opportunity to strike pitilessly at the system, and leave to time and experience the task of modifying or improving upon our labours.

Our comrade seems to regret the fact that no working man has stepped forward as a leader, and thus qualify himself to become a great historical figure; but the very fact that amongst us there is not a leader, is (I think) not only good, but perhaps the very best, proof of the genuineness of our teaching, which is, and must be, "No master, high or low"—for, to my mind, leadership implies mastership; though I have no doubt in my own mind that when the time comes there will spring up in our midst, not one, but many who will be able to grapple with the question of the reorganisation of society. This our comrade himself admits, and I believe admits it readily. He, however, seems to think that our very success has dimmed the ideals which first led us on. I hope not—nay, I feel confident, in my own mind, that instead of our ideals being dimmed, it is those very ideals which urge us forward to the attempt at the realisation of our life's dream. He seems further to think that our masters could easily put us down. There I join issue with him. I feel confident that a few determined men—and when I say determined, I mean men who are prepared to do or die in the attempt—could paralyse the forces of our masters, providing they were acquainted with the power which nineteenth century civilisation has placed within their reach. The monopolist press of the world has advised gattlings, hand-grenades, strychnine, arsenic, and lead, instead of bread, for the starving workers seeking to better their condition. This has been urged by the law-and-order press, and everywhere there are signs of the *bloody* conflict which is about to take place between the workers and their masters; and are we to see that conflict approaching without warning our fellow-workers of the consequences unless they are prepared for the struggle? And how, I ask, are they to become prepared for the struggle, unless we—to whom a very large section of the people look—tell them or show them how to meet this warfare of the capitalist? It is no use crying Peace, Peace when there is no peace. Therefore let us recognise that we are at war, and that we are criminals even now in the eyes of the law; that hitherto it has been a war of words; in future this war will have to be one of deeds, whenever opportunity occurs to abolish our slavery. It is always comparatively easy to be a slave, because capitalism, like despotism, only strikes at those who stand up in opposition to it, while it is gentle and forbearing towards the tame and submissive. Knowing, as I think I do, that our comrade is neither tame nor submissive, the wonder to me is that he differs with us upon the matter.

Science has placed within our reach the means to achieve our freedom: are we, then, to refuse to stretch out our hand and grasp the weapon so easy of attainment? Those who make half revolutions simply dig their own graves—so said St. Just. Well, seek to avoid making a half revolution, and prepare the people's minds at once for what is sure to come. Our masters will not much longer tolerate the teachings which have led to the great upheaval of labour during recent years, but will try and teach the masses a lesson in the use of physical force, which must be answered—as it only can be answered, to be consistent—by force in return. Our comrade thinks that our masters are yet too powerful for us to resist by this means. I think otherwise; for the army, on the showing of the commanding officers, is more or less permeated by Socialist ideas; and even though they (the army) do attack us, as in the case of Southampton, I hold the opinion that the use of scientific force would have the effect of destroying a thousand as against one on our side. This is an advantage not to be overlooked. General Sheridan of the American army said "arms are worthless," and that dynamite was a lately discovered article of tremendous power, and such was its

nature that people could carry it around in the pockets of their clothing with perfect safety to themselves, and by means of it they could destroy whole cities and whole armies. Gunpowder in the fifteenth century marked an era in the world's history. "Dynamite is man's best and last friend; it emancipates the world from the domineering of the few over the many, because all government in the last resort is violence, all law in the last resort is force. Everything is based on force. Force is the law of the universe, force is the law of nature; and this newly discovered force makes all men equal, and therefore free." So said our comrade Parsons, and so say I. I hold, therefore, in conclusion, that the answer to force used by our masters must be the use of force by ourselves. This does not prevent me in the meantime preaching the ideals of Socialism which I hold; nor will it, for preach I will as long as I can and am allowed to do so; but when I am not allowed, and an attempt is made to crush me by force, I know my answer to it, and hope others will also learn what their answer ought to be. We must make war—open war, if necessary—upon this accursed system, which grinds us to the ground to-day.

C. W. MOWBRAY.

SHOP ASSISTANTS' UNION.

SIR,—Kindly allow me, through the columns of your valuable paper, to make a public apology to all trade-unionists, clubs, and others who may have purchased tickets for the benefit at the Royalty Theatre, Dean Street, Soho, in aid of the funds of the Shop Assistants' Union; as, after carefully making all arrangements and having over 2,000 tickets out, the above theatre is suddenly closed through some unforeseen circumstances; and as we are constantly receiving letters asking for money to be returned and explanation of same, we take this opportunity of explaining to all friends who may have purchased tickets; and to assure them that we are not in any way responsible for any inconvenience they may have been put to, and that all monies will be returned on application to 8 Featherstone Buildings, W.C., or Branches.

It is possible that some arrangement may even now be made to have those tickets which remain out honoured at a later date.—Yours truly,

A. MUSSETT, *Hon. Sec.*

INTERNATIONAL NOTES.

ITALY.

Some weeks ago I gave some official statistics of the unemployed in this land of "constitutional liberty." Here are some more facts and figures, published by the Roman Statistical Institute. Two hundred thousand workers lodge in "absolutely insanitary" cellars. Nine thousand dwell in caves scooped out of rocks. In 1,700 parishes people only eat bread on holidays; and in 4,695 parishes no meat is eaten. Sixty-three per cent. Italians can neither read nor write. "Yet doubtless," as the *Charleville Emancipation* says, "the King of Italy and his Prime Minister, when they have well eaten and well drunk, firmly believe that Italy is happy."

SPAIN.

The Madrid *Socialista* for November 14 gives a prominent place to a tribute to our Chicago comrades. This is a sign of grace in a "Social Democratic" print. I am wrong perhaps in styling the "Spanish Workmen's Party" Social Democratic. In this very number of *El Socialista* the phrase is repudiated. However, the "Workmen's Party," although calling itself "Socialist" and "revolutionary," believes in parliamentary action and looks forward to majority rule. Without entering upon nice distinctions, that is what we here understand by "Social Democratic." Our Anarchist comrades in Madrid duly kept the anniversary of the murders.

A large Anarchist meeting was held on the 9th at Bilbao to celebrate our comrades' slaughter. As it made the local correspondent of *El Socialista* very angry, we may conclude it was successful.

Accounts of similar celebrations are coming in from all parts of the Peninsula. At Barcelona, as might be expected, there was an especially striking commemoration.

In the Barcelona *Productor* for November 13 "R. M." pursues his study of "Communism, Individualism, and Collectivism," and endeavours to show that Collectivist Anarchists are really at one with Individualist Anarchists, and that Communism is the enemy both should unite against. He seems to attach altogether too much importance to the tiny Anglo-American Individualist side-movement. This probably arises from his taking the Individualists at their own valuation as given in their journals. Collectivists or Communists, we should do well to remember what our comrade Malatesta said at our Revolutionary Conference last August, that we are both at one as to what is to be done immediately—viz., to seize property and put it in common by means of a tumultuous revolution.

UNITED STATES.

The Kaweah Colony in California is passing through an acute crisis, and may possibly come to final grief. The present writer cannot profess to regret this. The Colony is founded upon entirely false principles—the principles of Governmental Collectivism laid down in such books as Gronlund's 'Co-operative Commonwealth.' Provision is made for bureaucracy at every turn, and, instead of giving to each according to his needs, a system of payment by "time-checks" is adopted, which must speedily bring in all the inequalities of the outside world. An official notice in the *Kaweah Commonwealth* informs us that "Kaweah Colony is neither an Anarchist or a Free Love Colony, and persons of that turn of thought are not desired, nor will they be received as members. . . . We have laws in Kaweah, but we make them ourselves. Once made, until changed, they must be obeyed." This has the true ring of "law and order." "I, Edward etc. Bradford" could not be more peremptory. It is not wonderful under these circumstances that differences should soon arise between the bureaucrats and some, at any rate, of the workers. A society pretending to be Socialist and which yet believes in laws, officials, property marriage, unequal retribution, and (as one of the writers in the *Kaweah Commonwealth* expresses it) the "fatherhood of God" (whatever that may mean) is deservedly foredoomed to failure. May one not perhaps add that all socialistic experiments are mistakes? Instead of a few hundred enthusiasts departing into the wilderness, would it not be better that they should remain with us and help us to take from the masters their stolen wealth and change the face of the whole world?

Last week I said something of the "outrages" on the New York Central, attributed to the "Knights of Labour." It now appears that the supposed Knights who were arrested and made confessions were not Knights at all, but "Pinkerton" detectives, paid and bribed by the railroad company. This rests upon the admissions of the wretched men themselves. After this, the suggestion of our comrade Parsons in his speech, that one of these vile Pinkertons may have thrown the Haymarket bomb, will not seem so far-fetched.

R. W. B.

THE CAUSES OF GREAT REVOLUTIONS.

In the long run no people are governed better than they deserve to be. He who will read the history of all people and all times will read of many republics. There have been aristocratic republics as well as democratic. Some in which *might* finally became *right*. It was so in the ancient Greek and Roman, so in the city-republics of the Middle Ages. Many republics were ruled by the few nobles. Some were ruled by "councils" and some by tyrants; some by consuls and some by doges, and even by kings, such as Sparta. Rome under the Cæsars continued to be called a republic, and even the French coins of 1805 have the words "Napoleon Empereur" on one side, with "Republique Francaise" on the other.

The ancient Carthaginians were a trading people not unlike the genuine Americans of to-day. They were not over fond of manual labour. For their hard work they employed foreigners. For their armies they simply furnished the commanders. They accumulated great wealth, became opulent, extravagant, and effeminate, living in royal luxuriousness, looking down upon their foreign labouring element. Then one day these foreigners arose in their wrath. Who was to take the place of the "workers" became the great question. Where was the native "after-growth" to take the place of the "strikers"—aye, even of the fighters in their armies? The natives were unfit for hard work; there was no "after-growth," strong and vigorous, among them, and so Carthage, the strongest power of the then known world, had to succumb to the Italian free state of Rome, with its strong and vigorous constituency.

In the very zenith of its prosperity and power, the Roman Republic, after the complete destruction of Carthage, Rome's only rival, in turn became the victim of its own wealth and splendour. The City of Rome, having sprung from a mere town of brick, grew to be a city of marble palaces. It could boast of four hundred and twenty temples, five theatres, two amphitheatres, seven circuses of vast extent, sixteen public baths, fourteen aqueducts, besides pillars, triumphal arches, porticoes, lofty obelisks, and broad, well-paved highways, like Via Appia. But then it began to weaken, for out of its very prosperity and riches, grew vice, heartlessness, and monstrous debauchery. By its very opulence it fell into decay.

During the centuries of its struggle and growth, which of course was slow compared with this age of steam and electricity, the people submitted their political destinies to the rule of Kings, Councils or Praetores, Decimviri, Dictators, Triumphirates, and Emperors. These governments were all more or less republican in form, with a senate, etc. But the people themselves fell into corruption and dishonesty.

The elder Cato contended bravely but effectually against bribery at elections. We learn from his writings that in the sixth century of the Roman Republic family ties became almost entirely loosened in Rome most prosperous period. He upbraids the women for their extravagance and their vanity, and he called them glib of tongue. We learn that the women of his time demanded emancipation and the right to control property, and it was an established principle as a matter of public economy, for the protection by families of their immense wealth, that they should bear but few children. The great moral disciplinarian, who regarded the individual householder as the germ of the family, and the family as the germ of the state, rails against women of his day, saying that those of the best families vie with the public dancers and the woman of the bagnio for the favours of the rich Roman youth as well as for those of the actors and acrobats of the theatre and the arena, and that the daily scenes at the baths of Baja and Patroli were a public scandal. When subsequently the once noble Romans exceeded in licentiousness and voluptuous extravagance the Greek before them, their country and their government became doomed, until finally came that downfall which has no parallel in the history of nations. It fell before the sturdy blows of the Teutonic invaders.

We need only read what La Bruyère, an attaché of the Court, says in regard to the licentiousness and extravagance of France under Louis XIV. to learn the real cause of the downfall of that then prosperous country. It is said the most aristocratic ladies of the Court were not at all ashamed when accused of their liaisons even with the most masculine lackeys; and La Bruyère, who has laid bare so much of the wickedness of his day, relates where he accused one of the most prominent ladies at Court of too close an intimacy with the executioner Bronte, without even her resenting it as an insult. Even Prof. Huxley takes occasion to say that the extravagance and profligacy of the Court of that day and its surroundings had a great deal more influence in generating the catastrophe than all the philosophers that ever put pen to paper had to bring it about.

In all countries and among all nations which have passed through great upheavals from time to time in the history of the world, women have been conspicuous in one way or another by directly influencing their rise or fall.

The third republic of France is already threatened by a dangerous indulgence in luxury and extravagance, instead of returning to a wholesome and healthy economical simplicity after the demoralising régime of the Second Empire. For the poor middle classes, nothing—for the rich, everything, seems to be the order of things there. The sansculottes are less patient than the free-born American citizen, who, with very little more love of law and government than the former still rests easy upon "the old flag and an appropriation." But this thoughtless complacency is getting dangerous. There must come a change in our own social affairs.

—From the 'The Rights of Labour.'

A CONCERT AND BALL will be held on behalf of the proposed International School, at the Athenæum Hall, Tottenham Court Road, on December 9th.

SCOTTISH SOCIALIST FEDERATION.—EDINBURGH—Labour Hall, 50 South Bridge. Business meeting, Fridays at 8 p.m. Sunday, November 30, at 6.30, lecture by Hamilton, "Teetotalism."

A REVOLUTIONARY SITUATION.—A world all rocking and plunging, like that old Roman one when the measure of its iniquities was full; the abysses and subterranean and supernal deluges plainly broke loose; in the wild dim-lighted chaos all stars of heaven gone out. No star of heaven visible, hardly now to any man; the pestiferous fogs and foul exhalations grown continual, have, except on the highest mountain-tops, blotted out all stars; will-o'-wisp, of various course and colour, take the place of stars. Over the wild surging chaos, in the leaden air, are only sudden glares of revolutionary lightning; then more darkness, with philanthropic phosphorescences, empty meteoric lights; here and there an ecclesiastical luminary still hovering, hanging on to its old quaking fixtures, pretending still to be a Moon or Sun, though visibly it is but a Chinese Lantern made of paper mainly, with the candle end foully dying in the heart of it.—*Carlyle's 'Life of John Stirling.'*

DO YOU AGREE?

Do you agree with us that the social awakening of the workers is a desirable end? Do you agree with us that we are working in the right way to achieve that end?

You do not? Then oppose us and prove us wrong on every platform and in every paper to which you can gain access!

You do agree? Then work with us and for us; help us to extend our circle of influence; let no day pass in which you have not interested some one in our propaganda!

There is no middle course for an honest man!

DUBLIN SOCIALIST UNION.

OUR Dublin comrades have issued the following Statement of Principles. We wish them good luck in their work.

The Dublin Socialist Union offers a common platform to representatives of the various schools of Socialistic thought, with a view to the more effective propagation of the principles on which all are agreed.

It advocates cordial union with all who seek to abolish the present "Capitalist" system of production, under which the producers of all wealth lead lives of privation and actual want, whilst the non-producers live in idleness and luxury, and the construction in its stead of a system under which the worker shall receive the full value of the product of his industry.

It calls on all workers to recognise the solidarity of labour—i.e., the identity of interests which exists both between the different branches of industry and between the workers of different countries, and the consequent necessity for international organisation.

It will assist by every means in its power all combinations amongst the workers for the bettering of their condition, and by means of lectures, meetings, distribution of literature, and every means that may be practicable, advocate Socialist ideas and principles.

Meetings, open to all, are held in 87 Marlboro' Street, every Saturday at 8 p.m.

THE SOCIALIST LEAGUE.

OFFICES: 24, GREAT QUEEN ST., LINCOLN'S INN FIELDS, W.C.

The Offices of the Socialist League will be open for the sale of *Commonweal* and all other Socialist publications from 8.30 a.m. to 9 p.m. every day except Sunday. The Secretary will be in attendance from 10 a.m. to 9 p.m. daily.

Branch Subscriptions Paid.—1890:—North Kensington, to end of April. Glasgow, Oxford, Hammersmith, Manchester, and Norwich, to end of May. Yarmouth, to end of June. East London, to end of July. Leicester, to end of August. North London, to end of September. 'Commonweal' Branch, and Streatham, to end of December.

(Branch Secretaries will please send with remittances for Capitations the number of their membership.)

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REPORTS.

ABERDEEN.—On Sunday 16th, Kropotkin's "Appeal to the Young" was read and discussed. On Thursday night, comrades Rennie and Leatham spoke to a meeting on Castle Street. On Saturday night, comrades Rennie and Bruce Glasier (of Glasgow) spoke to a large crowd. A meeting of members was afterwards held in comrade Duncan's house.—G. A. C.

DUBLIN.—Socialist Union, 87 Marlboro Street, November 22nd, J. E. Masteron delivered an address on "Politics for the Workers," advocating the orthodox Social-Democratic ideas—labour representation, payment of members, etc., etc. A brisk discussion followed, King, Kavanagh, O'Shea, Fitzpatrick, and others taking part.

SCOTTISH SOCIALIST FEDERATION—EDINBURGH.—Comrade J. H. Smith delivered a splendid lecture on "Rent, Interest, and Profit" in Labour Hall on Sunday evening. An animated discussion was started by a Mr. McGregor, a staunch supporter of the present order of things. A good meeting was held at Leith which was addressed by Hamilton and Pearson.—W. D. T.

FABIAN SOCIETY.—A course of lectures on "COMMON OBJECTIONS TO SOCIALISM" will be given at Bloomsbury Hall, Hart Street, New Oxford Street, W.C. Friday, December 5, at 8 o'clock—VI. "The Coming Slavery." "That Socialism involves Bureaucracy and Jobbery," G. Bernard Shaw; "That Government can be dispensed with," H. W. Just. Dec. 19th. VII. "That Socialism, though desirable, cannot be brought about." "Because it would involve national dishonesty," W. S. de Mattos; "Because all except the destitute and reckless would be injured by the process," Frederic Hudson; "Because the revolution would involve violence and bloodshed," Edward R. Pease.

WHAT HAS COME TO PASS.—Yes, were the Corn Laws ended to-morrow, there is nothing ended; there is only room made for all manner of things beginning. . . . We shall have another period of commercial enterprise, of victory and prosperity; during which it is likely much money will be made, and all people may by extant methods still for a space of years be kept alive and physically fed. . . . It will be a priceless time. For our new period or paroxysm of commercial prosperity will and can on the old methods of "Competition and the Devil take the hindmost" prove but a paroxysm; a new paroxysm—likely enough, if we do not use it better, to be our last. If our Trade in twenty years, "flourishing" as never Trade flourished before, could double itself, yet then also by the old *Laissez faire* method our Population is doubled; we shall then be as we are, only twice as many of us, twice and ten times as unmanageable.—*Carlyle's 'Past and Present.'*

LECTURE DIARY.

LONDON.

Battersea.—All communications to E. Buteux, 45, Inwith Street, Battersea Park Road.
Commonweal Branch.—24 Great Queen Street, Holborn, W.C. Tuesdays, Singing Practice, Thursdays, Business meeting, Saturdays, Social Gathering. Sunday, November 30, at 8.30 p.m., Social Evening by Members and Friends.
East London.—H. McKenzie, 10 Victoria Dwellings, Clerkenwell Road, E.C.
Hammersmith.—Kelmescott House, Upper Mall, W. Lecture every Sunday at 8. French Class conducted by Mde. Desroches on Friday evenings at 7.30.
North Kensington.—Clarendon Coffee Palace, Clarendon Road. Meets every Wednesday at 8 p.m. Band practice every Tuesday at 8, in the hall at the back of the "Britannia" public-house, Latimer Road—more fifiers wanted.
North London.—6 Windmill Street, Tottenham Court Road. Meets every Wednesday evening at 8 o'clock.
Whitechapel and St. Georges-in-the-East.—Branch meetings at International Club, 40 Berner Street, Commercial Road. J. Turner, organising secretary.

PROVINCES.

Aberdeen.—Organiser, J. Leatham, 7 Jamaica Street. Branch meets in Odd-fellows' Small Hall, Crooked Lane, on Sunday evenings at 6.30. Singing practice, etc., Mondays at 8 p.m.
Glasgow.—Members are invited to meet on Thursday and Sunday evenings, at 8 o'clock, in the Secretary's house, 250 Crown Street, S.S. All communications to be sent to that address.
Halifax.—Socialists meet every Sunday at 6.30 p.m. at Helliwell's Temperance Hotel, Northgate.
Hull.—Club Liberty, 1 Beets Court, Blanket Row.
Leeds.—Socialist League Club, 1 Clarendon Buildings and Front Row. Open every evening. Business meeting Saturdays at 8.—International Educational Club, Templar Street. Open every evening. Discussion class every Friday at 8; lectures every Saturday at 4. All kinds of Socialist literature on tables and for sale.
Leicester.—Room No. 7, Co-operative Hall, High Street. Branch meeting on Thursday at 8 p.m. Lecture in the Spiritualist Hall, Silver Street, every Sunday at 6.30. Nov. 30, J. C. Chambers, "Should Socialists Vote?" Dec. 7, G. Stanley, "Why are the many Poor?" 14th, Clara Warner, "Government." 21st, J. Billson (Fabian Society), "Socialism, and how to get it." 28th, Social Evening.
Manchester.—Socialist League Club, 60 Grovesnor Street, All Saints. Open every evening. Branch weekly meeting on Tuesdays at 8. On Sunday, Nov. 30, at 8, lecture by W. Bailie, "The Place of Modern Athens in Industrial Evolution." On Friday, Dec. 5, a discussion will take place at 8 o'clock, opened by W. Bailie—subject, "Difficulties of Communism."
Nottingham.—Socialist Club, Woodland Place, Upper Parliament Street. Club contribution, 1d. per week; Dancing every Wednesday, 8 till 10.30—fee 3d.
Norwich.—Members' meeting held every Tuesday at 8.30.
Oxford.—Temperance Hall, 25½ Pembroke Street. First Friday in every month, at 8.30 p.m.
Sheffield.—Socialist Club, 63 Blonk Street. French Class, Tuesday at 8.30. Discussion Class, Wednesday at 8.30.
Walsall.—Socialist Club, 18 Goodall Street, Walsall. Meetings every night.
Yarmouth.—Socialist League Club, 56 Row, Market Place. Open every evening. Business Meeting, Tuesday at 8. Singing Practice, Wednesday at 8.30. Discussion Class, Thursday at 8.30. Elocution Class, Friday at 8.30.

All persons who sympathise with the views of the Socialist League are earnestly invited to communicate with the above addresses, and if possible to help us in preparing for the birth of a true society, based on equality, brotherhood, and freedom for all.

OPEN-AIR PROPAGANDA.

(Weather permitting.)

SUNDAY.

11 Commercial Road—Union Street The Branch
 11 Latimer Road Station North Kensington Branch
 11.30 Hammersmith Bridge Hammersmith Branch
 11.30 Hoxton Church The Branch
 11.30 Regent's Park Nicoll
 3.30 Hyde Park—Marble Arch Mainwaring and Nicoll
 3.30 Victoria Park Commonweal Branch
 3.30 Streatham Common The Branch
 7 Hammersmith Bridge Hammersmith Branch
 7 Wormwood Scrubs North Kensington Branch
 8 Kings Cross—Liverpool Street The Branch
 8 Walham Green—back of Church Hammersmith Branch

FRIDAY.

8.15 Hoxton Church The Branch

PROVINCES.

Aberdeen.—Saturday: Castle Street, at 7.30 p.m.
Glasgow.—Sunday: Jail Square at 2 o'clock; Paisley Road at 5 o'clock.
Leeds.—Sunday: Hunslet Moor, at 11 a.m.; Woodhouse Moor, at 3 p.m.; Vicar's Croft, at 6 p.m.
Leicester.—Saturday: Old Cross, Belgrave Gate, at 8 p.m. Sunday: Russell Square, at 10.45 a.m.
Liverpool.—Landing Stage, Sundays at 11.30 a.m. and 3 p.m.
Manchester.—Saturday: Middleton market ground, at 7 p.m. Sunday: Philips Park Gates, at 11; Stevenson Square, at 3. Monday: Market Street, Blackley, at 8.
Nottingham.—Sunday: Sneinton Market, at 11 a.m.; Great Market, at 7 p.m.
Norwich.—Saturday: Haymarket, at 8. Sunday: Market Place at 11, 3, and 7.30.
Sheffield.—Sunday: Monolith, Fargate, at 11.30; West Bar, at 11.30; Newhall Road, Attercliffe, at 11.30; Grimesthorpe, at 11.30; Rotherham, at 3; Woodhouse, at 3; West Bar, at 8; Attercliffe Road, at 8.
Yarmouth.—Sunday: Priory Plain, at 11; Fish Wharf, at 3; Hall Quay, at 7.

GLASGOW.—J. Bruce Glasier will lecture in Hall, Antiqua Place, Nelson Street, on Sunday, November 30, at 7 p.m.—subject, "Socialism versus Georgism."

DUBLIN SOCIALIST UNION, 87 Marlboro Street.—Saturday, November 29th, at 8 p.m., A. J. Kavanagh, "The Rulers and the Ruled."

SOCIALIST LEAGUE PUBLICATIONS.

Leaflets.

All pamphlets not published by the Socialist League will in future be charged to Branches and Allied Societies at the following rates:—1d. each, 1s. 6d. per quire of 26; 2d. each, 3s. ditto.

The following are now on hand—Price per thousand:

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And at all Branch Meeting-Places and Outdoor-Stations of the Socialist League.

STATEMENT OF PRINCIPLES.

THE Socialist League advocates International Revolutionary Socialism. That is to say the destruction of the present class society, which consists of one class who live by owning property and therefore *need not work*, and of another that has no property and therefore *must work* in order that they may live to keep the idlers by their labour. Revolutionary Socialism insists that this system of society, which is the modern form of slavery, should be changed to a system of Society which would give every man an opportunity of doing useful work, and not allow any man to live without so doing, which work could not be useful unless it were done for the whole body of workers instead of for do-nothing individuals. The result of this would be that livelihood would not be precarious nor labour burdensome. Labour would be employed in co-operation, and the struggle of man with man for bare subsistence would be supplanted by harmonious combination for the production of common wealth and the exchange of mutual services without the waste of labour or material.

Every man's needs would be satisfied from this common stock, but no man would be allowed to own anything which he could not use, and which consequently he must *abuse* by employing it as an instrument for forcing others to labour for him unpaid. Thus the land, the capital, machinery, and means of transit would cease to be private property, since they can only be *used* by the combination of labour to produce wealth.

Thus men would be *free* because they would no longer be dependent on idle property-owners for subsistence; thus they would be *brothers*, for the cause of strife, the struggle for subsistence at other people's expense, would have come to an end. Thus they would be *equal*, for if all men were doing useful work no man's labour could be dispensed with. Thus the motto of Liberty, Fraternity, and Equality, which is but an empty boast in a society that upholds the monopoly of the means of production, would at last be realised.

This Revolutionary Socialism must be International. The change which would put an end to the struggle between man and man, would destroy it also between nation and nation. One harmonious system of federation throughout the whole of civilisation would take the place of the old destructive rivalries. There would be no great centres breeding race hatred and commercial jealousy, but people would manage their own affairs in communities not too large to prevent all citizens from taking a part in the administration necessary for the conduct of life, so that party politics would come to an end.

Thus, while we abide by the old motto

Liberty, Fraternity, Equality,

we say that the existence of private property destroys Equality, and therefore under it there can be neither Liberty nor Fraternity.

We add to the first motto then this other one—

FROM EACH ACCORDING TO HIS CAPACITY, TO EACH ACCORDING TO HIS NEEDS.

When this is realised there will be a genuine Society; until it is realised, Society is nothing but a band of robbers. We must add that this change can only be brought about by combination amongst the workers themselves, and must embrace the whole of Society. The new life cannot be *given* to the workers by a class higher than they, but must be *taken* by them by means of the abolition of classes and the reorganisation of Society.

COUNCIL OF THE SOCIALIST LEAGUE.

Printed in the Socialist League Printery, and published in the name and on behalf of the Socialist League, by FRANK KITZ, at 24 Great Queen St., Lincoln's Inn Fields, London W.C.

THE COMMONWEAL

A JOURNAL OF Revolutionary Socialism.

[VOL. 6.—No. 256.]

DECEMBER, 1890.

[ONE PENNY.]

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TOWARDS THE TRUTH.

IN the present condition of Society what is the paramount duty of every right-minded person? Is it to ally himself with the partisans of reaction, to exhaust his intellectual faculties in the support of authority, to perplex the minds of men by a defence eloquent or otherwise, according to his powers, of the prejudices of past generations? or to fall in with the march of humanity where it now stands, and to advance with it towards the new era which Socialism has in store for us? It is well that we tread over the past as we tread over the ruins of extinct races, fallen cities, and shattered empires. We Socialists have done with consulting dumb oracles, or worshipping at desecrated shrines, and content ourselves with collecting and preserving all that may prove to be good to mankind. We now stand upon the threshold of a new era, in which mankind will divest themselves of all reverence for authority, of all worship of names, of all deference for anything but truth and just principles.

All great social catastrophes have been preceded by a questioning of the moral principles on which Society rested. The civil wars of England were ushered in by tempestuous discussions on things ethical and spiritual. First the authority of the church was disputed, then its liturgies and dogmas, then the civil institutions connected with it, viz., marriage, social subordination, and property. When the people's mind is in a state of ferment, there are sure to be many individuals arise in our midst with new theories of the salvation of the human race. The great mass of the people understand little indeed of the reasons of their own actions and opinions. Their religion and their morals, as well as their politics, are traditional; and, therefore, when a bold thinker arises to contest all their positions, divested of all reverence for their creeds and systems, the whole fabric of their belief is easily shaken.

No one has yet explored the entire domain of the possible, and therefore, when it is affirmed that Socialism is a fallacy, or that it would prove unworkable, we may safely answer our critics by saying, "They whose minds abound in the principles of truth see nothing in the teachings of Socialism which is in any way contrary to natural law." To produce a revolution it is as important to create belief in new opinions as to discredit old ones. The great point is to remove the ancient landmarks of religion and authority. Nothing is admitted to possess the character of stability. Whatever exists is regarded in many minds as merely provisional, but there are many apologists for the present system dwelling on the difficulty of reforming or overthrowing it. There are also many defenders of the system who will declaim with great force and ingenuity on the dangerous nature of Socialism, nay, even warn the community against adopting it. They will take refuge alternately in scorn and terror, and labour in the cause of authority with untiring earnestness. They will, however, labour in vain, without perhaps being conscious of it; their very mental activity is a symptom of the disease against which they combat. The approach of Socialism has disturbed their nervous sensibility, and the efforts they make to disentangle themselves from the great intellectual current in which they are plunged, are like those of

the scared swimmer who finds himself in the first absorbing eddies of the whirlpool; the water may be comparatively smooth, but he has entered on the imperceptible current which must inevitably hurry him to destruction, or to the acceptance of the truth.

All the records which preserve the forms of thought of the age are deeply imbued with irritation and discontent. A few superior minds moving along the giddy heights of speculation, foresee the necessary abandonment of the old system and the adoption of a new one; and what with them is an intelligible necessity descends like a revelation to inferior minds, and is propagated with undoubted belief. In most countries of Europe the advocates of established institutions greatly outnumber the men of the morrow, who, however, make up by superior energy and vitality for the seeming fewness of their numbers. We feel ourselves to be engaged in a sacred mission; we know that the truths we reveal will be carried by the poor to their hearths and homes, and that they will be cherished. From the beginning of the world those who addressed themselves to the poor and became their friends, are for a while persecuted by the rest of mankind. Look at the greatest names treasured up in the minds of the people to be set forth some day in the people's history—yet to be written—those names which are still pronounced with love and veneration, and hosts of others who struggled against tyranny in their day, or devoted their lives to the discovery of those truths which humanity will always cherish as its noblest inheritance. The consciousness of having done this is something to face death with.

If we ask ourselves toward what the present current of things is bearing us, I answer towards Socialism! Now if we, in reality and not in vain, would be free, we must not shrink from paying the price of liberty. Slaves of old purchased their freedom at the expense sometimes of all they possessed, and though nations may not be called upon to pay so great a price, yet we would be servilely-minded indeed if we shrank from any sacrifice that might be required of us—even to life itself—for the purpose.

The two antagonistic principles now brought into collision are the love of liberty and the love of property. At present, men seem to incline more to the love of property than to liberty. Bitter experience will at length teach them that liberty is more valuable than wealth, inasmuch as the noble sentiments of a man transcend the physical enjoyments of a beast. Liberty, moreover, includes riches, but is not included in them. Under this conviction it is reasonable to expect that the enlightened people of the world will make towards truth and liberty; this is worth all the allurements of a spurious civilisation. Man really has no superior; the superiority of man to man is an insult, a mockery, a crime, and the system which recognises it stands by that very fact condemned to the eye of reason.

During seasons of prosperity men are apt to reflect but little on their social condition. It is when calamity knocks at their doors, when the air is heavy with the storms of revolution, that they apply themselves to the investigation of the social problem. Then the studies of their youth are perhaps remembered, and History presents herself pointing with gloomy finger to the causes which everywhere bring about the ruin of empires. Then they make the discovery that their instructors were no better than empty pedants, who taught them to respect words for things, prejudices for principles, errors for truths, birth, titles, fortune, and all the wretched masquerade of corrupt society for the genuine power of humanity. But when the flood-gates of revolution are broken open, when the tempest of popular passion rages through a whole realm, when all the ancient institutions of an empire are tottering, when the whole soil of the political world is reeling as with an earthquake beneath their feet, then perhaps it is that the people will remember the teachings of the Socialists and others who have made for liberty. Then the work of a hundred years will be crowded into a day, for the people will throw themselves fearlessly into the revolutionary torrent, to be hurried to freedom or death according to the chances of the hour. It may be asked, Will they show themselves equal to the crisis? I believe they will, and in order that there may be nothing wanting to prepare and fit them for the crisis, we must not only preach the theory of Socialism but the active means to be adopted, through enthusiasm, determination, and self-sacrifice for its speedy realisation.

C. W. MOWBRAY.

THE GLORIOUS REFORMATION:

OR,

HOW THE ENGLISH PEOPLE WERE EVICTED, ROBBED,
AND MURDERED BY THE RULING CLASSES.

III.—THE FALL OF FEUDALISM.

BUT while peace and plenty prevailed among the workers, a terrible war was raging between two sections of the English nobility. The feudal aristocracy had fallen out as to whether the "meek usurper," Henry VI., or Richard Duke of York should fill the English throne. The Duke of York was slain at last in battle, and his young son—afterwards Edward IV.—took up his claim. This war, known as the War of the Roses, so-called from the badges of the rival parties, which were Red and White Roses—Red for Lancaster and White for York—has very little interest for us. It is only worth noting that the middle-classes of that day, the citizens of London, espoused the Yorkist cause, and at the same time the most splendid representative of the old feudal aristocracy, Richard Neville, Earl of Warwick, "the greatest as well as the last of those mighty barons who formerly over-ruled the Crown," was on the same side. We read that this mighty personage, known as the King-maker, for he made and overthrew them at his will, feasted 30,000 persons daily at his different castles and manor-houses in England; we hear of oxen roasted whole in his castle-halls, from which every one could cut a slice as they hung up on the spit. So great was his power that Edward IV., who owed his throne to this mighty baron, dreaded and hated him. The King longed to be a despotic monarch, and this was impossible while Warwick lived. So King and King-maker quarrelled at last, and when the Last of the Barons fell fighting in the Lancastrian cause on Barnet field his death rang the knell of feudalism.

With an aristocracy broken and impoverished by a long and terrible war,¹ for not only were many nobles slain in fair fight, driven into exile, or had their estates confiscated, but it was the custom on both sides to behead all noble prisoners taken in battle, and although Green assures us no noble family became extinct, yet there can be no doubt that the war and the death of the Earl of Warwick completely shattered what power they still possessed. Besides, there was another force coming into being which rendered their mighty castles and hosts of armed retainers useless. I have mentioned the invention of gunpowder, and gunpowder was now used in warfare. Green, in his 'Short History of the English People,' says truly enough:

"What wrecked the barons as a military power was the revolution which was taking place in the art of war. The introduction of gunpowder ruined feudalism. The mounted and heavily armed knight gave place to the meaner footman. Fortresses which had been impregnable against the attacks of the Middle Ages crumbled before the new artillery. Throughout the Middle Ages the call of the great barons would have been enough to raise a formidable revolt. Yeomen and retainers took the bow down from the chimney corner; knights buckled on their armour, and in a few days a host threatened the throne. Without artillery such a force was now helpless, and the only train of artillery in the kingdom lay at the disposal of the king."

A fifth of the land of England had also been confiscated during the Wars of the Roses, and had come into possession of the King, who not only was far more powerful owing to the fall of the barons and his possessions, but possessed wealth such as no King of England had known since the reign of Henry II. Edward IV., cruel, unscrupulous, and sensual, was a masterly politician; he surrounded his throne by a new aristocracy, composed of obscure men who had ennobled himself and who owed everything to him. In this policy as in other matters he was imitated by all his successors. At the same time, he added to his wealth and pleased the London citizens by becoming a trader on a large scale, winning their friendship by visiting them in their dwellings, and getting very intimate—especially with their wives. Though one of the worst men—he had not a single virtue except courage—who ever sat on the English throne, he was tremendously popular.

Edward IV., who increased his wealth by levying benevolence, *i.e.*, forced loans upon his wealthy subjects which were never paid back again. The King asked a rich man for money, and he knew better than to refuse the tyrant, so he had to stump up with a groan. Edward began the establishment of despotism, and from his reign dates the gradual disappearance of that English freedom of which Fortescue spoke so lovingly. The Tudor monarchs were to complete his work. "So vast and sweeping were the changes," says Green, "that to careless observers of a later day the constitutional monarchy of the Edwards and Henries seemed suddenly to have transformed itself under the Tudors into a despotism as complete as the despotism of the Turks." Ranke, Green, Hallam, Lingard, and all historians of the period agree that freedom prevailed in England before the rise of the Yorkist power, and that it was Edward IV. who began the establishment of despotism. But what did the middle

classes care, the King could be as despotic as he pleased so long as he encouraged them in their swindling operations and they grew rich and wealthy during his reign. After all, those "friends of the people" who would ally themselves with reaction do but copy the middle classes of this period.

We do not intend lingering over that record of lust, cruelty, and murder, *viz.*, the history of the reigns of the Yorkist Kings, Edward IV. and Richard III., but let us come at once to that typical representative of the rising middle class, the English Louis XI.—Henry VII. This gentleman continued the policy of his predecessors. In nature he was even more of a middle class king. Edward IV. and Richard III. did possess the fiery courage of the Plantagenets. They lived during a transition period, and there was something of the time in their characters. Even Edward never quite sunk the feudal baron in the petty huckster, but Henry VII. was quite a middle-class king. His courage was not remarkable, but he made up for this by craft and cunning, while like a true bourgeois his avarice was boundless. Every pretext was seized by him to break up the power of the nobility, especially by diverting the wealth from their pockets into those of the King. They were ruined by heavy fines levied upon them for keeping retainers; at the same time the old feudal dues which had not been exacted during the confusion and disturbance of the great civil wars were revived, and the nobles had to pay up all arrears; when other means of robbing them failed, "benevolences" were wrung from them. There was no chance of escape from these forced loans; if a noble lived luxuriously he was told by an ingenious minister of the King, Cardinal Morton, that his wealth was manifest; if he lived plainly, a benevolence was extorted from him on the pretext that his economy must have made him wealthy. The Court of Star Chamber, destined to become infamous in English history, was formed by His Majesty of members of his own Council. It could always be depended upon to pass sentence according to the King's desire, and it proved a splendid means of impoverishing the nobles. Robbery now was becoming legalised, and the pen of the pettifogger was of more power than the sword of the warrior. From the reign of Henry VII. dates modern law-'n'-order. In despair the nobles revolted, they set up pretenders to the throne, but "the only train of artillery in the kingdom lay at the disposal of the King," and they were always defeated. Their estates were confiscated, or else heavy fines were wrung out of them, which all went to swell Henry's wealth; the result being that this most Christian monarch died worth two millions, which he left to his son. There is no clearer proof of the decay of the nobles than that they could be robbed with impunity by such a small-minded scoundrel as Henry VII.

D. J. NICOLL.

CORRESPONDENCE.

THE 'COMMONWEAL'

DEAR SIR,—I write in sympathy and indignation. To me it seems humiliating that you should have to beg week by week for funds to carry on the 'Weal. What an opportunity for our many friends to twit us with our inconsistency to principle! I do hope you may be spared by timely help from again appealing for help, and that you may be able to continue to publish weekly. I should feel it personally as a keen loss—bad grammar—the absence of my weekly 'Weal, I look forward so anxiously each week for it. Its my weekly consolation, the only one, after the slavery is ended for the week. You, the active workers and light-spreaders, want sympathy and help, and should get it spontaneously from the many, who I am sure, like myself, feel gratified and edified by the labours of yourself and co-workers. O, the apathy of the ordinary British slave is terrible! I try very hard to make one fresh reader for the 'Weal each week, but often fail; I did make six or seven regular readers in Oldham, after many weeks and months of preaching and arguing, etc. Have found much less trouble in selling odd copies of the "Old Order and the New,"—Davidson's book. That book, later on, will make hundreds of converts to our ranks. Your past labours are now beginning to bear fruit. Keep up your courage, comrades of the 'Weal. If only one dozen earnest men appreciate your badly paid labours, it were worth continuing the fight. A poor devil of a mechanic, I keep on hoping that shortly I may be able to do something more definite than to send a few stamps; extremely annoyed that I cannot do better. How many readers of the 'Weal (who do not contribute to the Salvation Army) will guarantee 6d. a-week? "Can't afford it!"—I can't afford it; am terribly involved in debt, etc., but I'll guarantee 6d. a week while in active slavery. Why the Salvationists shame us in their contributions! If only for those beautiful word-pictures of the grand and soul-inspiring glimpses of the possible future, portrayed by W. Morris in his recent articles in 'Weal, common gratitude and decency should prompt all of us to show our appreciation of the sacrifice of time and talents given in those articles, as well also of the labours of the working staff. Wake up, comrades! and do not allow another appeal for help!—Yours, etc., T. W.

More Unemployed!

The bottle-washers, rag-sorters, and other humble folk who get their living in ways that are obscure to the great mass of the population, will either have to go packing to the workhouse when the Booth competing scheme comes into operation, or they can enter his pauper colony and be fed on pigswash and piety! "Praise the Lord!"

DUBLIN.—Dublin Socialist Union, 87 Marlboro Street. Lecture every Saturday at 8 p.m. Nov. 22, J. E. Masterson, "Politics for the Worker."

SCOTTISH SOCIALIST FEDERATION.—EDINBURGH—Labour Hall, 50 South Bridge. Business meeting, Fridays at 8 p.m. Lectures every Sunday, at 6.30 p.m.

¹ It is worth noting that the people suffered very little at the hands of either party during this bloody and cruel war. The fact was that if their houses were plundered or burnt by either party, they threw themselves upon the other side. As Margaret of Anjou, the wife of Henry VI., found out, when she allowed her bands of Northern marauders to plunder as they pleased, the people immediately swelled the ranks of Edward of York, and Her Majesty was defeated in consequence. Philippe de Comines, the celebrated historian, bears witness to the fact that acts of plunder, or of burning and destroying peasants houses, were very rare in this war.

INTERNATIONAL NOTES.

FRANCE.

In the *Parti Ouvrier* (which now, to the huge joy of *Le Proletaire*, appears as a weekly only and no longer as a daily) there is a good and clearly-written article on the part played by machinery in modifying Lassalle's "iron law of wages." Under the operation of that law the worker's wage fluctuated to about subsistence point, but still wage and subsistence he received. As machines multiply and grow, the very "iron law" becomes a too optimistic description of the situation. Machines take the place of men, and presently the worker becomes a non-worker, receiving neither wage nor subsistence. Then it is that the unemployed and the half-employed are told by complacent middle-class economists (like Professor Marshall) that wages are "slowly rising." If they are rising (which is very doubtful, if all factors be taken into consideration), they are rising only because one man now does the work which one hundred years ago would mayhap in some industries have taken 180 to achieve. The 180th gets a trifle more a week possibly, but what becomes of the 179?

I note that *Le Proletaire*, unlike a certain virtuous Social Democratic sheet on this side of the Channel, has at least sufficient common-sense and frankness not to pretend indignation at Parnell's very natural attraction to Mrs. O'Shea. The leading lights of the S.D.F., who are so fond of the Paris Possibilists, should take a lesson from them in this matter. A self-styled "Revolutionary Socialist" playing Podsnap is not a pretty spectacle.

From all parts of the Ardennes district news of strikes continue to come in. Workers in a great variety of industries are out. The Federation of Ardennes Socialist Workers has taken up the striker's cause, and have issued an appeal on their behalf.

Paul Lafargue has begun contributing to the *Cri du Travailleur* (Toiler's Cry), of Lille, what promises to be a good series of articles on the "Evolution of Property."

The French post-office has never been very trustworthy where the correspondence of revolutionists was concerned, and it appears from *L'Action Sociale* that the police at Lyons have been at their old tricks again. Our Anarchist comrades in that city have had many of their letters opened. We all know, of course, the tragic result of the seizure by the Paris police of our Nihilist comrades' letters, upon the occasion of their arrest last summer. In consequence of the infamous treachery by which this correspondence was communicated to the Russian Government, some of our Russian friends are now lying under sentence of death in the fortress of Peter and Paul, and may, for aught I know, by the time this appears in print, have been slaughtered. Meanwhile, the Paris police (who really seem to have become a branch of the "Third Section") have taken advantage of the execution of the infamous Sevilierstoff to place a number of Nihilists under lock and key, amongst others the excellent Mendelsohn, who happens, by the way, to be a "Marxist," and opposed to the "propaganda by deed" of our Anarchist friends.

PORTUGAL.

The Oporto Anarchists held a meeting in memory of our martyrs on the 16th of November, and founded a new group, the "11th of November," which group will shortly publish a manifesto to the Portuguese workers, urging them to hasten their organisation for the struggle of the next First of May. As *A Revolucao Social* rightly says, "This is assuredly the best way to pay homage to the martyrs of the Revolutionary Ideal who were sacrificed in the 'model' republic in 1887."

SPAIN.

The Madrid *Anarquista* publishes an interesting biography of our recently deceased comrade, Juan Serrano y Oteiza, a Revolutionist and Anarchist of long standing, who founded *La Revista Social*, a periodical which had greater success than any worker's paper in Spain, circulating 24,000 copies. It was subjected to the most unrelenting persecution by the Canovas Government, and any one found reading it was cast into prison.

The *Anarquista* is improving much, and is publishing some capital cartoons, some of which might be usefully reproduced here with modifications.

So many commemorations of Chicago have been held in all parts of Spain, that it is impossible to speak of them in detail. I make an exception, however, for Barcelona, whose noble-minded people are ever to the front in whatever may speed the Revolution. As I have already noted, all the worker's societies of the city and neighbourhood were invited to take part in the solemnity, and they nearly all at least sent delegates. The spacious Barcelona Circus was crammed with a thoroughly sympathetic audience. The *Productor* gives a very full report of the speeches. Possibly the present writer may hereafter reproduce some passages from them in these columns.

El Socialista is publishing Engels' "Utopian Socialism and Scientific Socialism."

CUBA.

We have been cut off from Cuban news for some time, owing to the suppression of the Havannah *Productor*. When the last intelligence came to hand, the island, or at least Havannah, was in the throes of something like a General Strike. Bad news now comes by way of Barcelona. There seems a fear of something like a repetition of the Chicago murders. Many of our comrades have been put in prison, and they are apparently to be accused of imaginary and capital crimes. I reserve my account of these infamous transactions until fuller news arrives.

UNITED STATES.

The Knights of Labour have been holding their General Assembly (14th Annual Session) at Denver, Colorado. There was, of course, a characteristic report from "General Master Workman" Powderly, who is as Pecksniffian as ever. The Order, it seems, asserts the "eternal and undeniable rights of man to everything that his Creator drew from the depths of the earth." (Pecksniff Powderly, of course, knows all about that same Creator). "The Order has been called Conservative, but it is only so in its methods, for it stands a Radical among Radicals. Radical but not rash." Powderly is naturally very anxious to clear himself from responsibility for the New York Central failure, and really does not make out a bad case. He commits himself, however, to the following extraordinary advice to railway men: "Permit the interests of the company to receive the same consideration as those of the employe (!). Remember that we are asking the employers to show the same consideration to our interests that they do to their own, and in order to be consistent we must practise what we preach." This is verily

Pecksniff sublimated. Truly a wage-slave should "consider the interests of his employer,"—he should consider how he can best injure and destroy them; that is the only consideration they merit from him. We read in the official journal of the Knights that "although ardently active in the secular work of the General Assembly, General Master Workman Powderly found time to deliver a lecture on Sunday night at the Tabor Opera House, under the auspices of the Mercy Home and for the benefit of that excellent institution."

This pestilent Powderly (whom our comrade Charles has so repeatedly exposed in these columns) is as wearying with his "All-Wise Being" as ever was Robespierre with his particular Mumbo Jumbo. Socialists, however, could readily forgive the G.M.W. this little idiosyncrasy (shall we call it ?), if only he were "straight." But I fear me that, like certain other religious-minded Generals nearer home, he is about as straight as Bret Harte's "Heathen Chinees." R. W. B.

SOCIALISM IN THE PROVINCES.

LEEDS AND BRIGHOUSE.

On Sunday, November 23rd, heavy rain all day prevented us holding any open-air meetings, but comrade Cores lectured twice for the Brighouse Radical Association; in the afternoon on "The Coming Change in Society," and in the evening on "The Fraud of Politics." Although it was the first time that a speaker belonging to the Revolutionary School of Socialism had addressed them, many of the members expressed their strong agreement with his views. We have arranged to send them a small supply of literature periodically. Although C. Bradlaugh and Auberon Herbert have championed "Individualism" (?) to the Brighouse friends, they have rather prepared the ground than otherwise for our propaganda. On Sunday, November 30th, we held two short meetings at the Market Gates, in the morning and evening, Allworthy, Cores, and another comrade speaking. In the afternoon we attended at the Grand Assembly Rooms, where Dr. F. R. Lees lectured on "The Relations of Temperance and Socialism," showing a great ignorance of the latter although a deal of sympathy with it. The lecture was brought about by the debate in one of the local papers, which is still going on, and the speaker referred to it in his speech. No opposition was allowed, the meeting being a "sacred" one. However, we sold a number of *Commonweal* outside, which rather riled some of our temperance friends. We make a point of attending any lectures having any relation to the questions of Land, Labour, or Capital that are held. It will interest our comrades to hear that at a recent lecture in the Co-operative Hall, a certain well-known apostate, an ex-revolutionist, supported the proposal of beggar colonies on the Dutch plan as a remedy for the unemployed problem. According to this honourable gentleman, they, the "practical people," are doing all the necessary reforming work (what are they doing ?) while the Revolutionary Socialists are "vapouring" about theories. This gentleman no longer "vapours," but goes in for things that are "practical," i.e., that PAY. On Monday, December 1st, we visited Booth's meeting at the Town Hall, and sold a fair number of *Commonweal*. We would like to remind our friends in Leeds that they may find a welcome in our club in Victoria Road any evening, and if they will give their aid we shall be able to carry on a more powerful propaganda in Leeds, and Yorkshire generally, than ever before. G. C.

YARMOUTH.

REVOLUTIONARY Socialism is making headway in Yarmouth. The *Commonweal* is looked for with great interest by comrades and friends. We are still able to sell our usual quantity, although the weather has been too wet for open-air propaganda during the last three weeks. We find that the revolutionary tone of the paper makes it popular. A series of addresses and papers have been arranged for by several comrades, at which collections will be made for *Commonweal*. Comrade John Oldman and his wife (from Manchester) have been with us for several weeks, doing splendid propaganda for the advancement of Revolutionary Socialism, and our local comrades have been considerably enlightened in revolutionary ideas. We are certain the day is not far distant when the Social Revolution will be an accomplished fact, for even in Tory-ridden Yarmouth we can count our friends by hundreds. On Sunday, November 16th, in the morning on Priory Plain, a short meeting was held from 11 to 11.30, addressed by Oldman, when we adjourned to the Radical Hall to hear the Secretary, D. T. King, read a paper on "Co-operation, Trade Unionism, and Strikes." Discussion was afterwards continued by Caley, Oldman, and the secretary of the United Radical Club, Kay Street, London, all speaking in favour of Revolutionary Socialism, believing the subjects to be false remedies for poverty. G. Lee (Radical Club) moved the adjournment of further discussion until the following Sunday. In the afternoon on the Fish Wharf, a large meeting was held, addressed by Oldman; Headley opened by reading "Statement of Principles" from the *Commonweal*, and closed with "Jones's Boy." In the evening good muster in club room, and discussion on "Physical Force." On November 23rd in the morning, at the Radical Hall, good attendance of comrades to hear the adjourned discussion, opened by G. Lee, who supported the paper. Kitchen (S.L.) (London) with a well-delivered address against, completely knocked the wind out of the Radical sails. On the motion of Oldman (S.L.), further discussion was adjourned for a week. In the afternoon we assembled in the club-room. Again in the evening; good attendance of comrades to hear a discussion on "Anarchy," opened by Oldman, who gave a very good explanation, followed by Kitchen and five of our local comrades; we had no chairman, yet perfect harmony prevailed throughout the whole evening. November 30th, at the Radical Hall in the morning (Headley in the chair) a good attendance of Radicals and Socialists; Oldman resumed the discussion at some length, followed by Gibson (Radical Club), and several local comrades. Our Radical friends got rather excited, and refused to allow any further adjournment. Most of them left the hall long before the discussion was finished, so we kept the meeting going until 1.30. In the club-room, afternoon and evening, Oldman lectured on "Law-'n'-Order"; no discussion, all present agreeing with the lecturer's able remarks; seven members have joined since last report; 160 *Commonweals* sold, several *Freedoms*, and fair collections, "and the Cause goes marching on." J. HEADLEY.

ABERDEEN.—A good meeting was held on Sunday afternoon, November 23rd, at the Quay Side; the speakers were comrades Glasier (Glasgow), Leatham, and Duncan. In the evening the hall was well filled to hear Glasier's lecture on "Socialism, its Progress and Prospects." On Thursday, comrade Rennie spoke on Castle Street; and on Saturday, Duncan and Leatham addressed a good meeting at the same place in spite of the bitter coldness of the night. On Sunday afternoon, November 30th, another good meeting was held at the Quay Side, the speakers being Rennie and Leatham. At the indoor meeting in the evening, comrade Rennie lectured on "The Unemployed." We are making arrangements for our annual social meeting and dance.

LIVERPOOL SOCIALIST SOCIETY.—Vegetarian Restaurant, Eberle Street, Dale Street.—Meets every Tuesday at 8 p.m.

NOTES.

BRITISH virtue and respectability are having just now an immense boom. Mrs. Grundy is largely in evidence. The Parnell-O'Shea case gave occasion to all the political dodgers, wire-pullers, and party hacks to asseverate with their hands upon the vacant region—where should be their hearts? That their morals are shocked, their consciences (*sic*) are outraged, nothing less than the complete abdication by Parnell of his political position will assuage the wounded feelings of these humbugs who hide their party purposes behind sham morality.

Parnell, like Dilke, has committed the unpardonable offence of gratifying his appetites within the ranks of his own class. Had he seduced a workman's daughter, or sought the pleasures of St. John's Wood or Cleveland Street, possibly the editors and scribes who now attack him would suffer the same fate as Parkes did in the Cleveland Street affair.

The next case that has afforded Mrs. Grundy an opportunity to vent her virtuous indignation, is the trial of Mrs. Pearcey for the Kentish Town murders. Both the judge and the prosecuting counsel laid great stress upon the fact that F. Hogg—for whom Mrs. Pearcey betrayed such ardent affection—was a commonplace fellow. They hurled at his devoted head all the withering epithets those legal word-weavers are capable of. What right had a workman, and a commonplace fellow to boot, to dally with two women at once? He ought to be taught that such luxuries are reserved for our masters and pastors, including, of course, lawyers and judges.

Betting and brothels are institutions for well-to-do people, and when poor people venture to indulge in such things they must be sternly shown that they are treading upon the prerogatives of the rich, and made to keep their places. Viewed in this light it is easy to understand the deference paid by Bench and Bar to the Jeffries and Somersets when their *laches* bring them within the law.

We are told that the gallery, and even the bench, was packed with a crowd of well-dressed "Ladies" who came to view and gloat upon the agony of the prisoner in the dock. These bedizened harridans of the fashionable world, living upon labour not their own, must needs enliven the inane lives they lead by making the scenes of a courtroom contribute to their hideous pleasures.

"The so-called 'weaker sex' (writes an indignant correspondent of a contemporary) besieged the court with shameless persistency. No sense of decency restrained them, no amount of personal discomfort kept them outside the doors of the grim forum. Wives came with their husbands, brothers brought the female members of their families, mothers sat side by side with their young daughters. Hour after hour did these ghoulish women, armed with opera-glasses, sherry-flasks, and sandwich boxes, hang with eager curiosity upon every movement and look of their miserable sister, whose fate was so firmly fixed from the very outset. To the end they stayed; for the solemn closing scene had special attractions for them. These women were not the wives and daughters of labourers and costermongers, but ladies of gentle birth and no inconsiderable position. They hailed from the West-end, not from Whitechapel—from Bayswater, not from the 'Borough.'"

General Booth is reaping in the shekels from the Land and Labour thieves, who look upon him as a New Saviour of Society (their Society). He is the scavenger who will, if allowed, clear away the filth out of sight, at least, of those whose robbery of the means of life causes the misery of the mass. Society does not like the sight of its own wreckage and filth. It does not wish it to come between the wind and its nobility, or to disturb the day-dreams of the parasites who are helping Booth's scheme forward.

Booth, pious man, comes forward, and says he, "Just give me a million and the thing is done. I will hide your ugly poor away in pauper colonies, no longer to affront your eyes and noses with their unsightly presence, and between steamed crusts and prayers it will be a marvel of cheapness!"

We read in an evening paper that Vitreo, the Human Ostrich, is given to eating with relish broken glass bottles, coal, coke, oyster shells, rags, old boots, etc. Having done the land of Barnum he is going to visit the land of Booth! Now, General, secure him at once to give lessons on Dietetic Reform to the extravagant people who may clamour for Steamed Crusts and Salvation!

Immediately subsequent to the death of Lord Byron there grew up a school of persons who, devoid of his other attainments, strove to imitate his manners and dress. They wore Byronic collars, and a languishing air of inextinguishable sorrow. They refused to allow the barber's shears to come into contact with their long and tangled locks. They disappeared, and the only mementoes of their existence are a few deep collars and cuffs still hanging about in third-rate wardrobe shops.

We of the Socialist Party have been troubled with a similar set. During the drawing-room and æsthetic stage of the Socialist move-

ment we were afflicted with the presence of hungry ink-slingers, who had evinced the same disinclination to receive the attentions of the barber. They allowed their locks to flow and also their speech; they talked of blood, nothing but blood; they clutched the red flag with a wild and feverish clutch; they wore a red fez in public to emphasise their devotion to the "Cause"; and they discovered that Art was rooted in Socialism. Now all is changed. They perigrinate with cut hair between Chancery Lane and Fleet Street; they pawn in anonymous paragraphs the dirty linen of their souls in order that they may dine, and dine to live, though no man besides themselves sees the necessity. Some have found pelf and spouses; what they will leave behind it is difficult to say. Perhaps the fez is still in existence, and may yet be shown in company with a famous straw-yard hat as a relic of the past.

And so it is that our sometime friends are the authors of the vile communications against the Revolutionary Party, that are paid for at so much a line by the capitalistic press. The envenomed pens of these renegades are actively at work to injure the *Commonweal* during the present crisis. Paragraphs have appeared in several daily and weekly papers to the effect that the *Commonweal* is dead. The *Daily Chronicle*, with which Morrison Davidson is connected, stated this falsehood in a conspicuous paragraph. A reply was sent to the *Daily Chronicle*, but appeared in a mutilated form in an obscure part of the paper two days after the original statement. We have reason to know that the paragraphs all emanated from one source, viz., a *Star* scribbler, instigated thereto by the afore-mentioned renegades. Mr. Morrison Davidson, of the *Daily Chronicle*, is a member of the Central Democratic Club, Chancery Lane, where most of these delightful ink-slingers foregather.

F. K.

Our good middle-class friends of the *Pall Mall Gazette* and the *Weekly Dispatch* have kindly announced the death of the *Weal*, and the approaching final dissolution of the Socialist League. No doubt it would be a matter of congratulation to many "able editors" and enterprising "journalists" if the only really revolutionary journal published in English in London were to disappear, and the Socialist League to follow it; but I fancy we may assure these excellent folk that neither event is in the least likely to occur. Rather, we may hope that recent happenings will establish us firmly on a broader basis, and make us more thorough-going and "dangerous" Revolutionists than ever. As for the disappointed wire-pullers and rejected "leaders" who vent their impotent venom by sending these too gross and palpable lies to the capitalist press, we can surely afford to treat them with merited contempt.

As I write, there is renewed trouble brewing at the Docks. Certain of the shipowners of London have broken through all custom by requiring "their" sailors and firemen to sign articles on board ship and not at the regular shipping-offices provided by the Board of Trade. This is done with the double object of terrorising unionists and protecting blacklegs. The United Labour Council of the Port of London and the Sailors' and Firemen's Union have not been slow to take up this challenge, and the Shipping Federation has issued an appeal for blacklegs. By the time these lines appear in print the matter may be settled. On the other hand, it may be the beginning of a prolonged struggle.

The point specially worth noting, in the meantime, is that the officials and leaders of the Docker's Union are beginning to show themselves in what one fears may be their true colours. The autocratic Tom Mann and the other bureaucrats refuse to allow their union to come to the help of the sailors and firemen, because, forsooth, such important personages as themselves were not consulted beforehand. Like the late lamented General Trochu, it seems that these superior persons have a "plan" which they will not allow more impetuous—not to say more energetic—warriors to interfere with. Like Trochu, too, they maintain a position of masterly inactivity while the enemy closes round them more and more securely.

It is not wonderful, under the circumstances, that the dockers should begin to be a little tired of their union, and that an increasing proportion should fall off in their contributions. The natural result of the tame way in which rats have been allowed to take the place of loyal unionists, is that only five per cent. of the entire number of the latter are employed four days a week, while fifty per cent. are only working two days a week, and a great proportion of the remainder are out of work altogether. These figures are furnished by Mann himself, who, after setting them before a docker's meeting, had the audacity in the same breath to blame some of the branches for their "apathy." Naturally enough, there was "considerable interruption," and the speaker had some difficulty in obtaining a further hearing. One man gave expression to a wide-spread complaint by telling Mann that they could "only hear him at public meetings—nowhere else."

One of Mann's expressions was that "if there were no hope in trades' unionism, where was hope to be found?" Well, Mann ought to know. Surely not in "docker's tanners" or so-called "co-operative" schemes, but in the General Strike for Freedom of determined men, who have resolved never to work for wages again, but to bring about, once for all, the Social Revolution, and to destroy mastership (aye, and "leadership," too) for ever. That General Strike, however, will

never be helped forward by well-paid union officials, whose interest it is to keep the class-war, as it were, on the smoulder, instead of fanning it into a blaze which shall fire the Old World, and destroy it as were destroyed the fabled "Cities of the Plain."

The actor, Wilson Barrett, has opened his "New Olympic" (at what are facetiously called "popular prices") with a piece which seems to be an audacious libel on strikers and unionists. If workers here had only the spirit of our Paris comrades, for example, they would take care to attend and manifest their disapproval in such fashion as to show the enterprising lessee that his ignoble playing to the stalls is not to the taste of the gallery at any rate. Louise Michel and our French Anarchist friends the other day took advantage of a piece called "The Strike" to make propaganda.

R. W. B.

IN EAST KENT.

At this time of the year, in rural places as well as in the towns, Socialism finds a good propagator in the cold weather. The greater its severity the greater is the force with which King Winter drives home his message to the mind and the stomach of the rustic.

Now that he has all but bared the branches of their leaves, and wind-swept the face of the country to a more or less naked condition, he invites the husbandman to rest awhile in the shelter and warmth of his dwelling until spring-time comes round again, and to peacefully enjoy in the meanwhile the fruits of his past season's labours.

As certain little animals during the warmer months gather together a store of food for their winter keep, so the agricultural worker, by his labour and his labour alone, raises and brings together his store of corn, fruit, live stock, and agricultural produce generally. But there the simile ends, for nobody thinks of disputing the aforesaid animals claim to what is their harvest. As for that of the agricultural worker, well,—we all know who takes possession of that.

Until very lately the popular rustic faith was this—that the good employer was a man whom God, in the goodness of his heart, had prospered in order to "find" work for those of his fellow-creatures who had not been thus blessed, and that if it were not for the likes of him men would soon starve for want of employment, and things would quickly come to a general standstill. In fact, he was the goose which laid the golden eggs. Though he does not yet see clearly what is the matter with him, our rural labourer realises in a vague sort of way that things are not as they ought to be. Certainly his ideas on this point are in a very nebulous state at present, but, in spite of the red herrings of politics and religion which his squire and parson take care to have drawn freely under his nose, he is evidently finding out that it is on himself alone that he must depend for real help, and that his employer does not give him work out of love for him.

It is only after his day's work is done that he has any inclination or any opportunity to think and talk of such matters, and this is the proper time to catch him. To do this one must go to the village inn, where, over the evening pipe, work and wages now form the principal topics, and are always taken up and discussed with more or less warmth. As the interest in these subjects increases the discontented man is revealed, and the gospel of truth and progress is drunk in with as much avidity as the Kentish ale—it is only at such moments as these that one has any opportunity of reading aright the mind of the rustic labourer, for at other times it is to all appearances quite a blank.

Now, for my part, I have not the least belief in the grinning bacon-fed yokel in smock and billy-cock. If he does exist he is not to be found in these parts, at any rate. If you want the real article behold him on the other side of this thorn hedge here. What with wind and weather he is tanned, hair, clothes and all, into very nearly the same colour as the brown furrows which he is turning. The brightest feature about him are his brick-red cheeks, making a good bit of colour in the winter landscape, more so when he follows his team westward; then, if there be a fairly clear horizon, the afternoon sun quite glorifies the poor chap. Look at him closer still, and you will find out what a shrivelled piece of humanity he would be without his clothes, moulded and stiffened to his limbs as they are by perhaps half-a-dozen year's accumulation of clay and sweat. You would also discover what a hollow mockery is the popular idea about the wholesomeness of the ploughman's existence with its fresh air and outdoor exercise, for here you have the result of too much of these good things.

But it must not be forgotten that other matters have contributed to the deterioration of our friend's physique. For instance, we must take into account his three centuries of ancestors living in a state of bondage, from which they had not the ghost of a chance of escaping; and again, we must not forget that he has an insufficiency of food and rest. Town dwellers may be surprised at being told that the agricultural labourer does not get enough to eat, but let them judge for themselves. Herewith is given a fair statement of wages obtained by the average farm-worker in East Kent, and in this particular it must be borne in mind he is much better off than his brethren in other parts of England, notably in the Eastern Counties:

	£	s.	d.	£	s.	d.
Taking one season with another, he earns on an average throughout the year about 13s. 6d. per week, or per year				35	2	0
His wife and children together may earn at the year's hay-making, harvest, and hop-picking				6	0	0
Total years earnings of the family				41	2	0
From this we must deduct the following—						
52 week's rent of cottage at 2s. 6d. per week	6	10	0			
Cost and repair of tools	2	0	0			
And at least four weeks of the man's time lost through bad weather and other causes	2	14	0			
				11	4	0
Total per year				29	18	0

This gives about 1s. 7½d. per day for providing food, clothing, fuel, and other necessities to existence for six people. And yet this is the class selected by the political and religious hacks as special subjects on which to graft their humbugging gospel of thrift, contentment, and teetotalism!

The farm labourer's day usually begins at six o'clock in summer, and seven o'clock in winter, and when he has horses to attend to he is obliged to be out and about at least an hour earlier. The day's work may be taken at about 13 hours in summer and 11 hours in winter. The horse works about 7½ hours a day. Shorter hours of labour you see for the animal than for the weaker creature—why? Because if the animal were overworked, or underfed, or badly housed, he might die, and this would mean parting with a quantity of money before he could be re-placed. As for the men that is quite a different matter; we know that sooner or later they fall victims to one or more of the causes mentioned, but this does not matter to our Christian farmers and landlords,—there are plenty more waiting to fill up the dead men's places.

The present outlook for the agricultural labourer is anything but bright, and is likely to be more hopeless as time goes on; mainly, because more and more of the land is being withdrawn from cultivation every year. For instance, in this county alone there are this year 1,962 acres less under cultivation than there were in 1889, and an average falling off in the yield of 4.13 cwts. per acre. In 1889, the estimated average yield per acre was 9.35 cwts., whereas this year the average yield is only 5.22 cwts.

In the face of this and the consequent influx of agricultural labourers into the towns, some of the trade unionists are making active preparations for a rural campaign to be opened by the Docker's Union in the spring; and again, as far as this district is concerned, the workers in the neighbouring riverside cement factories, who are, to a man almost, members of the Dock, Wharf, Riverside, and General Labourer's Union, are profiting by the opportunities which their daily business intercourse affords them of pointing out to their disorganised brethren the advantages which they themselves have already gained by their own federation.

JONATHAN BINES.

THE CAUSES OF ILL-HEALTH AMONG THE WORKERS.

WHAT are the causes of ill-health among working-men and women in the present day? We hear much about the hated tenement house, badly heated and ventilated, where whole families are huddled into one or two small rooms; some directly under the rafters, others in the cellar where the light of day never penetrates. This is an awful state, but it is not all. Men and womed women work all day in poorly-lighted factories, some reeking with the fumes of deadly chemicals. In the morning they arise early, with insufficient sleep and rest; hurry about to get breakfast, a portion of the year before daylight, in order to get to the mill or factory in time; hurry home to dinner, which they bolt for want of sufficient time; eat in haste a late supper when tired, and then to bed. This, in addition to their work, often in cramped positions and unhealthy surroundings, is their daily life. Is it any wonder that they are unhealthy? And yet the instructors of hygiene in our public schools are instructing the youth under their charge that health is one of the freest of Nature's gifts, and not to be purchased with riches. Compare the life and health of the nabob with that of the working-man, and see if it is a free gift or is to be purchased with money. What is the toil of the rich man who daily inspects a few condensed statements of his assistants, and signs his name thereto to that of his servants? His meals can be ready for him at seasonable hours, and garnished with the best of sauces—conversation. He has the means of purchasing both palatable and nutritious food, which many times his employes have not. He has sufficient and suitable clothing. He has a dwelling built with thought in regard to convenience, pleasure, beauty, and sanitary conditions. He has time for rest and healthy recreation. Compare the men at threescore and ten, and, if the rich man has obeyed the laws of temperance and health, note the difference. One is broken down and despondent, and the other, who has riches, is the picture of happy old age.

Many instructors of hygiene seem to insist that everything necessary to insure health is plenty of pure air, yet this is contradicted by the fact that the health of farm labourers does not hold out so well as that of their brethren who work in mills, where pure air is not always to be had. The exposure and fatigue of farm work counteracts any effect that plenty of pure air could give. To secure health, suitable clothing, suitable hours, and suitable shelter are necessary in addition to pure air, and this the want of money many times forbids.

When the hand of disease and mental depression is laid heavily upon the working people, it simply brings more vividly before them their poverty, and they feel that they can neither rest nor procure the necessary medical assistance. When the physician is called he does what he can; but this class of patients has aggravated and complicated forms of disease, springing from many roots, that only persistent nursing, rest, and change of life can cure, all of which seem impossible to secure. This does not end with the life of the person, but is bequeathed to innocent babes. Children are born into the world tired, and possessed by inheritance of a nervousness and irritability caused by our system of competition, where all honour and gain is to the foremost, while, to use the common expression, "the devil take the hindmost."

What is the grand panacea for all this disease? Nothing but a complete change of our mode of life; and what plan is more complete, more just, and more humane than the internationalisation of all industry and the abolition of monopoly?

CHARLES E. WATERMAN.

What Peasant Proprietary Means.

The peasant proprietary system of France has done practically nothing for the mere labourer, except to degrade him into the veriest drudge, or make him a miserable rack-rented tenant-at-will to some peasant land-owner, who has gradually got hold of several farms, and so is becoming in turn a small landlord. It is thus by no means certain that the prosperity of the peasant proprietors means the prosperity of the labourer. The talk of general prosperity is very edifying no doubt, but, if one class of the community secures to itself complete control of the land, and of sites for labourers' cottages, and the unearned increment under the proposed settlement, it is not easy to see how the labourer and artisan classes will be in any way better off. If one had to go to a peasant owner for half an acre of land and a cottage, he might find him even less generous than the old class of landlords, bad as they are. In all peasant proprietary countries, the mere labourers have to pay two or three values for any favour of this sort from one of these close-fisted peasant landlords. The general prosperity of shareholders in railway companies does not mean shorter hours or higher wages for their employes. Neither does that of farmers necessarily involve the prosperity of the labourers; but it does mean the severance of the labourers from any interest in the soil.—*Belfast Weekly Star.*

DO YOU AGREE?

Do you agree with us that the social awakening of the workers is a desirable end? Do you agree with us that we are working in the right way to achieve that end?

You do not? Then oppose us and prove us wrong on every platform and in every paper to which you can gain access!

You do agree? Then work with us and for us; help us to extend our circle of influence; let no day pass in which you have not interested some one in our propaganda!

There is no middle course for an honest man!

AN EXCEPTIONAL LANDLORD AND CAPITALIST.

THE following extract from a letter written by the Hon. Theophilus West, is worthy of note. It appeared in the *Nationalist News*:—"I will tell you at the commencement that I am a capitalist. I do this in no vulgar spirit of ostentation, but merely as a fact, and an explanation. I am the largest owner of land in this parish, and I inherited this from forefathers in a line for two hundred years. I own some land and houses in Bath also, and on the same title. But I am an earnest Socialist, despite, I believe, that capitalists will benefit much as individuals, by the abolition of private ownership in capital. Citizenship in a socialistic community will more than compensate the loss of property in capital. The feeling of brotherhood with all one's kind will be more than equivalent for the loss of that gratified ostentation and arrogance which property and position confers, by exacting homage from those who are less fortunate. By 'brotherhood' I mean a real equality, not a sophistical one, based on a corporeal similarity. I mean an equality of cultivation and culture. I mean an extinction of what is now called the lower class,—not a destruction of the higher. I was a declared Socialist before 'Looking Backward' appeared, and I have been an unconscious Socialist all my life, even when, in my ignorance, I actively opposed Socialism from a misconception of what it was.—Yours in brotherhood (as I hope),
THEOPHILUS WEST."

"Labour Saving" Machines.

As a man in a quicksand sinks the deeper because of his every struggle, so labour in struggling by the invention of machines to escape its taskmaster but sinks itself deeper and more hopelessly into the quicksand of the competition that is destroying it. So it will ever be until the workers learn that they must own the machines, and, by substituting co-operation for competition, become their own employers. Now the man of work is the slave of the man of money, but when labour learns the lesson that those only are free who are their own employers, the reign of injustice will come to an end and the men of work will be themselves the men of money. Then, "If any will not work, neither shall he eat."—*Belfast Weekly Star.*

Seamen's Meeting in Barry.

And I asked how they thought a man could be expected to keep a wife and family on the wages they were getting. The reply I got was, "We have nothing to do with the men's wives and families. What do sailors want with getting married?" The men received £3 10s. a month, were taken on at Cardiff and paid off at Newcastle, and then they were put to the expense of about £2 to get back to their homes. How could a man be expected to keep a wife and home together? Yet those shipowners, who used to preach the doctrine of supply and demand to the men, and that they had no responsibility as far as the seamen's wives and families were concerned—they used to give a £200 note towards building a Sailors' Mission Room, in order to convert and purify the souls of you men, and at the same time these very men were advocating a system which meant a doctrine of prostitution, and denying to you the right to take unto yourselves a wife and a home. That doctrine was preached in order that they might pile up their dirty ill-gotten gains. I appealed to those men sympathetically, but it had no impression on their minds or their souls, for they only worshipped one god and that god was the god of gold—the dearest god that ever the shipowners had.—*Seafaring.*

"COMMONWEAL" GUARANTEE FUND.

All monies sent to this fund will be duly acknowledged in the Next Issue.

To Help the Paper.—There are several ways in which you can help to spread the *Weal*. Ask your newsagent to try and sell it. Get those who don't care to buy it month by month to subscribe direct. Arrange for the posting of contents bills anywhere you can. Any number of other plans will suggest themselves if you think about it.

Postal Propaganda.—Some who would like to do propaganda but dare not openly, or who cannot spare the time to do it personally, can find many ways in which it can be done quietly. Not the least useful among possible plans would be to order and pay for a number of copies to be sent to persons in whose hands they might do good. We will send six copies to six different addresses for 7d. Write the names and addresses legibly.

FABIAN SOCIETY.—A course of lectures on "COMMON OBJECTIONS TO SOCIALISM" will be given at Bloomsbury Hall, Hart Street, New Oxford Street, W.C. Friday, December 5, at 8 o'clock—VI. "The Coming Slavery." "That Socialism involves Bureaucracy and Jobbery," G. Bernard Shaw; "That Government can be dispensed with," H. W. Just. Dec. 19th. VII. "That Socialism, though desirable, cannot be brought about." "Because it would involve national dishonesty," W. S. de Mattos; "Because all except the destitute and reckless would be injured by the process," Frederic Hudson; "Because the revolution would involve violence and bloodshed," Edward R. Pease.

LECTURE DIARY.

LONDON.

Hammersmith Socialist Society.—Kelmescott House, Upper Mall, W. Lecture every Sunday at 8. French Class conducted by Mdlle. Desroches on Friday evenings at 7.30.

North Kensington.—Clarendon Coffee Palace, Clarendon Road. Meets every Wednesday at 8 p.m. Band practice every Tuesday at 8, in the hall at the back of the "Britannia" public-house, Latimer Road—more fifiers wanted.

North London.—6 Windmill Street, Tottenham Court Road. Meets every Wednesday evening at 8 o'clock.

PROVINCES.

Aberdeen.—Organiser, J. Leatham, 7 Jamaica Street. Branch meets in Odd-fellows' Small Hall, Crooked Lane, on Sunday evenings at 6.30. Singing practice, etc., Mondays at 8 p.m.

Glasgow.—Members are invited to meet on Thursday and Sunday evenings, at 8 o'clock, in the Secretary's house, 250 Crown Street, S.S. All communications to be sent to that address.

Halifax.—Socialists meet every Sunday at 6.30 p.m. at Helliwell's Temperance Hotel, Northgate.

Hull.—Club Liberty, 1 Beets Court, Blanket Row.

Leeds.—Socialist League Club, 1 Clarendon Buildings and Front Row, Victoria Road. Open every evening. Business meeting Saturdays at 8.—International Educational Club, near St. James's Hall, York Street. Open every evening. Lectures every Saturday at 4. All kinds of Socialist literature for sale at both clubs.

Leicester.—Room No. 7, Co-operative Hall, High Street. Branch meeting on Thursday at 8 p.m. Lecture in the Spiritualist Hall, Silver Street, every Sunday at 6.30. Nov. 30, J. C. Chambers, "Should Socialists Vote?" Dec. 7, G. Stanley, "Why are the many Poor?" 14th, Clara Warner, "Government." 21st, J. Billson (Fabian Society), "Socialism, and how to get it." 28th, Social Evening.

Manchester.—Socialist League Club, 60 Grovesnor Street, All Saints. Open every evening. Branch weekly meeting on Tuesdays at 8. On Sunday, Nov. 30, at 8, lecture by W. Bailie, "The Place of Modern Athens in Industrial Evolution." On Friday, Dec. 5, a discussion will take place at 8 o'clock, opened by W. Bailie—subject, "Difficulties of Communism."

Nottingham.—Socialist Club, Woodland Place, Upper Parliament Street. Club contribution, 1d. per week; Dancing every Wednesday, 8 till 10.30—fee 3d.

Norwich.—Members' meeting held every Tuesday at 8.30.

Oxford.—Temperance Hall, 25, Pembroke Street. First Friday in every month, at 8.30 p.m.

Sheffield.—Socialist Club, 63 Blonk Street. French Class, Tuesday at 8.30. Discussion Class, Wednesday at 8.30.

Walsall.—Socialist Club, 18 Goodall Street, Walsall. Meetings every night.

Yarmouth.—Socialist League Club, 56 Row, Market Place. Open every evening. Business Meeting, Tuesday at 8. Singing Practice, Wednesday at 8.30. Discussion Class, Thursday at 8.30. Elocution Class, Friday at 8.30.

All persons who sympathise with the views of the Socialist League are earnestly invited to communicate with the above addresses, and if possible to help us in preparing for the birth of a true society, based on equality, brotherhood, and freedom for all.

OPEN-AIR PROPAGANDA.

(Weather permitting.)

SUNDAY.

11	Commercial Road—Union Street	The Branch
11	Latimer Road Station	North Kensington Branch
11.30	Hammersmith Bridge	Hammersmith Branch
11.30	Hoxton Church	The Branch
11.30	Regent's Park	Nicoll
3.30	Hyde Park—Marble Arch	Mainwaring and Nicoll
3.30	Victoria Park	Commonweal Branch
3.30	Streatham Common	The Branch
7	Hammersmith Bridge	Hammersmith Branch
7	Wormwood Scrubs	North Kensington Branch
8	Kings Cross—Liverpool Street	The Branch
8	Walham Green—back of Church	Hammersmith Branch

FRIDAY.

8.15	Hoxton Church	The Branch
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PROVINCES.

Aberdeen.—Saturday: Castle Street, at 7.30 p.m.

Glasgow.—Sunday: Jail Square at 2 o'clock; Paisley Road at 5 o'clock.

Leeds.—Sunday: Market Gates, Kirkgate, at 11.30 a.m. and 7 p.m.

Leicester.—Saturday: Old Cross, Belgrave Gate, at 8 p.m. Sunday: Russell Square, at 10.45 a.m.

Liverpool.—Landing Stage, Sundays at 11.30 a.m. and 3 p.m.

Manchester.—Saturday: Middleton market ground, at 7 p.m. Sunday: Philips Park Gates, at 11; Stevenson Square, at 3. Monday: Market Street, Blackley, at 8.

Nottingham.—Sunday: Sneinton Market, at 11 a.m.; Great Market, at 7 p.m.

Norwich.—Saturday: Haymarket, at 8. Sunday: Market Place at 11, 3, and 7.30.

Sheffield.—Sunday: Monolith, Fargate, at 11.30; West Bar, at 11.30; Newhall Road, Attercliffe, at 11.30; Grimesthorpe, at 11.30; Rotherham, at 3 Woodhouse, at 3; West Bar, at 8; Attercliffe Road, at 8.

Yarmouth.—Sunday: Priory Plain, at 11; Fish Wharf, at 3; Hall Quay, at 7.

YARMOUTH.—The following addresses and papers will be given in the Socialist League Club, 56 Row, Market Place, Yarmouth, for the benefit of *Commonweal*, by local comrades; mornings at 11, evenings at 7:—Dec. 7th, Saunders, "The Relation of Secularism to Socialism."—Dec. 14th, R. E. Dell (Fabian), morning in Radical Hall, subject, "Socialism and Individualism;" evening, "Socialism and Trade Unionism."—Dec. 21st, J. Headley, "Why Working-men and Women should be Socialists."—Dec. 25th, J. Headley, "Was Christ a Socialist?"—Dec. 26th.—In the morning we shall visit Bradley, Burgh, Belton, and district with Socialist literature and *Commonweal*, and in the afternoon a strong force of Yarmouth Socialists will attack Caistor, Martham, Ormesby, and district; in the evening, "Revolutionary Concert in Club-room."—Dec. 29th, Evening Concert.—Jan. 4th, Brightwell, "Force, Fraud, and Fear."—Jan. 11th, Barnes, "Why I am a Socialist."

SOCIALIST LEAGUE PUBLICATIONS.

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STATEMENT OF PRINCIPLES.

THE Socialist League advocates International Revolutionary Socialism. That is to say the destruction of the present class society, which consists of one class who live by owning property and therefore *need not work*, and of another that has no property and therefore *must work* in order that they may live to keep the idlers by their labour. Revolutionary Socialism insists that this system of society, which is the modern form of slavery, should be changed to a system of Society which would give every man an opportunity of doing useful work, and not allow any man to live without so doing, which work could not be useful unless it were done for the whole body of workers instead of for do-nothing individuals. The result of this would be that livelihood would not be precarious nor labour burdensome. Labour would be employed in co-operation, and the struggle of man with man for bare subsistence would be supplanted by harmonious combination for the production of common wealth and the exchange of mutual services without the waste of labour or material.

Every man's needs would be satisfied from this common stock, but no man would be allowed to own anything which he could not use, and which consequently he must *abuse* by employing it as an instrument for forcing others to labour for him unpaid. Thus the land, the capital, machinery, and means of transit would cease to be private property, since they can only be *used* by the combination of labour to produce wealth.

Thus men would be *free* because they would no longer be dependent on idle property-owners for subsistence; thus they would be *brothers*, for the cause of strife, the struggle for subsistence at other people's expense, would have come to an end. Thus they would be *equal*, for if all men were doing useful work no man's labour could be dispensed with. Thus the motto of Liberty, Fraternity, and Equality, which is but an empty boast in a society that upholds the monopoly of the means of production, would at last be realised.

This Revolutionary Socialism must be International. The change which would put an end to the struggle between man and man, would destroy it also between nation and nation. One harmonious system of federation throughout the whole of civilisation would take the place of the old destructive rivalries. There would be no great centres breeding race hatred and commercial jealousy, but people would manage their own affairs in communities not too large to prevent all citizens from taking a part in the administration necessary for the conduct of life, so that party politics would come to an end.

Thus, while we abide by the old motto

Liberty, Fraternity, Equality,

we say that the existence of private property destroys Equality, and therefore under it there can be neither Liberty nor Fraternity.

We add to the first motto then this other one—

FROM EACH ACCORDING TO HIS CAPACITY, TO EACH ACCORDING TO HIS NEEDS.

When this is realised there will be a genuine Society; until it is realised, Society is nothing but a band of robbers. We must add that this change can only be brought about by combination amongst the workers themselves, and must embrace the whole of Society. The new life cannot be *given* to the workers by a class higher than they, but must be *taken* by them by means of the abolition of classes and the reorganisation of Society.

COUNCIL OF THE SOCIALIST LEAGUE.

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