

# THE COMMONWEAL

## The Official Journal of the SOCIALIST LEAGUE.

[REGISTERED FOR TRANSMISSION ABROAD.]

VOL. 5.—No. 180.

SATURDAY, JUNE 22, 1889.

WEEKLY; ONE PENNY.

### NOTES ON NEWS.

On this side of the Atlantic we have had an "accident" of the kind the responsibility for which it is impossible for us not to take on our own shoulders; nature or ill-luck or what not, must be accused after us and not before us. As a matter of course, we have nothing to say about the men who have been arrested: even if they should be proved guilty of carelessness, yet after all it is not they who would be the real criminals, but rather ourselves, who allow monopolist companies to work our railways for profit, with the necessary consequence of low wages and long hours and short-handedness amongst the underlings out of whose pay and leisure the monopolists have to scrape up a dividend. What can come of such a system but misery and disaster on all hands?

I see the Rev. Mr. Viner, in presiding over a meeting of the Plumstead tram-car men, said that the object of the movement was not to make war on the company, but to get for the men a fair day's wages for a fair day's work. Well, the words are pretty, but unmeaning; the men are at war with the company, and must be so as long as they don't get a fair day's wage for their work; that is, until they are employed by the public and get what the public pays for riding in the cars instead of their do-nothing, dividend-drawing masters. The masters are showing them pretty well what war means already, and it is much to be feared that if the men don't learn to understand their position, and fight as hard as they can, they will soon be taught by their masters the meaning of one of the maxims of war: "Woe to the vanquished."

In point of fact, they are at the lesson now: the companies are acting in a quite straightforward commercial manner, and see the necessity of crushing the movement at once: they know their enemies, and put them *hors de combat* by giving them the sack without quarter. The public, however, are beginning to be a little uneasy at such straight "application of economical principles," as the bourgeois slang goes, and it is not so certain that the dividend-drawers will win.

Here is what a non-Socialist friend told me last night. Asking why a certain tram was late, one of the men told him that the company had extended their dinner time ("hour," I was going to write) from eight minutes to fifteen; and that in consequence they had to put on the extra minutes' work at the end of the day. How is that for shabbiness in this world where nature is so superabundant? I call it the very sublime of shabbiness: the true antithesis to the Widow's Mite.

The respectable critics have been very much down on Ibsen's play of "A Doll's House," now being acted at the Novelty Theatre, and profess to be shocked: Mr. Buchanan, *e.g.*, reiterating the phrase a "young woman of criminal proclivities" *apropos* of the heroine, whose crime one may say in passing is merely a technical one. How is this to be explained, linked as it is with the fact that the Socialists obviously look on the play as making for Socialism, and are enthusiastic about it? It is not difficult of explanation: whatever may be the demerits of "A Doll's House" as an acting play (by the way, if it is *different* from an ordinary modern play it must be better, just as any day different from last Whit-Monday must be better than it)—I say in any case it is a piece of the *truth* about modern society clearly and forcibly put. Therefore clearly it doesn't suit the critics, who are parasites of the band of robbers called modern society. Great is Diana of the Ephesians! But if my memory serves me, her rites were not distinguished for purity.

I note that the critics say that Ibsen's plays are pessimistic; so they are—to pessimists; and all intelligent persons who are not Socialists are pessimists. But the representation of the corruption of society carries with it in Ibsen's works aspirations for a better state of things, and that is not pessimism. Therefore Socialists recognise in them another token of the new dawn.  
W. M.

The *Pall Mall Gazette* in a recent issue says: "The proposal to administer the territory between Bechuanaland and Lake Tanganyika by means of a company armed with a Royal charter, has excited considerable uneasiness at Berlin, and it is understood, says the *Standard's* correspondent, that Germany and Portugal are both preparing to prevent any encroachment by the English company on their spheres of interest." Of course; this *administering* (beautiful word) of the territory mentioned may involve "poaching on the manors" of Germany and Portugal; the vultures don't want too large a company at their dinner-party.

On June 12th and 14th, we have two articles by Mr. John Mackenzie on "British Supremacy in South Africa," in which the writer impresses on us the quantity of healthy habitable land available in this region. He remarks: "Considering the landlessness of the people of these [British] isles, I have yet to find the man who will come forward and propose that her Majesty's Government should give away any part of Bechuanaland, up to the Zambesi, to any other administrative power whatever." It never occurs to Mr. Mackenzie, or any other advocate of "extended Imperial administration," that her Majesty's Government should leave any part of Bechuanaland in the hands of the natives. In fact, he expresses his feelings with ingenuous openness in the next quoted lines: "All would agree that the simplest and best method of overtaking our work in Bechuanaland would be to extend Imperial administration there, so that the whole country, from the border of the Cape Colony up to the great river at its northern boundary, may be in our hands." This is truly comprehensive and all-embracing; the writer should be congratulated on his large-minded views. He adds, "This also is what the natives desire." No doubt they do; we have it on the most trustworthy authority (of sportsmen) that the fox likes being hunted—rather enjoys the fun, in fact.

Mr. Mackenzie suggests an opening to British railway capitalists here, and even waves the glint of gold before our eyes, provided permission could be obtained from one of the native chiefs to begin gold-mining, "which would amply secure those dividends which shareholders in a commercial undertaking always look for." There is "room for all" in South Africa, he thinks; the white man will find scope for his energy, and will bring his chastening influence to bear upon the untutored native, who will "find that with the passing away of his old methods and beliefs, he has offered to him more ennobling teaching, and the possibility of living in peace, and enjoying the fruit of his industry." Mr. Mackenzie becomes pious towards the end of his second article, and says that he regards the recent concurrence of events in South Africa as "the call of Divine Providence to occupy and administer that great country till it is ready for self-government."

The Queen has sent a message of sympathy "kindly worded" to the scene of the railway disaster at Armagh; that done, she very likely troubles herself no further about the matter. Her Majesty's "messages of sympathy"—seldom or never accompanied by anything more substantial—are perhaps proverbial by this time. We English are so snobbish and apathetic we deserve what we get.

The Shah of Persia's journal, published in 1874 after his visit to England, contains some very amusing reading, and gives a fresh aspect of English life, which should be a godsend to some of us who find London life rather dry in its old day-to-day aspect. For example, the following tribute to the police, how vigorous and picturesque in its language, and yet how touchingly true in every particular:—"The police of this town is eight thousand strong, all handsome young men, in a particular dress. The citizens set great estimation on the police; whoever behaves disrespectfully to the police is adjudged worthy of death."  
M. M.

The increase of professional vagabonds in France causes uneasiness to the professional politicians, and the mayors of communes are asked to be more rigorous towards them. The increase has been greater of late years, owing to the vast number of unemployed. America also clamours for fresh legislation against tramps. *Reynolds* may include these notes in its next gush *re* glorious Republican institutions. F. K.

## LOOKING BACKWARD.'

said that the signs of the spread of Socialism among the people are both abundant and striking. This is true; ten years ago the word Socialism was known in this country, even among the "educated" classes knew more about it than Mr. Bradlaugh, Mr. Gladstone, or Admiral Maxse know anything about, nothing. Whereas at present it is fashionable for even the most fastidious and dinner-parties to affect an interest in and knowledge of it, and this indicates a wide and deep public interest. This interest is also obvious in literature perhaps than in anything else, quite outside of the propaganda tracts issued by definitely Socialist societies. A certain tincture of Socialism, for instance (generally very watery), is almost a necessary ingredient nowadays in a novel which aims at being at once serious and life-like, while more serious treatment of the subject at the hands of non-Socialists is common enough. In short the golden haze of self-satisfaction and content with the best of all possible societies is rolling away before the sun-heat bred of misery and aspiration, and all people above the lowest level of intelligence (which I take to be low gambling and statesmanship) are looking towards the new development, some timorously, some anxiously, some hopefully.

It seems clear to me that the reception which Mr. Bellamy's 'Looking Backward' has received that there are a great many people who are hopeful in regard to Socialism. I am sure that ten years ago it would have been very little noticed, if at all; whereas now several editions have been sold in America, and it is attracting general attention in England, and to anyone not deeply interested in the social question it could not be at all an attractive book. It is true that it is cast into the form of a romance, but the author states very frankly in his preface that he has only given it this form as a sugar-coating to the pill, and the device of making a man wake up in a new world has now grown so common, and has been done with so much more care and art than Mr. Bellamy has used, that by itself this would have done little for it: it is the serious essay and not the slight envelope of romance which people have found interesting to them.

Since, therefore, both Socialists and non-Socialists have been so much impressed with the book, it seems to me necessary that the *Commonweal* should notice it. For it is a 'Utopia.' It purports to be written in the year 2000, and to describe the state of society at that period after a gradual and peaceable revolution has realised the Socialism which to us is but in the beginning of its militant period. It requires notice all the more because there is a certain danger in such books as this: a twofold danger; for there will be some temperaments to whom the answer given to the question "How shall we live then?" will be pleasing and satisfactory, others to whom it will be displeasing and unsatisfactory. The danger to the first is that they will accept it with all its necessary errors and fallacies (which such a book must abound in) as conclusive statements of facts and rules of action, which will warp their efforts into futile directions. The danger to the second, if they are but enquirers or very young Socialists, is that they also accepting its speculations as facts, will be inclined to say, "If that is Socialism, we won't help its advent, as it holds out no hope to us."

The only safe way of reading a utopia is to consider it as the expression of the temperament of its author. So looked at, Mr. Bellamy's utopia must be still called very interesting, as it is constructed with due economical knowledge, and with much adroitness; and of course his temperament is that of many thousands of people. This temperament may be called the unmixed modern one, unhistoric and unartistic; it makes its owner (if a Socialist) perfectly satisfied with modern civilisation, if only the injustice, misery, and waste of class society could be got rid of; which half-change seems possible to him. The only ideal of life which such a man can see is that of the industrious professional middle-class men of to-day purified from their crime of complicity with the monopolist class, and become independent instead of being, as they now are, parasitical. It is not to be denied that if such an ideal could be realised, it would be a great improvement on the present society. But can it be realised? It means in fact the alteration of the machinery of life in such a way that all men shall be allowed to share in the fulness of that life, for the production and upholding of which the machinery was instituted. There are clear signs to show us that that very group whose life is thus put forward as an ideal for the future are condemning it in the present, and that they also demand a revolution. The pessimistic revolt of the latter end of this century led by John Ruskin against the philistinism of the triumphant bourgeois, halting and stumbling as it necessarily was, shows that the change in the life of civilisation had begun, before any one seriously believed in the possibility of altering its machinery.

It follows naturally from the author's satisfaction with the best part of modern life that he conceives of the change to Socialism as taking place without any breakdown of that life, or indeed disturbance of it, by means of the final development of the great private monopolies which are such a noteworthy feature of the present day. He supposes that these must necessarily be absorbed into one great monopoly which will include the whole people and be worked for its benefit by the whole people. It may be noted in passing that by this use of the word monopoly he shows unconsciously that he has his mind fixed firmly on the mere machinery of life: for clearly the only part of their system which the people would or could take over from the monopolists would be the machinery of organisation, which monopoly is forced to use, but which is not an essential part of it. The essential of monopoly is, "I warm myself by the fire which you have made, and you (very much the plural) stay outside in the cold."

To go on. This hope of the development of the trusts and rings to which the competition for privilege has driven commerce, especially in America, is the distinctive part of Mr. Bellamy's book; and it seems to me to be a somewhat dangerous hope to rest upon, too uncertain to be made a sheet-anchor of. It may be indeed the logical outcome of the most modern side of commercialism—i.e., the outcome that ought to be; but then there is its historical outcome to be dealt with—i.e., what will be; which I cannot help thinking may be after all, as far as this commercial development is concerned, the recurrence of breaks-up and re-formations of this kind of monopoly, under the influence of competition for privilege, or war for the division of plunder, till the flood comes and destroys them all. A far better hope to trust to is that men having once got it into their heads that true life implies free and equal life, and that is now possible of attainment, they will consciously strive for its attainment at any cost. The economical semi-fatalism of some Socialists is a deadening and discouraging view, and may easily become more so, if events at present unforeseen bring back the full tide of "commercial prosperity"; which is by no means unlikely to happen.

The great change having thus peaceably and fatalistically taken place, the author has to put forward his scheme of the organisation of life; which is organised with a vengeance. His scheme may be described as State Communism, worked by the very extreme of national centralisation. The underlying vice in it is that the author cannot conceive, as aforesaid, of anything else than the machinery of society, and that, doubtless naturally, he reads in to the future of a society, which he tells us is unwastefully conducted, that terror of starvation which is the necessary accompaniment of a society in which two-thirds or more of its labour-power is wasted: the result is that though he tells us that every man is free to choose his occupation and that work is no burden to anyone, the impression which he produces is that of a huge standing army, tightly drilled, compelled by some mysterious fate to unceasing anxiety for the production of wares to satisfy every caprice, however wasteful and absurd, that may cast up amongst them.

As an illustration it may be mentioned that everybody is to begin the serious work of production at the age of twenty-one, work three years as a labourer, and then choose his skilled occupation and work till he is forty-five, when he is to knock off his work and amuse himself (improve his mind, if he has one left him). Heavens! think of a man of forty-five changing all his habits suddenly and by compulsion! It is a small matter after this that the said persons past work should form a kind of aristocracy (how curiously old ideas cling) for the performance of certain judicial and political functions.

Mr. Bellamy's ideas of life are curiously limited; he has no idea beyond existence in a great city; his dwelling of man in the future is Boston (U.S.A.) beautified. In one passage, indeed, he mentions villages, but with unconscious simplicity shows that they do not come into his scheme of economical equality, but are mere servants of the great centres of civilisation. This seems strange to some of us, who cannot help thinking that our experience ought to have taught us that such aggregations of population afford the worst possible form of dwelling-place, whatever the second-worst might be.

In short, a machine-life is the best which Mr. Bellamy can imagine for us on all sides; it is not to be wondered at then that his only idea of making labour tolerable is to decrease the amount of it by means of fresh and ever fresh developments of machinery. This view I know he will share with many Socialists with whom I might otherwise agree more than I can with him; but I think a word or two is due to this important side of the subject. Now surely this ideal of the great reduction of the hours of labour by the mere means of machinery is a futility. The human race has always put forth about as much energy as it could in given conditions of climate and the like, though that energy has had to struggle against the natural laziness of mankind: and the development of man's resources, which has given him greater power over nature, has driven him also into fresh desires and fresh demands on nature, and thus made his expenditure of energy much what it was before. I believe that this will be always so, and the multiplication of machinery will just—multiply machinery; I believe that the ideal of the future does not point to the lessening of men's energy by the reduction of labour to a minimum, but rather to the reduction of pain in labour to a minimum, so small that it will cease to be a pain; a gain to humanity which can only be dreamed of till men are even more completely equal than Mr. Bellamy's utopia would allow them to be, but which will most assuredly come about when men are really equal in condition; although it is probable that much of our so-called "refinement," our luxury—in short, our civilisation—will have to be sacrificed to it. In this part of his scheme, therefore, Mr. Bellamy worries himself unnecessarily in seeking (with obvious failure) some incentive to labour to replace the fear of starvation, which is at present our only one, whereas it cannot be too often repeated that the true incentive to useful and happy labour is and must be pleasure in the work itself.

I think it necessary to state these objections to Mr. Bellamy's utopia, not because there is any need to quarrel with a man's vision of the future of society, which, as above said, must always be more or less personal to himself; but because this book, having produced a great impression on people who are really enquiring into Socialism, will be sure to be quoted as an authority for what Socialists believe, and that, therefore, it is necessary to point out that there are some Socialists who do not think that the problem of the organisation of life and necessary labour can be dealt with by a huge national centralisation, working by a kind of magic for which no one feels himself responsible; that on the contrary it will be necessary for the unit of administra-

tion to be small enough for every citizen to feel himself responsible for its details, and be interested in them; that individual men cannot shuffle off the business of life on to the shoulders of an abstraction called the State, but must deal with it in conscious association with each other. That variety of life is as much an aim of true Communism as equality of condition, and that nothing but an union of these two will bring about real freedom. That modern nationalities are mere artificial devices for the commercial war that we seek to put an end to, and will disappear with it. And, finally, that art, using that word in its widest and due signification, is not a mere adjunct of life which free and happy men can do without, but the necessary expression and indispensable instrument of human happiness.

On the other hand, it must be said that Mr. Bellamy has faced the difficulty of economical reconstruction with courage, though he does not see any other sides to the problem, such, e.g., as the future of the family; that at any rate he sees the necessity for the equality of the reward of labour, which is such a stumbling block for incomplete Socialists; and his criticism of the present monopolist system is forcible and fervid. Also up and down his pages there will be found satisfactory answers to many ordinary objections. The book is one to be read and considered seriously, but it should not be taken as the Socialist bible of reconstruction; a danger which perhaps it will not altogether escape, as incomplete systems impossible to be carried out but plausible on the surface are always attractive to people ripe for change, but not knowing clearly what their aim is.

WILLIAM MORRIS.

INTERNATIONAL SOCIALIST WORKING-MEN'S CONGRESS.

To the Editor of Justice.

DEAR COMRADE,—In your issue of June 15—namely, in H. M. Hyndman's article entitled "The International Workers' Congress and the Marxist Clique"—I find it asserted that "both Stepniak and W. Farnell declare in writing that their names were appended to the Marxist circular without their consent." Allow me to say that no such declaration has been made by me and that my name has been appended to the said circular with my full consent.

I was in doubt at one time—and I made no secret of it—whether I have the right of signing such a document, having for obvious reasons no regular mandate from my country. But my scruples have been removed by the secretary of the Organising Commission, who informed me that the Commission will make allowance for the peculiar conditions of countries like Russia—a proceeding which has its precedents in former international congresses, and of which I was very happy to have the benefit. I think that we, the so-called Russian Nihilists, must take every opportunity of showing our solidarity with the great international Socialist movement; and I may be excused, I suppose, for refusing to admit that William Morris, Engels, Lafargue, and Bebel, with the body of German Social-Democratic deputies, have no claim to represent a huge part of this movement.—Yours very truly,  
16 June, 1889. S. STEPNIAK.

The following further adhesions have been received:—

RUSSIA—For the Russian Social-Democratic Union: Axelrod, Plechenoff, Vera Sazzoulitch.

SWEDEN—For the Social-Democratic Party: Brandtling, Danielson, Palm.

EAST-END CAPMAKERS.—These sweated workers have formed a union on advanced lines, comrade Rochman being elected honorary president. Meets at "Black Swan," Hanbury Street, Spitalfields, every Saturday night. Sixty-three joined at the first meeting, and it is fast growing.

POISONED AT WORK.—In a Nottingham paper is an account of how a workman, Arthur Meakin, died poisoned at his work with nitric acid gas. Arthur Meakin had the job of cleaning out condensing chambers at Old Barford Chemical Works, where the fumes of the gas were strong. He started for his work on Wednesday, June 12th, in his usual health and spirits. He went into the deadly chamber, and on returning home complained to his wife of a pain in his stomach. By 11 o'clock on Thursday morning he was dead. The doctor said he died of congestion of the lungs, which he believed was brought about by his breathing noxious fumes while at work. The coroner, in his charge, of course made it as light as possible for the owners of the chemical works. The man had not taken proper precautions, and so on; but he was forced to admit that the employment was not a "harmless" one, and the jury returned a verdict in accordance with the medical testimony. But what of the system that forces men to risk their lives in poisonous work for a scanty pittance? Murdered by competition should have been the verdict.

MURDEROUS SLAVE-DRIVING IN SHOPS.—At a recent meeting of the Protective Association of Warehouse, Stores, and Shop Assistants, the following tale was told by a speaker, for the accuracy of which he vouched:—"I was in the employ, some years ago, of a man who was a regular slave-driver. There was a young lady who was worn out with work. I have seen her drop down behind the counter, and have carried her out myself twice in one day. Well, one day I saw her looking very white, and I said to her: 'Sit down, you'll drop,' and I brought her a stool, and she sat down. And just then the employer came up and saw her sitting down; and he said, 'We can't have these lazy ways here,' and he kicked away the stool from under her, and she fell on the floor. I saw it myself, and she managed to keep about till the end of the week. She had a widowed mother depending on her; they had nothing but what she earned. And on the Monday morning she was ill, and he mother went up and told her it was time to go to the shop, and she said, 'Shop! Oh, mother, I can't go; I can't do it.' And her mother said: 'Well, you know what it means if you don't; you'll be turned off, and we shall have nothing.' But then she saw how ill she looked, and she said: 'There lie down a bit again, and I'll come up by and by; never mind if you are late.' And she went up half an hour after and found her lying dead. And that man goes on, and has a large business, and he goes to church on Sundays and hears read our: 'Thou shalt do no murder.' But if ever there was a murderer in the sight of heaven, that man is a murderer."

THE STRENGTH OF TYRAN.

(FROM THE *Chartist Circular*, 1841.)

THE tyrant's chains are only strong  
While slaves submit to wear them;  
And who could bind them on the throng  
Determined not to bear them?  
Then clank your chain; 'e'en though the links  
Were light as fashion's feather,  
The heart which rightly thinks and feels  
Would cast them altogether.

The lords of earth are only great  
While others clothe and feed them!  
But what were all their pride and state  
Should labour cease to heed them?  
The swain is higher than a king:  
Before the laws of nature  
The monarch were a useless thing,  
The swain a useful creature.

We toil, we spin, we delve the mine,  
Sustaining each his neighbour;  
And who can show a right divine  
To rob us of our labour?  
We rush to battle, bear our lot  
In every ill and danger;  
And who shall make the peaceful cot  
To homely joy a stranger?

erish all tyrants far and near,  
Beneath the chains that bind us;  
And perish, too, that servile fear  
Which makes the slaves they find us.  
One grand, one universal claim,  
One peal of moral thunder,  
One glorious burst in Freedom's name,  
And rend our bonds asunder!

CHARLES COLE, *A London Mechanic.*

REVOLUTIONARY CALENDAR.

WEEK ENDING JUNE 29, 1889.

23	Sun.	1789. King declares proceedings of the National Assembly void, and orders them to dissolve. 1848. Workmen's revolt begins at Paris. 1880. Obnorski and other workers tried in St. Petersburg for Socialist propaganda. Sentences: mines, 1; prison, 2. 1883. Louise Michel sentenced to six years' imprisonment.
24	Mon.	1535. Münster re-taken by the Prince-Bishop. 1725. Malt-tax riot at Glasgow. 1797. Thomas Williams tried for publishing Paine's 'Age of Reason.' 1799. William Byrne tried for "rebellion and murder" as leader of the Irish rebels in '98. 1848. Cavaignac dictator of Paris. 1848. First number of the <i>Irish Felon</i> , Dublin, edited by John Martin, 5d. weekly; suppressed July 22. 1877. N. P. Ogareff, Russian revolutionary poet, died an exile in London in great poverty; a very old man, he had lived by mending umbrellas, his extensive property having been confiscated by the Russian Government.
25	Tues.	1830. First number of <i>Cobbett's Twopenny Trash</i> . 1836. Louis Alibaud fired at Louis Philippe. 1848. Archbishop of Paris killed. 1864. Hugo's 'Les Misérables' added to the <i>Index Expurgatorius</i> . 1884. Trial ends of 36 Socialists at Grätz. 1887. Seven more of the conspirators of March 13 privately murdered in prison at St. Petersburg.
26	Wed.	1794. Trial of William Drennan for sedition. 1794. Balloons first used in warfare by French Republican army of the Netherlands at Fleurus. 1800. James Hadfield tried for shooting at George III. in Drury Lane Theatre. 1821. Motion in the House of Commons for "a Commission to visit New Lanark, to examine the condition and treatment of the working-classes in that Establishment, to enquire into any future arrangements which Mr. Owen may propose for the benefit of labourers, and to report the same to the House," negatived without a division. 1839. Robert Owen, introduced by Lord Melbourne, presents to the Queen, at her levee, the address adopted at the Birmingham Congress. 1848. Workmen's revolt suppressed in Paris. 1870. Armand Barbès died. 1881. Edmond Beales died.
27	Thur.	1798. Bagenal Harvey hanged. 1832. First number of the <i>Morning Star</i> , first London penny daily, friendly to the Owenites. 1876. Harriet Martineau died. 1881. Most sentenced in Court of Crown Cases Reserved to 16 months' hard labour.
28	Fri.	1712. Rousseau born. 1792. Lafayette attempts to reinstate authority in Paris and fails. 1795. Middlesex magistrates pronounce certain biscuits "treasonable and seditious," as they bear the cap of liberty. 1816. John Dennis, George Crow, William Beamis, Thomas South, and Isaac Hailey hung for their part in the Fen Riots. 1862. Slivnitzki, Arnold, and Rostovski shot in Modlin for organising a military revolutionary society (Velikoross); three others flogged with spitz-rattens.
29	Sat.	1688. Seven Bishops acquitted. 1795. Meeting of the London Corresponding Society at St. George's Fields. 1798. Leopardi born. 1849. Baden rising suppressed. 1875. Trial of Diakoff, Seriakoff, and others at St. Petersburg. Sentences: mines, 4; prison, 2. 1879. Conference at Lipetzk of delegates from all Russian revolutionary organisations, where terrorist tactics were resolved on.

The wages of furnace hands in the Chenango Valley, Pa., have been reduced 10 per cent.



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

Communications invited on Social Questions. They should be written on one side of the paper, addressed to the Editors, 13 Farringdon Rd., E.C., and accompanied by the name and address of the writer, not necessarily for publication.

As all articles are signed, no special significance attaches to them because of their position in these pages. None to be taken as more than in a general manner expressing the views of the League as a body, except it be so explicitly declared by the Editors. Rejected MSS. only returned if a stamped directed envelope is forwarded with them. Subscriptions.—For Europe and United States, including postage, per year, 6s. six months, 3s.; three months, 1s. 6d.

Business communications to be addressed to Manager of the COMMONWEAL, 13 Farringdon Road, E.C. Remittances in Postal Orders or halfpenny stamps.

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Periodicals received during the week ending Wednesday June 17.

ENGLAND	MILWAUKEE	ITALY
Justice	Milwaukee—National Reformer	Rome—L'Emancipazione
Labour Tribune	San Francisco Arbeiter-Zeitung	Milan—Il Fascio Operaio
Labour Leader	St. Louis (Mo.)—Die Parole	Ancona—Il Libero Patto
London—Freie Presse	Valley Falls (Kan.)—Lucifer	
Norwich—Daylight		SPAIN
North British Daily Mail	Paris—Le Parti Ouvrier (daily)	Seville—La Solidaridad
Nottingham Daily Express	La Proletariat	Barcelona—El Productor
Railway Review	La Revolte	Madrid—El Socialista
Revolutionary Review	Le Coup de Feu	PORTUGAL
Social Demokrat	L'Attaque	Lisbon—O Protesto Operario
Worker's Friend	Le Soir	Porto—A Revolta
	Lille—Le Cri du Travailleur	GERMANY
Bankipore—Behar Herald	Commentary—Le Socialiste	Berlin—Volks Tribune
Madras—People's Friend		Brunn—Arbeiterstimme
UNITED STATES	HOLLAND	AUSTRIA
New York—Der Sozialist	Hague—Recht voor Allen	Hungary
Freiheit		Arbeiter-Wochen-Chronik
Volkszeitung	BELGIUM	DENMARK
Workmen's Advocate	Ghent—Vooruit	Social-Demokraten
Boston—Woman's Journal	Antwerp—De Werker	SWEDEN
Investigator	Liege—L'Avenir	Malmo—Arbetet
Chicago (Ill)—Vorbote	Brussels—Le Drapeau Noir	WEST INDIES
Hacker Zeitung	SWITZERLAND	Cuba—El Productor
Detroit—Der Arme Teufel	Arbeiterstimme	
	Geneva—Przedswit	

A SWAGSMAN'S FAREWELL.

[FROM THE BRISBANE (QUEENSLAND) 'BOOMERANG.']

GENERALLY speaking, when a man leaves a place, perhaps for ever, there is someone in particular to whom he would like to say "Good-bye." Such is not my case; but, not wishing to lack in courtesy, I make my bow, and to all whom it may concern I now say "Farewell."

Yes, after a weary sojourn of six years in this perspiring land of parti-coloured humanity and fervid politics, I feel tired and my soul yearns with a great yearning for that which has been denied me in my pilgrimage here—the boon of steady and fairly remunerative employment. Being only a swagsman, my departure might have passed unnoticed had I not called attention to it; even now that I have done so, nobody perhaps cares. "Only a swagsman," they say, "some idle worthless rascal; good riddance to him!"

I am a meek and lowly-minded man, accustomed to having the finger of scorn pointed at me by justly-incensed squatters and others when, after a day's hard tramp, I have hawked my labour up to their doors and dared to ask for a job. What was I to them but a thing whose grotesque shadow marred the beauty of the landscape and whose fossilised remains future generations might mistake for an extinct species of quadruped with a peculiar hump on its back? Being slow-witted and dull of perception, it took me a long while to tumble to the fact that the Government had imported me when they had no use for me. When the truth did first dawn upon me I gave way to impious anger; wicked words escaped me, and I longed—oh! how I did long—for a private interview with one Professor Bonwick, who had lied unto me. He had told me strange tales of a land of boundless wealth, o'erflowing with milk of human kindness, of trees perpetually laden with luscious fruits, and of honey abounding everywhere—a land where poverty existed not and all mankind were blessed with content and happiness. He spoke not of the Heathen Chinese, the guileless Kanaka, and the

wily Cingalese. Neither spoke he of Maltese, Javanese, the amok-running Malay, and the perambulating vendor of miscellaneous articles in silks who hails from Afghanistan. Nay, he said unto me that all men in Queensland were as brothers. He was a facetious man, and dearly loved to have his little joke.

"Young man," he said, "when you arrive in that beautiful land to which you are going, so many people will be awaiting to employ you that you will be somewhat perplexed in deciding for whom you will work." Just so. They are still awaiting, and I was much perplexed. Perhaps they were not advised of my arrival; and though I advertised that I had come, still they came not. Ah, me! After weary waiting they may have given me up. It may be that with thoughtful hearts and careful hands they had cleared out a corner of the old barn for my reception and nailed kerosene tin over the holes where the shingles were shot away in the encounter with the carpet snake, or perhaps they had erected a new fowl-house that I might take possession of the old one and be comfortable therein. It is the terrible uncertainty of who they were that has made me what I am; but I try to console myself with the thought that one day I may find them in that land to which all sooner or later must emigrate, where the unemployed cease from troubling and the swagsman is at rest.

As I before remarked, I am meek and lowly-minded, but once I had a vain desire to possess the privilege of voting at a general election in the country which adopted me and in which I have been as an orphan. Such vanity has passed from me now, and I gaze with fearfulness at a Paternal Government when it says, "Behold, is not the land a big and a fruitful? Come, let us people the land; we will send to Europe where men are overworked and bring them here where there is nothing to do, and to them that desire it we will give an ant-hill and a dried-up waterhole for a homestead that they abide in the land. When the men whom they have brought out have dwelt awhile in the land and waxed lean on idleness, then they lift up the voice of ingratitude against their benefactors, and speak scornfully of them which sit in high places."

Why do they rage? Have they not, like other distinguished visitors, received free railway passes to the furthest extremity of a line which was not built with a sordid view to paying expenses, that their eyes might behold that Western Paradise whose joys are as a sealed book to them who have not been there? A wise and far-seeing Government heeds them not, but, regardless of personal expense and self-sacrifice, still carries on the noble work of populating this colony and her next neighbour; the penny daily advertisers jubilantly declare each new batch of immigrants finer than the last; the planter hums the glad refrain, "sugar's up and labour's down"; the squatter has sweet visions of a trip to Europe and cheap rouseabouts; the pawnbroker heaves the sigh of satisfaction as he trades a billy-can for the new chum's last garment of respectability and takes care of his watch for a consideration. The moon-faced heathen alone casts the oblique eye of alarm at the latest importation of mean whites, fearing lest they infringe on his prerogative of cabbage-growing; but his celestial countenance quickly assumes its wonted expression of blind serenity as he notes them slowly drifting away—he knows not where, nor cares either, so long as they do not jump his claim.

Amidst this universal joy I am sad, and meditatively I wend my way to the depot, and, drawing near to a little group of chummies, I hear a suppressed growl of "I ain't agoing to work for ten bob a-week and cook my own grub." Another chips in, "You're lucky to get a chance at all; nobody's been to hire me yet!" While another exclaims, "I'll go to Sydney if I can, or else join the Salvation Army—they might get a fellow a job!" Like "reminiscences of the ruins of Pompeii" comes gently stealing o'er me the memory of a day when I was Bonwicked too, and choking back the sob of exceeding great sympathy, I turn to my mate and exclaim, with sorrowful emphasis, "Why, oh why, was I brought out here?"

"Ask me something hard an' I'll tell you," says he. "You was brought here, like these chaps is, so as where there is work for only one man there shall be twenty to apply for it, and the cheapest gets the job! You was brought here so as rich shareholders in big shipping companies should make a profit out of you! You was brought here to make rich men richer and poor men poorer, and so as big-bugs could get their friends fat billets in the immigration apartments! You was brought here to wear your soul-case out while the Pharisees [he meant parasites] of society gets fat on your hide! If you want to know, you was brought here to do another man out of his job or make him work cheaper! You fat-headed old duffer! you was brought out here like being put in pawn—so as they could borrow money on you and make their bloomin' piles the quicker; and the sooner you and me gets out of this the better, or we'll soon be working for nothing a-week and find our own tucker!"

I catch on. Legislation is a game limited to a few players, but pans out well to the holders of a hand. Honesty is a bad card to play, but the immigration trick is the "joker" of the pack—it scoops the pool every time. The players have a high old time, but God help their victims—the hundreds of poor wretches who this day are wandering throughout the length and breadth of the colony in aimless fashion like lost sheep. To them it means starvation, the desolation of despair. And so Queensland, thou happy exploiting ground of the syndicate and capitalist, to thee and all the halo of romance with which humbug and the fertile imagination of the well-paid lecturer have enriched thee, I bid farewell! I go to a land bigger in population though smaller in area than thou art, and whose wise Government never borrowed a single penny to misspend on Free or Assisted Immigration.

W. JENKINS.

## CORRESPONDENCE.

## "SEAFARING."

SIR,—I notice a rather injudicious letter in your last from Mr. Reid, the local secretary of the National Seamen's Union at Hull. I term it injudicious because it is opposed to all good government of an organisation, that matters under the control of the central body should be taken up by local officials. I have every respect for Mr. Reid as an earnest and indefatigable worker in the cause, but he needs to temper his zeal with judgment. Had he done so on this occasion, I am persuaded that it would have appeared to him more orderly to have sent his complaint against *Seafaring* to the Executive Committee of the Union than to have rushed into print with it.

However, as Mr. Reid has delivered himself, he needs a reply. He asks "Has Mr. Cowie been deceiving us?" For my own part I cannot see how he has, for at the Conference of Seamen, held at Sunderland in March last, over which I had the honour of presiding, when the agreement was come to about *Seafaring* I asked Mr. Cowie whether the paper was printed at a union establishment, as I felt, and still feel, strongly on that point. His reply was in the negative, and he stated that his arrangements with the present firm were such that he could not make a change for awhile. I then impressed upon him the necessity for making the change as quickly as possible, which I understood he would do. What the arrangements were I felt to be no part of my business. It may, however, be the duty of the Executive of the Union to inquire, and for my part I hope they will; but as for Mr. Cowie deceiving the Union it is a grave charge, and knowing that he has done no such thing I feel it my duty to pen these few lines in his defence, though I hope he will not delay in having the desired change effected.—Yours truly,

W. FOREMAN.

55, Colebrook Row, London, N., June 12th, 1889.

## ANARCHY AND COMMUNISM.

## AN ANSWER TO W. MORRIS.

SIR,—I was very much interested in the perusal of comrade Morris's letter in *Commonweal* for May 18th, on the subject of Anarchism and Communism, and like him I am only desirous of noting down a few thoughts suggested by reading his letter. "I will begin by calling myself a Communist," says our comrade, "and have no wish to qualify that word by joining any other to it." I, on the other hand, call myself an Anarchist-Communist, and have no wish to separate the two words, as I think they fully convey the meaning I wish to give them; nor do I see how either word is modified by the other as Morris contends.

First, I am an Anarchist because I will admit of no compulsion of man over man—because I would be free; and freedom cannot obtain where there is compulsion arising from authority.

Secondly, I am a Communist because the communal system seems to me to be capable of affording the best opportunities of association and facilities for co-operation.

Large towns are necessarily unhealthy, and their replacement by small communes sufficiently far apart to admit of tracts of country between each commune, would not only bring us back to health, but would afford every opportunity to till the land lying, as it were, at our very doors. The coupling of the two words, then, do not modify each other, since the word anarchy has reference to the political status of the people, while the word commune has reference to their grouping and geographical arrangement.

It is possible, for instance, to introduce the communal system under capitalism, and if so it clearly has no modifying effect on the anarchistic state of society. Again, it is possible to introduce Anarchy without the intervention of the communal system.

"The aim of Communism," says our comrade, "seems to me to be the complete equality of condition for all people." And then he goes on to show that anything which falls short of this "complete equality" is a sham to be guarded against. There can be no mistaking his claim for real equality; even "its ethics have to be based on the recognition of natural cause and effect, and not on rules derived from *a priori* ideas of the relation of man to the universe or some imagined ruler of it; and from these two things, the equality of condition and the recognition of the cause and effect of material nature, will grow all Communist life."

Now this explanation of the "new order" as he sees it, is as wide and as generous as the most ardent Anarchist could desire, and I entirely fail to see how it differs in any essential particulars from the declaration of principles agreed to by our Spanish comrades at Valentia. The only difference that I am able to discover between Morris and our Spanish comrades is that while the five clauses in their declaration bear out and explain each other, Morris's definition of Communism is contradicted in his attempts to explain it.

I now come to the kernel of the whole question. Anarchist-Communists assert that while there is authority there can be no freedom. Morris contends that "if freedom from authority means the assertion of the advisability or possibility of an individual man doing what he pleases always and under all circumstances, this is an absolute negation of Society, and makes Communism as the highest expression of Society impossible." As I have already said, I regard the communal system as the best means at present understood of dividing the people into groups, but the communal system is not itself necessarily Socialistic. The communal system is in existence in France, Switzerland, and Russia, and in these three countries capitalism reigns supreme.

The Anarchist seek freedom through individual liberty by affirming the sovereignty of the individual, whose liberty can only be restricted by the like claim for liberty on the part of others. But "when you begin to qualify this assertion of the right to do as you please by adding 'as long as you don't interfere with other people's rights to do the same,' the exercise of some kind of authority becomes necessary," says Morris. I became quite anxious to know what that authority was to be, and to my disappointment I read the following explanation: "If individuals are not to coerce others, there must somewhere be an authority which is prepared to coerce them not to coerce; and that authority must clearly be collective." I regret that our comrade did not more clearly define this "collective action." The only solution I can imagine to this "collective authority" is the rule of the majority, which is "the tyranny of the strongest," of which there is no more bitter opponent than comrade Morris himself.

It seems to me, however, assuming I have interpreted his meaning correctly, that this argument finds justification in the alleged imperfection of

man—a proposition with which Socialists of every grade are quite familiar and I cannot refrain here from noticing the identity of the line of argument along which this argument runs, whether it is advanced by Morris or our most implacable opponent. Surely our comrade must concede that man is imperfect by nature, this imperfectly equally to those who are called on to govern as to those governed. To say that the majority are to direct the government, no way out of the difficulty; and to give imperfect men the power over others for no other reason than that all men are imperfect, we say the least, to be the height of illogic and unwisdom on the part of who reason from this point of view.

That we must submit to coercion in order to be free, as comrade Morris, reminds me of the proverbial square circle, of which there has appeared a solution. I am also at a loss to discover how the "due opportunity free to everyone for the satisfaction of his needs" can obtain in a society where there is the exercise of coercion by the gentle and wise majority.

We are asked, too, not to forget "the necessary, and beneficent variety of temperament" which exists in men; and indeed we do not forget it; on the contrary, it is ever present in the mind of the Anarchist, simply because he is an Anarchist. He sees the variety of disposition in men, and knows that this variety cannot be destroyed or governed; hence his claim for the liberty of the individual, which can only exist in society wherein there is no rule of individuals over others—in short, where there is "due opportunity free to everyone for the satisfaction of his needs."

On the question of how differences of opinion are to be settled, comrade Morris assures us that we should have to submit to authority, because "in such matters there must be give and take." With this last sentence I am in entire agreement with him. But I am not in agreement with him when he calls a mutual agreement the exercise of authority. Indeed the illustration of twelve men who are not in agreement with each other, but in the interest of the project in hand agree to sink certain differences—"give and take"—without the pressure of any outside authority, seems to me to be fatal to the position taken up by our comrade in this connection. What he has succeeded in giving a clear illustration to, is not the intervention of the exercise of authority in the settlement of different opinions, but a clear case of *voluntary organisation*—i.e., the Anarchist ideal, wherein authority does not enter; "that is," to use the words of our comrade, "*the conscience of association voluntarily accepted in the first instance.*" (The italics are mine.)

I do not forget the complexity of men's natures, nor do I deny the variety of their moods, but I do deny the right of "Philip sober" to rule the actions of "Philip drunk" however obnoxious that individual may be.

Now I am in entire agreement with our comrade when he points out the existence of the moral conscience lying somewhere beneath the skin of every man (Philip drunk" net excepted), and without which there can be no true society. It seems to me that in order to secure the widest operation of this inherent moral quality, society should be so constituted as to draw out and develop this aspiration, by affording each individual the means of satisfying his physical and mental needs, without the repression springing from any foreign agent restricting, by rule of force, the due development of men's desires and inclinations.

But it is vain for our comrade to tell us that he does not plead "for any form of arbitrary or unreasonable authority," while he justifies the rule of the majority. Besides, anything to which I cannot agree, to me at least is unreasonable; and if I am compelled to submit to the dictates of others, I become the victim of "arbitrary and unreasonable authority."

I notice that our comrade asks for the least possible exercise of authority, which betrays his dislike to it, and when he wrote this last demand his "moral conscience" beneath his skin was evidently pricking him; and it is quite evident, also, that when authority has for ever departed we shall not find comrade Morris among the mourners.

H. DAVIS.

William Morris, in continuing the discussion initiated by comrade Blackwell, says, "When you begin to qualify this assertion of the right to do as you please by adding 'as long as you don't interfere with other people's rights to do the same,' the exercise of some kind of authority becomes necessary." If by "authority" comrade Morris merely means, what also he thinks the Communist-Anarchists mean, a public conscience, I, individually, should have no objection to his statement. But in these discussions the word should, I think, be given a more restricted meaning. It should mean, in my opinion, the authority of compulsory representative institutions, such as parliaments, county and municipal councils, school boards, etc. With this meaning I should deny the necessity for the exercise of authority.

Very clearly there are two kinds of association, the voluntary and the compulsory; exemplified, the one by trade unions and the other by government, whether representative or otherwise; the one supported by voluntary contributions, the other by rates and taxes, neither more nor less than a compulsory service rendered to those who have the power to compel it. Of these two forms of association it is necessary, I think, to make a choice. The society of the future must be either of one or the other. If completely free, then it seems absurd to advocate parliamentary methods for its realisation. Our business should be to begin the destruction of the compulsory kind of association at once in all its forms; to withdraw from elections and to rely solely upon voluntary association for the realisation of a completely voluntary society. This free association is the only guarantee of the due observance of our equal liberty, now as in the future, and much might be done to hasten the advent of Anarchy, which is the final hope of even the State Socialists themselves, by a greater insistence on the rigid observance of this principle under existing conditions, and none the less because they are economically bad. Taking this course, we may reasonably hope that by the time all forms of compulsion, economic and political, which are at present the all-important ones, are ended, the William Morris of the future will not be called upon to endure the uglinesses of an excess of utilitarianism.

ANARCHIST.

NEWCASTLE RAILWAY MEN.—A large and enthusiastic demonstration was held at Newcastle Town Moor, on Sunday, by the railway men of the North Eastern Railway Company. The North-Eastern is a prosperous line; it pays six and a-quarter dividend, and its shares now stand at 173. The demonstration was held to advocate the following demands:—(1) That a ten hours per day system shall be the maximum for men in all departments. (2) That each day shall stand by itself. (3) That all overtime shall be paid at the rate of time and a-quarter, and Sunday duty at time and a-half. (4) That six days shall constitute a week's work. (5) That as far as practicable, promotion should be by seniority in all grades of the service. These are moderate enough in all conscience, and the men really ought to obtain them.

## LABOUR STRUGGLE.

### The Seamen's Strike.

is distinguished from most strikes among English workers by its peaceful incidents. The telegrams speak of determined action on the part of the men, who show no signs of faltering. At Liverpool last Wednesday men paraded the streets and hooted vigorously the offices of the Anchor Line Co., which has always been one of the bitterest opponents of the seamen. The Seamen's Union has issued a notice threatening to expel any man from the society who may sign without permission of the union, even if the union wages are given, until all the masters concede the demand. This order has been made to compel all steamship owners to give the advance. The companies are forced to lay up their steamers, and one of them, the Cork Steamship Co., has invoked the power of the law in revenge for this action on the part of the union, by applying for summonses against eleven sailors and firemen, who had refused to proceed in their steamship *Sheldrak*. Of course the summonses were granted.

Good news comes the same day from Glasgow. Our readers know that the dockmen have joined the sailors and firemen in their strike. The Anchor Line engaged a hundred men in London to take the place of these labourers by the means of lying misrepresentation, so common with that ignoble beast of prey the capitalist. These poor men were told that the strike was practically over, and that during its continuance so many dockmen had left the harbour that there was not a sufficient number left to carry out the work. Directly they heard from the pickets the truth of the matter, all but two of them threw up their work, declining to aid the company in enslaving their fellows. A hundred men from Dundee also refused to work when they knew the circumstances of the case, and after eating a hearty meal at the union offices, returned home. Let none of us despair; this noble, this magnificent action on the part of those who have been the most ground down into the mire of poverty by the brutal system of to-day, shall inspire the most hopeless of us with renewed hope and courage. Remember these men, who prefer suffering the torture of hunger to aiding in trampling down their fellows, have given a proof of quiet heroism which should inspire all of us with renewed ardour in the great battle we are fighting.

At Dundee intense excitement prevails among the seamen, and the dock-labourers are also on strike. The men have assumed a most determined attitude. Several steamers are lying there without crews, but in some cases advanced wages have been given and the vessels have cleared the port.

On Thursday the men again paraded the streets at Liverpool, drawing with them a lorry, in the centre of which were two men dressed in white with red caps. Both were manacled, and represented white slaves. A little girl stood for Liberty, and sitting round the lorry were a number of men dressed in sailors' clothes and pretending to be in the throes of sea-sickness. These symbolised "dry-land sailors," the rats who had taken the place of the men on strike. The door of the Sailors' Home, which has been used as a crimping den by the capitalists, was placarded by an unknown hand with the words "The White-Slave Market."

Glasgow harbour was paraded on Thursday by 6,000 dock-labourers, to overawe men who wished to work on the ships. Whilst a van laden with beds and mattresses was going to the Anchor Line sheds, it was stopped, and its contents taken out and burned. The men threatened to throw the van into the water. The Seamen's Union has given £500 to the Labourers' Union. It is good to see that not only do the sailors and dockmen recognise the common brotherhood of labour, but they are also learning how "to put fear into the hearts of their enemies."

At Liverpool the next day the sailors and firemen stormed the Sailors' Home, where the masters were enlisting rats, and drove them from their holes. These animals made a hasty exit before the furious crowd of men. Despite the superintendent of the Mercantile Marine, who warned them against such "lawless proceedings," they refused to budge an inch, and declared their intention of not allowing a single rat to sign. They held the place till driven out by force by a strong body of police. They had to let the rats sneak by the back door. The shipowners of the ports between Hull and Berwick are forming a masters' association to fight the union. The Clyde shipowners have also formed another for the "legal" intimidation of their rebellious men. Five labourers have been arrested, charged with frightening rats. They have been liberated on bail.

The strike was continued at Liverpool on Saturday, and after the rebellious proceedings of the day before, the Mercantile Marine offices were guarded by extra police. Several of the leaders made speeches exhorting the strikers to hold out. From one end of the Mariners' Parade—a private passage alongside the Sailors' Home buildings—to the other a chalk line had been drawn, the words "Sailors this side" written on one side, and the word "Scabs" on the other. Of course in the presence of the strikers none dared to go on the scab side. A sailor has been fined 40s. for assaulting a scab, and the representative of law-'n'-order intimated that if a similar case came before him he should inflict a term of imprisonment without the option of a fine. The Clyde seamen, engineers, and firemen hold out bravely, despite the suffering caused by the length of the strike. The masters are importing large numbers of rats, though some of the men they have lured there under false pretences have thrown up their work. Several men have been arrested for "intimidation." So the battle goes on.

On Monday the news arrived that the strikers at Liverpool are daily becoming bolder. Despite the extra force of police, they have charged and routed a large number of rats. Matters are getting warm for these vermin, so warm that the shipowners are talking of placing a floating boarding-house for them in the river, to keep them safe and cool. In reply to some officials of the Board of Trade, the masters have stated that they were willing to grant the terms demanded by the men, but would submit to no "dictation" on the part of the union. How kind, how obliging! I wonder if they would have been so kind if the men had not got a union?

There was very little variation in the seamen's strike at Liverpool on Tuesday. The great steamship companies keep up their ring against the men, and have now been joined by the Inman Line, which has hitherto been favourable to the strikers. About 300 boiler-scalers have come out, in the hope of assisting the sailors. Three men have been sent to prison—two for a month and one for fourteen days—for assaulting scabs. Law-'n'-order has carried out its threat, and once more shown itself as the steady friend of capital.

Here is a little joke from Scotland: "The Clyde shipowners have addressed a memorial to the Home Secretary, drawing his attention to speeches made by Messrs. Cunninghame Graham and Keir Hardie, which they describe as inflammatory. The memorial states that matters are becoming serious.

Excited crowds patrol the streets, and violent and exciting speeches are made by the agitators. The Government are urged to take steps to protect the lives and property of those threatened." It appears that Keir Hardie and Cunninghame Graham have urged the strikers to take strong measures if necessary; and while the capitalists do not mind a wholesale massacre if by it they could drive the men back to their work, yet they have a strong objection to a brickbat if it comes too near their own precious persons. The battle is a desperate one, but the men may still conquer if they continue with the firm courage they have hitherto displayed.

The following is by an eye-witness agent the seamen's strike: "If you want to find out the proper place for certain misplaced individuals, there is nothing like an emergency foreign to their experience for 'sizing' them. Last week, at the Broomielaw, Glasgow, a shipowner may have been seen working side by side with a returned convict. The puzzle there would be to find out the criminal. The struggle of the seamen and dock labourers against Moneybags still continues, the latter occasionally inducing men to come from a distance on false pretences, and the former waylaying and inducing their fellow-workmen to leave off work. Last week a dozen seamen who refused to work unless at the union rates were landed from Liverpool by a Clyde tug at Barremman Pier, on the Gareloch, and the men had not pennies enough on them to pay pier dues. This tug also went away without paying its dues. At a meeting of the labourers, on Saturday, Mr. McGhee criticised the remedy for low wages as laid down by Mrs. Elder (late of the firm which made the late Sir William Pearce a millionaire) in her Book of Cookery, and cited an instance where a penny bone with two gallons of water is given as a recipe for working men's wives to adopt in making a dinner where there is a large family. "Why," he asked "should the shipbuilders of Fairfield and the shipowners of Glasgow be allowed to scrape off the beef and throw the bone to the workers?" And echo answers why? yet still the same old game goes on with all classes of masters and men.

### The Tram Slaves.

We are pleased to see that the Glasgow tram men have gained a victory which has been won like most victories by the courage and determination of the rank and file. Last Monday a large public meeting was held, which was addressed among others by Cunninghame Graham, who pointed out that "the tramway horses only worked four hours, and they were regarded as of a great more value than intelligent British workmen. The Glasgow Tramway Company paid 10 per cent., but that 10 per cent. was to share-holders like eating human flesh and drinking human blood." Throughout the meeting there were loud shouts of "Strike!" That little word, that very little but significant word, has had a good effect upon the directors, for a few days afterwards we hear that the masters have granted the reduction of hours demanded.

We wish the London men showed the same spirit. They must have learnt by this time that though they have shown, what milk-and-water politicians would call "a commendable moderation," yet it has profited them little. Even the gracious patronage of Conservative and Moderate Liberal M.P.'s, intent on vote-catching, doesn't prevent the men being sacked wholesale for the crime of "intimidating the directors" by presenting petitions and collecting union money. This fearful criminality is doubtless not sufficiently punished, in the opinion of these gentry, by the bitter starvation of these men and their families. These modern tyrants of capitalistic feudality would doubtless like to hang, draw, and quarter their wretched victims; but let me ask one question, "What becomes of your boasted freedom, Englishmen, when you can be turned into the streets to starve if you dare lift your voices complaining of the hardness of your lot?"

One tale is quite sufficient to illustrate the damnable tyranny of these modern slave-drivers. I clip this extract from the *Star*, which has done excellent service in fighting the cause of these men. Let Conductor Eke tell his own story:—"I was, he said, 'a member of the deputation to the manager. This morning there was a number of men—eight—called to the office. A foreman was asked if he intended to stick to the Union, and he said he did. Then he was told that he must not intimidate the other men. When I went in, they said, 'Well, Eke, you have given us a lot of trouble lately!'—'I don't know in what way I have caused trouble.' Then Eke told how he had, for five days out of eight, worked 17 hours from the Deptford yard. Of that 14 hours was on the car, two relief, and one the time taken in going from and returning home. Col. Davidson told him, 'You had better get your papers and go and work for some one else.' There's another criminal offence for you, 'going on a deputation to the manager,' and yet there is no slavery in England! You are all free labourers, workmen!"

The tram slaves should take courage. They have many to back them up, besides a host of M.P.'s at their back. They have now gained the valuable assistance of Mr. George Shipton, secretary of the London Trades' Council, with all his "blushing honours" gathered in the sugar bounty agitation "thick upon him." George holds forth in the following manner: "You may assure drivers and conductors employed on the London tramway systems of our earnest sympathy in their efforts to emancipate themselves from the hardships of their daily life. You have only to show a spirit of determination to organise in a solid trade union for the defence of your labour interests to ensure the practical as well as the material assistance of the 25,949 workmen who constitute our trades' council. It is imperative that the first step is to form and consolidate your union. The remedies for your just grievances will speedily follow, but unless you are well organised all your advantages, gained in a temporary enthusiasm, will soon be filched back by a remorseless system of capitalistic greed. Your cause is a just one, and if your men are faithful to themselves and their future they are ultimately sure to achieve an effectual and brilliant success."

That's good. "Capitalistic greed" is good. I suppose, however, that sugar capitalists were exceptions to the general rule, and that is why George lent them his ungrudging and unqualified support.

Meanwhile we earnestly recommend the advice of Mr. George Shipton to the tramway men. Organisation and determination will alone enable them to gain the victory, and not the gracious patronage of M.P.'s and noble lords who want to revive their waning popularity. Let them take courage. If they have that very Conservative body, the London Trades' Council, upon their side, they can surely depend upon the practical and material assistance of the other London workers. Let any more tyranny on the part of their slave-drivers be met by a strike—a general strike. The people will take good care that no cars manned by "scabs" shall pass through the popular districts, and their tyrants will quickly show, instead of their present bullying brutality, the most ignoble cowardice.

D. J. NICOLL

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

**London Members' Meeting.**—The next monthly meeting of members will take place on Monday, July 1, 1889, at 13 Farringdon Road, at 9 o'clock sharp.

**Commonweals for 1888**, handsomely bound in red, are now ready, price 5s.; per post, 5s. 6d.

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

1889.—Bradford and Hammersmith, to end of April. North London, Norwich, Glasgow, St. Georges East, Manchester, Yarmouth, and Mitcham, to end of May. East London, Clerkenwell, and Leicester, to end of June.

**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, June 25th, at 8.30 p.m. Important business; all members of the League interested in the propaganda invited to attend. The leaflet, "A Straight Talk to Working Men," is now on sale at 4s. per 1,000. Can be obtained of the Secretary, at 13, Farringdon Road, London, E.C.

The secretary of the Propaganda Committee asks members and friends to forward subscriptions for the purpose of printing leaflets for free distribution, of which there is a great need. Subscriptions to be sent to the Secretary, D. J. Nicoll, 13, Farringdon Road, and will be acknowledged in the *Weal*.

Received:—A Medical Student, 5s.

**Banner Fund** (East London Branch).—By collection, 9s. 4d.

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

## "COMMONWEAL" GUARANTEE FUND.

The following further sums have been received towards this fund:—Blundell, 1s.; R. Turner, 1s.; J. Turner, 1s.; Kitz, 1s.; M. Rose, 1s.; B. W., 1s.; Webb, 1s.; Samuels, 1s.; Nicoll, 1s.; Mrs. Schack, 1s.; J. Presburg, 6d.; C. Saunders, 2s.; and Oxford Branch, 2s. 6d.

## REPORTS.

**LONDON OPEN-AIR PROPAGANDA.**—*Kilburn, Canterbury Road*—Brookes and Charles spoke here to a small but attentive and sympathetic audience; 8 *Weal* sold. *Wood Green, Jolly Butcher's Hill*—Rather a long and interesting meeting; some little discussion and opposition; Brookes and Blundell spoke. *Victoria Park*—An exceptionally good meeting on Sunday, which was kept going until 7.30, and addressed by Davis, McCormack, Cores, and Hicks; some opposition offered by a converted Jew on behalf of Christianity; good sale of papers. *Regent's Park*—Good meeting on Sunday, addressed by Hill and Nicoll; collected 4s. 2d., and sale of *Weal* and pamphlets good.

**MITCHAM.**—A large meeting held on the Fair Green; a Christian foreman was very much upset at disparaging remarks upon the sacred memories of Shaftesbury and S. Morley, peer and capitalist; good sale of *Commonweal*.—F. K.

**NORTH KENSINGTON.**—A good meeting was held at Latimer Road at 11 a.m.; speakers were McCorde, Humphries (S.D.F.), Lynes, sen., and Dean; choir sang "Street Music" by Burrows. A good meeting held at William Street at 11.30; speakers were Tochetti, Mrs. Schack, Lynes, jun., Lynes, sen., and Crouch. At 7.30 p.m., we held a good meeting at Archer Street, Westbourne Grove; Lynes, sen., Maughan, Dean, Crouch, and Saint spoke; 86 *Commonweal* sold, and collected 5s. 3d.

**STREATHAM.**—An audience of 300 gathered at the Fountain, High Street, and listened attentively to an address by Kitz; *Commonweal* sold well. Next Sunday evening, at 7.30 prompt, we shall occupy our new station on the Common. The Streatham comrades will please turn up and help to start the meeting.—J. C.

**ST. GEORGES' EAST.**—The members turn up well at branch meetings, and it has been decided to open discussions after business is finished to bring out new speakers, as it is known we have latent talent among the members. A splendid meeting at Leman Street on Sunday morning, Davis and McCormack giving each an excellent address; 20 *Commonweal* sold, besides other literature.

**ABERDEEN.**—At indoor meeting on 10th, a lecture by Patrick Geddes on "The Conditions of Progress" was read and discussed. At Woodside on Friday night, Cooper, Duncan, and Leatham addressed a meeting chiefly composed of outdoor workers.

**LEEDS.**—Our meetings last Sunday were a great success. Our ideas are permeating the workers to a large extent, as is proved by our large and interested audiences. Paylor, Maguire, and Hill spoke with great effect, urging upon the people the necessity of organisation, and deploring the fact that 200 "scab" workers have gone to Glasgow to take the places of the seamen on strike. We are making arrangements for a large demonstration in July.—A. M.

**LEICESTER.**—Proctor, of Nottingham, lectured here in the open air twice on Sunday last. Our Russell Square lecture was on "The Eight Hours' Movement." The attendance was moderate. In the evening, in Humberstone Gate, the lecture was on "Poverty: its Cause and Cure." The audience was much larger, and testified their satisfaction with the lecturer by their applause. No opposition was offered. 3s. 3d. worth of literature sold.—T. P. B.

**MANCHESTER.**—At Middleton, on Saturday night, Marshall and Baillie addressed the usual meeting. On Sunday afternoon a good meeting in Stevenson Square was addressed by Ritson, Barton, Marshall, and Parkinson. On Chester Road, at night, Barton, Marshall, and Baillie spoke to a fair audience. At Holt Town we held a meeting on Monday night.

**NORWICH.**—On Sunday last comrade Samuels (London) paid us a visit, and addressed a successful meeting in the afternoon; audience very attentive; Samuels delivered a capital address. In the evening another good meeting was held in the open-air; Darley opened the meeting; Samuels spoke at some considerable length, followed by Poynts; a number of questions were put to Samuels by a respectable in the crowd, and they were satisfactorily answered. Good sale of *Commonweal*.

**YARMOUTH.**—We held three meetings here on Sunday. In the morning comrade Samuels gave a very interesting address on "The Evolution of Society." Comrade Moore, of Norwich, followed. In the afternoon and evening, Ruffild, Moore, and Reynolds spoke. 3s. 10d. was collected, and sixteen *Commonweals* sold.—C. R.

**DUBLIN.**—At Progressist Club, 87 Marlboro Street, Saturday June 15th, J. A. Cree lectured on "Methods of Propaganda." A good discussion ensued, considerable discussion ensued, considerable difference with the opinions of the lecturer being expressed. King, Toomey, Smith, Frizelle, and Hamilton spoke.

**NOTTINGHAM SOCIALIST CLUB.**—The club is progressing satisfactorily, both financially and numerically, and the work has necessitated an increase in the number of *Commonweals* taken. Open-air meeting in Market Square on Sunday, when Rooke, Peacock, and Hickling spoke to a large audience. *Commonweals* sold well.—R. F.

# LECTURE DIAR.

LONDON.

**Clerkenwell.**—Hall of the Socialist League, 13 Farringdon Road from Farringdon Station, 1 minute from Holborn Viad. June 23, at 8.30 p.m., J. F. McCormack will lecture on "Life through the Provinces."

**East London.**—Crown Coffee Tavern, 2 Columbia Road, Hackney Sunday June 23, at 9 p.m., A. Brooks, "Order without Law."

**Hammersmith.**—Kelmescott House, Upper Mall, W. Sunday June 23, at 8.30 p.m., French Class; at 8.30 sharp, Business Meeting and discussion.

**Mitcham.**—3 Clare Villas, Merton Road. Meets every Sunday, at North London.—6 Windmill Street, Tottenham Court Rd. Meets every evening at 8 o'clock.

**Whitechapel and St. Georges in the East.**—Branch meetings at International 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. Tuesday at 7.30.

**Glasgow.**—The Branch will meet temporarily in the Ram's Horn Assembly Hall, Ingram Street, every Thursday and Saturday evening at 8 o'clock, and on Sunday evenings at 7 o'clock.

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

**Leicester.**—Hosiery Union Offices, 11a Millstone Lane. Fridays at 8 p.m.

**Manchester.**—Working Men's Educational Club, 122 Corporation Street.

**Norwich.**—Tuesday, at 8.30, Members' meeting. Monday, Wednesday, Thursday, and Friday, Hall open from 8.30. Saturday, 8 until 10.30, Co-operative Clothing Association.

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

**Walsall.**—Lecture Room, back of Temperance Hall. Mondays at 8 p.m.

**Yarmouth.**—"Three Fishes" Coffee Tavern, North Howard Street. Business meeting every Tuesday evening. Elocution Class at comrade Hadley's every Friday at 8 p.m. *Commonweal* sold by Mr. Hous, newsagent, George Street.

## OPEN-AIR PROPAGANDA.

SATURDAY 22.

7.30..... Hyde Park..... Charles, Samuels, and Presburg  
8.30..... Battersea—opposite Christ Church..... Kitz and Nicoll  
8.30..... Mile-end Waste..... Brookes, Davis, and McCormack

SUNDAY 23.

11..... Latimer Road Station..... Maughan, Dean, and Lyne jun.  
11.30..... Bethnal Green—Gibraltar Walk..... Brookes, McCormack, and Davis  
11.30..... Ellbrook Common..... Hammersmith Branch  
11.30..... Hammersmith—Beadon Road..... Hammersmith Branch  
11.30..... Hammersmith—William Street..... Lyne sen., Crouch, and Saint  
11.30..... Kilburn Road—"Canterbury Arms"..... Mainwaring and Charles  
11.30..... Leman Street, Shadwell..... Blundell and Turner  
11.30..... Mitcham Fair Green..... Mrs. Schack  
11.30..... Regent's Park..... Tochetti and Hill  
3.30..... Hyde Park..... Nicoll and Bullock  
5..... Victoria Park..... Davis and Brookes  
6.30..... Wood Green—Jolly Butchers Hill..... Lerner and Turner  
7..... Clerkenwell Green..... Blundell  
7..... Weltje Road, Ravenscourt Park..... Hammersmith Branch  
7.30..... Mitcham Fair Green..... The Branch  
7.30..... Streatham—Fountain, High Street..... Cores  
7.30..... Walham Green—back of Church..... The Branch  
8..... Hammersmith—Archer Street..... North Kensington Branch

TUESDAY 25.

8..... Fulham—back of Walham Green Church..... The Branch

THURSDAY 27.

8..... Ossulton Street..... Kitz, Blundell, and Nicoll  
8.15..... Hoxton Church..... Charles and Blundell

## PROVINCES.

**Aberdeen.**—Saturday: Castle Street, 7 p.m.

**Bradwell** (near Yarmouth).—Monday evening.

**Edinburgh.**—Sunday: Queen's Park, at 3.

**Glasgow.**—Sunday: Jail Square at 2 o'clock; Paisley Road at 5 o'clock.

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

**Leicester.**—Sunday: Russell Square, at 11 a.m.; Humberstone Gate, at 8 p.m.

**Manchester.**—Outdoor meetings every Sunday. Stevenson Square at 3 p.m.

Viaduct, Chester Rd., at 7.30. Middleton Market Ground, Saturday at 7.30.

**Norwich.**—Sunday: Market Place, at 11, 3, and 7.30. Meetings will be addressed by C. W. Mowbray.

**Yarmouth.**—Priory Plain, every Sunday at 11 and 3. A Meeting at Belton every Monday evening.

## SCOTTISH LAND AND LABOUR LEAGUE.

**Carnoustie.**—Meets every Wednesday, at 8 p.m., in the Carnoustie Restaurant.

**Dundee.**—Meetings every Sunday in Trades Hall, opposite Tay Bridge Station.

**Edinburgh.**—35 George IV. Bridge. Meetings for Discussion, Thursdays at 8.

**Galashiels.**—J. Walker, 184 Glendinning Terrace, Secretary. **Galloway and Dysart** (Fife)—Meet every Tuesday at 7 p.m. in Galloway Public School.

**A. Paterson**, 152 Rosslyn Street, Secretary. **Kilmarnock.**—Branch meets on every alternate Tuesday. H. M'Gill, 22 Gilmour Street, Secretary. **West Calder.**—Robert Lindsay, West Calder, Secretary.

**NEW LABOUR CLUB**, 5 Victoria Park Square, Bethnal Green.—Thursday June 27th, William Morris, "Monopoly."

**NORTH LAMBETH LIBERAL AND RADICAL CLUB**, 108 Westminster Bridge Rd., S.E.—Sunday June 23, at 8.30, Geo. Bernard Shaw, "The True Radical Policy."

**LONDON ANARCHISTS' open-air propaganda.**—Sunday 23rd, Regent's Park, 11.30, Atteroll, Bonham, and Harragan on "No Rent." Hyde Park (near Marble Arch), at 6 p.m., Seymour and Paine, "Why are we Taxed?"

**LANCASHIRE.**—Meetings will be held on Friday 21st June in Rochdale, and on Saturday in Middleton; and a Demonstration will be held at Stevenson Square, Manchester, on Sunday 23rd. Speakers—Kitz, W. K. Hall (Salford), Leonard Hall (London), J. Marshall, J. Ritson, and others. Subject—"Why the Workers Live in Slums." Chairman—Parkinson. Time—3 p.m.

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