

THE COMMONWEAL

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IS THE REVOLUTION COMING?

THE events of the last two years give but one answer to this, the all-important question to every Socialist. To him, as to all who look by the light of history at the throbbing of those mighty forces, which to day are shaking the dilapidated edifice of Society to its foundations, the only uncertainty regarding the question lies in the manner of its accomplishment. And it is in these yet unresolved factors that the avowed Revolutionist holds the key of the situation. For it is the business and the duty of militant Socialists to supply the force which will seize the opportunity to make the Revolution an accomplished fact. What, then, should be our attitude, the attitude of every son of labour who is intelligent enough to be discontented with his condition? The attitude of all who feel the burden of the misery engendered by Capitalism, and who know that it must be borne till the system in which it is inherent, is destroyed?

We have now reached the parting of the ways. The decisive moment has arrived. Let us choose our course. There can be no neutral ground—he that is not for us is against us. We expect no quarter, and we shall give none. The upholders of the existing order stigmatise us as the “dangerous element,” “the enemies of Society,” and by heavens we are determined that their epithets shall not lack occasion. The Revolutionary Party wastes not its time and energies on effete institutions such as Parliament. It believes in Trades Unions merely so far as they can be used as a convenient weapon with which to maintain the Holy War against Capitalism, but which like all implements of warfare, may become obsolete, and require to be superseded by more potent, if less respectable methods. It is therefore more important that it be a party of action than of great numbers. Indeed, the numbers will follow quickly enough upon the action.

The principles of Revolutionary Socialism are thorough, its policy must be the same. We are the enemies of mis-government and disorder, and must fearlessly attack those who mis-govern and maintain disorder. They include all “authority” and robbery, and these must be swept away by “revolutionary” storm. The people must not submit to tyranny of Governments any longer. No! Ignorant the masses may be, and not seldom without the least idea of their own interests on certain questions. But the instinct of self-preservation, if nothing else, will assuredly bring them to see that their very existence may depend on whether they are willing to oppose, even by armed resistance, the hirelings who are kept in readiness by the propertied classes solely to be hurled against the people when they attempt to take their own. The truth of this cannot much longer be concealed from the producing, yet property-less, classes. They are being taught by oft-repeated experience. The people are the raw material of Revolution, and there need be no fear but that when the time arrives they will be ready.

Now, the coming of that time must be hastened and brought about by the Party of Revolutionary Socialism. How? By the most un-

compromising preaching of its principles, and by every means; paying no heed as to the legality, or otherwise, of the methods employed. By resisting and combating “Authority” at every opportunity. We shall then soon have law and order on our track at all points. When we throw down the gauntlet, our rulers will with alacrity pick it up. They will undoubtedly wish to crush us. They know our mission, and fully understand that it means *crushing* them.

Prosecution and persecution we must court, and the more of it we get, the more progress we shall make. The machinery of tyranny was never so much out of gear as at present. The organized brute force which our masters wield to enslave us and secure their own position cannot now be absolutely depended on. The spirit of revolt which is the characteristic of our time has permeated all the forces of “Authority,” civil and military. Not that we can hope much from such weak and futile displays as the recent Police and Postmen’s “Strikes,” but here also experience will prove the most efficient teacher. When these bullies on the one hand, and slaves on the other, find that vacillation, cringing servility, and an utter lack of powerful organisation, are met by their masters in merciless tyranny and coercion, and that to be treated like men they must have the courage to act like men, it will rouse them from their slavish degradation to bold and fierce revolt.

It is precisely amongst those workers who have shown themselves most fearless and determined, who have not scrupled to use violent means where pacific did not answer, and have not considered whether they elicited the sympathy or hatred of a sentimental public, that the most substantial gains have been won. Time serving and timidity can never accomplish anything except the contempt they deserve, and there has been too much of them in the labour struggles in the past.

The advantages to be won in a struggle for Socialism against the present system are so great compared with those for which Labour’s battles are now fought, the gain to every worker so enormous, that it should be the duty of each to see to it, and make the question his own. The Revolution concerns all alike. Its benefits will be shared by all. Then why should anyone stand back? If he is not a traitor to the cause of Labour, it behoves every toiler, though he may not call himself a Socialist, to lend a hand in pushing forward the great crisis which will precede his emancipation.

Let none be deluded with the idea which the enemies of real progress would thrust upon us—that the price to be paid for the change is too dear. They tell us it cannot be got peaceably or constitutionally; that blood must be spilled; civil war and universal massacre are sure to be the result of our teaching. What if they are? Have we not to-day a system which murders and destroys with greater cruelty and more torture than any social upheaval could accomplish? It sounds well to be thus denounced by the classes which are ever perfecting more and more the most fiendish implements of human destruction, to be used on a wholesale scale, not by a few fanatics or enthusiasts, but by millions of trained men, drilled to the utmost precision in the art of human butchery. The governments of Europe spend upwards of four hundred millions sterling annually, which is stolen from labour, in order to maintain those Christian institutions, their enormous armies. But yet we the Socialists, the preachers of brotherhood amongst all men, of universal peace and happiness—we, the lovers and saviours of mankind—are bloodthirsty, callous, sowers of discord and hatred, preachers of violence and murder. There is nothing we can preach, nothing we could do, had we the power, that would entail a title of the horrors of the state of things under which we live.

Then let us make war upon the system, and on the ruling powers which maintain it, in every possible way. When called upon at any time to assist the workers in the disputes at all times cropping up, it is our duty to urge upon them to attack the system in every possible way. The power is always with the producers, could they but realise it. When they make a demand, it is not sufficient to passively await the result; they must enforce it if necessary by a strike in every trade. Thus industry may be paralysed and the possessing classes driven into submission.

How long will it take the toilers to appreciate their strength? We revolutionists must answer by our deeds. These will spread our ideas, till we gather force to sweep away the spoilers; and when these robbers are driven away, the people will take their own. W. B.

NEWS FROM NOWHERE:

OR,
AN EPOCH OF REST.

BEING SOME CHAPTERS FROM A UTOPIAN ROMANCE.

CHAP. XXIV. (continued).—UP THE THAMES: THE SECOND DAY.

HOWEVER, that mattered little to us; the nights were light, for the moon was shining in her third quarter, and it was all one to Dick whether he sculled or sat quiet in the boat: so we went away a great pace. The evening sun shone bright on the remains of the old buildings at Medmenham; close beside which arose an irregular pile of building which Dick told us was a very pleasant house; and there were plenty of houses visible on the wide meadows opposite, under the hill; and we had seen before that the beauty of Hurley had compelled people to build and live there a good deal. The sun very low down showed us Henley little altered in outward aspect from what I remembered it. Actual daylight failed us as we passed through the lovely reaches of Wargrave and Shiplake; but the moon rose behind us presently. I should like to have seen with my eyes what success the new order of things had had in getting rid of the sprawling mess with which commercialism had littered the banks of the wide stream about Reading and Caversham: certainly everything smelt too deliciously in the early night for there to be any of the old careless sordidness of so-called manufacture; and in answer to my question as to what sort of a place Reading was, Dick answered—

"O, a nice town enough in its way; mostly rebuilt within the last hundred years; and there are a good many houses, as you can see by the lights just down under the hills yonder. In fact, it is one of the most populous places on the Thames round about here. Keep up your spirits, Guest! we are close to our journey's end for the night. I ought to ask your pardon for not stopping at one of the houses here or higher up; but a friend who is living in a very pleasant house in the Maple-durham meads particularly wanted me and Clara to come and see him on our way up Thames; and I thought you wouldn't mind this bit of night travelling."

He need not have adjured me to keep up my spirits, which were as high as possible; though the strangeness and excitement of the happy and quiet life which I saw everywhere around me was, it is true, a little wearing off, yet a deep content, as different as possible from languid acquiescence, was taking its place, and I was, as it were, really new-born.

We landed presently just where I remembered the river making an elbow to the north towards the ancient house of the Blunts; with the wide meadows spreading on the right-hand side, and on the left the long line of beautiful old trees overhanging the water. As we got out of the boat, I said to Dick—

"Is it the old house we are going to?"

"No," he said, "though that is standing still in green old age, and is well inhabited. I see, by the way, that you know your Thames well. But my friend Walter Allen, who asked me to stop here, lives in a house, not very big, which has been built here lately, because these meadows are so much liked, especially in summer, that there was getting to be rather too much of tenting on the open field; so the parishes here about, who rather objected to it, built three houses between this and Caversham, and quite a large one at Basildon, a little higher up. Look, yonder are the lights of Walter Allen's house!"

So we walked over the grass of the meadows under a flood of moonlight, and soon came to the house, which was low and built round a quadrangle big enough to get plenty of sunshine in it. Walter Allen, Dick's friend, was leaning against the jamb of the doorway waiting for us, and took us into the hall without overplus of words. There were not many people in it, as some of the dwellers there were away at the haymaking in the neighbourhood, and some, as Walter told us, were wandering about the meadow enjoying the beautiful moonlit night. Dick's friend looked to be a man of about forty; tall, black-haired, very kind-looking and thoughtful; but rather to my surprise there was a shade of melancholy on his face, and he seemed a little abstracted and inattentive to our chat, in spite of obvious efforts to listen.

Dick looked at him from time to time, and seemed troubled; and at last he said: "I say, old fellow, if there is anything the matter which we didn't know of when you wrote to me, don't you think you had better tell us about it at once? or else we shall think we have come here at an unlucky time and are not quite wanted."

Walter turned red, and seemed to have some difficulty in restraining his tears, but said at last: "Of course everybody here is very glad to see you, Dick, and your friends; but it is true that we are not at our best, in spite of the fine weather and the glorious hay-crop. We have had a death here."

Said Dick: "Well, you should get over that, neighbour: such things must be."

"Yes," Walter said, "but this was a death by violence, and it seems likely to lead to at least one more: and somehow it makes us feel rather shy of one another; and to say the truth, that is one reason why there are so few of us present to-night."

"Tell us the story, Walter," said Dick; "perhaps telling it will help you to shake off your sadness."

Said Walter: "Well, I will; and I will make it short enough, though I daresay it might be spun out into a long one, as used to be done with such subjects in the old novels. There is a very charming girl here whom we all like, and whom some of us do more than like; and she very

naturally liked one of us better than anybody else. And another of us (I won't name him) got fairly bitten with love-madness, and used to go about making himself as unpleasant as he could—not of malice prepense, of course; so that the girl, who liked him well enough at first, though she didn't love him, began fairly to dislike him. Of course, those of us who knew him best—myself amongst others—advised him to go away, as he was making matters worse and worse for himself every day. Well, he wouldn't take our advice (that also, I suppose, was a matter of course), so we had to tell him that he *must* go, or the inevitable sending to Coventry would follow; for his individual trouble had so overmastered him that we felt that *we* must go if he did not."

"He took that better than we expected, when something or other—an interview with the girl, I think, and some hot words with the successful lover following close upon it, threw him quite off his balance; and he got hold of an axe and fell upon his rival when there was no one by; and in the struggle that followed the man attacked hit him an unlucky blow and killed him. And now the slayer in his turn is so upset that he is like to kill himself; and if he does, the girl will do as much, I fear. And all this we could no more help than the earthquake of the year before last."

"It is very unhappy," said Dick; "but since the man is dead, and cannot be brought to life again, and since the slayer had no malice in him, I cannot for the life of me see why he shouldn't get over it before long. Why should a man brood over a mere accident for ever? And the girl?"

"As to her," said Walter, "the whole thing seems to have inspired her with terror rather than grief. What you say about the man is true, or it should be; but then, you see, the excitement and jealousy that was the prelude to this tragedy had made an evil and feverish element round about him, from which he does not seem to be able to escape. However, we have advised him to go away—in fact, to cross the sea; but he is in such a state that I do not think he *can* go unless someone takes him, and I think it will fall to my lot to do so; which is scarcely a cheerful outlook for me."

"O, you will find a certain kind of interest in it," said Dick. "And of course he *must* soon look upon the affair from a reasonable point of view sooner or later."

"Well, at any rate," quoth Walter, "now that I have eased my mind by making you uncomfortable, let us have an end of the subject for the present. Are you going to take your guest to Oxford?"

"Why, of course we must pass through it," said Dick, smiling, "as we are going into the upper waters; but I thought that we wouldn't stop there, or we shall be belated as to the haymaking up our way. So Oxford and my learned lecture on it, all got at second-hand from my old kinsman, must wait till we come down the water a fortnight hence."

I listened to all this story with much surprise, and could not help wondering at first that the man who had slain the other had not been put in custody till it could be proved that he had killed his rival in self-defence only. However, the more I thought of it, the plainer it grew to me that no amount of examination of witnesses, who had witnessed nothing but the ill-blood between the two rivals, would have done anything to clear up the case. I could not help thinking, also, that the remorse of this homicide gave point to what old Hammond had said to me about the way in which this strange people dealt with what I had been used to hear called crimes. Truly, that remorse was exaggerated; but it was quite clear that the slayer took the whole consequences of the act upon himself, and did not expect society to whitewash him by punishing him. I had no fear any longer that "the sacredness of human life" was likely to suffer amongst my friends from the absence of gallows and prison.

WILLIAM MORRIS.

TO BE CONTINUED.]

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

DO YOU WISH TO HELP THE SOCIALIST CAUSE?

IF YOU DO—Then join the Socialist League, or the local Socialist Society, and take your share in the work of educating the slaves of modern society to know how they may win their freedom.

Speak about Socialism in public and in private; at the club, in the local discussion society, or through the local newspapers; among your friends, acquaintances, and shopmates.

Take a few copies of the *Commonweal* and pamphlets weekly, and distribute them where you think they will do most good. Leaflets, too, are very useful. Insist upon your newsagent getting the *Commonweal* for you, and if he refuses get your other papers at another shop where they are more obliging. You might also leave a few other copies, and get him to show a bill by a little "gentle persuasion."

Leave a *Commonweal* weekly on the table of your club-room, in the meeting-room of your trade society. Better still, order a supply of *Commonweal* from the publishing office every week, and sell them among your shopmates and the members of the societies you belong to, or leave them in the local public reading-room.

If there is no local Socialist Society, get a few sympathisers together and form a propagandist group, collect enough money amongst them to cover railway travelling expenses, and, after selecting a hall or a couple of open-air spots suitable for holding meetings, invite a speaker from one of the nearest towns, or London, to pay you a visit and publicly advocate *Socialism*.

Remember! it is the *ignorance* of the workers that alone postpones the day of the Social Revolution.

NOTES ON NEWS.

THE *Christian Commonwealth* has a leading article anent our late excursion to the Epping Forest, and is so badly served by its reporter as to say that we went in company with Spiritualists and Secularists. As the London Secular Federation had their outing on the same day to another part of the Forest, the *Freethinker* is wroth with the *Christian Commonwealth* for asserting that they danced and drank lager beer with the Socialists, and protests the respectability of the Secularists thereby, viz., "they went by themselves, they took no beer barrels, and they conducted themselves with perfect propriety," and concludes its reference to the matter with the amusing statement, "that it is neither Secularists nor Socialists who go to Epping Forest with beer barrels, but certain German clubs."

We can assure the *Freethinker* that the German clubs and the English Socialists are one, and that they did take beer-barrels into the Forest. And now to our Christian foes! The malignant and lying reports which have appeared in the press in connection with this question, including that which appeared in the Christian friend of Czardom, the *Pall Mall Gazette*, was penned by a Christian of Loughton.

We do not believe that the Corporation will yield to the bigots, who are only a narrow clique of parsons and teetotallers in the vicinity of the Forest, who think that it was purchased at public expense to be a private pleasure for them. If we are caused any further inconvenience in our visits to the Forest by these fanatics, we will make it impossible for the Christian Gospeller to keep a single outdoor station in London, and make it generally so hot for these lugubrious saints, that they may come to the conclusion that it will be as well to go their way and to let us go ours without further molestation. Dear, Christian, pious Mr. Lindley, reporter of York Hill, Loughton, please note and—take heed!

Unity, the journal of Friendly Societies, says that they have asked questions of the *Commonweal* which have proved unanswerable. We have no recollection of the unanswerable question. It would be as well, perhaps, to re-state the cause of divergence between ourselves and *Unity*. We say that the benefit societies of the kingdom are only so many agencies in relief of the rates. When we reflect that the average length of life amongst the working-classes is 29 years and amongst the well-to-do 55 years, and that two thirds of the sickness is caused by unhealthy homes and workshops, adulterated food, and anxiety for the morrow, we believe that the workers should do something more than buy their own medicines and coffins to save the pockets of the exploiters, and work to overthrow instead of patching up the system whereby they are deprived of health and life. Let the dead bury their dead. *Unity* has, however, a friendly word for the *Commonweal* concerning our attitude towards Stanley. F. K.

Scandals and strikes, with an occasional revolution in South America, are the most prominent features of these latter days. We have had so many aristocratic and middle-class scandals, that the students of divorce-court literature must be satiated with their favourite food. What a crop during the last five years, from Jeffries to Dunlo! What a very pious and respectable fashionable world it is! When the people who we are told to look upon by their hirelings in press and pulpit as models whom the poor may contemplate with respectful admiration, at a long distance, yet at same time the time the poor see that these "models" are continually appearing in the Divorce Court, or are "wanted" by the police, not alone for offences against morality, but for crimes so foul and ugly that you shrink from naming them, it strikes me that is rather what is commonly called an "eye-opener" to the poor.

It might be worth pointing out that revolutionary agitation has grown and increased exceedingly with every fresh disclosure of how the upper classes live. Nay, latterly fresh labour revolts, such as the dock strike, have taken place almost at the same time as the discovery of fresh vices on the part of the masters. It is evident that the people are getting sick of supplying wealth for a gang of idlers to spend in debauching their sons and daughters; and every fresh scandal which tells of the rottenness of modern society forms a stronger incitement to social revolution than the most fiery speech of any Revolutionary Socialist.

But let us leave the general question, and speak upon the latest development of "morality" among the people whose peculiar province it is to support the "Crown, Constitution, and Property," whose office it is to be, in fact, the pillars of society. By the by, commercial society must be in a bad way when its "pillars" are so rotten. Lord Arthur Somerset, Colin Campbell, Hughes Hallett, with numerous others, are weak supports to a tottering social system; and yet what we know is not a tithe of what is concealed. If Mrs. Jeffries had published her list of child-violators, we wonder how many models and virtues of respectability it would have included. If Hammond had also given the names of wealthy clients, we should be astonished by the addition of more than one illustrious criminal to the known list.

Lord Dunlo, after all, may plead in his defence that he is no worse than others of his class—those gilded butterflies who lounge at stage doors with the one object in life of buying women for the basest pur-

poses. Nay, he might plead that he is better, for he is willing to give a higher price for his "amusement," although he deserted his wife as if it was just an ordinary case of seduction. His father was naturally shocked. If Lady Dunlo had been a victim of his son's, although she might have been the purest and most virtuous maiden, his father would have taken it as an ordinary incident in the life of a rich, idle youth. But that the heir of all the Clancartys should marry a woman of humble birth, who had not even the merit of being rich, was too much. So he sends his son out of England, leaving the wife penniless, with cool calculation that she must starve or sell herself. What nice notions "our old nobility" have of virtue, humanity, and "piety"!

But it is not the sons of the nobility alone who spend their lives in destroying your daughters, workmen; there are others also who "enjoy" life in a similar fashion. For instance, among the crowd of gilded youth, whose want of intellect is only equalled by their apish imitation of the vices of the aristocrats, are the sons of thousands of rich capitalists, whose fathers having ground heaps of wealth out of the sweat and blood of men and women, and are thus enabled to let their sons live idly upon their stolen wealth. Their tender mercies are not greater than those of the aristocracy, and were the ruling classes entirely composed of capitalists they would be quite as cruel, if not worse. If the aristocracy were swept away to-morrow, the new land-owners would develop just the same vices as the old, save perhaps that they would be characterised by the petty meanness peculiar to the bourgeoisie. In America, where there is no titled aristocracy, the people find that their capitalist masters can boast of the same vices. No, the only remedy for the starvation and misery of the people, the prostitution and degradation of women, which, like a deadly cancer, are eating the life out of modern society, is to sweep away all the idle rich, whether they belong to the aristocracy or plutocracy. "War to the idlers" must be the battle-cry of the people, and surely the destruction of a Society, which is already going to pieces with its own rottenness, will be an easy task. N.

Reviews.

SOCIAL SONGS. BY MUNULLOG. 1s. Cloth, 2s. R. J. Derfel, Publisher, Manchester.

The practical style of this collection of songs we are unwilling to criticise, but the author is evidently an ardent Socialist. One example will give an indication of his method of versification:

"Men of Labour, with spade in hand,
Go forth to win a barren land;
And at the touch of every spade
The yielding soil sends forth a blade—
And corn and fruit and flowers fair
Wave on the surface everywhere—
At the charm of work by young and old,
Turning the deserts to fields of gold."

JOHN BULL AND HIS OTHER ISLAND. By Arthur Bennett. 1s. Simpkin, Marshall, Hamilton, Kent and Co., London.

This is a narrative of visits to Ulster and Gweedore. The author is evidently one of the Respectables. The whole tone of the book is in the strain of the conversation on Irish topics one hears, when afflicted in cars or railway carriages with the presence of the British snob. The Irish are unthrifty. Emigration is a cure for their ills. We quote from page 85 as follows:

"Though it would have been an interesting experience to have seen the people and all their worldly belongings thrust out of doors, the scene would undoubtedly have had a painful aspect; and, if our curiosity was not quite fully satisfied, neither were our feelings unnecessarily harrowed."

Further on, we read of the kindness of the sheriffs, and the wickedness of the Irish people in boycotting the police and emergency men (the dastardly scoundrels) who thrust them homeless upon the roadside. We come across the "quite English you know" assertion that

"If you want to reach a person's heart, the directest way is through his pocket; and this applies to much bigger children than the barefooted juveniles of Bunbeg."

What price the author?

SCENES FROM THE FRENCH REVOLUTION.

(The following is a complete list of articles which have appeared in the 'Commonweal' on the French Revolution during 1889-90—
"Storming the Bastille," No. 133, July 13th; "Foulon to the Lanterne," No. 184, July 20th; "The Chateaux in Flames," Nos. 187 and 188, Aug. 10th and 17th.—"The Men of the Revolution":—1. Mirabeau and Robespierre; 2. Danton and Marat; Nos. 203 and 204, Nov. 30th and Dec. 7th.—
"Scenes from the French Revolution":—1. Paris after the Fall of the Bastille—The Veto; 2. The Black Cockades; 3. The Revolt of the Women; 4. The Women at Versailles; 5. The Triumph of the People—have appeared in Nos. 208, 214, 232, 233, and 234; January 4th, February 15th, June 21, June 28, and July 5. All these Numbers can still be had.)

NOTTINGHAM SOCIALIST CLUB.—Woodland Place, Upper Parliament Street. Open-air meetings held every Sunday—Sneinton Market at 11, and Great Market Place at 7.



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

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

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

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

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

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TO CORRESPONDENTS.

CORRESPONDENTS who order literature should prepay postage, or state if they wish their parcels to be sent per rail or carrier, "carriage forward."

Periodicals received during the week ending Wednesday August 6.

ENGLAND Belfast Weekly Star Church Reformer Die Autonomie Justice Labour Tribune Norwich—Daylight People's Press Railway Review Social Democrat Seafaring The Journeyman Unity Worker's Friend NEW SOUTH WALES Sydney—Bulletin	New York—Freiheit Volkszeitung Bakers' Journal Workmen's Advocate Boston—Woman's Journal Investigator The Individualist Buffalo—Arbeiter-Zeitung Chicago—Rights of Labour Detroit—Der Arme Teufel Philadel.—Knights of Labour Paterson Labour Standard S. P.—Coast Seaman's Journal San Francisco Arbeiter Zeitung Pacific Union St. Louis (Mo.)—Die Parole Anarchist Valley Falls (Kan.)—Lucifer	Lyon—L'Action Sociale Rouen—Le Salariat HOLLAND Hague—Recht voor Allen BELGIUM Antwerp—De Werker Ghent—Voortuit SWITZERLAND Arbeiterstimme ITALY Milan—Cuore e Critica SPAIN Madrid—El Socialista GERMANY Berlin—Volks Tribune HUNGARY Arbeiter-Wochen-Chronik SWEDEN Malmo—Arbetet Stockholm, Social-Demokraten GREECE Socialists
QUEENSLAND Brisbane—Boomerang INDIA Bankipore—Behar Herald UNITED STATES New York—Der Sozialist New York—Truthseeker Volne Listy	FRANCE Paris—La Revolte Le Parti ouvrier Le Proletariat Charleville—L'Emancipation	

BRADLAUGH AND HYNDMAN.

ANY unprejudiced listener to the debate between Messrs. Bradlaugh and Hyndman, which took place at St. James's Hall on the evening of the 23rd July, must have observed that there are various ways of gaining the confidence and sympathy of a mixed audience. Mr. Bradlaugh, in his closing remarks, described his opponent's eloquence as the "fizz of champagne," and brought forward continually against him the charge of vagueness. However, Mr. Bradlaugh himself, despite his flourish of figures and statistics, was far from explicit at times, and relied greatly upon the demagogic tricks which have often proved so serviceable upon the platform of the Hall of Science. Mr. Hyndman's opening remarks, general and cursory though they necessarily were, contained, we venture to think, some very definite statements. As for example: That the average age of the working man is 27 as against 55 for the class which does no manual labour; that while some men work 15, 18, or even 36 hours at a stretch, twenty, thirty, or even a hundred thousand are starving for lack of opportunity to earn a livelihood, and that all medical opinion testifies that a large proportion of the female population of London fall victims annually to excessive toil undertaken for insufficient wages. These oft-repeated statements may have become stale, but they are by no means "vague," nor did Mr. Bradlaugh make any attempt to disprove them. He, however, addressed himself promptly to the task of proving, "by figures," that the bulk of the textile industries of the country would be ruined at once

if labour was limited to eight hours a-day, and referred to the case of the Northumberland miners, who had declared that a compulsory eight hours day applied to their county would throw thousands out of employment, besides lengthening the working day for many thousands more. At this point the speaker discarded his figures; and his statement as regards the textile industries was proved after all in the very vaguest of ways—viz., by an exhortation. "Let me ask you to consider," said Mr. Bradlaugh, "when the short hours are worked, whether it will be possible to conduct the special industry in question profitably so as to produce the money with which to pay the wages."

Now, the production of money is essentially a vague subject. Even the most statistic-loving legislators have hitherto neglected to throw much light upon it; and consequently a considerable amount of vagueness may co-exist with an extensive and impugnable use of "figures." Science tells us, and the great mass of workers have been allowed to take it for granted, that money is merely a convenient medium of exchange for the establishment of values—only this and nothing more! A mere medium of exchange money may be, in an ideal State, but we do not know of any such utopias. In every State of which we have any cognisance, and where there is money, there is violence—the existence of violence being proved, not indeed by murder and open slavery, but by the necessity laid upon some of the members either to toil or starve, and the ability of others to feast safely and remain idle. It is quite evident that this state of things would not be possible in a State where money was simply a medium of exchange, for there the standard of value would not depend upon the pleasure of any. Each would perforce have to produce the value of the money he desired to possess. There would be no laws or conditions by which he could escape this necessity. The taking away of money in order to give it again in exchange for the production of labour would be accounted, not as the right of a landlord, but as an act of violence and robbery. That ours is no such State Mr. Bradlaugh himself is careful to show us. "If more men are employed, they must be paid, consequently the cost of production must be greatly increased or the wages of those already employed must be reduced." In saying these words Mr. Bradlaugh declared that he appealed, not to revolutionary Socialists, but to "those who had brains": still, we think that even a "revolutionary Socialist" might understand from them how the standard of value of regulated, and how effectually the medium of exchange—money—may be used as a means of violence and oppression. It becomes easy, too, to understand the appeal of the Northumberland and Durham miners, who, finding that the cost of production had increased by 20 per cent. in consequence of reduced hours of labour, earnestly requested that they might be allowed to forego the extra leisure which entailed an insufficiency of food. What is not so easy to understand is that Mr. Bradlaugh should bring a charge of "vagueness" against his opponent, while he was himself speaking in such an unparadonably vague way about the "produce of money," etc. As for the textile industries, we fail to see why they should be in jeopardy. It is not the power of carrying on an industry which is called in question, but rather the power of a few men to fix the value of labour. Does this threaten trade? We cannot see that it necessarily threatens anything but capitalism. For if, as Mr. Bradlaugh complains, no one has given himself the trouble to prove that a certain number of hours of labour (for instance, eight) would be sufficient to conduct the industries of the country, that is only because the fact is proven every day by the existence of many persons who do not work at all—and who even dissipate and destroy the work of others.

Mr. Bradlaugh is a great advocate of thrift. He calls it the life and soul of the country (Thrift is always the life and soul of countries where Mammon is worshipped), but he says not a word about the reckless extravagance of supporting in affluence an absolutely unproductive class. His panegyric of thrift applies only to the few shillings which find their way into the worker's pocket. Of the great economic problem, with the extremes of wealth and poverty, he had not a word to say, except that it was inevitable! Legislation could not cope with it! We may advocate the punishment by law of companies who work their employes unreasonable hours, but we must not take any steps to determine the limit of "reasonableness!" That is to say, we may condemn unreasonable hours when we feel them to be unreasonable, but our feelings must not be interfered with in any way by positive and decisive measures. The capitalist must not be cabined, or confined by Acts of Parliament. At this point Mr. Bradlaugh becomes "vague," and expresses a hope that his audience will not believe that an Act of Parliament can make bread spring out of the ground, or clothe the ragged, or educate the ignorant! It is to be presumed that no one present ever placed any faith in Parliament as a Supernatural Agency. The meeting was convened to debate merely whether an Act of Parliament could not insure some leisure and opportunity of education to the ignorant, while putting it within the power of men willing to cultivate the earth to enjoy some of its fruits. According to Mr. Bradlaugh, Parliament is perfectly helpless in this matter. If such be the case we can only agree with Mr. Hyndman's closing remark, that it is impossible for workmen to obtain justice from a legislature composed of landlords and capitalists. Such a legislature can represent only the will of a class, not the interests of a community. The fact that workmen are obliged to appeal to such an assembly to make laws regulating their labour, only proves how well and singly this devotion to class privilege has been maintained. The deliberations of this assembly may be extremely profound and interesting, but we are continually reminded that so far as the interests of the mass of workers in the community are concerned, they have neither point nor value.

M. McMILLEN.

THE DEVELOPMENT OF MODERN SOCIETY.

(Continued from p. 244.)

To these about the eleventh century were superadded another set of guilds, whose main object was the protection of trade, and which soon became powerful, and establishing themselves in the towns, drew together with the corporations, the freemen of the towns, and were fused with them. They shared in the degeneration of the municipal aristocracies, which reached its height in the beginning of the thirteenth century, and with them were attacked by the third and last set of guilds, whose office was the organization and protection of the handicrafts. These of course had been growing up with the growth of the towns, and the increasing capacity for production, and at the time I mention were organized pretty completely, and embraced, I think, the whole of the handicrafts.

The greater part of the thirteenth century was taken up by the struggle between these new and quite democratic guilds, which were entirely composed of workmen; that struggle was partly a peaceable one. The municipalities could not quite keep the guilds from all participation in the government of the towns; their officers gradually crept into the corporations, and they began to influence the administration; but this peaceful revolution was supplemented by very hard fighting, especially in the north of Germany. The upshot of this double struggle was the complete victory of the workmen over the municipal aristocracies, and by the end of the thirteenth century the craft guilds, who no doubt had been fostered all along by the increasing productivity of labour, had the towns entirely in their power; but, although the municipal aristocracy had lost its privileged official position, the old families had not lost all their influence, and still formed a kind of middle-class nobility; this is exemplified clearly enough by the incidents in the struggle between the great town of Ghent and its feudal superior, the Earl of Flanders, in which men like James Van Artavelde and his sons clearly had a position akin to that of powerful rich men at the present day. The old struggle also was not forgotten; throughout the men of the mean crafts are on the revolutionary side; while the great crafts, led by the mariners, *i.e.*, the shippers, merchants, and so on, are loyalists.

This victory of the handicraftsmen brings us to the apex of the Middle Ages. Let us therefore stop a little to contrast the condition of labour at that period with its condition under the height of the classical period, and see what it has gained. The classical period gives us a class of privileged persons actually idle as far as any good purpose goes, supporting a huge class of parasites, and an enormous pauper population fed on *charity*, and all this founded on the labour of mere chattel slaves, who were fed clothed and housed according to the convenience of their owners, just as beasts of burden were, but whom they had to buy with hard cash just as they had their horses and mules. There was a certain amount of labour done by freemen, or non-slaves rather, but that did not come to much, and I think we may class these few freemen among the parasites of the rich. The government of all this was aristocratic at first (tempered by the money-bag aristocracy), and at last mere absolutism founded on tax-gathering.

In the fully developed Middle Ages, on the other hand, we have a privileged class of land-holders deduced from the freemen of the conquering tribe, absolutely idle, supported by their serfs, who for their part are somewhat speedily turning into tenants, and so laying part of the foundations of the later middle-class. Between these two classes, which in the beginning of the Middle Ages were the essential constituents of society, lies the great body of the craftsmen, now gathered into towns administered by themselves, oppressed always, no doubt, legally by taxes, and often illegally by war on the part of the nobles, but free in their work except for such regulations as they have imposed on themselves, and the object of which in the main was the equitable distribution of employment, and the reward of employment throughout their whole body. Capitalism does not exist at this time; there is no great all-embracing world-market; production is for the supply of the neighbourhood, and only the surplus of it ever goes a dozen miles from the door of the worker. It must be added that every freeman has the use of land to support himself on, so that he does not depend on the caprice of the market for his bare necessities, and whether employer or employed, he neither sells himself, nor buys others, in the labour market under the rule of competition, but exchanges labour for labour directly with his neighbour, man to man and hand to hand.

Now, you will probably agree with me in thinking that this was a much better state of things for the worker than his condition under what have been called the "*free peoples of antiquity*," but whose freedom was confined to the rich and powerful. One other thing I note in this contrast, that whereas in the ancient world, the intelligence, the high mental qualities, which have made the ancient days so famous, came from the idle classes, who were in good sooth an aristocracy of intellect as well as of position, in the Middle Ages, the intelligence lay with the great craftsmen class,—and that again, I think, was a decided advantage, both for them and for us; since it has given us, amongst other treasures not so famous, but scarcely less glorious, the poems of Shakespear.

Now, on this high tide of mediæval life supervened two things: the Black Death, and the gradual decay of the guilds, both of which got the times ready for the next great change in the condition of labour. I will say little about the first, space not serving for it. I will only remark first, that the Statute of Labourers of Edward III., which was one consequence of it, and which has been so useful to enquirers into the

condition of labour at that time, represents in the account of wages and labour-hours to be drawn from it, the state of things *before* the terrible plague, not *after* it, since it was avowedly enacted against the labourers in order to lower their wages to the standard of reward before the Black Death.

Furthermore, I must say that all antiquarians must be fully conscious of the decline in art that took place in Northern Europe, and in England especially, after the reign of Edward III. Before the middle of the fourteenth century the English were in these matters abreast with, and in some matters ahead of, the Italians, and in the art of architecture especially, produced works which have never been surpassed, and seldom equalled. By the end of the fifteenth century our arts had for the most part become rude, unfinished and barbarous, and lacking altogether in that self-respect and confidence which the arts are always full of in their fine periods.

Looking carefully at the gradual change, I conclude that the Black Death was answerable for some of this degradation, but that the main part of it was the natural consequence of the great change which was coming over society. For during the next century, a new plague invaded Europe, compared with which the slaughter of the Black Death was but a trifle. That plague was the pest of Commercialism; capitalism aided by bureaucracy and nationalism, began to show itself, and took away from labour the hope of a happy life on the earth.

At the end of the fourteenth century, there were no journeymen in the guilds; every worker in them was certain to become a master if he only did his duty fairly; and the master was not the master in our sense of the word, he was the man who had learned his craft thoroughly, and could teach the apprentices their business, and all sorts of restrictions were laid on him to prevent his becoming a capitalist, *i.e.*, forcing men as good as himself to pay him for his privilege of providing them with work. But in the early days of the fifteenth century the journeyman began to appear; there were men in the workshops who were known as "servants" and, who though necessarily affiliated to the guild, and working under its regulations, would never become crafts-masters. They were few and unimportant enough, but they grew in numbers, till, *e.g.*, about 1480 the non-guildsmen of the merchant-tailors in London attempted to form a guild under the old craft guild, just as those latter had formed their guilds under the trades guilds. In this attempt they failed, showing thereby how the times were changing, and how employment for profit was raising its hideous head. This falling of the craft guilds from their old simplicity of equality, was doubtless a token rather than a cause of the change. Capitalism was advancing from other directions. The productivity of labour was increasing, though slowly; more wealth was being produced, and men's greedy desires grew with it. The landed nobility began to see how they might recover their losses in war, and become as rich in relation to other people as they had been when the latter were so poor; and they were no longer contented, as they once were obliged to be, to live on the rents of their land, whether those rents were the enforced service of serfs, or the money rent of tenants, both limited by the custom of the manor. The Peasants Rebellion in England had foiled them in their attempt to rack-rent their tenants, growing prosperous, by forcing them to pay serfs' services on villeinage tenures as well as tenant's rent. But no matter; in spite of the high wages and comfort of the craftsmen and yeomen, they were the powerful people, since they were the makers and interpreters of the laws, and since the meetings round the Shire Oak and the folk-motes of the freemen of the Hundred, and other such direct local assemblies, had been swallowed up in the representative assembly, the central parliament, the King's taxing machine. So they set to work to steal, not a purse here, or a bale of goods there, or the tolls of a market in another place; but the very life and soul of the community, the *land* of the country, which was of the more importance, as in those days no direct rent could be got out of anything save the land. They got the yeomen and tenants off the land by one means or another; legal quibbling, direct cheating, down-right violence; and so got hold of the lands and used their produce, not for the livelihood of themselves and their retainers, but for profit. The land of England, such of it as was used for cultivation, had been mostly tillage where tillage was profitable; it was the business of the land thieves to turn this tillage into pasture for the sake of the sheep, *i.e.*, the wool for exportation. This game not only drove the yeoman and tenant off the land, but the labourer also, since, as More says "Many sheep and one shepherd now take the place of many families." As a result, not only was a pauper population created, but the towns were flooded by crowds of the new free labourers, whom the guilds, grown corrupt, were ready to receive as journeymen. The huckstering landlord and the capitalist farmer drove the workman into the hands of the new manufacturing capitalist, and a middle-class of employers of labour was created, the chief business of whose fathers was to resist the rich, and the business of whose sons was to oppress the poor.

WILLIAM MORRIS.

(To be concluded).

MODERN RADICALS.—There is a class of revolutionists named Girondins, whose fate in history is remarkable enough! Men who rebel or urge others to rebel, ought to have other than formulas to go upon. Men who discern in the misery of the toiling, complaining millions not misery, but only a raw material which can be wrought upon and traded in, for one's own poor hide-bound theories and egoisms; to whom millions of living human creatures, with beating hearts in their bosoms, beating, suffering, hoping, are "masses," mere "explosive masses for blowing down Bastilles with," for voting at hustings for us: such men are of the questionable species.— *Carlyle: 'Chartism.'*

THE LABOUR STRUGGLE.

The Strike on Channel Steamers.

Last Tuesday, July 29th, the blacklegs engaged on the steamer 'Wave' were attacked by the firemen and stokers on strike. For a time the police were helpless, but in the end with their assistance the blacklegs were enabled to get upon the vessel. On Saturday sixteen firemen and stokers were charged before the Dover magistrates with "disobeying the captain's orders," under the Merchant Shipping Acts. Of course they were found guilty, and a fine of £5 5s. was imposed. Notice of appeal was given.

Crisis in South Wales.

Affairs look very serious, as the strike and lock-out of 150,000 men threatens to entirely paralyse trade in the district. The colliery proprietors are banking their coal, and on the Cardiff Exchange absolutely no business has been done during the past week. The railway-men, despite the determined hostility of the railway directors, have shown themselves marvellously moderate, and have made a final offer to submit all points in dispute to Lord Brassey or Lord Aberdare. Surely this tribunal should commercial and aristocratic for even railway directors.

Strike at Crosse and Blackwell's.

A strike broke out on Thursday July 31st at Crosse and Blackwell's pickling factory, East Ham, when the women, to the number of 400, who are employed in skinning and cleaning onions for pickling came out for an increase of pay. They have been paid 8½d. for tub of seven quarts, but now demand 1s. 3d. The women have joined a union, and are very determined.

The Postmen.

As we expected, the postmen have got rid of their secretary Mr. Mahon, who has "resigned." Mark Burke, a postman from Notting Hill, has been appointed an "interim secretary, till a proper election by ballot can be made." The "executive" of the Postmen's Union is also going after its secretary. It is a pity both did not go long ago. All subscriptions for the benefit of the out of work postmen, many of whom are in deep distress, should be sent to W. Saunders, Palace Chambers, Westminster. N.

CHRISTIAN MISSIONS AND INDIAN MORALITY.

THE *Behar Herald* of June 28th, says, "Christian missionaries are sent to India at an enormous cost by the English people, under a mistaken notion that the Indian people are 'savages' and have no religion of their own, and to 'reclaim' them by converting to Christianity will be an act of humanity. But the efforts of the Christian missionaries in India have proved to be a failure." The *Behar Herald* further quotes from the *Tablet*, which paper remarking on the "newly published official reports about the material and moral conditions of natives in India," says, "It appears from the figures that not alone do we, by converting the natives to our belief, decidedly lower their moral status, but the standpoint of their natural morality is so high that, although they become Christians, we cannot make them so immoral as we ourselves are. The figures, which show the comparative moral status among the different classes, are as follows: Europeans, 1 of 274; Native Christians, 1 of 709; Hindoos, 1 of 1,361; Eurasians, 1 of 509; Mahomedans, 1 of 856; and Buddhists, 1 of 3,787. The last figure is a tribute to the noble purity of Buddhism, but the statistics impart to us here at home another teaching—that as regards our social life, we would do better if we for a generation or two contributed our superfluous pennies and our energies to the moral improvement of our own countrymen, in place of trying to destroy the morality and religion of other people, people who in truth could send us their missionaries to convert us."

Whenever any canting and hypocritical humbug is about to make a collection in any church or chapel for the avowed object of destroying the morality of the natives of India, a few copies of this issue of the *Commonweal* judiciously distributed among the congregation would have a beneficial effect by limiting the funds raised for these immoral purposes. People also who have robbed the poor of this country, and done their best to morally degrade them; people who figure conspicuously as supporters of missions, should also have the enormity of their crimes pointed out to them. I therefore trust our comrades will send copies of this issue to these notorious criminals of bad repute.

A. BROOKES.

GLADSTONE AND THE LABOUR MOVEMENT.—Mr. Gladstone has never been able to thoroughly free himself from the traditions and prejudices of his class, though as a political leader he has been hurried forward by events and partisan exigencies into a position far in advance of them. Hence the inconsistency between his policy in dealing with Irish landlordism and his solicitude for the fate of capitalism in what he regards as the remote contingency of labour getting the upper hand. Despite his famous epigram of "the classes and the masses," his ideal is evidently a society of grades and ranks—a capitalistic caste living in idleness on investments or profits, and a labouring class indoctrinated with the idea that the tribute levied by these favoured ones is just and legitimate. He very greatly misjudges the aim and spirit of the labour movement, however, if he imagines that in the "indefinitely remote" contingency of labour's ascendancy any religious or economic scruples will restrain the workers from destroying, root and branch, the entire capitalistic system. The Tory of the old school, who opposes popular education and would keep the masses ignorant so that they may be willing slaves, is a far wiser and more practical man than the "Liberal" of the Gladstone type, who wants to see the people educated, intelligent and politically free, and yet fancies that when they reach this point they will respect politico-economic traditions and continue to toil patiently and amass fortunes for the favoured few. Popular intelligence means death to capitalism.—*Journal of the Knights of Labour.*

(Reports must be sent in by first post on Tuesday, or they will be too late for insertion. Monthly Reports must arrive on Monday morning to appear in ensuing issue.)

JAMAICA AND SOCIALISM.

THE Jamaica labour question, at the present time, is somewhat interesting to Socialists. The march of the workers towards Socialism has thrown the English and Jewish exploiters of the negroes into "a dreadful state of excitement." The editor of the *Jamaica Gleaner*—owned by Jews—in a leader says:

"We are thrown into a feverish state of excitement when we are told that these fiendish individuals (Anarchists and Fenians, Socialists, and the wild and reckless members of the extreme Labour Party) have threatened to take the life of His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales. A note addressed to the Prince of Wales, containing the words 'Give us bread if you would reign,' and signed 'Thousands of Starving Englishmen,' is said to have been found in the courtyard of Marlborough House. But this is not all. They also want to take—and take it they will if they are allowed the opportunity—the life of England's Premier, the Marquis of Salisbury. News such as this is sufficient to, and has doubtless, thrown Jamaica and the whole world into a dreadful state of excitement."¹

Say, friends, is "the whole world" still moving? What does this hysterical verbiage mean? Does it arise from the effects of a tropical sun on a weak brain, or is it the villain's paid part this man has to play in the drama of Duping the Dunces? If the former, he ought to be secured at once as a special attraction to the Jamaica Exhibition of 1891. "Hi! ho! People of the whole world, throw off your dreadful state of excitement at the fates of Wales and Salisbury by coming here to see the man in a feverish state of excitement conducting a daily paper on business principles! His excitement is for a consideration." Now, as it is more than likely that the cause of this hysterical editor's "feverish," and the alleged "whole world's dreadful," "excitement" originated in a simple practical joke of some of the Prince's pals or the scullery-maids' young men, than in threats of labour leaders. But happily the reason is to be found in the same sheet as the nauseous froth of his fit.

It appears that the negroes of Jamaica are showing signs of a determination not to be any longer mere machines for the making of money, and they are beginning in Socialist fashion to protest against being stolen from. Strikes have hitherto been unnecessary in Jamaica, because the principal industry is agriculture. In place of strikes, the labourer can withdraw from hired employment and cultivate as much for himself as satisfies all his wants. This the negro labourers have done, and now the planters call upon the Government to assist them by acquiring labour from abroad—East Indian coolies. This was done for a considerable period; but as the expenses came out of the revenue, to which the working negroes were contributors, they very naturally objected to being taxed to provide against themselves the means of competition in the labour market. Now, the money-mongers who annex profits and interest affect to see a reasonableness in the negroes' arguments and actions so far, but when the negroes only work for enough to supply their own wants and do not extend their enterprise to permit of the money-monger operating on the surplus balance, then it is alleged the negroes are acting unrighteously. The Jamaica negroes have somehow come to distinguish between the value of the product of their labour and the rate of wages, and because the latter cannot rise to the former and provide also all the perquisites to the parasites who will not work, the negroes prefer—on business principles, be it observed—to stick to their product and work no more than is necessary for their needs. The "business-principle" men are consequently hoist with their own petard.

The negroes have grasped one central fact—viz., a sufficient livelihood is enough. They have no desire to be possessed of that they cannot themselves personally use, and what they cannot use belongs to their neighbour. This contentedness will bring them through, and all such interested piping as our hysterical hiring indulges in will not induce them to dance to his money-mongers' tune—viz., "The more a man works the greater becomes not only his employer's success, but his own prosperity." They laugh at such pipers, and say, "When cockroach make feast, him no invite fowl" or "Fowl be ever so drunk, him no invite fox to dance." The negroes have apparently got beyond their would-be teachers and advisers in their theory of wages. This editor, in feverish excitement, says: "Ere concluding, we very much regret to have to admit that a great many of the Jamaica workmen do not perform the amount of labour which their employers reasonably expect." With "reasonably" deleted, that sentence states a fact, for the wages paid are not what the negroes reasonably expect. "Reasonably" belongs rightly to the last sentence, for the negroes strive only to render to Cæsar his due.

The march and acceptance of Socialist ideas is what causes the "feverish" and "dreadful" state of excitement in the Jew's office in Jamaica, as it does in the same class throughout "the whole world." It has the same effect on them as the Communists' notice, "All Thieves will be Hanged" is said to have had on a famous Jew in Paris, who fled when he saw it. This brilliant Jamaica editor in his assumed terror shrieks "when labour is in the ascendant, and when Mr. Cunninghame Graham is the leader of the dominant party in the State we may look for violence on a scale which shall be to all past violence as the French Revolution is to Trafalgar Square." Our feverish one wrings his hands and weeps over the conflict of capital and labour, which, as he says, "is the result of a natural law, and can never be brought to a permanent settlement." "It is heartily to be wished," he says, "that the working-classes had many such counsellors as Sir Michael Hicks-Beach and Mr. Charles Bradlaugh" (*sic*), and "If these two classes (employer and employed) were left to adjust their difficulties without extraneous interference, those differences would be adjusted on business principles, that is to say according to the laws which regulate demand and supply; but, unfortunately, a political spirit of a debased character known as Socialism has been introduced into the dispute, etc." Awful, isn't it?

Hence these bad nicknames, foul calumnies, and feverish excitements "in Jamaica" and "the whole world." The negroes of Jamaica sit and sing under their palm-trees, contented because they have raised sufficient yarns for their needs and gathered sufficient mangoes for their indulgences, and while they dance to their shadows in the moonlight, the money-mongers of Jamaica and the market manipulators of the whole world can be "feverish" and "dreadful" in their excitement at the negroes' obliviousness to commercial enterprise. What do they care, they *live*, and that is enough.

GEORGE McLEAN.

¹ We think the editor must be insane, as we have heard nothing yet of this alarming note, and we are rather nearer Marlborough House than the editor of a Jamaica newspaper.—EDS.

SOCIALISM IN THE PROVINCES.

MANCHESTER.

ALTHOUGH we cannot give such a glowing report of progress during the past month as some of our friends, yet our record is fairly satisfactory. We have held good meetings every Sunday at Phillip's Park, Stevenson Square, and Higher Cheetham Street, besides our usual ones at the outside villages—Middleton on Saturday night and Blackley on Monday nights. We have also sent speakers to Heywood and to Crumpsall, and intend keeping these stations on, while we are also making attempts to get a footing in Hyde and other surrounding places where the gospel of human freedom and equality has not yet been spread. We held a large demonstration in Stevenson Square on June 15th, to protest against conferring the freedom of the city on H. M. Stanley, our comrade W. P. Parker (of London) being present, which was very successful. John Ward also addressed a good meeting the following Sunday, and we have had a fairly good sale of literature during the month, so that we have done much to stir up sleepy Lancashire considering the small number of active members. We have also been considerably enlivened lately by our "active and intelligent" blue-coats. Thinking that there could be no harm in "obstructing" a thoroughfare without any traffic, and where the Salvation Army hold their meetings and howl and beat the big drum every Saturday night, we thought we might occupy the same place on Sunday evenings. Alas! for our socialistic innocence! On Sunday, July 6th, the speaker, Barton, was interrupted in his harangue by the voice of authority, which ordered him to stop. This, of course, was not done, and the result was a summons to appear in court on July 17th. This was dismissed on a technical point, the minion of law-'n'-order not having the intelligence to put the name of the right street down; result, a fresh summons, which ended in 5s. fine and costs, the magistrate informing our comrade that what other bodies did had nothing to do with the matter, that where there was a crowd there must be obstruction, presumably whether there was traffic or not, and that the police knew their duties without any one telling them. We, however, intend to continue holding the meetings in spite of the law and the police, and we trust that it will not be long before law, magistrate, and police have vanished, and a free life be possible for all men.

ALFRED BARTON.

THE SOCIALIST LEAGUE.

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

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

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

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

SPECIAL NOTICE.

Funds are urgently needed for special work in connection with Propaganda. These funds will be used at the discretion of the Propaganda Committee, and to prevent confusion all money must be sent to Secretary of Propaganda Committee, at 24, Great Queen Street, Lincoln's Inn Fields, W.C., and will be acknowledged by him the 'Weal'. D. J. NICOLL, Sec. to Propaganda Committee.

REPORTS.

ABERDEEN.—At conference of the Branch held on 28th ult. very little was done, but at the adjourned meeting to be held to-night (Monday) probably some headway will be made. On Saturday night a splendid meeting was addressed in Castle Street by W. Cooper, Rennie, and Leatham—the latter replying to a number of good questions at close. Over a gross of pamphlets were sold, besides *Commonweal* and *Justice*, which about represents our average weekly sale during the past two months of open-air work. Judging by Aberdeen and Dundee, we should say that a distinct "boom" is setting in in the revolutionary movement. The many unsuccessful strikes that are occurring have the effect of turning men's minds to Socialism as the only thing that will do.—L.

LEEDS.—On Sunday last we held three good meetings, at which Samuels and Sollitt spoke; 3½ quires of *Commonweal* sold and many pamphlets, besides 3s. 8d. collected.—H. S.

SHEFFIELD.—The propaganda here is being carried on with the same vigour as in the past. On Sunday, July 20th, H. Samuels (of Leeds) paid us a visit. The Sunday following, July 27th, C. Reynolds (of Hull), and on Sunday last, R. Unwin (Chesterfield) spoke for us. Among local comrades, Bullas, Kent, May, Palfreyman, Robinson, Smith, Charles, Cores, R. and J. Bingham have been actively at work in the propaganda. Our literature sales do not diminish, and during the month we have opened up a new station at Attercliffe, a suburb of the town.—F. C.

EDINBURGH—SCOTTISH SOCIALIST FEDERATION.—We had good meetings at Leith and on the Meadows on Sunday, addressed by comrades Hamilton, Pearson, Ritchie, Smith, Bell, and Mackenzie. On the Meadows we encountered some opposition from one known to the "Evening Squeak" readers as "Burnnievin," who has evidently trusted too much to the second-hand bookstalls for his knowledge of economics. Needless to say, those who took him in hand made very short work of him.—W. D. T.

ANTI-PARLIAMENTARY CONFERENCE.

THE Conference of Revolutionary Societies passed off with the most remarkable success. The utmost enthusiasm was shown by all present, and the occasion will long be remembered by all London Revolutionists. A full report of the speeches, etc., will appear in next week's *Commonweal*. We have only to say that the Conference has given us all fresh vigour and determination for the work that stands before us.

An Appeal.—Comrade Lessner appeals to us on behalf of A. Weiler, who, with his wife and three children, is in a terrible condition of poverty. Weiler is an old veteran in the Revolutionary Cause, who has worked in the Continental movement for twenty years, from the beginning of the International Working-men's Association. Help is most urgently needed, and should be sent to the Secretary of the Communist Working Men's Club, 49 Tottenham Street, Tottenham Court Road, W.C., or to F. Lessner, 12 Fitzroy Street, Fitzroy Square.

LECTURE DIARY.

LONDON.

Battersea.—All communications to E. Buteux, 45, Inwith Street, Battersea Park Road.
Commonweal Branch.—24 Great Queen Street, Holborn, W.C. Tuesdays, Singing Practice. Thursdays, Business meeting. Saturdays, Social Gathering. Sunday August 10, at 8 p.m., A. Brookes, a lecture.
East London.—A meeting of members will be held at Berner Street on Sunday, August 10th, at 7.30. Members of St. George's-in-the-East Branch are invited to attend.
Hammersmith.—Kelmescott House, Upper Mall, W. Sunday Aug. 10, at 8 p.m., a Lecture. French Class conducted by Mlle. Desroches on Friday evenings at 7.30.
North Kensington.—Clarendon Coffee Palace, Clarendon Road. Meets every Wednesday at 8 p.m. The branch Band meets every Friday at 8 p.m. for practice. Comrades wishing to join to give in their names to the instructor at the above address.
North London.—6 Windmill Street, Tottenham Court Road. Meets every Wednesday evening at 8 o'clock.
Whitechapel and St. Georges-in-the-East.—Branch meetings at International Club, 40 Berner Street, Commercial Road. J. Turner, organising secretary.

PROVINCES.

Aberdeen.—Organiser, J. Leatham, 7 Jamaica Street. Branch meets in Hall, 9 Harriet Street, on Sunday evenings at 6.30. Singing practice, etc., in Odd-fellows' Small Hall, Crooked Lane, Mondays at 8 p.m.
Braintree.—Meetings held alternate Saturdays, at 8 p.m., and Sundays, 11 and 2.30, at the fountain, Market Place. Business meetings, Wednesdays at 8. All communications to W. Fuller, 74 Manor Street.
Glasgow.—Members are invited to meet on Thursday and Sunday evenings, at 8 o'clock, in the Secretary's house, 250 Crown Street, S.S. All communications to be sent to that address.
Halfpenny.—Socialists meet every Sunday at 6.30 p.m. at Helliwell's Temperance Hotel, Northgate.
Leeds.—International Educational Club, Templar Street. Open every evening. Discussion class every Friday at 8; lectures every Saturday at 4. All kinds of Socialist literature on tables and for sale.
Leicester.—Exchange Buildings, Rutland Street. Branch meets on Monday, Thursday, and Saturday at 8 p.m.
Manchester.—Socialist League Club, 60 Grovesnor Street, All Saints. Open every evening. Branch weekly meeting on Tuesdays at 8.
Norwich.—Members' meeting held every Tuesday at 8.30.
Oxford.—Temperance Hall, 25½ Pembroke Street. First Friday in every month, at 8.30 p.m.
Sheffield.—Socialist Club, 63 Blonk Street. French Class, Tuesday at 8.30. Discussion Class, Wednesday at 8.30. Open-air meetings are held as follows:—Sunday: Monolith, Fargate, at 11.30; Newhall Road, Attercliffe, at 11.30; Pump, Westbar, at 8; Heeley, Maresbrook Park, at 7.30; Monolith, Fargate, at 6.30; Rotherham, College Yard, at 3.15. Wednesday: Nursery Street, Wicker, at 8. Thursday: Bramall Lane, at 8; Eckington, at 6.30. Friday: Duke Street, Park, at 8. Saturday: Woodhouse, at 7.
Walsall.—Socialist Club, 18 Goodall Street, Walsall. Meetings every night.
Yarmouth.—Socialist League Club, 50 Row, Market Place. Open every evening. Business Meeting, Tuesday at 8. Singing Practice, Wednesday at 8.30. Discussion Class, Thursday at 8.30. Eloclution Class, Friday at 8.30.

OPEN-AIR PROPAGANDA.

		SATURDAY 9.	
7.30.....	Prince of Wales Road	The Branch	
		SUNDAY 10.	
11	Commercial Road—Union Street	Leggatt	
11	Latimer Road Station	North Kensington Branch	
11.30	Hammersmith Bridge	Hammersmith Branch	
11.30	Hoxton Church	The Branch	
11.30	Kilburn—"Old Plough," Kilburn Lane	Mainwaring	
11.30	New Cut—Short Street	Collins, Miss Lupton, and Buckeridge	
11.30	Regent's Park	Nicoll and Cantwell	
3.30	Hyde Park—Marble Arch	The Branch	
3.30	Victoria Park	The Branch	
7	Hammersmith Bridge	Hammersmith Branch	
7	Wormwood Scrubs	North Kensington Branch	
8	Walham Green—back of Church	Hammersmith Branch	
		WEDNESDAY 13.	
8	Newport Market	The Branch	
		FRIDAY 15.	
8.15.....	Hoxton Church	Kitz and Mrs. Lahr	

PROVINCES.

Aberdeen.—Saturday: Castle Street, at 8 p.m.
Glasgow.—Sunday: Jail Square at 2 o'clock; Paisley Road at 5 o'clock. Friday: Bridgeton Cross, at 8.15.
Leeds.—Saturday: Woodhouse Moor, at 7.30 p.m. Sunday: Hunslet Moor, at 11 a.m.; Vicar's Croft, at 7 p.m.
Leicester.—Sunday: Russell Square at 11 a.m.; Humberstone Gate, at 8 p.m. Tuesday: Sanvey Gate, at 8 p.m.
Liverpool.—Landing Stage, Sundays at 11.30 a.m. and 3 p.m.
Manchester.—Saturday: 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.—Saturday: Church Plain Trees, at 8 p.m. Sunday: Priory Plain, at 11; Bradwell, at 11.30; London Boat Landing Stage, at 3; Colman's Granary Quay, at 7. Monday: Belton, at 8 p.m.

J. Walther, Stenhousemuir, Scotland, is agent for *Commonweal*.

ROCHDALE SOCIALISTS.—Meetings held every evening at 25 Blackwater Street.
LIVERPOOL SOCIALIST SOCIETY.—1 Stanley Street, Dale Street.—Meets every Tuesday at 8 p.m.

SOUTH LONDON BRANCH.—This Branch has taken the St. George's Coffee Tavern, 106 Westminster Bridge Road, for discussions and Branch meetings, and the first discussion will take place on Monday August 11, at 8 p.m., when, after Branch discussion, Buckeridge will give an address on Anarchist-Communism. All members of Branch and Freedom Group are earnestly requested to attend.

EDINBURGH—SCOTTISH SOCIALIST FEDERATION.—Labour Hall, 50 South Bridge. Business meeting every Friday at 8 o'clock. Communications, etc., to be addressed there. Meeting at foot of Leith Walk, Sunday at 3 p.m., and on the Meadows, at 6 p.m.

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To Working Women and Girls	3	0
What Socialists Want	3	0
Socialism and "Public Opinion"	2	0
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The Skeleton or Starvation Army	2	0

American Literature.

A few remainders—

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Speeches of the Chicago Anarchists	1	0
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The Reciter for Clubs and Social Gatherings	0	1

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

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STATEMENT OF PRINCIPLES.

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

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

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

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

Thus, while we abide by the old motto

Liberty, Fraternity, Equality,

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

We add to the first motto then this other one—

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

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

COUNCIL OF THE SOCIALIST LEAGUE.

Printed in the Socialist League Printery, and published in the name and on behalf of the Socialist League, by FRANK KITZ, at 24 Great Queen St., Lincoln's Inn Fields, London, W.C.