

THE COMMONWEAL

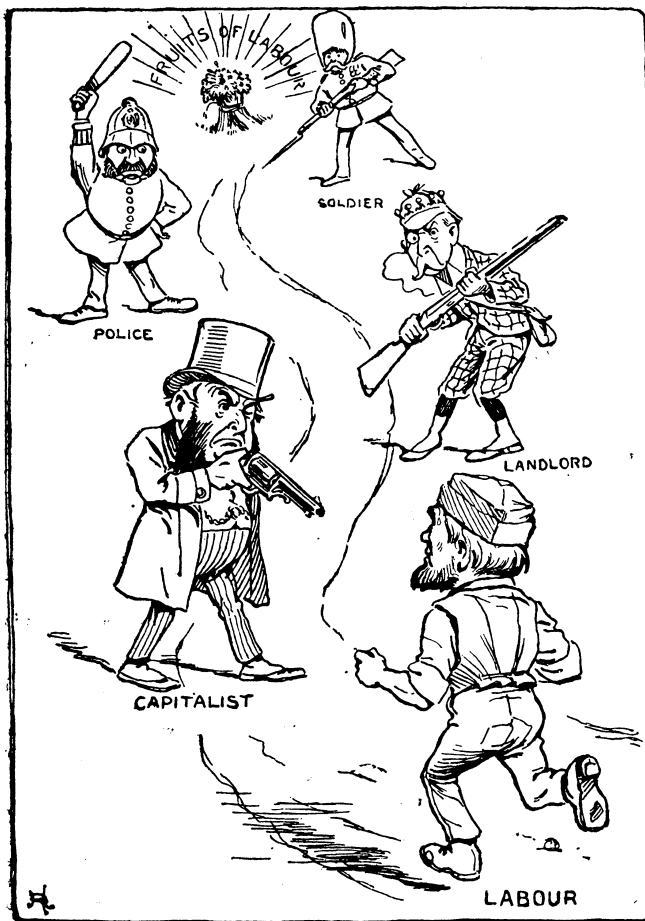
The Official Journal of the SOCIALIST LEAGUE.

VOL. 6.—No. 212.

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 1, 1890.

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 Braunseifen, 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 Hausman. 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 Socialistic 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 power, 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 HEARD 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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Brotherhood	Buffalo—Arbeiter-Zeitung	SPAIN	Madrid—El Socialista
Labour Elector	Chicago—Knights of Labor	GERMANY	Berlin—Volks Tribune
London—Freie Presse	Vorbote	AUSTRIA	Brunn—Volksfreund
Norwich—Daylight	Detroit—Der Arme Teufel	HUNGARY	Arbeiter-Wochen-Chronik
Personal Rights Journal	Milwaukee—National Reformer	DENMARK	Social-Demokraten
Social Demokrat	San Francisco Arbeiter-Zeitung	SWEDEN	Stockholm, Social-Demokraten
Seafaring	S. F. Coast Seaman's Journal	MALMO—ARIBET	
Worker's Friend	St Louis—Altruist	WEST INDIES	Cuba—El Productor
INDIA			
Bankpore—Bohar Herald			
UNITED STATES	FRANCE		
New York—Truthseeker	Paris—La Revolte		
Freiheit	Le Proletariat		
Der Sozialist	Vierzon—Le Reveil Social		
Volkszeitung	Charleville—L'Emancipation		
Twentieth Century	HOLLAND		
United Irishman	Hague—Recht voor Allen		
Workmen's Advocate	Middelburg—Licht en Waarheid		

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 pleasures 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-bear 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 Jingo 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 Lillie, 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 oaths 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 coaling-stations 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 criticize, 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, Brissac and Allemaigne, 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'Égalité*, 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, Gladstone 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 exceeding 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 policeman 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	42,561	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, 1l.

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 23th, 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.—Kelmecott 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, 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. 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.

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