

THE COMMONWEAL

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WEEKLY; ONE PENNY.

AFTER THE STORM, A CALM.

WE can hardly imagine that it is barely a week ago that London was filled with tumult and excitement. Unexpectedly the storm came upon us, and even we were taken by surprise. Who among the comfortable middle classes dreamt a month ago that their faithful servants the police—the Bow Street police, the picked men of the London force, the giants who guard Trafalgar Square against the assaults of the sacrilegious Socialist—would be in open mutiny? Little, too, did they think that the Guards—Her Majesty's Guards—would lead the way in revolt, and that their middle-class Government would be forced to send for another regiment to overawe the men in whom they once put their whole trust and confidence.

On the other hand, the whole Labour world is agitated, even the dullest, the most crushed among the workers, are raising their heads and dreaming of hope at last. Everywhere the talk is not of the virtues of Gladstone and Salisbury, nor the merits of Whig or Tory, the subjects of discussion are Strikes, Socialism, and the Great Revolution that is coming upon the world. The people have got new hope, a hope that nothing will take from them. They are beginning in their moments of exultation and excitement to defy the police and the military, and set at nought those who "are set in authority over them." "The Spirit of Revolt" is abroad. Two years ago you might search files of English newspapers and see nothing of "the spirit of revolt." It was a French phrase, utterly un-English. Now you may see repeated till you are almost sick of it in respectable Tory newspapers. Charming, is it not? It only shows how very ready our friends the journalists are to borrow the language of Revolutionary Socialists. Another instance, though rather a ludicrous one, is the origin of the phrase, "Who killed Cock Warren?" It was the cry with which Cunningham Graham was saluted on 12th November, 1888, at the meeting held to commemorate the anniversary of the martyrdom of our Chicago comrades and the massacre of Trafalgar Square. On that night Warren fell. The phrase caught the public fancy, became popular, and ultimately enshrined itself in a comic song that was sung on the stage of every music hall in London.

The notion also of gaining the eight hour day by a General Strike is forcing its way everywhere, and yet at one time we heard nothing of a General Strike but from a few Revolutionary Socialists—a sect that was so feeble that policemen, judges, jailors, and magistrates looked upon us with contemptuous toleration. That stage is passed now, and we almost seem to have passed our period of persecution also. Surely this must be so, when a Bow Street magistrate dismisses a charge against "a well-known Socialist," though the police had "sworn" that he was guilty of all sorts of "awful crimes."

"What can the world be coming to?" say old middle-class fogies. What? indeed! But to us the spectacle is full of hope and enthusiasm, for now we find our lightest words caught up and repeated again and again from press and platform. It is the advanced thinkers who lead the way; the multitude will follow those who have minds of their own, and speak without fear and flinching. Forward then, comrades! What have we to fear? A Government of doddering imbeciles; a hopeless, helpless mass of muddle and mediocrity, who are so confused and puzzled at the entanglement into which they have managed to get the "affairs of the nation," that they do not know whether to turn to the right or the left. And what have they to support their authority? A disorganised police, and a soldiery seething with mutiny. True, they have crushed the revolt; it has sunk into silence—for a time. True, the storm has passed and all is calm and quiet—for a time. But what a calm! The sky is grey and gloomy, and is growing blacker and blacker; the air is thick, close, and oppressive; a trembling of the earth, and muttered thunder in the distance. Surely this does not mean peace and quietness, but storm and earthquake. What of the winter full of gloom and terror which is now approaching? What of the commercial crisis coming nearer and nearer? What of the crash; ruin spread far and wide; closed factories; thousands thrown starving upon the streets; the spread of revolutionary ideas among the masses; wild hope in the hearts of the people? and yet among them starvation—bitter starvation—empty cupboards, hungry children, despair and desperation! Would

not a modern Lord Chesterfield find to-day in England all the signs that tell of the approaching Revolution?

We need not be statesmen or politicians to see this. The plain workman in his work-day talking to his mates, can feel the storm coming closer and closer. It was only the other day that one quiet and honest workman, not as a rule given to wild enthusiasm, said to us "that the London workmen had been so excited and discontented by recent Labour troubles, that they only needed a leader to sweep the present system into ruin!" Those who mingle with the people can judge of the truth of this; we, at least, can confirm it from personal experience. If this is so now, what will it be when the next depression comes? It is not certain that the people will starve with that Christian meekness so highly commended by the well-fed journalists of the capitalist press. Nor will Lazarus be content any longer to put up with the crumbs of insulting charity that fall from the rich man's table. He will rise and grasp the rich robber by the throat, demanding and taking his own. The storm has passed, and there is calm. Let us use this period of quiet to prepare for what is coming. Do not let the trumpet sound of the Last Day of a corrupt and rotten society find us lying in lazy slumber. Let us be up and ready for action, for we know not at what hour the Revolution cometh!

D. J. NICOLL.

THE DEVELOPMENT OF MODERN SOCIETY.

ALL the progressive races of man have gone through a stage of development during which society has been very different to what it is now. At present there is a very definite line of distinction drawn between the personal life of a man and his life as a member of society. As a rule, the only direction in which this social life is felt is in that of his nearest kindred—his wife, children, parents, brothers and sisters. This is so much the case that we to-day have given to the word *relations* (which should mean all those with whom a man has serious and continuous dealings) a fresh meaning, and made it signify only those near members of kinship aforesaid. For the rest most civilised men acknowledge no responsibility. Though the word State is in everybody's mouth, most people have but the vaguest idea as to what it means; it is even generally considered as a synonym to the Government, which also indicates either the heads of one of the political parties, or the vague entity called by Carlyle the parish constable—in other words, the executive power of the ruling classes in our society. So little do we feel any responsibilities to this hardly conceivable thing, the State, that while few indeed feel any loyalty towards it, most men do not realise it sufficiently even to feel any enmity against it—except, perhaps, when the tax-gatherer's hand is on the knocker.

Now all this is so far the result of a long series of history, which I must just hint at before one comes to the condition of the workman during its different stages,—a series of events which tended to give to the word *property* the meaning which it now has; a series of events which tended more and more to consider *things* as the important matter of consideration rather than *persons*; which I may illustrate by the fact that nowadays the law looks upon the *estate* as of more importance than the user of it, as for instance in the case of the *estate* of a lunatic, which it will defend to the utmost against all attacks, and treat as if it had a genuine life and soul capable of feeling all injuries and pains, while all the time the lunatic is under restraint.

I will now contrast this entire ignoring of the community (for that will be a better word than *State* to use at present) with the conditions under which men lived in earlier ages of the world, and through which, as I have said, all the progressive races have passed, some of them so early that when we first meet them in history they are already passing out of it into the next development. In this early period the individual is so far from feeling no responsibility to the community, that all his responsibilities have relation to the community. Indeed, this sense of responsibility, as we shall see later on, has only been completely extinguished since the introduction of the present economical and political system—since the death of feudality, in short: but in the period I am thinking about it was a quite unquestioned habit. The unit of society, the first, and in the beginning the only bond, was the narrowest form of clan, called the *gens*. This was an association of persons who

were traceably of one blood or kinship. Intermarriage between its members was forbidden, or rather was not even dreamed of: a man of the Eagle gens could have no sexual intercourse with an Eagle woman, nor thought of it. All property was in common within the gens, and descent was traced, not through the father, but through the mother, who was the obvious parent of the child. Whatever competition (war, you may call it, for competition was simple in those days), was outside the group of blood relations, each of which felt no responsibility for other groups or their members. But the fact that intermarriage was impossible within these groups brought about a larger association. Since an Eagle could not marry an Eagle, the Eagles must either get their wives by violent robbery in a haphazard fashion from outsiders, or have some other society at hand into which they could marry, and who could marry into their society. It used to be thought that the violent robbery was the method, but I believe the second method was the one used. There were groups of neighbours at hand who were recognised as belonging to the same stock, but who were not too near in blood to make marriage impossible. Between these groups there was affinity, therefore; the Eagles could intermarry with the Owls, the Sparrows, the Cats, or what not, according to a somewhat intricate system, and this quite without violence. And also between the clans or gentes who composed these tribes there would be no war, and the use of whatever land they fed their stock upon or cultivated (for in some places or ages this gentile-tribal system lasted well into the agricultural period) was arranged peaceably in a communal method.

Now the tribe in which a common ancestor (worshipped as a god) was always assumed, and was generally a fact, tended to federate with other tribes who still felt that they belonged to a common stock, who thus formed an association called by our ancestors the *thiod*, or people; an association much looser, of course, than that of the gens or tribe, but like those, founded on an idea of common kindred; founded on the personal kinship of all its members to the god-ancestor, and not on locality or the holding of certain property or position. The officers of the body, under whatever names they went, were appointed by the tribesmen for their personal qualities to perform definite duties. There was no central executive body; every freeman had certain necessary duties to perform, a shadow of which still exists in our jury, who were originally the neighbours called together to utter their finding (without direction from a judge) as to how such an one had come by his death, what was to do between two neighbours who could not agree, and so forth. If a man was injured, it was the duty of the members of his gens or clan to take up the injury as an injury to the community. This is the meaning of the blood-feud of which we hear so much in the early literature of the North, and of the Celtic clans, and a survival of which still exists among out-of-the-way folks. The practice of the vendetta in Corsica, *e.g.*, does not indicate that the Corsicans are a specially vindictive people; it is a survival of the tribal customary law: its sentimentalising by novelists and poets is a matter of ignorance—natural enough, I admit. "Government" or administration, or whatever else you may call it, was in this condition of society as direct as it ever can be; nor had government by majority been invented—*e.g.*, if the clans could not agree to unite in war, the war could not go on, unless any clan chose to go to war by itself.

I am conscious of not explaining fully the difference between such a state of society and ours; but it is indeed difficult to do so now, when all our ideas and the language which expresses them have been for so many ages moulded by such a totally different society. But I must, at least, try to make you understand that the whole of the duties of a freeman in this society had reference to the community of which he formed a part, and that he had no interests but the interest of the community; the assertion of any such private interests would have been looked upon as a crime, or rather a monstrosity, hardly possible to understand. This federal union of the tribes is the last state of society under barbarism; but before I go on to the next stage, I must connect it with our special subject, the condition of productive labour.

With the development of the clans into federated tribes came a condition of organised aggressive war, since all were recognised as enemies outside of the tribe or federation; and with this came the question what was to be done with the prisoners taken in battle, and, furthermore, what was to be done with the tribe conquered so entirely as not to be able to defend its possessions, the land, which it used. Chattel slavery was the answer to the one question, serfdom to the second. You see this question was bound to come up in some form, as soon as the productive powers of man had grown to a certain point. The very early stages of society slaves are of no use, because your slave will die unless you allow him to consume all that he produces; it is only when by means of tools and the organisation of labour that he can produce more than is absolutely necessary for his livelihood, that you can take anything from him. Robbery only begins when property begins; so that slavery doesn't begin till tribes are past the mere hunter period. When they go to war they only save their prisoners to have some fun out of them by torturing them, as the redskins did, unless, perhaps, as sometimes happened, they adopt them into the tribe, which also the redskins did at times. But in the pastoral stage slaves become possible, and when you come to the agricultural stage (to say nothing of further developments) they become necessary till the time when privilege is destroyed and all men are equal. There are, then, three conditions of mankind, mere gregarious unorganised savagery, slavery, and social equality. When you once have come to that conclusion you must also come to this deduction from it, that if you shrink from any sacrifice to the Cause of Socialism it must be because we are either weak or criminal, either cowards or tyrants—perhaps both.

Well, this last stage of barbarism, that of the federated tribes, gave way in ancient history, the history of the Greeks and Romans, into the first stage of civilisation. The life of the city, and in mediæval history into feudalism; it is under the latter that the development of the treatment of the conquered tribe as serfs is the most obvious; serfdom being the essence of mediæval society proper, and its decay beginning with the decline of serfdom. But, undoubtedly, there were serfs in the classical period; that is to say an inferior class to the freemen, who were allowed to get their own livelihood on the condition of their performing certain services for them, and with a certain status, though a low one, which raised them above the condition of the chattel-slave, whose position was not recognised at all more than that of his fellow labourer, the horse or the ass. The Helots, for example, were the serfs rather than the slaves of the Spartans, and there were other instances both among the Greeks and the Romans of labourers in a similar position.

However, chattel slavery as opposed to serfdom is the characteristic form of servitude in the ancient city life. In that life you must understand the idea of the merging of the individual into the community was still strong, although property had come into existence, and had created a political condition of society under which things were growing to be of more moment than persons. But the community had got to be an abstraction, and it was to that abstraction, and not to the real visible body of persons that individual interests were to be sacrificed. This is more obvious among the Romans than the Greeks, whose mental individuality was so strong and so various, that no system could restrain it; so that when that system began to press heavily upon them they could not bear it, and in their attempts to escape from its consequences fell into the mere corruption of competitive tyranny at an early period. The Romans, on the other hand, without art or literature, a hard and narrow-minded race, cultivated this worship of the city into an over-mastering passion, so fierce and so irrational that their history before their period of corruption reads more like that of a set of logical demons bent on torturing themselves and everybody else, than a history of human beings. They must be credited with the preservation of the art and literature of Greece (though with its corruptions and stultification as well), and for the rest I think the world owes them little but its curse, unless indeed we must accept them as a terrible example of over-organisation. Of their state one may say what one of their poets said of their individual citizens, when they were sunk in their well-earned degradation, that for the sake of life they cast away the reasons for living.

WILLIAM MORRIS.

(To be continued.)

SOCIALISM IN LONDON.

WEST-CENTRAL ('COMMONWEAL')

THIS branch, which was formed out of the scattered elements of the late Clerkenwell branch, together with a large number of comrades who hitherto belonged simply to the League and to no branch in particular, has now been in existence several months. Up to the present we have been content to help all the London branches who desired it, having taken up no stations of our own until lately. Of course we have not been idle, for we have held a number of indoor meetings which have been addressed by various friends and comrades of all schools of Socialist thought. So successful have the meetings and concerts held by the branch been, that we have since the last Conference been enabled to aid the *Commonweal* considerably by supporting the Guarantee Fund. Acting on the spirit of the resolution of the Conference we were not content alone to pay the 2s. per week asked for, but have been able to hand over something like 30s. during the last few weeks, which sum will be increased as time goes on. The comrades have worked with a will in pushing papers, pamphlets, and collecting funds for propaganda purposes. During the last month a female comrade kindly made the branch a present of a piano. A choir is in course of formation, which is being conducted by a comrade of the North London Branch, who is assisted at the piano by our comrade Hurford. The choir will greatly facilitate our out and indoor propaganda, and I am sure one ought to be started by every branch. Social evenings have been held on Saturdays, when the members find a little relaxation from the every-day worry and struggle for bread, in singing revolutionary songs and dancing. This has been and might still further be, a means of keeping our members together in the bonds of close fellowship. Several new members have joined during the last month, and they are of the right kind, ready and willing to aid the movement in every way. For so young a branch we can feel pleased at having 65 members, all I hope good and true to the Cause of Socialism, and all stirred by the spirit of revolt against the present system.

C. W. M.

NORTH LONDON.—On Sunday week we held a meeting in Regent's Park, in spite of the rain; speakers were Stone, Edwards, Nicoll, and Mrs. Lahr; and last Sunday morning our meeting was addressed by Cantwell, Stone, Edwards, Nicoll, and Mrs. Schaaek. A Mr. Whelan offered some very weak opposition. Collection, 3s. 5d. In Hyde Park, in the afternoon, Cantwell, Miss Lupton, Parker, Moore, and Saint were the speakers, and we also enlivened the meeting with a couple of songs. Collected 2s. 9d. We sold 15s. worth of literature at these meetings.

ABERDEEN.—At Castle Street, on the 12th, the usual meeting was addressed by Rennie and Leatham. Questions at close. On Sunday, 13th, at weekly indoor meeting Grant Allen's "Individualism and Socialism" was read and discussed with ability and animation by W. Cooper, Rennie, Fowlie, McKenzie, Duncan, and Leatham.—L.

GLASGOW.—On Friday evening Glasier, Joe Burgoyne, McNaughton (S.D.F.), and Biggar (Christian Socialists) spoke at Bridgeton Cross. On Sunday evening Glasier spoke at Paisley Road Toll. At the conclusion, an individual disputed some of our comrade's statements in the form of a number of questions, but ran away without waiting a reply, amid the jeers of the crowd. No meetings will be held next week, owing to the Fair holidays.

EDINBURGH—SCOTTISH SOCIALIST FEDERATION.—Good meetings were held on Sunday—at Leith in the afternoon, and on the Meadows in the evening. Smith, Hamilton, Bell, and Gilray were the speakers. Smith was in grand form. Literature sold well.—W. D. T.

SWEATERS!

WOMEN SLAVES IN BERMONDSEY.

THE women at Messrs. Barber and Morison's, sackmakers, Bermondsey, receive commonly 3d. per sack (out of which they buy their own twine) for making large sacks of new material. The sacking is so hard as to be frequently only comparable to a deal board, and the needles have to be forced through with the palm of the hand and by the whole force of the woman, so that, as they express it, "every bone in their body is ricked." This at the best brings them in for eleven hours work a-day 1s. (two dozen sacks being the utmost they can make), but frequently it is less. Sometimes, after a day of most arduous toil, their earnings will only amount to 9d. Men who do the same work are paid 4d. an hour, and I am told by an expert, who understands the trade as well as the work, that women can compete in this kind of work on equal terms with the men, their work being quite as good as regards quantity and quality. It is easy, therefore, to understand the desperate determination of the masters to keep these sweated women in slavery, and prevent them if possible from combining, as from no other class of workers (geese, perhaps, I should have said) do they get such veritable golden eggs. The women at this factory have also to carry the unmade sacks on their heads to the work-rooms at the top of the building, no lift being used. They have also to load the waggons with the completed work, going up ladders 16 rungs high, with bales of from 1 cwt. to 1½ cwt. on their heads. In men's places of work these ladders have always hooks at the top, and frequently spikes at the bottom to avoid any danger of slipping, but as the employes at Messrs. Barber and Morison's are only women, mostly young married women, mothers of children (some unborn), the firm does not consider it necessary to take such precautions on their behalf, and the ladders are quite unsecured. The other day a rung broke under the feet of a woman, and the ladder with two women who were on it fell to the ground, and one woman was severely cut about the head and face. This firm also does not provide any water for sanitary or drinking purposes, and when thirst or nuisance becomes quite intolerable, the women have to go round with cans begging from the neighbours.

To CONTRIBUTORS—Workmen could help us greatly by sending in accounts of capitalist tyranny and sweating in London and the provinces. We want the names of the sweaters. Those who write must send us their name and address, not necessarily for publication, but as a guarantee of good faith. We shall not fear to publish the truth.—Eds.

INTERNATIONAL NOTES.

ITALY.

The series of strikes, and the agrarian disturbances and their bloody suppression continue. Last month the women engaged in the cultivation of rice went on strike, asking a salary of 10d. (one franc) instead of the 6d. they formerly earned by 15 hours work under the burning sun, and standing up to their knees in the foul water of the rice-fields. After much wrangling the employer, Signor Massari, a landowner of great wealth, who recently bought for the sum of 100,000 francs his title of duke, made a show of yielding to his worker's demands. The women went to work, but on reaching the fields they were informed by his agent that the "duke" will not pay more than 8d. a day. The incensed workwomen immediately struck again, and went to the town in a body to lay their protest before the municipal authorities against the deceit practised upon them. But soldiers and gendarmes stood at the entrance of the Town Hall, and refused them admittance. The women wanted to enter all the same, and began to shout and struggle to open a way for themselves; several men who stood by took their part. One of the women gave a slap on the face to the head of the gendarmes, and immediately, without giving the warning prescribed by law, the soldiers opened fire. Three corpses and twenty wounded were stretched upon the ground.

At Favara (Sicily), the miners of the sulphur works are on strike. A fortnight ago they made a threatening demonstration; the troops were called forth, and a bloody encounter took place. Fifteen soldiers were wounded, and many more among the miners. But the exact number of the latter is not known, for they were carefully hidden by their companions so as not to expose them to the police.

At Savone (near Genoa), there were also bloody encounters between the troops and the people, but the government tries to hush up these unpleasant stories.

At Intra, a town which is called the Birmingham of Lombardy, the majority of workmen are on strike.

At Rome, the election for the county council has taken place. Out of 62,990 electors, only 6,451 went to the poll.

The split of the Italian Republicans is now an accomplished fact. The young, generous, and democratic section moves towards Socialism; the rest pass over to the Monarchy, or are numbed by the worship of old formulas out of which the life has long departed.

At Forli, where a congress of the Republicans of Romania was held, a strong minority voted in favour of collective property. The proposal of incorporating their desires into the programme of the Republicans being rejected by the majority, they seceded from the Republican Federation. M.

THE UNITED SOCIALIST SOCIETIES OF LONDON

will have their Annual Excursion to

EPPING FOREST

(STARLINGS' HILL, HIGH BEECH),

ON SUNDAY, JULY 20th, 1890,

in aid of the Socialist Propaganda.

Full Entertainment in the Forest. Dancing, Concert, and Games.

Return tickets from Liverpool Street Station to Loughton, 1s. Processions, with Brass Band and Banners, will start from Tottenham Street, W., at 9.0, and Berner Street, E., at 9.50 a.m.

HOW THE BAKERS ARE SWEATED.

COMRADES.—I feel it my duty as a Revolutionary Socialist to bring under the public notice the horrible conditions under which the journeyman bakers are compelled to work for a livelihood; not to live as men, but ~~to~~ to exist in order to fill the pockets of the profit-mongers and legal thieves. I often hear people casting a slur on the baker's calling; they say they are aristocratic trade-unionists, who fancy themselves rather above their fellow-workers. But really they are among the most enslaved and down-trodden of the workers. What time have they to enjoy life or improve their minds? Remember that a baker has to begin his work at 11 o'clock at night, and keep on till 1 or 2 o'clock in the afternoon of the next day, and in some cases even longer; while on Friday he has to start earlier in the evening, and work till 5—nay, even 8 o'clock—on Saturday night; and that is the only night he has off. I know shops not only in the East, but also in the West end, where you can see these slaves tearing away, not allowing themselves time to eat anything, in order to get out of their miserable, wretchedly-ventilated dens, where the atmosphere is most stifling and unhealthy. In some bakehouses the ceiling is so low that the men are constantly in a stooping position, and the suffering of these men is most horrible, and a disgrace to our sham society.

If you want to find out the truth about the baker's lot, go in their clubs or trades-union societies, also to their homes, and what will you see? Men coming in, not walking upright, but staggering in, to drop themselves down into the first chair, too tired even to smoke their pipes. They drop off to sleep with an empty stomach, worn out with the day's slavery. This is at home, where the wife and children look forward for the bread-winner's return, but the husband no sooner comes than he drops down exhausted, not caring for anything else but rest. Rest! is the cry of these wealth-producers. Some will say, But there is Sunday. But they have no rest even on Sunday. When 9 or 10 o'clock in the morning comes round, you will see the baker at work getting ready for the dinners to be brought in, and they are there at work till 2 o'clock; then they go home, just having time for a bit of dinner. Tea-time comes round, and he is just able to have his tea; then 7 o'clock strikes for him to go to set the sponge, and that takes another hour of his Sunday's leisure. Then this poor wretch is at liberty till 11 o'clock, when he is on duty again till next day. What a grand thing it is to be a baker's wife! There are some employers who do not work their men quite so hard and where they are better treated, I admit, but they are very few.

Now, that is the life of a baker's slave under the present civilised society. Just fancy that while others have their night's rest after their work is done, these poor wretches have to turn out in the night air, in all kinds of weather. Instead of sleeping peacefully, they have to tramp along toward their dens, where they are compelled by this most rotten society to gain bread, not only for themselves, but for the idlers, who have all the comforts of life, which they steal from these poor slaves. The master is able to enjoy a nice slumber at night, and so feels refreshed in the morning, and is able to bully about his worn-out employes and also to look after the profits which these men have produced while he was sleeping. These lazy profit-mongers, who never do a stroke of real work, and who thrive legally and respectably, are not satisfied by stealing from the men the results of their labour, but they must try to grind the men down lower and lower. Wages vary in the baking trade from 25s. to 30s. for the foremen; for second hands, 18s. to 24s.; and third hands, 16s. to 20s. These infamous sweaters, the masters, are constantly crying out that trade is bad, and not satisfied with their plunder, they have in most cases the meanness to lay hold of the men's privileges.

The yeast merchants allow a foreman on every pound of yeast 2d.; some only allow 1d. It does not amount to much in the week, but still these mean misers stick to the money, and many dresses and jewellery are bought out of this, and with which they adorn their wives and daughters. The same is done with the sack money. The poor wretches in the bakehouses have to stand to dust the sacks out, and are smothered in flour while the perspiration is pouring down them, and it often requires a vigorous scrubbing with soap and water to get them free from the dirt and dust again! Yet these thieves, who sit behind the counter blowing and puffing with fatness, steal all these little additions to the men's wages.

The workmen's wives and children are even deprived of the comfort they ought to have. The wife does not know what it is to go out with her husband to have a little recreation; the children are frightened to move about at home, so as not to disturb the breadwinner's sleep during the few hours he has for this purpose. Can we wonder that the spirit of the bakers is broken, and their intelligence somewhat dulled by the constant drag upon them?

Not long ago, when a strike was threatened by the men, there seemed to be some chance of the men improving their position, but owing to the mis-management of the union officials, matters are now sinking into their old condition. I want to ask these gentlemen what has become of the ten hours? Are not the firms already stealing from the men the few advantages they have gained? Take the firm of Hill and Son, for instance, soon after the "strike." These people refused to pay overtime, and the result was that the men had to accept the terms or leave, and are now working under the same conditions as before. The men at most of the other shops have now sunk into their old misery. This result, I am sorry to relate, has demoralised and dispirited them, which must show them clearly that something more must be done than to strike for a mere few shillings or shorter hours. The capitalist must no longer be allowed to fleece the worker, and the whole capitalist system must be overthrown.

Now, comrades, let us be determined to help these wretched men. It is our duty to show them the right path. Let us not lose a single opportunity. Think of these men when you sit down to your meals and see the bread upon the table. Think under what shameful conditions it has been manufactured. Let this memory urge us onward in our work, and let us tell them that a General Strike for the overthrow of Capitalism is the only way to save them from their misery and despair. JOHANNA LAHR.

The Police.

The police agitation has also broken down completely. In addition to the forty air ady dismissed from the E, twelve have been dismissed from the Y division for refusing to turn out on Monday night. Sir Edward Bradford reigns supreme, and is talking of breaking up the Bow Street division and distributing the men all over the metropolis. The tyrant, however, had better be careful; the spirit of revolt is not dead yet, though it may be sleeping.—For particulars of "Police Brutality" at Bow Street and surrounding neighbourhood, see page 230.



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

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

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

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

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J. W.—The name of the author should have been A. Yewen.
A. J. W.—63 Aldersgate Street, E.C., is the address of the Clerks' Union.
CROWDED OUT.—"Socialism in Hull and Dundee"—"Street Pavloirs"—"Dust-men." Will all go in next week.

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NOTES ON NEWS.

THE total failure of the postmen's strike is in every way disheartening. The men, who a week ago were full of enthusiasm for their union, are to-day utterly broken down. What is the reason for this? Was the fault theirs, or had they to fight against discouraging circumstances. This was clearly not so, for they showed plenty of pluck at the beginning of the week, and the people were with them,

as was proved by the enthusiasm of the burly butchers of Smithfield, who cheered them heartily on their march to the General Post-office.

Where was the fault then? We are sorry to have to reply in their "leaders," who knew not how to lead, and who had about as poor a notion of managing a strike as a baby in a cradle. It was prophesied by those who knew these gentlemen, when they so kindly took up the cause of the postmen, that they would make a mess of the whole business, and they have amply fulfilled that prophecy.

A few years ago we of the Socialist League were blest by the company of some of these gentlemen in our organisation, and they were always found wanting in times of emergency. The secretary, J. L. Mahon, who has now made himself so ridiculous by his capacity for being "round the corner" or in bed, when there was the greatest need for his services, is a notorious example of instability and vacillation.

It is within our knowledge that he has changed his opinions at least six times within the last five years, during which time he has been everything by turns and nothing long. A Social Democrat, Revolutionary Socialist, Anarchist, then a Parliamentary Revolutionary Socialist, whatever that may mean, then Social Democrat again, and last of all a mild social reformer and secretary of the postmen's union. He will probably end his political career as a Conservative "working-man," and this won't take him long, for, judging by present events, he will soon lose his post as secretary of the union. We can only recommend the men, when they have got rid of Mr. Mahon, to choose a secretary among the discharged men, and to be sure that he is honest, firm, and resolute.

Mr. Stanley is married. Let us hope we have heard the last of him for some little time. We present our respectful sympathy to the bride, for we are sure that a man who has spent his life in murdering hapless savages is not the sort of person with whom she is likely to be happy.

By the way, Reynolds published a portrait of the great explorer on this happy occasion, which, if it resembles him, is the most damning evidence against him. A man with a countenance like that which appeared in our contemporary, would not be content with killing natives but would eat them as well. All we can say is that if any one was brought before a country magistrate, and charged with high-way robbery with violence with a face like the portrait in Reynolds, the magistrate would not require any other evidence, but would give him six months on the strength of his countenance.

Mr. Parke has been released. The Government did not want another Mandeville case, so he was treated kindly in jail and was let loose directly it was clear that his health was failing. Mr. Parke has done good revolutionary work—though it may be unwittingly—by exposing the Cleveland Street Scandals. He has dared to speak plainly and boldly concerning these hideous crimes, and for his honesty he had received twelve month's hard labour. Now Tay Pay has cleared out from the Star, we hope Mr. Parke will do the same admirable work upon that paper as he did in the past. Although we differ in opinion from him, we can always recognise honesty and courage even in those who are most opposed to us. D. N.

It appears from Woman, a journal for feminine Tories, that the wives of married constables were brought around the police stations to influence their husbands not to strike, and that the very much married Roberts, so courageous in assaulting juveniles and aged people, quailed before their better halves, and "scabbed." "The fiery bachelors gave the most trouble." Just so. We were not concerned for the success of the bludgeoners' strike, such as it was; but the facts so exultingly drawn attention to in Woman are worth noting.

Every upward movement on the part of working men has found its bitterest opponents amongst the wives and female relatives of the men. If in other circles there be marriages of convenience, there are thousands of working-class households wherein the wife only views the male bread-winner in the same light that the boss of the factory does—viz., to get what is possible out of him; and if he rebels against the outside slavery, the wife is too frequently found to be a powerful ally of the boss in coercing him back to toil.

The capitalists are perfectly well aware of this preservative force, and use it unscrupulously in every struggle with their workmen. Hence during the Dock Strike the Fleet Street limners depicted the docker's wife pleading with the docker to resume work. All the enginery of the mission-hall, the muffin struggles, and tea fights, the sewing classes and mothers' meetings (good Lord, deliver us!), are means to the end that the men may be reached by these neuter agencies, and put up with that state of life which it pleases the capitalist to create for him.

We must face this kind of opposition, and not only must it be overcome, but be changed into helpful comradeship. There is, unfortunately a large number of very advanced men who are responsible for the conservatism of women, for they refuse either to recognise or treat them in thought or action as equals. The contending political factions play battledore with the catch-cries of Women's Rights, meaning

thereby only partial political enfranchisement as a part of conservative and reactionary tactics. Socially and economically speaking, the Women's Rights agitators of the Mrs. Lynn Linton stamp would "free" (*sic!*) woman by forcing her into competition with man. Such seek to intensify the economical struggle by bitter sex strife.

The non-political Socialist, and especially our women comrades, have a large field of work in counteracting the reactionary influence which makes the large mass of women—especially working women—a dead weight of opposition and hindrance to progress. Let them penetrate into the tenements with literature and argument, and show the women that the gospel-monger and his ilk are not the only ones who make women and their work their concern. By preaching the mundane gospel of making this world a brighter and happier one, causing them to look with horror and detestation upon the grimy, sordid existence they lead to-day, filled as it is with woes and petty cares, we shall lead them to higher conceptions of life, and obtain their assistance as comrades and equals for their realisation.

F. K.

NEWS FROM NOWHERE:

OR,

AN EPOCH OF REST.

BEING SOME CHAPTERS FROM A UTOPIAN ROMANCE.

CHAP. XXII (*continued*).—HAMPTON COURT. AND A PRAISER OF PAST TIMES.

We went up a paved path between the roses, and straight into a very pretty room, panelled and carved, and as clean as a new pin; but the chief ornament of which was a young girl, light-haired and grey-eyed, but with her face and hands and bare feet tanned quite brown with the sun. Though she was very lightly clad, that was clearly from choice, not from poverty, though these were the first cottage-dwellers I had come across; for her gown was of silk, and on her wrists were bracelets that seemed to me of great value. She was lying on a sheepskin near the window, but jumped up as soon as we entered, and when she saw the guests behind the old man, she clapped her hands and cried out with pleasure, and when she got us into the middle of the room, fairly danced round us in delight of our company.

"What!" said the old man, "you are pleased, are you, Ellen?"

The girl danced up to him and threw her arms round him, and said: "Yes, I am, and so ought you to be grandfather."

"Well, well, I am," said he, "as much as I can be pleased. Guests, please be seated."

This seemed rather strange to us; stranger, I suspect, to my friends than to me; but Dick took the opportunity of both the host and his grand-daughter being out of the room to say to me, softly: "A grumbler: there are a few of them still. Once upon a time, I am told, they were quite a nuisance."

The old man came in as he spoke and sat down beside us with a sigh, which, indeed, seemed fetched up as if he wanted us to take notice of it; but just then the girl came in with the victuals, and the carle missed his mark, what between our hunger generally and that I was pretty busy watching the grand-daughter moving about as beautiful as a picture.

Everything to eat and drink, though it was somewhat different to what we had had in London, was better than good, but the old man eyed rather sulkily the chief dish on the table, on which lay a leash of fine perch, and said:

"H'm, perch! I am sorry we can't do better for you, guests. The time was when we might have had a good piece of salmon up from London for you; but the times have grown mean and petty."

"Yes, but you might have had it now," said the girl, giggling, "if you had known that they were coming."

"It's our fault for not bringing it with us, neighbours," said Dick, good-humouredly. "But if the times have grown petty, at any rate the perch haven't; that fellow in the middle there must have weighed a good two pounds when he was showing his dark stripes and red fins to the minnows yonder. And as to the salmon, why, neighbour, my friend here, who comes from the outlands, was quite surprised yesterday morning when I told him we had plenty of salmon at Hammer-smith. I am sure I have heard nothing of the times worsening."

He looked a little uncomfortable. And the old man, turning to me, said very courteously:

"Well, sir, I am happy to see a man from over the water; but I really must appeal to you to say whether on the whole you are not better off in your country; where I suppose, from what our guest says, you are brisker and more alive, because you have not wholly got rid of competition. You see, I have read not a few books of the past days, and certainly *they* are much more alive than those which are written now; and good sound unlimited competition was the condition under which they were written,—if we didn't know that from the record of history we should know it from the books themselves. There is a spirit of adventure in them, and signs of a capacity to extract good out of evil which our literature quite lacks now; and I cannot help thinking that our moralists and historians exaggerate hugely the unhappiness of the past days, in which such splendid works of imagination and intellect were produced."

Clara listened to him with restless eyes, as if she were excited and pleased; Dick knitted his brow and looked still more uncomfortable, but said nothing. Indeed, the old man gradually, as he warmed to

his subject, dropped his sneering manner, and both spoke and looked very seriously. But the girl broke out before I could deliver myself of the answer I was framing:

"Books, books! always books, grandfather! When will you understand that after all it is the world we live in which interests us; the world of which we are a part, and which we can never love too much? Look!" she said, throwing open the casement wider and showing us the white light sparkling between the black shadows of the moonlit garden, through which ran a little shiver of the summer night-wind, "look! these are our books in these days!—and these," she said, stepping lightly up to the two lovers and laying a hand on each of their shoulders; "and the guest there, with his oversea knowledge and experience;—yes, and even you, grandfather" (a smile ran over her face as she spoke), "with all your grumbling and wishing yourself back again in the good old days,—in which, as far as I can make out, a harmless and lazy old man like you would either have pretty nearly starved, or have had to pay soldiers and people to take the folk's victuals and clothes and houses away from them by force. Yes, these are our books; and if we want more, can we not find work to do in the beautiful buildings that we raise up all over the country (and I know there was nothing like them in past times), wherein a man can put forth whatever is in him, and make his hands set forth his mind and his soul."

She paused a little, and I for my part could not help staring at her, and thinking that if she were a book, the pictures in it were most lovely. The colour mantled in her delicate sunburnt cheeks; her grey eyes, light amidst the tan of her face, looked kindly on us all as she spoke. She paused, and said again:

"As for your books, I say flatly that in spite of all their cleverness and vigour, and capacity for story-telling, there is something loathsome about them. Some of them, indeed, do here and there show some feeling for those whom the history-books call 'poor,' and of the misery of whose lives we have some inkling; but presently they give it up, and towards the end of the story we must be contented to see the hero and heroine living happily in an island of bliss on other people's troubles; and that after a long series of sham troubles (or mostly sham) of their own making, illustrated by dreary introspective nonsense about their feelings and aspirations, and all the rest of it; while the world must even then have gone on its way, and dug and sewed and baked and built and carpentered round about these useless—animals."

"There!" said the old man, reverting to his dry sulky manner again.

"There's eloquence! I suppose you like it?"

"Yes," said I, very emphatically.

"Well," said he, "now the storm of eloquence has lulled for a little, suppose you answer my question?—that is, if you like, you know," quoth he, with a sudden access of courtesy.

"What question?" said I. For I must confess that Ellen's strange and almost wild beauty had put it out of my head.

Said he: "First of all (excuse my catechising), is there competition in life, after the old kind, in the country whence you come?"

"Yes," said I, "it is the rule there." And I wondered as I spoke what fresh complications I should get into as a result of this answer.

"Question two," said the carle: "Are you not on the whole much freer, more energetic—in a word, healthier and happier—for it?"

I smiled. "You wouldn't talk so if you had any idea of our life. To me you seem here as if you were living in heaven compared with us of the country from which I came."

"Heaven?" said he: "you like heaven, do you?"

"Yes," said I—snappishly, I am afraid; for I was beginning rather to resent his formula.

"Well, I am far from sure that I do," quoth he. "I think one may do more with one's life than sitting on a damp cloud and singing hymns."

I was rather nettled by this inconsequence, and said: "Well, neighbour, to be short, and without using metaphors, in the land whence I come, where the competition which produced those literary works which you admire so much is still the rule, most people are thoroughly unhappy; here, to me at least, most people seem thoroughly happy."

"No offence, guest—no offence," said he; but let me ask you; you like that, do you?"

His formula, put with such obstinate persistence, made us all laugh heartily; and even the old man joined in the laughter on the sly. However, he was by no means beaten, and said presently:

"From all I can hear, I should judge that a young woman so beautiful as my dear Ellen yonder would have been a lady, as they called it in the old time, and wouldn't have had to wear a few rags of silk as she does now, or to have browned herself in the sun as she has to do now. What do you say to that, eh?"

Here Clara, who had been pretty much silent hitherto, struck in, and said: "Well, really, I don't think that would have mended matters; or that they want mending. Don't you see that she is dressed deliciously for this beautiful weather? And as for the sun-burning of your hayfields, why, I hope to pick up some of that for myself when we get a little higher up the river. Look if I don't need a little sun on my pasty white skin!"

And she stripped up the sleeve from her arm and laid it beside Ellen's, who was now sitting next her. To say the truth, it was rather amusing to me to see Clara putting herself forward as a town-bred fine lady, for she was as well-knit and clean-skinned a girl as might be met with anywhere at the best. Dick stroked the beautiful arm rather shyly, and pulled down the sleeve again, while she blushed at his touch; and the old man said laughingly: "Well, I suppose you *do* like that, don't you?"

Ellen kissed her new friend, and we all sat silent for a little, till she broke out into a sweet shrill song, and held us all entranced with the wonder of her clear voice; and the old grumbler sat looking at her lovingly. The other young people sang also in due time; and then Ellen showed us to our beds in small cottage chambers, fragrant and clean as the ideal of the old pastoral poets; and the pleasure of the evening quite extinguished my fear of the last night that I should wake up in the old miserable world of worn-out pleasures, and hopes that were half fears.

WILLIAM MORRIS.

TO BE CONTINUED.]

(This Story began in No. 209, January 11, 1890. A few sets of Back Numbers can still be had.)

THE LABOUR REVOLT.

The Postmen's Strike.

This strike has failed, mainly through the cowardice and weakness of the leaders. It will be remembered that on Monday, July 7, a meeting was held at Holborn Town Hall, to consider what action should be taken on account of the continued suspensions of men for attending the union meetings by the Postmaster-General. Through the advice of the union officials, the men decided to accept the mediation of the London Trades Council, and postponed the strike for twelve days. But the men insisted that if there was any attempt to bring blackleg labour into any post-office, all unionists should strike at once.

On Tuesday morning the men at the General Post-Office discovered, shortly after they had started work, that there were thirty blacklegs in the place. They insisted on these being removed, and as it was evident there would be a strike in the event of a refusal, the officials were obliged to submit, and they were ordered out.

On Wednesday the blacklegs employed at the Parcels-Post Office at Mount Pleasant had to run for their lives before a furious crowd of men. Alarmed at the discontent, and the possibility of a strike, Raikes endeavoured to get the postmen to sign a paper promising that they would not strike during the crisis. This the men refused to do, according to the instructions of the union.

Then on Thursday Mr. Raikes determined on vengeance, and a hundred men were dismissed at Mount Pleasant for ill-treating the blacklegs. This was followed by suspensions and dismissals at other offices. Then the union officials gave the word to strike, and the men turned out at several offices. At Finsbury Park they shut themselves in the office and refused to budge an inch. A number of tradesmen applied for their letters, when the postmen rushed at the bags and dragged them out of their hands, crying, "No letters here unless from postmen." The men were then set upon by our gallant police and dragged from the office with brutal violence. At Leicester Square thirty-five marched out of the office, amid a scene of popular excitement. Everywhere the cowardly police, who had not sufficient pluck to strike to remedy their own grievances, did their utmost to crush the postmen. These slavish bullies seemed to take a delight in the work. Never mind; Sir Edward Bradford will avenge the postmen, as the cowardly crew are already finding out.

But although the men turned out very well at many of the district offices—particularly North Islington, where, according even to official report, 108 left their work—yet at St. Martin le Grand they did not turn out. Here the men had lost confidence through the vacillating conduct of their leaders, and moreover had been deceived by a traitor on the executive of the union, who had informed them that the secretary had ordered them not to come out. Meanwhile Mr. Mahon had mysteriously disappeared, and they could get no word from him. So they remained at work all day Thursday. On Thursday night a meeting was held at Clerkenwell Green, at which the secretary announced "that they had got practically the whole of the London men out on strike," and that all was going well. The events of the next day proved that this was an empty boast. On Friday morning only some eighty or ninety men assembled on Clerkenwell Green by half-past four. There they spent some time waiting for their invaluable secretary, who did not turn up; so they determined to march on without him. He arrived, however, soon after, and caught them up; but before they had arrived at the Post Office, he had vanished again, this time into a hansom cab, which drove off, leaving the men to march along without their "leader." When they reached the Post Office, they were met by Superintendent Foster, a kind old man, despite his position, who asked them "where their leader was"—a question which they could not answer. After they had marched up and down two or three times, the superintendent informed them that he could not allow them to continue to do so, but they must break up and leave the road clear. This they did, and established pickets; but deserted by their "leaders," they had lost all hope, and the strike had evidently gone to pieces.

On Saturday it was evidently all over. A petition was received from 83 of the 94 men who struck in the Eastern district, begging in the most humble tones that the Postmaster-General would be pleased to reinstate them. This humiliating appeal only showed how thoroughly the men were broken down.

But though these postmen may lick the dust beneath Mr. Raikes's feet, it will avail them but little. That gentleman was very amiable to a deputation of postmen that waited upon him on Friday, when there was still a chance that they might strike, yet he shows a very different temper now. On Saturday, when the possibility of a strike had vanished, eight more men were dismissed; therefore it is not likely he will listen to their petition, so they might have saved themselves the humiliation.

The Guards.

The Guards' grievances are being "enquired into," and meanwhile the excessive duty of which the men complained has been reduced. It looks as if they were afraid to punish the men for "mutiny." No wonder, when the whole army is smouldering with discontent, only waiting a breath to blow it into a flame.

Corruption in Parliament.

Many workmen must have often wondered why it so often happens that a man who is honest and upright while working in the popular cause outside

the House of Commons, immediately becomes tainted and corrupt soon after he gets within the walls of that edifice. The following quotation from a speech of Mr. Cremer on the Directors' Liability Bill, given in the *Railway Review*, will perhaps supply an answer to this question:

"If not the poorest member of the House, there were few poorer than he (Mr. Cremer), and there had been no want of temptation put in his way. A few months ago he was asked to become a director of a scheme which it was said had received the sanction of the hon. member for Kirkcaldy (Sir G. Campbell), but knowing the hon. member to be a cautious man, and to belong to a cautious nation, he made enquiry, and found the hon. member had nothing whatever to do with the scheme, and had never lent his name. The remuneration offered to him was £200 a-year. This was the kind of temptation placed in the way of poor members."

This will not only explain why men who were once sincere get corrupted, but will also explain why certain impudent adventurers, who are sincere alone in their self-conceit, are so eager to enter these charmed portals. They ought by rights to bear labels on their breasts, on which, in huge black letters might be inscribed, "This lot can be bought cheap." Certainly no sane man would expect anything but cowardice, treachery, and corruption from these people. They start as "Labour" candidates on money from suspicious sources, and they end by selling themselves and their dupes to the highest bidder. There is a chance that people may be deceived by these humbugs, and they had better keep a wary eye on some of these "Labour" candidates, of whom we are threatened with a perfect swarm at the next election. One consolation is that these swindlers will soon disgust people with "parliamentary action," and will teach them its uselessness. The people then will see that the destruction of the present system by their own action is the only way to salvation. N.

POLICE BRUTALITY.

WE have received several letters concerning the police brutality on Tuesday, July 8th, at Bow Street, and surrounding neighbourhood, of which we think our readers should be informed. The crowd appeared to us to be very peaceable and quiet, and of course the police bullies seized the opportunity of displaying their valour. The big brutes of the G division were specially noted for their ruffianism, and how shamefully they behaved our readers will see from the following:

On Tuesday night, after leaving the soiree of that glorious institution the International Arbitration and Peace Association at Essex Hall, I came upon a very different scene on my way homewards, which lay through Bow Street. I was accompanied by two ladies, one of whom was most eager to see what was going on. On reaching the foot of Bow Street, about 9.30, we found the street blocked by a crowd of policemen, so we remained in Catherine Street, just facing Drury Lane Theatre. The crowd, so far, was not excessively large, and very orderly, moving up and down the street without inconvenience; but there was an air of expectancy about the people, which showed that something was expected. We had not long to wait before the cry was raised, "Here they come!" and the mounted police turned the corner and came down the street at a trot, driving the people before them, accompanied by a number of policemen, who attempted to drive everyone off the sidewalk. There was a rush now for the public-houses and the doorways, and the orderly street instantly became a scene of confusion. One of my companions was hurried into a bar, and the door locked, but the other bravely remained with me in a doorway. The police now tried to make us leave our position by bullying, but as we refused to stir, they passed on. Two or three times this performance was gone through, the crowd each time becoming more irritated and indignant, hooting them on their way down, and accompanying their return with volleys of stones from the dark side streets. On one of their return journeys a more serious outbreak seemed on the point of happening. A woman rushed from the crowd in pursuit of the retreating squad, and tried to pull the hindmost from his horse. He brutally raised his staff to strike her down, when the crowd, with a great shout, surged up and swept her out of the way.

Another incident showed that the art of the barricade is not unknown here, though at present in a very elementary stage. Just before the mounted police were expected down again, a number of men hurried up with a coster's handbarrow, which they overturned right in front of us, and placed broadside across the road; they then retired to await the result. Unfortunately for the success of their scheme, they had placed it in the light from a bar, and just as the horses began to trot down the street, and we were breathlessly awaiting the crash, about a dozen officious bobbies rushed down and carried it off—just in time.

It was now nearly half-past ten, so we made for home, having to make a large detour to reach Tottenham Court Road.

The following glaring instance of police brutality seems to show that by Tuesday night they were so thoroughly cowed by the merciless action of their superiors, that they were ready to do any dastardly act to show their zeal. Between 11 and 12 o'clock on that night I saw a respectable-looking young man standing at the corner of Great Queen Street and Drury Lane. A guardian of the law approached him, and he was told to move on. As he moved away another guardian came forward, and twisting his leg in the young man's threw him violently down on his face. The few people who were about rushed up to try and save him, when several more guardians of the peace ran up and pushed the people back, while four of them gave him what is called the "Frog's March," that is, each policeman took him by a limb and carried him face downwards. The victim, of course, was helpless, and very soon black in the face. The subsequent fate of this young man deponent knoweth not.

The press were very careful to state on the Wednesday that the preceding night's riot in Bow Street and neighbourhood was not marked by violence on the part of the police. As a matter of fact some desperate charges were made by foot and horse police. Amongst the crowd opposite the Novelty Theatre, a foot passenger was knocked down and brutally batoned until insensible. In Drury Lane and Great Wild Street, the police broke into the houses and assaulted the inmates. In the first-named thoroughfare the mounted men rode on the pavements and roadway, and here one man in the crowd was ridden down and had to be conveyed to the hospital.

TO A FOIL'D EUROPEAN REVOLUTIONAIRE.

COURAGE yet, my brother or my sister!
Keep on—Liberty is to be subser'd whatever occurs;
That is nothing that is quell'd by one or two failures, or any
number of failures,
Or by the indifference or ingratitude of the people, or by any
unfaithfulness,
Or the show of the tushes of power, soldiers, cannon, penal
statutes.
What we believe in waits latent forever through all the con-
tinent,
Invites no one, promises nothing, sits in calmness and light, is
positive and composed, knows no discouragement,
Waiting patiently, waiting its time.
(Not songs of loyalty alone are these,
But songs of insurrection also,
For I am the sworn poet of every dauntless rebel the world
over,
And he going with me leaves peace and routine behind him,
And stakes his life to be lost at any moment.)

The battle rages with many a loud alarm and frequent advance
and retreat,
The infidel triumphs, or supposes he triumphs,
The prison, scaffold, garrote, handcuffs, iron necklace, and lead-
balls do their work,
The named and unnamed heroes pass to other spheres,
The great speakers and writers are exiled, they lie sick in
distant lands,
The Cause is asleep, the strongest throats are choked with their
own blood,
The young men droop their eyelashes toward the ground when
they meet;
But for all this Liberty has not gone out of the place nor the
infidel enter'd into full possession.

When liberty goes out of a place it is not the first to go, nor the
second or third to go;
It waits for all the rest to go, it is the last.

When there are no more memories of heroes and martyrs,
And when all life and all the souls of men and women are
discharged from any part of the earth,
Then only shall liberty or the idea of liberty be discharged
from that part of the earth,
And the infidel come into full possession.

Then courage, European revolter, revoltress!
For till all ceases neither must you cease.

I do not know what you are for (I do not know what I am for
myself, nor what any thing is for),
But I will search carefully for it even in being foil'd,
In defeat, poverty, misconception, imprisonment—for they too
are great.

Did we think victory great?
So it is—but now it seems to me, when it cannot be help'd,
that defeat is great,
And that death and dismay are great.

WALT WHITMAN.

THE SOCIALIST LEAGUE.

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

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

Notice.—The Branches and Allied Societies willing to share in the convoca-
tion of the Conference of August 3rd, are requested to answer the convening
circulars at once.

Branch Subscriptions Paid.—1890:—Leicester and North Kensington,
to end of April. Glasgow, Oxford, Hammersmith, North London, East
London, 'Commonweal' Branch, Manchester, and Norwich, to end of
May. Streatham, to end of December.

(Branch Secretaries will please send with remittances for Capitations the number
of their membership.)

NEW PREMISES FUND.

Table with 4 columns: £ s. d., Collected at Council meet- ing, July 7th, Medical Student, Collected at Council meet- ing, July 14th, £ s. d.

"COMMONWEAL" GUARANTEE FUND.

Table with 4 columns: £ s. d., H. R., A. H., H. R. C. N. (Berks), D. Nicoll (2 weeks), 'Commonweal' Branch, H. R. C. N. (2nd donation), P. Webb (3 weeks), B. W. (2 weeks), Hammersmith Branch, Glasgow Branch, North London Branch, Mrs. S. (Chelsea), Medical Student, E. C. (Glasgow), Total, £ s. d.

REPORTS.

EAST LONDON.—Good meeting at Hoxton Church on Sunday morning, ad-
dressed by Moore and Davis; a large number of 'Anarchist Labour Leaf' dis-
tributed, and 1s. 1½d. collected for same. At Victoria Park on Sunday after-
noon, a large audience was addressed by Mrs. Lahr, Davis, Burnie, and Hicks.
The Social Democrats distributed a number of bills at our meeting, announcing
their so-called "Labour candidates" for the House of Imbeciles at Westminster.
Davis strongly criticised their policy. Burnie made his maiden speech (for this
Park), and gave material support to Anarchism; Commonwealth and Freedom sold
well, and large number of 'Labour Leaf' distributed; collection 1s. 9½d.—H. D.
(For other Reports, see page 226.)

LECTURE DIARY.

LONDON.

Battersea.—All communications to E. Bateux, 45, Inwith Street, Battersea
Park Road.
Commonweal Branch.—24 Great Queen Street, Holborn, W.C. Tuesdays, Sing-
ing Practice. Thursdays, Business meeting. Saturdays, Social Gathering.
East London.—95 Boston Street, Hackney Road. Members' Meeting, Saturday
July 19th, at 8 p.m. Members of St. George's in the East Branch are asked
to turn up. Important business.
Hammersmith.—Kelmscott House, Upper Mall, W. Sunday July 20, at 8 p.m.,
a Lecture. French Class conducted by Mlle. Desroches on Friday evenings
at 7.30.
Mitcham.—"Lord Napier," Fair Green. Meets every Sunday at 12.30, to enroll
members, etc.
North Kensington.—Clarendon Coffee Palace, Clarendon Road. Meets every
Wednesday at 8 p.m. The branch Band meets every Friday at 8 p.m. for
practice. Comrades wishing to join to give in their names to the instructor
at the above address.
North London.—6 Windmill Street, Tottenham Court Road. Meets every
Wednesday evening at 8 o'clock.
Streatham.—Address secretary, R. Smith, 1 Natal Road, Streatham.
Whitechapel and St. Georges-in-the-East.—Branch meetings at International Club,
40 Berner Street, Commercial Road. J. Turner, organising secretary.

PROVINCES.

Aberdeen.—Organiser, J. Leatham, 7 Jamaica Street. Branch meets in Hall,
9 Harriet Street, on Sunday evenings at 6.30. Singing practice, etc., in Odd-
fellows' Small Hall, Crooked Lane, Mondays at 8 p.m.
Braintree.—Meetings held alternate Saturdays, at 8 p.m., and Sundays, 11 and
2.30, at the fountain, Market Place. Business meetings, Wednesdays at 8.
All communications to W. Fuller, 74 Manor Street. Miss Lupton, from
London, will speak on July 27th.
Glasgow.—Members are invited to meet on Thursday and Sunday evenings, at
8 o'clock, in the Secretary's house, 250 Crown Street, S.S. All communica-
tions to be sent to that address.
Halifax.—Socialists meet every Sunday at 6.30 p.m. at Helliwell's Temperance
Hotel, Northgate.
Leeds.—International Educational Club. Open every evening. Discussion class
every Friday at 8; lectures every Saturday at 4. All kinds of Socialist
literature on tables and for sale.
Leicester.—Exchange Buildings, Rutland Street. Branch meets on Monday,
Thursday, and Saturday at 8 p.m.
Manchester.—Socialist League Club, 60 Grovesnor Street, All Saints. Open every
evening. Branch weekly meeting on Tuesdays at 8.
Norwich.—Members' meeting held every Tuesday at 8.30.
Oxford.—Temperance Hall, 25½ Pembroke Street. First Friday in every month,
at 8.30 p.m.
Sheffield.—Socialist Club, 63 Blonk Street. French Class, Tuesday at 8.30. Dis-
cussion Class, Wednesday at 8.30. Open-air meetings are held as follows:—
Sunday: Monolith, Fargate, at 11.30; Newhall Road, Attercliffe, at 11.30;
Pump, Westbar, at 8; Heeley, Maresbrook Park, at 7.30; Monolith, Far-
gate, at 6.30; Rotherham, College Yard, at 3.15. Wednesday: Nursery
Street, Wicker, at 8. Thursday: Bramall Lane, at 8; Eckington, at 6.30.
Friday: Duke Street, Park, at 8. Saturday: Woodhouse, at 7.
Walsall.—Socialist Club, 18 Goodall Street, Walsall. Meetings every night.
Yarmouth.—Socialist League Club, 56 Row, Market Place. Open every evening.
Business Meeting Tuesdays at 8 p.m. Elocution Class Friday at 8.30 p.m.
Discussion Class Sunday 3 p.m.

OPEN-AIR PROPAGANDA.

SATURDAY 19.

7.30..... Prince of Wales RoadNicoll and Cantwell
SUNDAY 20.

11 Commercial Road—Union StreetThe Branch
11 Latimer Road StationNorth Kensington Branch
11.30... Hammersmith BridgeHammersmith Branch
11.30... Hoxton ChurchThe Branch
11.30... Kilburn—"Old Plough," Kilburn LaneMainwaring
11.30... New Cut—Short StreetHolloway, Buckenridge, and Miss Lupton
11.30... Regent's ParkThe Branch
3.30... Hyde Park—Marble ArchThe Branch
3.30... Victoria ParkThe Branch
7 Hammersmith BridgeHammersmith Branch
7 Wormwood ScrubsNorth Kensington Branch
8 Walham Green—back of ChurchHammersmith Branch

WEDNESDAY 23.

8 Newport MarketBlundell and Mowbray

FRIDAY 25.

8.15..... Hoxton ChurchKitz and Miss Lupton

PROVINCES.

Aberdeen.—Saturday: Castle Street, at 8 p.m.
Glasgow.—Sunday: Jail Square at 2 o'clock; Paisley Road at 5 o'clock. Fri-
day: Bridgeton Cross, at 8.15.
Leeds.—Sunday: Hunslet Moor, at 11 a.m.; Vicar's Croft, at 7 p.m.
Leicester.—Sunday: Russell Square at 11 a.m.; Humberstone Gate, at 8 p.m.
Liverpool.—Landing Stage, Sundays at 11.30 a.m. and 3 p.m.
Manchester.—Saturday: Middleton market ground, at 7 p.m. Sunday: Philips
Park Gates, at 11; Stevenson Square, at 3. Monday: Market Street,
Blackley, at 8.
Norwich.—Saturday: Haymarket, at 8. Sunday: Market Place at 11, 3, and
7.30.
Yarmouth.—Sunday: Priory Plain, at 11; Bradwell, 11.30; Colman's Granary
Quay, at 7.

London Members' Meeting.—The next monthly meeting of members will
be held on Friday, July 25th, at 8.30 p.m., at the Hall of the Hammersmith
Branch, Kelmscott House, Upper Mall, Hammersmith, W. Special meeting;
important business. All members interested in the propaganda are asked to
attend.

SHEFFIELD.—The Commonwealth can be obtained every Friday afternoon at Mr.
Kipling's, newsagent, Wicker, Sheffield.

SOUTH LONDON.—All Revolutionary Socialists in South London willing to form
a Branch of the S. L. are requested to send their names to B. Holloway, organ-
iser, 41 Wootton Street, Cornwall Road, Lambeth, or turn up at the open-air
meeting at Short Street, New Cut, on Sunday morning.

NORWICH.—A great Socialist Demonstration will be held in Norwich about the
end of July. The comrades already invited are W. Morris, Kropotkin, C. W.
Mowbray, Mrs. Lahr, Edward Carpenter, Mrs. Shack, Wess, and Ogden (Ox-
ford). Any comrade in London or the provinces willing to take part is asked to
communicate with A. Sutton, 23 Rose Yard, St. Augustines.

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A few remainders—

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MISCELLANEOUS.

Spaziergänge eines Atheisten. Bei Ferdinand Heigl ...	0 8
The Reciter for Clubs and Social Gatherings ...	0 1

The above Leaflets, at prices given, can be had from the *Commonweal* manager in any quantities by Branches, members, or sympathisers, for distribution, 24, Great Queen Street, Lincoln's Inn Fields, London.

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