

THE COMMONWEAL

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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:

Land-holding interest	209
Trade, commerce, and manufacture	186
Law	135
Fighting (Army and Navy, etc.)	128
Official (placemen and ex-placemen)	91
Literary and professional (law excluded)	77
Railway	62
Banking	33
Liquor	24
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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 Cunningham 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

¹ This decree was declared 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.

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 sublimary 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. Cunninghame 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 land.—A. B.

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 artisans, 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.)—Vorboten	Milan—Il Fascio Operaio
Justice	Detroit—Der Arme Teufel	Palermo—Avanti
Labour Tribune	Milwaukee—Die Wahrheit	SPAIN
Magazine and Book Review	Philadelph.—Knights of Labour	Madrid—El Socialista
People's Press	San Francisco Arbeiter Zeitung	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—Arbejderen
New York—Truthseeker	HOLLAND	SWEDEN
New York—Freiheit	Hague—Recht voor Allen	Stockholm, Social-Demokraten
Twentieth Century	Anarchist	Malmo—Arbetet
Volkszeitung	SWITZERLAND	ARGENTINE REPUBLIC
Bakers' Journal	Arbeiterstimme	Buenos Ayres—Vorwärts
Volume 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 Osenny. 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 'El 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 open 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 employés 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 is money 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-pooh 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 necessities of life indispensable to sustain physical strength necessary to enable the working-man to endure the hours of toil which the master exacts—usurious 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, Cal.

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 Commonwealth and all other Socialist publications from 8.30 a.m. to 9 p.m. every day except Sunday.

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.

Table with columns for names and amounts in £ s. d. format, including H. R., P. Webb, Nicoll, W. Hearn, North London (2 weeks), A. H. (Norwich), S. (Norwich), S. (Norwich), and Total.

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 Commonwealth. 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 Commonwealth 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.

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 Commonwealth. Speakers were Allworthy, Solitt, 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.

COMMONWEAL BRANCH.—At Union Street last Sunday morning a large and attentive audience was addressed by Leggatt and Mrs. Lahr; 49 Commonwealth 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 Commonwealth 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., Adjoined 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 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 3 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 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 Buokeridge
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 Waltham 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.; Vicars 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: 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
What Socialists Want	3 0
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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
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The Railway Kings and an American Empire	0 2
Object of the Labour Movement	0 2

MISCELLANEOUS.

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The Reciter for Clubs and Social Gatherings	0 1

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—AUGUST SPIES.

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LA REVOLTE

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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.