

THE COMMONWEAL

The Official Journal of the Socialist League.

VOL. 1.—No. 3.

APRIL, 1885.

ONE PENNY.

VIVE LA COMMUNE !

EVERY people has its days of revolution. These it justly holds as festivals, celebrating them as so many acts of vengeance wherein it has chastised its oppressors, as halting-places along the path that leads to freedom. Amongst them those stand out with unrivalled splendour, whose effect, not limited to the country that produced them, opens to all mankind the portals to a better future. Thus it was that at the end of the 18th century all Europe hailed with acclamation the fall of the Bastille and of the *ancien régime*.

Thus it is that the 18th of March is a date glorious beyond all others; because it belongs not to France only, but to the International Proletariat. In no country is there to-day a proletarian, conscious of his rights, who does not know that the battle fought by the people of Paris in 1871, against the new masters of capital and power, was but the first act of the universal drama in which he too plays his part, the drama that will not end until every chain, social and political, has been broken by the popular strength.

Despite the bloodshed in June, 1848, this insurrection, like that of Lyons, like the Chartist risings, was only a prelude, a first and as yet ineffectual appeal to force on the part of the slaves of capital, who, unable to live by working, preferred to die fighting.

In 1871 it was again, as always, the same cause for revolt, the same suffering and misery, that put arms into the hands of the people. But this people, maddened by hunger and fury, seeing themselves immediately after a foreign war betrayed and sold through hatred of the Revolution, struggled no longer to merely escape death, but also for enfranchisement. Better than ever before they had understood that their tyrants, by means of the political power and the whole forces of the nation which were at their disposal, held at once the instruments of government, and a guarantee for their privileges. Better than ever before they saw they must begin by dispossessing them of these, and that the people, armed with the same sovereign power, would encounter no obstacles, no opposition.

For two months the Commune, the victory of the people, lasted. The fighting, the struggle for existence and power was everything, the rest only an accident. Of what value were words, of what value ephemeral reforms, when it was a question of conquering or dying? The people of Paris, rising to the height of the task they had undertaken, knew how to fight and die. For two months the red flag of the victorious proletariat waved over the town of the Revolution, till at last in May it fell with its defenders, drowned in a sea of blood. The reactionary coalition triumphed by means of bloody massacres. Furious at seeing its empire menaced, Capital could not feed fat enough its lust for revenge, and endless proscriptions followed upon the massacres.

But Paris crushed grew only greater in the eyes of the oppressed people. Each one felt himself struck. To the French proletariat's cry of distress and death the proletariat of all other countries replied with one of vengeance and of hope. Everywhere the militant Socialism of the Revolution sprang into being. Everywhere, on the very morrow of the defeat, even in France, as she came back to life again, the struggle recommenced. It is growing now, hastening its march towards a goal grander than any men have yet sought. For this is no longer a struggle by one class to replace another class, but a struggle for the abolition of all privileges, for the deliverance of all the oppressed, for a society in which all shall belong to all, for a society of the people based upon liberty, happiness and equality, for the community of property, for a people without god or master.

And it is for this, because it has led the way, shown the means, taught the method of organisation and combat, foretold success, that the Commune is everywhere feted, glorified, in the hope of a speedy revenge and definite triumph.

At last its true meaning is becoming understood. The nonsense of federalists, the lucubrations, interested or foolish, of hypocritical or ignorant interpreters can no longer hide the truth. The Commune of Paris—everyone knows it to-day—was not a separatist effort of egotistical isolation. It was on the contrary, as in 1793, the effort of revolutionary Paris to rally all the forces of the Revolution within the nation, to take the direction of the country by all its people, in order to its enfranchisement.

The Commune—that is to say, the Revolution triumphant—meant the Socialist proletariat master of power and consequently of its destinies.

The defeat is but momentary, and for the delay the triumph will be but so much the greater, the more assured. For it is not in Paris and France alone, but in all Europe, and even America, that the Socialistic idea is agitating the masses of the workers. Each day and in all lands the assault upon the old society becomes more general and more impassioned. Soon the breach will be made by which the proletariat, irresistible, will pass to victory.

In marching towards this new world of equality, of justice, and of science, towards this radiant future, let us not forget that even more than the resistance of the enemy, the divisions, the want of organisation of our forces, are the principal obstacle to our action. On this day, when appealing to all proletarians, to all the soldiers of the Revolution and of Socialism, we celebrate the revolutionary struggles and the Commune of 1871, let us pledge ourselves by the memory of those who then fell for the cause of the people that the coming struggle shall find us ready, united and resolute.

ED. VAILLANT,

[Member of the Paris Municipal Council; Ex-Member of the Commune.]

AT BAY!

THE two monsters at last confront each other at the gates of India. It may be in a few weeks' time that the representative embodiments of the great reactionary forces of the age—military autocracy and commercial plutocracy—are involved in a life-and-death struggle. To Socialists the spectacle of Russian military despotism and of British commercial greed mutually strangling one another cannot be unwelcome, provided the issue be the permanent disablement of one or both of them. A mere useless effusion of blood would of course be deprecated on all hands; and any campaign resulting in a patched-up peace must be viewed in this light by Socialists. Better that present probabilities should be realised—that the menaces of the bear should have the effect once more of driving the lion slinking off with his tail between his legs—than that a few months' carnage should result in the *status quo ante*, or little more. But we repeat that should a rupture in Afghanistan mean the beginning of the end of the high contending powers implicated, then the wish of every revolutionist should be, "Let it come!"

And that it should mean this, it must be remembered, is quite within the range of possibility. That neither "power" will bear a heavy strain on its resources is generally admitted. It can scarcely be doubted but that the Czar's forces once engaged with England, and unable to repress internal risings, the revolutionary party in Russia will have a word, and may be a weighty one, to say on the situation. The revolutionary movement at home will be aided by the disaffected populations of Turkestan, who have not forgotten Geok Tepé, and who may, likely enough, light the flame of rebellion throughout Central Asia. As regards the disintegration of the "Empire upon which the sun ever sets," the elements are many and rife. The whole military strength of Britain locked up on the Indian frontier would offer unparalleled opportunities for all "nations and kindreds and tongues and peoples," now the prey of British office-mongers, stock-jobbers, and cheap goods

dealers, who have sufficient independence left in them to desire freedom, to emancipate themselves from the British yoke. Firstly, the establishment of "the orderly government at Khartoum," otherwise called British supremacy in Eastern Africa, must of necessity be indefinitely postponed. The policy of "butcher and bolt" would have to be pursued—less the "butcher." For there would be no time to give the Mahdi the chance of inflicting that chastisement on the invader he so richly deserves. But the Soudanese would be at least relieved from the immediate danger of having the blessings of civilisation conferred upon them. It would be well to remember, in this connexion also, that the native movement in Egypt proper is not dead but sleeping.

Next, those wicked Irish might possibly not be inclined to cease from troubling and to leave the weary "Castle" at rest just at this precise juncture. Even the presence of "their prince" might not supply that of a military force in keeping down such discontent—such is human perversity. If the "handful of agitators" of which we are sometimes told "disloyal Ireland" consists, chose to take advantage of the political "situation," stirring times might be expected across St. George's Channel.

In the rear of the British armies themselves would be the vast Indian populations, which some who know them say are ready for revolt, others that their "loyalty" to their empress has never been firmer. War in Afghanistan would afford an excellent opportunity of deciding this interesting question. It is unnecessary to do more than allude to the possible action of Irish-Americans in Canada, or the probable prospect of "movements" in South Africa. All things considered, we think we are not far wrong in venturing the prognostication that in the event of a Russian war the "British Empire," speaking generally, is likely to have a warm quarter of an hour.

As regards the immediate aspect of the dispute, it is clear that the Czar and his myrmidons have scored a diplomatic victory. After being peremptorily ordered to evacuate the Zilfilkar Pass by the British Government, the Cossack troops are now permitted by the same Government to remain where they are—for a time at least. Russia's claim, from being dismissed with disdain, has at least reached the stage of argument. Whether it will attain that of acceptance remains to be seen. It is likely enough that by alternate wheedling and blustering the Cabinet at St. Petersburg may win over British Ministers to its opinions.

After all, it is not nice going to war with one's equal or possible superior in strength—so different from those delightful "military operations" which consist in "potting" savages with an amount of danger just sufficient to give a zest to the sport, and no more—and then "nobbling" their territory. Had the Sultan of Soccato or the King of Abyssinia insisted on holding positions when ordered to evacuate them, he would have been thrashed, of course. But then the special line the skill of our ablest and most valiant generals takes is that of "thrashing a cannibal" (*pace* Messrs. Gilbert and Sullivan). Thrashing a Cossack is a different sort of thing.

The strong point of England is her cheap goods. Cheap "glory" is the latest industrial development of the British capitalistic system. The Englishman has discovered an improved method of manufacturing it *very* cheap, by the application of the latest inventions in war machinery on the raw material of naked savages who can't handle a rifle. Since it is only on these terms that "glory" *pays*, it is hardly likely that any British Government would care to embark in the perilous speculation of producing it on the old method of personal prowess and equal fighting. This would be retrograde. Much as we hate war, we must confess to a species of eager, expectant curiosity, akin to that one feels at the revival of some defunct art, at the prospect of contemplating the figure cut by the "bold Briton" before the foeman when the odds are something less than a thousand to one in his favour. Would we doubt the valour of Britain's sons? *Never!* But as yet we live by faith, and not by sight. That is all.

E. BELFORD BAX.

THE WORKER'S SHARE OF ART.

I CAN imagine some of our comrades smiling bitterly at the above title, and wondering what a Socialist journal can have to do with art; so I begin by saying that I understand only too thoroughly how "unpractical" the subject is while the present system of capital and wages lasts. Indeed that is my text.

What, however, is art? whence does it spring? Art is man's embodied expression of interest in the life of man; it springs from man's pleasure in his life; pleasure we must call it, taking all human life together, however much it may be broken by the grief and trouble of individuals; and as it is the expression of pleasure in life generally, in the memory of

the deeds of the past, and the hope of those of the future, so it is especially the expression of man's pleasure in the deeds of the present; in his work.

Yes, that may well seem strange to us at present! Men to-day may see the pleasure of unproductive energy—energy put forth in games and sports; but in productive energy—in the task which must be finished before we can eat, the task which will begin again to-morrow, and many a to-morrow without change or end till we are ended—pleasure in that?

Yet I repeat that the chief source of art is man's pleasure in his daily necessary work, which expresses itself and is embodied in that work itself; nothing else can make the common surroundings of life beautiful, and whenever they are beautiful it is a sign that men's work has pleasure in it, however they may suffer otherwise. It is the lack of this pleasure in daily work which has made our towns and habitations sordid and hideous, insults to the beauty of the earth which they disfigure, and all the accessories of life mean, trivial, ugly—in a word, *vulgar*. Terrible as this is to endure in the present, there is hope in it for the future; for surely it is but just that outward ugliness and disgrace should be the result of the slavery and misery of the people; and that slavery and misery once changed, it is but reasonable to expect that external ugliness will give place to beauty, the sign of free and happy work.

Meantime, be sure that nothing else will produce even a reasonable semblance of art; for, think of it! the workers, by means of whose hands the mass of art must be made, are forced by the commercial system to live, even at the best, in places so squalid and hideous that no one could live in them and keep his sanity without losing all sense of beauty and enjoyment of life. The advance of the industrial army under its "captains of industry" (save the mark!) is traced, like the advance of other armies, in the ruin of the peace and loveliness of earth's surface, and nature, who will have us live at any cost, compels us to *get used* to our degradation at the expense of losing our manhood, and producing children doomed to live less like men than ourselves. Men living amidst such ugliness cannot conceive of beauty, and, therefore, cannot express it.

Nor is it only the workers who feel this misery (and I rejoice over that, at any rate). The higher or more intellectual arts suffer with the industrial ones. The artists, the aim of whose lives it is to produce beauty and interest, are deprived of the materials for their works in real life, since all around them is ugly and vulgar. They are driven into seeking their materials in the imaginations of past ages, or into giving the lie to their own sense of beauty and knowledge of it by sentimentalising and falsifying the life which goes on around them; and so, in spite of all their talent, intellect and enthusiasm, produce little which is not contemptible when matched against the works of the non-commercial ages. Nor must we forget that whatever is produced that is worth anything is the work of men who are in rebellion against the corrupt society of to-day—rebellion sometimes open, sometimes veiled under cynicism, but by which in any case lives are wasted in a struggle, too often vain, against their fellow-men, which ought to be used for the exercise of special gifts for the benefit of the world.

High and low, therefore, slaveholders and slaves, we lack beauty in our lives, or, in other words, man-like pleasure. This absence of pleasure is the second gift to the world which the development of commercialism has added to its first gift of a propertyless proletariat. Nothing else but the grinding of this iron system could have reduced the civilised world to vulgarity. The theory that art is sick *because* people have turned their attention to science is without foundation. It is true that science is allowed to live because profit can be made of her, and men, who must find some outlet for their energies, turn to her, since she exists, though only as the slave (but now the rebellious slave) of capital; whereas when art is fairly in the clutch of profit-grinding she dies, and leaves behind her but her phantom of *sham* art as the futile slave of the capitalist.

Strange as it may seem, therefore, to some people, it is as true as strange, that Socialism, which has been commonly supposed to tend to mere Utilitarianism, is the only hope of the arts. It may be, indeed, that till the social revolution is fully accomplished, and perhaps for a little while afterwards, men's surroundings may go on getting plainer, grimmer, and barer. I say for a little while afterwards, because it may take men some time to shake off the habits of penury on the one hand and inane luxury on the other, which have been forced on them by commercialism. But even in that there is hope; for it is at least possible that all the old superstitions and conventionalities of art have got to be swept away before art can be born again; that before that new birth we shall have to be left bare of everything that has been called art; that we shall have nothing left

us but the materials of art, that is the human race with its aspirations and passions and its home, the earth; on which materials we shall have to use these tools, leisure and desire.

Yet, though that may be, it is not likely that we shall quite recognise it; it is probable that it will come so gradually that it will not be obvious to our eyes. Maybe, indeed, art is sick to death even now, and nothing but its already half-dead body is left upon the earth: but also, may we not hope that we shall not have to wait for the new birth of art till we attain the peace of the realised New Order? Is it not at least possible, on the other hand, that what will give the death-blow to the vulgarity of life which enwraps us all now will be the great tragedy of Social Revolution, and that the worker will then once more begin to have a share in art, when he begins to see his aim clear before him—his aim of a share of real life for all men—and when his struggle for that aim has begun? It is not the excitement of battling for a great and worthy end which is the foe to art, but the dead weight of sordid, unrelieved anxiety, the anxiety for the daily earning of a wretched pittance by labour degrading at once to body and mind, both by its excess and by its mechanical nature.

In any case, the leisure which Socialism above all things aims at obtaining for the worker is also the very thing that breeds desire—desire for beauty, for knowledge, for more abundant life, in short. Once more, that leisure and desire are sure to produce art, and without them nothing but sham art, void of life or reason for existence, can be produced: therefore not only the worker, but the world in general, will have no share in art till our present commercial society gives place to real society—to Socialism. I know this subject is too serious and difficult to treat properly in one short article. I will ask our readers, therefore, to consider this as an introduction to the consideration of the relations of industrial labour to art.

WILLIAM MORRIS.

EAST-END WORKERS.—III.

In writing this article on "sweating," I speak with authority as a *bonâ fide* working tailor for eleven years, working in the sweater's den in the East-end of London. I have endeavoured to gather facts to lay them before the public. The community at large is ignorant of the cruelty that takes place in these fever dens, and it is the oppressed worker who alone knows his grievances; but unfortunately, for fear of being discharged from employment, he has to remain silent, and thus the evil of sweating is extensively carried on, which is nothing more nor less than *slow murder*. I know there are men and women ready to assist in advocating the people's cause. It is my duty as a Socialist to lay before the public their grievances and also to say to what they are subjected.

Dealing with the deplorable condition of the working tailoresses in East London, their wretched pay, their miserable meals, their captivity, approaching to slavery, in places the most dangerous and unhealthy, dimly reveals but one aspect of the misery existing in parts of East London, the natural outgrowth of the sweating system. Without entering at length in the course of the present article into the many details of the sweating system, it will be sufficient to indicate the growth of one of the most miserable conditions of things in the East-end of London, and some of the mischief to which it has given rise. "Sweaters," then, it may be well to mention at the outset, has a technical meaning, as applied to those engaged in the tailoring trade, a class of men who, receiving a certain amount of cloth from the large clothing establishments in the metropolis, for which security is given, agree to work that cloth into garments, or parts of garments, for a certain price. This assertion, however, must be qualified to some extent, for sweaters thus receiving the cloth direct from the establishment are far from being in the majority. A certain amount of small influence is necessary to obtain "orders" or contracts, and the knowledge of this fact has given rise to a class of "middlemen," who, obtaining the cloth from the establishment, hand it over in their turn to the sweaters for a consideration. To these "middlemen" may, in reality, be traced the existence of the evil of low prices and wretched workshops. The sweaters, having to do the work at a less price because of the existence of these middlemen, and naturally desirous of putting as much of the money as possible into their own pockets, screw their workpeople down to the lowest wages possible, and work the "concern" as cheaply as they can. It may be mentioned, too, that the capital required to start a sweating shop is insignificant. The sweater, having received his orders, is immediately favoured with the attentions of an agent from a firm of sewing-machine manufacturers, who supply him with as many machines as he may require, at weekly payments of from one shilling to half-a-crown each, easily deducted from the profits

he may pocket at the end of each week. His next move is to strike off a few bills or to advertise for "hands," who are usually forthcoming. With these he strikes a bargain for a daily wage, screwed down to the utmost farthing, and allowing the sweaters a tolerably good profit. A few gas-burners are knocked up; the two wretched rooms of which the dilapidated house can boast are furnished with a few deal tables and chairs. Each room is filled with eight or ten persons, mostly girls, to whom, indeed, the sweater is rather partial, since they can do with less wages. The work is given out, the sewing-machine strikes up its rattling noise, and another sweating-shop is started somewhere in the streets right and left of Bethnal Green, Hackney Road and Whitechapel, in Princess Street, Church Street and Spitalfields. But wherever the shop may be, the sanitary conditions are invariably bad. Starting with little or no capital, the sweater cannot afford to make the rooms fit for the use to which they have been put. Consequently eight or ten persons are crowded into a room barely fit for three persons. The work being continued till late at night, three or four gas-jets may be seen flaring in one room; a coke fire may be seen dimly burning in the wretched fireplace; sinks are untrapped, closets are without water, and altogether the sanitary conditions are abominable. In this matter the inspectors under the Factory Acts are powerless, sanitation remaining exclusively under local authority, whose functions are limited. Moreover, the workpeople, being for the most part foreigners—Dutch, Polish, Russian—who migrating into this country fancy they have arrived at the El Dorado of their hopes, uneducated, and ignorant of the simplest of sanitary laws, do much by their own ignorance to complete the wreck and ruin of their own constitution, started by the sweaters, with the result that over 50 per cent. suffer in a short time from heart and lung disease.

LEWIS LYONS.

IRISH NOTES.

We have received the following notes from a friend in Ireland. They are interesting as dealing with the past treatment of her country by England. We look forward to having a regular series of notes from the same source on the condition of events in Ireland at the present time.

English people, as a rule, will not read Irish newspapers, if the latter have the least National tendency; and as we Irish wish the English nation to know some of the truths concerning the wrongs we have laboured under for centuries, we shall give a few facts—not theories, but hard facts—which can be proved from both the English Government side and the National side.

In the last century, Dean Swift was a good friend to the suffering Irish. He always upheld the cause of the oppressed, and on one occasion said that the confiscated lands which were given by William III. of England, to his English followers, were given to highwaymen; inasmuch as he considered the recipients must have been stopped and slain on Hounslow Heath on their way to Ireland, and the highwaymen came in their stead.

William III., when memorialised by the people of Bristol to stop the importation of Irish manufactures, replied: "I shall do my best to hinder and obstruct the woollen trade of Ireland, and to promote that of England."

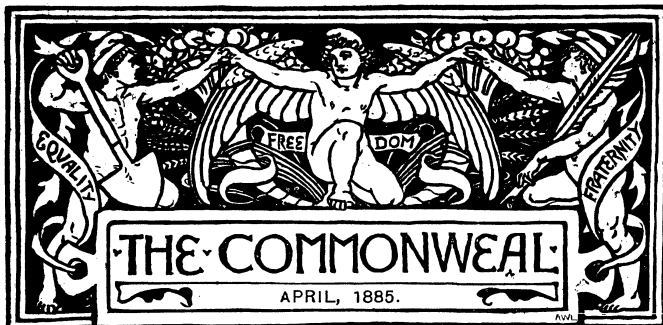
Shortly afterwards, Dean Swift at a public dinner was asked to drink the toast "Prosperity to Ireland." "No," replied the witty Dean, "I never drink memories."

A quotation from a letter written by the Lord-Deputy, about the year 1607, will show the spirit in which the inhabitants of Ireland were regarded by their English rulers:—"I have often said and written, it is *famine that must consume the Irish*, as our *swords* and other endeavours worked not that speedy effect which is expected; *hunger* would be a better, because a speedier, weapon to employ against them than the sword. . . . I burned all along the Lough [Neagh] within four miles of Dunganon, and killed 100 people, sparing none, of what quality, age, or sex soever, besides *many burned to death*. We killed man, woman and child, horse, beast, and whatsoever we could find."

During the rebellion of 1798, the soldiers upon one occasion tied a man and his three sons to trees, and then before their eyes, violated the mother and four young sisters. I can give my authorities for this.

E. OWENS BLACKBURNE.

"Unnecessary railways have been thrown into distant lands, while steamships have been too largely constructed in British ports. . . . America has had large crops, is well supplied with most things necessary to its population at a range of prices unusually cheap, and yet it felt the depression of prices because of inability to sell its surplus produce abroad at profitable prices. . . . The railways are cutting each other's throats, or rather dividends, in their frantic attempts to obtain traffic"—Trade and Finance, *Daily News*.



All literary communications should be addressed to the Editors of THE COMMONWEAL, 27 Farringdon Street, E.C. They must be accompanied by the name and address of the writer, not necessarily for publication.

Rejected MSS. can only be returned if a stamped directed envelope is forwarded with them.

All business communications to be addressed, the Manager of the COMMONWEAL, 27 Farringdon Street, E.C. Business communications must NOT be sent to the Editors. All remittances should be made in Postal Orders or halfpenny stamps.

Subscriptions for THE COMMONWEAL, free by post: for 12 numbers, 1 copy, 1s. 6d.; 3 copies, 4s.; 4 copies, 5s. Parcels of a dozen or a quire, if for distribution, will be sent on special terms.

SPECIAL NOTICE.

An Extra Supplement of four pages is issued with this number.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

THE attention of Branches, Members, and Foreign Socialist Bodies is directed to the report from the Central Office of the Socialist League.

A MANIFESTO by the Socialist League on the Soudan War has been issued. Copies will be sent to anyone on receipt of stamp for postage.

NOTICE TO MEMBERS.—All papers received by the Secretary have been sorted and filed at the office of the League, and are at the disposal of members.

NOTICE TO ALL SOCIALISTIC NEWSPAPERS.—The *Commonweal* will be regularly sent to all Socialistic Contemporaries, and it is hoped that they on their side will regularly provide the Socialist League with their papers as they may appear.

H. SWAN.—Many thanks for your congratulations and contributions. We are so over-crowded with matter that we regret to be unable to use the latter.

E. VAILLANT (Paris) writes wishing good luck to the Socialist League. He subscribes to the *Commonweal*, saying that this is a duty more binding on those who have the cause at heart than on outsiders.

RECEIVED.—*Cri du Peuple* (daily)—*Neu Yorker Volkszeitung* (weekly)—*Sozial Demokrat* (weekly)—*Anarchist*—*Communist*—*L'Insurgé*—*Miners Journal*—*Labour Leaf*—*Carpenter*—*Der Sozialist* (weekly)—*The Alarm*—*La Revue Socialiste*—*Our Corner*—*Neue Zeit* (Nos. 1, 2, 3.)—*La Question Sociale*—*Jottings by the Way*, M. J. Boon—*How to Construct Free State Railways*, same author—*Socialism*, by Karl Pearson—*La National Belge*—*Liberty* (Boston).

A P P E A L.

THE Socialist League has decided to found a library of books, magazines, pamphlets, periodicals and daily newspapers, treating of and propagating the Socialistic cause, for the free use and the education of its members. To this end the League appeals herewith to all members and to all friends and supporters of the great and just cause for which it fights to bestow, for this intended library, on the League as gifts such books and periodicals in their possession as treat on the Socialistic Question. All such donations received will be duly acknowledged with the sincerest thanks on behalf of the League by the delegated librarians, in the official journal of the League. The League hopes that in answer to this appeal so many books will be forthcoming that a catalogue comprising numerous works can soon be issued.

London, March 9, 1885.

C. BENSON AND R. THEODORE.

RECEIVED FOR LIBRARY.—“Analysis of the Principles of Economics,” by Patrick Geddes, Edinburgh (two copies), from the author—“Adamantina” and a parcel of back numbers of the *Irish World*, from J. Lane—“Future of Marriage”—*To-day*—Parcel of six pamphlets from Fantoni—Parcel of six pamphlets from W. A. English—“The Land Question.”

THE PILGRIMS OF HOPE.*

II.—THE BRIDGE AND THE STREET.

(Being a continuation of “The Message of the March Wind.”)

In the midst of the bridge there we stopped and we wondered
In London at last, and the moon going down,
All sullied and red where the mast-wood was Sundered
By the void of the night-mist, the breath of the town.

On each side lay the City, and Thames ran between it
Dark, struggling, unheard 'neath the wheels and the feet.
A strange dream it was that we ever had seen it,
And strange was the hope we had wandered to meet.

* It is the intention of the author to follow the fortunes of the lovers who in the “Message of the March Wind” were already touched by sympathy with the cause of the people.

Was all nought but confusion? What man and what master
Had each of these people that hastened along?
Like a flood flowed the faces, and faster and faster
Went the drift of the feet of the hurrying throng.

Till all these seemed but one thing, and we twain another,
A thing frail and feeble and young and unknown;
What sign 'mid all these to tell foeman from brother?
What sign of the hope in our hearts that had grown?

* * * * *

We went to our lodging afar from the river,
And slept and forgot—and remembered in dreams;
And friends that I knew not I strove to deliver
From a crowd that swept o'er us in measureless streams,

Wending whither I knew not: till meseemed I was waking
To the first night in London, and lay by my love,
And she worn and changed, and my very heart aching
With a terror of soul that forbade me to move.

Till I woke, in good sooth, and she lay there beside me,
Fresh, lovely in sleep; but awhile yet I lay,
For the fear of the dream-tide yet seemed to abide me
In the cold and sad time ere the dawn of the day.

Then I went to the window, and saw down below me
The market wains wending adown the dim street,
And the scent of the hay and the herbs seemed to know me,
And seek out my heart the dawn's sorrow to meet.

They passed, and day grew, and with pitiless faces
The dull houses stared on the prey they had trapped;
'Twas as though they had slain all the fair morning places
Where in love and in leisure our joyance had hopped.

My heart sank; I murmured, “What's this we are doing
In this grim net of London, this prison built stark
With the greed of the ages, our young lives pursuing
A phantom that leads but to death in the dark?”

Day grew, and no longer was dusk with it striving,
And now here and there a few people went by,
As an image of what was once eager and living
Seemed the hope that had led us to live or to die.

Yet nought else seemed happy; the past and its pleasure
Was light, and unworthy, had been and was gone;
If hope had deceived us, if hid were its treasure,
Nought now would be left us of all life had won.

* * * * *

“O Love, stand beside me; the sun is uprisen
On the first day of London; and shame hath been here.
For I saw our new life like the bars of a prison,
And hope grew a-cold, and I parleyed with fear.

“Ah! I sadden thy face, and thy grey eyes are chiding!
Yea, but life is no longer as stories of yore;
From us from henceforth no fair words shall be hiding
The nights of the wretched, the days of the poor.

“Time was we have grieved, we have feared, we have faltered,
For ourselves, for each other, while yet we were twain;
And no whit of the world by our sorrow was altered,
Our faintness grieved nothing, our fear was in vain.

“Now our fear and our faintness, our sorrow, our passion,
We shall feel all henceforth as we felt it erewhile;
But now from all this the due deeds we shall fashion
Of the eyes without blindness, the heart without guile.

“Let us grieve then—and help every soul in our sorrow;
Let us fear—and press forward where few dare to go;
Let us falter in hope—and plan deeds for the morrow,
The world crowned with freedom, the fall of the foe.

“As the soldier who goes from his homestead a-weeping,
And whose mouth yet remembers his sweetheart's embrace,
While all round about him the bullets are sweeping,
But stern and stout-hearted dies there in his place;

“Yea, so let our lives be! e'en such that hereafter,
When the battle is won and the story is told,
Our pain shall be hid, and remembered our laughter,
And our names shall be those of the bright and the bold.

WILLIAM MORRIS.

(To be continued.)

SCIENTIFIC SOCIALISM.

I.—VALUE.

THE object of this article, and of those that may follow it, is to give some evidence of the fact that Socialism is based on grounds as scientific and as irrefragable as the theory of Evolution. My purpose is not to deal in generalities. But, as one who is mainly known to the general public as a student and interpreter of Charles Darwin, I cannot refrain from saying that precisely the same methods of observation, recordal, reflection and generalisation that have made his ideas convincing to me have, as applied to history and economics, convinced me of the truth of Socialism. Again and again we hear sneers at scientific Socialism. These are, as a rule, forthcoming from those whose ignorance of Science and of Socialism are on a par. In some rare cases, however, the contempt is poured on us and on a greater than us, ours, by those who ought to know, and in a few cases do know, better.

The contemners of scientific Socialism are, in a word, of three classes: those that know nothing whatever of the question; those that know something of the orthodox political economy, but nothing of Socialism; those that know something of political economy and of Socialism, and are yet under orders to glorify the one and to misrepresent the other.

Some outlines of the basis of our economic faith, then, are to be given. It must be understood that they are only the outlines. Nor can I claim the slightest originality for my work. Here, as with Darwin in the past, I am only an interpreter, an intellectual middleman, not, I hope, exploiting either the solitary genius or the many minds that I am bringing together. As Darwin was and is my master in biological science, so is Marx my master in economics, and for exactly the same reasons. Nor does it need any prophetic insight to see that as surely as the teaching of Darwin won and revolutionised the world of thought in so-called natural science, so surely the teaching of Marx is winning and will revolutionise the world of thought in social science. My article begins, therefore, what is as far as I know the first attempt to put the ideas of Marx, on which, as a scientific foundation, Socialism rests, simply and clearly before the English people, in their own language, with an honest acknowledgment that they are his.

This article will deal especially with Value, and will in detail aim at making clear the meaning of the following terms: natural object, product, commodity, use-value, exchange-value, value.

To understand the essential terms in economics it is wisest to go back to the simplest condition of things, and to study man in his simplest state, divested of all the complexities of our civilisation. The simplest state of man is in one sense the solitary condition. Let us, then, picture our Robinson Crusoe on his desert island, before the advent of Friday or even the classical warning footprint on the sand. Robinson finds fruits, stones, shell-fish, poisonous berries—a thousand things. These are all *natural things*. They are ready to his hand. But they fall into the two familiar categories of the useless and the useful. To him at present the masses of heavy stone are negatively useless, and the poisonous berries are positively injurious.

A little later and he sets to work on a tree-trunk (a natural object), and by dint of labour fashions it into a canoe. We are not concerned with the beautifully natural touch that makes him fashion his canoe in such a place that it cannot be got down to the water. Now he has a *product*, a natural object on which human labour has been spent.

A little later still, to our Robinson, who has made two canoes, comes Robinson No. 2, who has made two knives. Robinson No. 1 will be happier with one canoe and one knife than with two canoes and no knife. Robinson No. 2 will be happier with one knife and one canoe than with two knives. Now the second canoe of the first, or the first knife of the second, is something more than a product. It is a *commodity*. And why? Robinson No. 2 recognises in the second canoe the human labour that Robinson No. 1 has put into it, whilst Robinson No. 1 recognises in the second knife the human labour that has been put into that.

Next let us get clearly the idea of the three values. The *use-value* of an object is its property of supplying a human want. This may or may not exist in a natural object. The fruit and the shell-fish have use-value. The stones and the poisonous berries to Robinson, and the parasitic insect to man to-day *e.g.*, have no use-value. Use-value may or may not exist in a product, though the former case is far and away the most common. Very rarely indeed is a product—*i.e.*, a natural object on which human labour has been expended—destitute of use-value. Intentionally this is almost never the case. A madman may waste energy on the production of an object, but even then it satisfies *his* immediate want, possibly. But we may get a case of a product that

is not a use-value from certain of our industries. The mass of refuse that is seen outside certain factories or certain metallurgical works for which as yet science has found no use is a product, but without any use-value at present. A commodity must have use-value. For the commodity is the product in which the human labour that is embodied therein is *recognised*, and unless that human labour puts into the object on which it works some use-value (*i.e.*, some property that satisfies a human want), it will not be recognised. From all this it will be seen that a use-value may be resident in a natural object, as in air: that it may be resident in a product as in a canoe, or, in a commodity, as in the second canoe. Further, it is to be noticed that in each of the two last cases the use-value is partly due to the properties of the body as a natural object, partly due to the human labour that has been put into it. Three things finally may be predicated of the use-value of a commodity. (1) It is intrinsic to the commodity; is, as I have said, resident in it. (2) It is realised in the consumption of the commodity, for consumption conversely is but the realisation of use-value. (3) It forms the basis of wealth, of commerce, and of exchange-value. Thus we are led to the consideration of exchange value.

The *exchange-value* of a commodity is the proportion in which its use-value exchanges with other use-values. A natural object as such has no exchange-value. The air, the water, the land ought to have no exchange value, great as their use-value may be. In the cases where they have such an exchange-value to-day it is due to the human labour that has been spent on the bringing of these natural objects into particular positions. The air in a diving-bell has an exchange-value. The water supplied to towns by companies has exchange-value, as Mr. Dobbs knows. A product as such has no exchange-value, for the human labour put into it is not recognised. But the moment that human labour thus embodied is recognised, the product is a commodity, and it has an exchange-value. The difference between use-value and exchange-value will be clearer if it is borne in mind that use-values differ in quality, and that exchange-values differ in quantity.

Now what is *value*? That is not to be confounded with either use-value or exchange-value, a confusion constantly made intentionally or unintentionally by the orthodox political economist. Value is the human labour materialised in the commodity. Think of any commodity, as, for example, a tool. Abstract from it mentally its use-value, that is, its power of supplying human wants, whether that use-value is due to its natural properties or to human labour. With the use-value, whatever its source, has gone its exchange-value, since that is the proportion in which use-value is exchanged. Yet in the tool divested of its use-value and of its exchange-value there is still left the property that it is the result of human labour. It has still value. This is a difficult and abstract conception, but it is of the utmost importance. The value of a commodity is the human labour crystallised in it. When mentally we take away the useful nature of the commodity (its use-value), the specially useful nature of the particular kind of labour spent on it, vanishes also, and only the fact that it is due to abstract human labour remains. The particular form of that human labour has gone. Whilst after this abstraction of the idea of use-value and of exchange-value only the property of the commodity as the result of abstract human labour remains, we must bear in mind that this value, nevertheless, enters into the use-value, and therefore into the exchange-value of commodities, inasmuch as human labour confers on the natural object on which it works the property of satisfying wants otherwise unsatisfiable by the commodity.

What is the *measure* of this value due to human labour? Time, *i.e.*, the average time requisite under the average social conditions, and with average ability of labour to produce the particular commodity. The idleness of the one man, the energy of the other, are mere accidents, swallowed up, merged altogether in the enormous number of cases. Out of the thousands, the millions of instances of workers producing some commodity, an average time requisite for its production is deducible, and the eccentricities of individuals affect this no more than an eight-foot giant or a two-foot dwarf affects the average height of the nation.

This article and its successors will conclude with a concise definition of each of the terms mentioned:

- Natural object That on which human labour has not been expended.
- Product A natural object on which human labour has been expended.
- Commodity A product, the human labour expended on which is recognised.

Use-value	The property of a product that satisfies a human want.
Exchange-value	The proportion in which a use-value exchanges with other use-values.
Value	Human labour embodied in a commodity.
Measure of value of commodity...	The average time required under average conditions of human labour to produce the commodity.

EDWARD AVELING.

(To be continued.)

MEN I HAVE KNOWN.

I.—ORATOR HUNT.

The most interesting study of humanity is afforded in the manifestation of character by men who have either had the office of leader forced upon them by circumstances, like "Chinese Gordon," or who have been prompted by their own aspirations and impulses to seek or assume the position of leader among their fellow-men, like O'Connell, Fergus O'Connor, Parnell and Henry Hunt.

Hitherto the people have had to take their guides upon trust, and estimate the fitness of their leaders by judging of the wisdom of their advice and the consistency of their actions. A day may come when there will be diffused a more general as well as practical method of estimating the relationship between organisation, capacity and character. Until that day comes, as in the past, the people will be liable to painful disappointments.

I have often in my wide experience been deeply interested in the study of public men, and, while gratified by the talent of clever men, I have had to regret the disappointments arising from the lack of sincerity, truth and consistency of popular guides. The first public character that attracted my attention was that of Henry Hunt, who became conspicuous about the year 1817, in consequence of his advocacy of Reform. Birmingham, in defiance of law, had elected Sir Charles Wolseley as "Legislatorial Attorney" to represent the constituency in the House of Commons. The Manchester Reformers proposed to hold a meeting on the 9th of August, 1819, to elect Henry Hunt as their representative; but the magistrates proclaimed this meeting illegal, and Mr. Hunt had the wisdom to cancel it and to avoid the proposal to elect him. Mr. Hunt, in an address to his followers, invited them to the meeting at Peter's Field on August the 16th, after which he became well known and popular with the working classes.

It is a remarkable fact that the most popular leaders in public movements have been men endowed with great vitality and force of character. Often these elements are united with quick perceptions and ready powers of utterance, as in the case of the Irish Liberator, who had also large social feelings, which gave him great power over the sensitive and excitable Celt, and made him a real leader of the masses.

Henry Hunt had several of these attributes, combined with some ambition and personal vanity, which prompted him to seek notoriety. He had not the force and wit of O'Connell, nor the irritability of the "Dog Tear'em," and yet he had a brusque energy, and a bluntness that often served him well when brought face to face with his adversaries, either on the platform or in the law courts.

When first brought before the magistrates, after the massacre at Peterloo, the following dialogue ensued:

Magistrate:—"Pray, Mr. Hunt, what did you come here for?"

Mr. Hunt:—"Pray, gentlemen, what am I brought here for?"

Sir Francis Burdett justly remarked that Mr. Hunt conducted himself with great propriety. . . . "I shall ever be found to praise the Englishman that does his duty. I think Mr. Hunt baffled, defeated and exposed the magistrates, and conducted himself with wisdom and propriety." (Applause.)

In his cross-examination of the witnesses he exhibited great tact and good sense, in spite of the captious opposition of Mr. Justice Bailey. Mr. Hulston, of Hulston, a magistrate, swore that he had seen from the window, where he stood, a number of men close to the hustings with their arms locked together. In cross-examination he said to Mr. Hunt "I could perceive the persons locked together because they formed a complete cordon, and were bare-headed."

Mr. Hunt:—"Can you, sir, standing in that elevated situation, and looking round on the comparatively small number of persons present, see whether their arms are locked?"

When this question was put the witness was staggered and for the moment astounded. Some persons in the court and the gallery clapped their hands. A man was punished by Mr. Justice Bailey for clapping his hands when he declared he only put out his hands to prevent him from falling. After a severe reprimand he was sent to prison till Monday.

Mr. Hunt:—"You will look round the benches, where the crowd is elevated, one above another, and say whether you can see what they are doing with their arms?"

Witness:—"Must I answer that, my Lord?"

Mr. Justice Bailey:—"You may declare whether the opportunity

you had of viewing the meeting on the 16th of August was better than that which you have of seeing the people at present."

Witness:—"I had a much better opportunity of seeing the persons at the meeting than I have of observing them in the court." (This witness must have been ten times farther from the hustings than he was from the persons in the court).

Mr. Hunt:—"Could you see the arms of the persons then?"

Witness:—"I could see them wedged, and, I believe, linked together."

Mr. Hunt:—"Could you see any part of their arms?"

Witness:—"I could distinctly see the outside men linked."

Mr. Hunt:—"Then, from the appearance of the others, you believe the others were linked?"

Witness:—"I have no doubt of it."

There can be little hesitation in believing that Mr. Hunt was instrumental in increasing the discontent of the people with their gross misgovernment and the defective state of their representation. They saw Manchester, Birmingham, Salford, Oldham, Stockport, and other towns without members, whilst Old Sarum—a mound of earth without inhabitants—had two members, and a host of villages sent the same number.

Henry Hunt had come forward to champion the people's rights, and his personal appearance and character were well adapted for appealing to the excited passions of the multitude. He was gentlemanly in his manners and his dress; had a tall and manly physique, stood over six feet in height, and was well formed. He was a very conspicuous figure as he stood on the platform amidst sixty thousand of the working slaves of Lancashire. His ample chest gave him a good voice, and although somewhat rude in speech, his vigorous tones and ready utterance led the masses to call him Orator Hunt. He was dressed at Peterloo in a blue lapped coat, with brass buttons, light waistcoat, top boots and a white hat. His leg and foot, Bamford tells us, were the firmest and the neatest he had ever seen. He wore his own hair, moderate in quantity and a little grey. His features were regular, and there was a youthful blandness, which, in friendly discussions, gave his face a most agreeable expression. His eyes were blue or light grey, not very clear nor quick, but rather heavy, except under excitement, when they seemed to protrude. On the whole, he was by nature a democrat and a demagogue, and if he had possessed the faculty of organising the people, both the Reform Bill and the abolition of the Corn Laws would have been obtained in half the time it took to secure them. He was for a time exceedingly popular with the masses, and his entry into London after he was bailed out of Lancaster Castle was as enthusiastic as that of a great hero. Bands, banners and public dinners gave voice to the people in their laudations. Nevertheless, as he had not the power of organising the people, his influence, despite all these other gifts, was slight and evanescent.

To Orator Hunt is due the credit of bringing into public notice that honest advocate, Bronterre O'Brien, who achieved great success in advocating the people's rights and the charter, while editor of the *Poor Man's Guardian* for Henry Hetherington.

E. T. CRAIG.

SIGNS OF THE TIMES.

In the *Daily News*, March 17th, there is a long detailed report from a Geneva correspondent (of course anonymous) of an interview with a terrorist. We ask the *Daily News* for evidence of the genuineness of this report, which on the face of it looks doubtful. Even the general public which knows perhaps, no more of police tricks than it has gathered from M. Andrieux' recent revelations are bound to join us in this demand.

The first number of the *Anarchist* has appeared, with articles by Elisée Reclus, G. B. Shaw and Henry Appleton. Of course the honesty and enthusiasm of the writers are beyond all question; but we cannot think that they make their position quite clear. In any case we welcome the temperate discussion of differences between various Socialist schools, in the hope that the obvious necessity for revolutionising society will force us all to study the question so diligently that the path may at last become plain to us. The *Anarchist* is published by the International Publishing Company, 35 Newington Green Road, N.

W. M.

Mr. Auberon Herbert in an elegantly written article in the *Pall Mall Gazette* has been pleased to confer the title of "Leader" on a member of the Socialist League and to brand him with the nickname of "Force bureaucrat." We hope the readers of the *Commonweal* understand fully that we neither have nor want to have "Leaders;" and that we entirely condemn the imaginary system of bureaucracy, concerning which Mr. Herbert has got the strange idea into his head (a head of well-known perversity) that we are its supporters.

The month of March just ended is a memorable one in the annals of Revolution—i.e., of the world's advancement. March of 1848, of 1871, of 1881, of 1883 were famous. March 18, 1848 saw the Berlin rising that was hardly a revolution, and that was in essence a bourgeois, not a proletarian movement. March 18, 1871, saw the proclamation of the Paris Commune. March 13, 1881, saw the execution of the Czar-criminal at the hands of the delegated ministers of a people wronged beyond all endurance. March 14, 1883, saw the death of our teacher Karl Marx.

Of the Berlin days in 1848 let me but quote two passages from reactionary English newspapers. Of the monster meeting of March 13

to petition the king that the reforms granted to other countries might be conceded to Prussia, one writes: "The assembly was of a highly tumultuous character, and before it was dissolved several people were shot by the soldiers." As to the affair of the 18th, another, after stating that more than one hundred of the people were killed, adds: "The fighting had scarcely ceased when the king issued a proclamation that his faithful soldiers had only cleared the court-yard at a walking pace, with their weapons sheathed, and that the guns had gone off of themselves, without, thanks to God, causing any injury."

Of the event of March 13, 1881, there is no need to say much in an English paper, even if it were not Socialist. Englishmen who are most given to see the evils of oppression everywhere out of their own country, were in sympathy, outspoken or silent, with the great and good and brave men and women who, finding all other means worse than failures, took the life of the Czar as a warning—a warning that has, alas! not yet been heeded. "Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his" cause. I sometimes think there is a love even greater. It is that of the pure high-souled man or woman, a Scheljabow or a Sophie Peroffska, who not only is ready to die, but for the sake of the sacred cause overcomes the horror and loathing that all true human beings have at the taking of another life, be it never so necessary. I am sure that for everyone of our Russian brothers and sisters it had been more easy simply to lay down their own lives than first to take, or try to take, that of the unhappy man who stood in the way that led to freedom. But this necessary, they did the work they knew must be done, painful, repulsive, sorrowful as it was to them, counting after this trial and sacrifice the giving of themselves to death as a little thing.

Of the Paris Commune time so miserably misunderstood, so grossly misrepresented, I would rather let the reactionary press speak for, and therefore against, itself. Bearing in mind the fact that during the seventy-two days of the Commune, an orderly and peaceful organisation of the workers held sway in Paris and showed the world what might be, and will be, done for humanity when such organisation is universal, let us read. "One saw along the Seine a long stream of blood following the course of the water. *This stream did not cease flowing. (La Liberté, May 31).*

"Who, had he seen but for a few moments, but will remember the square, now the charnel-house, of the Tour St. Jacques. *From amidst the damp, recently dug-up soil protruded here and there heads, arms, feet and hands. . . . It was hideous. From this garden arose a sickening smell, that in certain places became fetid. . . . (Le Temps, May).*

"That many wounded have been buried alive I have not the slightest doubt. One case I can vouch for." (Paris Correspondent, *Standard*, June 8th).

"The courts-martial are working with unheard-of activity in various parts of Paris. . . . The fusillade never ceases. It is a settling of accounts with the wretches who took part in the struggle." (*La Liberté*, May 30th.)

"Since this morning (Sunday, 28th) a thick cordon has been formed round the Châtelet Theatre. . . . From time to time one sees a band of fifteen to twenty persons come forth, consisting of National Guards, civilians, women, children of fifteen to sixteen years old. These individuals are condemned to death. . . . A minute after one hears the volley of the platoon and successive discharges of muskets; it is the sentence of the court-martial that has just been executed." (*Journal des Débats*, May 30th, 1871).

"Whenever the number of condemned exceeds the number of ten, the firing platoons will be replaced by a mitrailleuse." (*Paris Journal*, June 9).

"We maintain that hanging is too good for these wretches, and if medical science can get some good out of the vivisection of these criminals, we see no reason why such experiments should not be made." (*Naval and Military Gazette*, May 27th).

"Most of them [i.e., the Communards] met death like Arabs after the battle, with indifference, contempt—without hate, without anger, without an insult to their executioners. All the soldiers are unanimous on this point." (*Etoile Belge*).

"All the women summarily executed died with a laugh of scorn, like martyrs who by sacrificing themselves accomplish a great duty." (*Gaulois*, June 13th).

On March 14th, 1883, our greatest teacher, Karl Marx, died. Let us not think of him only as the founder of that scientific Socialism on which the conclusions of his followers are based as securely as the biological science of to-day on the doctrines of evolution. Let us also remember that he was an inspiration as well as an instruction. Banished from land after land, hated of governments, to him the eyes of all the workers turned for guidance and for encouragement. We must not, in our thought of his power as economic thinker, forget his not less power as revolutionary fighter. Of him, being dead, we may say, in the words of old Thomas Fuller, that the people of all countries and of all times "erect a monument to him—in their hearts."—E. B. A.

REVIEWS AND NOTICES.

Socialist Rhymes. By J. L. JOYNES. Modern Press, 13 and 14 Paternoster Row.—We heartily recommend these rhymes to our readers; the verse is healthy everywhere brilliant and spirited, and in some of the pieces the depth of feeling raises them into the rank of poetry of no mean order. Sincerity and enthusiasm are obvious throughout the whole of them, and must make some impression on those who read them, even if they are not wholly on our side. John Ruskin once wrote that "A cause which cannot be sung of is not worth following." We have to thank Mr. Joynes for his share in demonstrating that Socialism cannot fall under this condemnation at all events.—W. M.

A Review of European Society. By J. SKETCHLEY. W. Reeves, 185 Fleet Street, E.C.—I approached this work, let me at once confess, with a sense of dread. Let me equally at once say that the dread was not realised. The book is admirable. I must plead guilty to not having read every line of it as yet. For the mass of figures in it that start on p. 12 and end on the last page are, like many other useful and instructive things, somewhat repellent at first. But I fully intend to read and to master in general all the statistics given, for they are, to any one interested in the revolutionary movement, simply invaluable. Mr. Sketchley is a great quoter of documents, as well as of figures, so that, irrespective of mere statistical details, his book will be found of the highest use to those who, hungering after the "bread of fact, have had hitherto to put up with the stone, or worse, of the garbled or actually false statements of the capitalist press. It is to be feared that to many of the rising generation, and not a few of the risen, some of Mr. Sketchley's facts will be startlingly new. How many even of our young men and maidens who are interested in the movement in England know the 1844 story of the two Bandieras betrayed and executed in Austria through the opening of private letters in the Post Office by the infamous Home Secretary, Sir James Graham? How many of them know of the frequent suspensions of the Habeas Corpus Act by the Governments of our free land? For these and many another kindred fact, let them turn to this review. The chapter on the Paris Commune is good, although the readers of the International's manifesto on the Civil War in France will not find much new matter in it. The immense force of the accumulated damning facts is something weakened here and there in the review I am considering by the notes of interrogation and astonishment scattered amongst them. But this is, after all, only a question of style, and when we are dealing with a work so outspoken and so useful as this, criticism of style may be placed on one side. This must not be the fate of Mr. Sketchley's book. It must be placed on the shelf of the library of every earnest student of Socialism.

State Measures for the Direct Prevention of Poverty, War and Pestilence. By a Doctor of Medicine. E. Truelove, 256 High Holborn.—Anything written by the author of the "Elements of Social Science" is sure to be the work of a scholar and a well-wisher to the human race. So assured is this, that nothing less than a feeling of intense regret comes to me when I am driven to the conclusion that this able thinker has not turned his acute mind to the study of the scientific principles of Socialism. The first of the three lectures in this volume is the only one with which I need deal. It is a reprint of part of the 1878 edition of the author's larger work. With the other two on war and on infectious diseases, Socialists in general would be in harmony. But with their predecessor, no. That this is the case one quotation suffices to show. "To extinguish poverty by direct legal enactment in the only way in which this could possibly be done, namely, by means of a statute limiting the size of families, etc." The Socialist not only does not believe that this is the only way to extinguish poverty. He does not believe it is even a way. Let the nation wake up on the morrow and for months and years of morrows Malthusian to a man and woman, and Capital's lust for surplus labor is still to be satiated. And when our author says, with perfect justice, "that when a remedy is put forward, not as a good in itself, but as the least of several alternative evils. . . . those who condemn it are bound to say which of the alternative evils they think preferable;" the Socialist answers that he thinks preferable that which he cannot regard as evil at all—viz., the nationalisation of all means of production, the securing to the workers and to the workers only the result of their work.

A new journal devoted to Socialism has been started in Paris. It is called *La Question Sociale*, and purports to be a review of Socialistic ideas and of the revolutionary movement in the two worlds. Without distinction of school the different Socialist doctrines will have their say in this journal. It will attack all the abuses with which our Society swarms. 25 centimes (2½d.) per number, 4 francs (4s. 2d.) per year is the subscription.

The Church Reformer, edited by the most interesting clergyman in England, Stewart Headlam, reaches us. We are not quite clear as to the meaning of the title. Is "Church" a kind of adjectival noun qualifying the word "Reformer"? Or does the paper aim at the reform of the Church especially? Or is an affirmative answer to both these questions accurate? In any case, the journal is, like its editor, outspoken on social topics, and I note with pleasure and hearty endorsement the condemnation of Mr. Burnand for his "Behind the Scenes" article. "The tone and tenour of it are disgraceful to the writer," says the *Church Reformer*.

The Manifesto of the Fabian Society. This is a string of propositions, in the main indubitable, for the most part couched in the form of epigram and antithesis. These deal with the ills of our commercial system, and declare by implication for Socialism. It is to be regretted that after stating that "the nationalisation of the land. . . . is a public duty," there is no kindred statement re Capital. Further, the humorous spirit of the Fabians has prompted them to insert a passage that the average bourgeois reader, who knows nothing of delicate irony, will certainly not understand: "That since competition among producers admittedly secures to the public the most satisfactory products, the State should compete with all its might in every department of production." We shall be glad to insert reports of the meetings of the Fabian Society. Judging from their manifesto they should be interesting reading.—E. B. A.

LECTURE DIARY: April.

- GLASGOW BRANCH.—5th, C. F. Jamison; 12th, W. T. Norton (Edinburgh University Socialist Society), "Christianity and Socialism;" 19th, William Simpson (Land Restoration League), "The Tenth Commandment;" 26th, Wm. Morris (Socialist League), "How we Live, and how we might Live."
- MERTON ABBEY, High Street, Merton.—3rd, F. Kitz; 10th, William Morris; 17th, Charles Theodore; 24th, J. L. Mahon.
- HAMMERSMITH BRANCH, Kelmescott House, 26 Upper Mall, W.—5th, J. Hunter Watts; 12th, W. Bridges Adams; 19th, "Commercial War," William Morris; 26th, John Carruthers.
- NOTTING HILL, "The Magdala Castle," Blechynden Street.—5th, C. W. Mowbray; 12th, "The Curse of Commercialism," Edward Aveling; 19th, "The meaning of the Revolution," J. L. Mahon.
- HOXTON (L.E.L.), Academy Schools, Hoxton Street.—5th, W. B. Adams; 12th, William Morris, "Commercial War," 19th, H. Charles; 26th, Charles Theodore.
- LEEDS.—7th, T. Maguire; 14th, F. Corkwell; 21st, F. W. Kelley; 28th, J. O'Reilly

Dorsetshire Laborer (to his master a farmer): "I've got some money in the bank." *Farmer*: "I'm very glad to hear it." *Laborer*: "Yes, but it's in your name, though it's my money."



Six Branches have been formed in London and the provinces. The Branches at Hammersmith and Merton have also held a series of fairly successful meetings. The former Branch has opened a reading-room and a free news-room; members will be dispatched to distribute literature and hold meetings in Battersea, with a view to forming a Branch there. The Branch at Bloomsbury has just been formed. At Leeds a few comrades are steadily and earnestly working, and the Branch makes good progress. At Bradford a Branch has just been formed, and gives promise of good work in the future. At Oxford a large meeting was held on Feb. 25, and addressed by William Morris and Edward Aveling. Some of the educated class misbehaved themselves, but the meeting was successful, and a good Branch has been formed. William Morris also delivered a lecture at Bristol to a large meeting. A Branch will soon be formed in Bath.

A report of the celebration of the Paris Commune appears in this issue. The meeting was organised at short notice, and has entailed some heavy work on the organising committee appointed by the Council. Branches will soon be formed in Islington, Whitechapel and probably Canning Town. The difficulty of getting up a really good organisation in the Metropolis is very great; in the past the tendency to start a number of branches and maintain none has also been very great. With a view to organising in London on a firm basis, a meeting of each Branch will be called, at which delegates from the Council will attend. The meetings will discuss the following points in addition to other business: (1) Means of circulating the Journal. (2) The arrangement of indoor lectures. (3) The open-air propaganda. (4) Periodical meeting of Socialists in London.

A series of suggestions for organising branches and framing Branch rules has been drawn up and will be forwarded to any provincial comrades who are willing to start Branches. This will be followed by a pamphlet upon organisation; suggestions for this are invited from all comrades.

The success of the Lessons in Socialism, given at South Place Institute on Thursday evenings by Edward Aveling, is a good proof that the educational part of our propaganda is not being neglected. The students attend regularly and are diligent in their studies. The excellent system of teaching keeps the closest interest maintained throughout. Six lessons have now been given. As the subject matter cannot be fairly and fully given in a report, the lessons will soon be issued in pamphlet form, and be widely circulated at a very low price. Besides these lessons the educational propaganda has also been furthered by numerous lectures delivered in many parts of London by members of the League.

With the view of spreading our literature and giving work to many friends who are certainly able and ought to be willing to do it, a circular will be issued to all our provincial correspondents, inviting them to take an active part in selling and distributing leaflets and bills, the *Commonweal* and the *Socialist Platform*. A list of those willing to do this work will be kept and names added to it from time to time.

The educational work in future will be aided by a series of pamphlets issued at one penny each, entitled "The Socialist Platform." Among the first will be "The Class Struggle," "The Iron Law of Wages," "Competition: National, Class, Individual," "Cheap Goods," "Degradation of the Workers," a symposium on "Reconstruction," "Social Ethics," "International Relations of Socialism," "Marriage Question," "Useful Work versus Useless Toil," "Historic Evolution of Socialism," "French Revolution," "History of the Commune," "History of the Chartist Movement," "Guilds of the Middle Ages," "History of the Anabaptists," "History of the Flemish Cities." The first number of the series will be issued about the second week in April.

A meeting was held under the auspices of the Peace Society in the Memorial Hall, London, on the 24th of February to protest against the Soudan war. Thos. Burt, M.P., presided. The hall was crowded with an audience almost exclusively of working men. The promoters of the meeting were half-hearted in their speeches, and seemed afraid to say anything that would hurt the Government, while the market-hunters, who instigated the war, were allowed to go unscathed. As the resolution proposed was of a weak and uncertain tone, a member of the Socialist League proposed as a rider: "That this meeting, consisting mainly of working men, is convinced that the war in the Soudan was prompted by the capitalist class, with a view to the extension of their fields of exploitation. And we admit that the victory gained by the Soudanese is a triumph of right over wrong won by a people struggling for their freedom." The Proposer urged the meeting to disregard national distinctions, and look only to class distinctions; and proclaimed amid cheers that the people of this country should rejoice at the victory of the Soudanese, because that victory had been won by a people who, like ourselves, are the victims of commercial marauders. The rider was seconded and carried with enthusiasm.

Another meeting was held at Westminster Town Hall on the 4th of March, when the same rider, with an additional paragraph denouncing the *Pall Mall Gazette* for its action, was passed, although on this occasion the meeting was small and uproarious, and the chairman (Lord Wentworth) unable to perform his duties. At a meeting of the Croydon Radical Association, and at a lecture in St. Jude's Schools, Whitechapel, the same riders were carried; only a few voting in opposition in each case. The press, of course, has carefully avoided publishing these resolutions, except in one instance—the *Echo* giving the rider carried at the Memorial Hall meeting.

The open-air propaganda will soon begin, and with it a further infusion of strength and enthusiasm and an increase in the circulation of our literature may be expected. As the work in London is sufficient to engage the time and energy of thousands of workers, those who are not yet enrolled should lose no time in joining our League and helping us with the education and organisation of the proletariat.

J. L. MAHON, Secretary.

REPORTS.

WHITECHAPEL.—Mr. Sedley Taylor, M.A., gave the last of a series of lectures on Capital and Labour at Toynbee Hall, Commercial Street, Whitechapel, on Friday, March 13, when he propounded a scheme for the bettering of the condition of the workers. At the end of his lecture he confessed that his scheme was simply small joint-stock concerns. Lewis Lyons and Mowbray spoke on Socialism, and asked the lecturer's opinion thereon. Mr. Taylor confessed that Socialism would undoubtedly benefit the working classes. The Manifesto of the League and the manifesto on the Soudan War were freely distributed.

HOXTON.—On Feb. 22, at Hoxton Academy School, J. L. Mahon lectured on "How to Realise Socialism," to a very good and enthusiastic audience. A lively debate followed, in which Kitz, Mowbray, Graham and Binning took part.—On Sunday, March 1, Kitz lectured on "Socialistic experiments," to a very good audience. A discussion was carried on, in which Binning, Pope, etc., took part.—On March 8th, C. Mowbray lectured on "The Revolutionary Movement of the Proletariat," to a very good audience, who received his lecture very well. A discussion followed, in which Graham, Pope and Binning took part.

MERTON AND BATTERSEA.—On the 6th Edward Aveling lectured to a good audience on "The growth of Capitalism showing how Capital makes Capital at the workers' expense." The latter discussion was well taken up.—On March 14 the weekly lecture was given by J. L. Mahon on "The Meaning of the Revolution." He expelled at once from the minds of the hearers present the fraudulent construction of the phrase as commonly understood. He pointed out the manifest turning of the nation to Socialism, and urged those present to accept the principles of Socialism and thus hasten that end.

LEEDS.—F. Kelly and J. Maguire addressed an open-air meeting of about 500 workers at the Vicar's Croft on Sunday, March 8th. The Manifesto on the Soudan War was plentifully distributed, and many copies of the *Commonweal* sold. The branch meets every Tuesday evening from eight till ten at the Victoria Cocoa-house, opposite the Town Hall. Socialists and sympathisers are invited to attend.

BLOOMSBURY.—A branch of the Socialist League has been successfully started in Bloomsbury and has held three meetings at which a great deal of business has been done. All Socialists in the neighbourhood should immediately send their names and addresses to Thomas E. Wardle, 3 Charlotte Street, Bedford Square.

NOTTINGHAM.—A course of lectures have been delivered at the "Magdala Castle," Blechyden Street, during March. The lectures were by J. E. Mahon on "The Enslavement of Labour;" R. Bannister on "The Social Revolution;" C. Mowbray on "Socialism." At this meeting, an exceedingly large audience attended and were much pleased at the lecture. On the 22nd a lecture was delivered by J. C. Mahon on "The Capitalistic Method of Robbing the Workers." The meetings on the whole were satisfactory; the Hall was given free by the proprietors. A Branch will soon be started in this district. Comrades who are willing to help to form it should correspond with H. Werr, at the hall.

EDINBURGH UNIVERSITY SOCIALIST SOCIETY.—The excellent report of work done by our comrades at the Edinburgh University was crowded out of the last number, to our regret. We now give a summary, as another report is expected from them before we go to press. The lectures given in February were by A. Schen on "The Labour Movement in Germany;" Edward Carpenter on "Justice v. Charity;" and a discussion on a sermon preached by Prof. Flint on "Socialism in the Light of Christianity," opened by W. M. Traill, who answered in detail Prof. Flint's arguments.

MILE END BRANCH OF L. E. L.—On February 19 the Rev. Stewart Headlam gave a lecture on "Christian Socialism" to a fairly large audience. A good discussion followed. On March 1, C. W. Mowbray gave a very interesting address on "Why the Revolutionary Movements of 1848-9 failed," to a very attentive audience. The address was well received and a lively discussion followed, owing to several members objecting to force being used when every other means had failed. On March 8, J. Wade gave a very instructive lecture on "England in the 15th Century and Now," showing that the people then were much better off than they are now, notwithstanding the great development since then of our so-called civilisation and enormous increase of wealth, and explained how the people were getting worse off instead of better, owing to the competitive system in our present society and stating that the only way out of the present evils was Socialism. Discussion followed. On March 15, J. Lane delivered an address on "The different Schools of Socialistic Thought." The address was listened to with great attention. Discussion followed. The manifesto on the Soudan War was distributed, also the bills of the meeting in commemoration of Paris Commune, and several volunteered to post these. The *Commonweal*, *Christian Socialist* and other revolutionary literature was sold after each lecture. This Branch will become a Branch of the Socialist League in April, and Socialists in the neighbourhood are earnestly urged to join the Branch and help our efforts in forming a strong organisation.—J. Slodden, sec.

CITY OF GLASGOW BRANCH.—(Scottish Land and Labour League), Albion Hall, College Street.—March 1st, lecture by A. K. Donald on "The Reign of Capital," 8th, by J. M. Cherrie (of the Land Restoration League), on "Land and Labour," 15th, by J. B. Glasier on the "Prophecy of Socialism;" 22nd, by Andreas Scheu on "Some Objections to Socialism;" 29th, by James Mavor on "Robert Owen." The lectures continue to be well attended.—Jas. Mavor, sec.

PARIS COMMUNE.—On Sunday, March 22nd, at Neumeier Hall, Hart Street, Bloomsbury, a meeting was held to commemorate the Paris Commune of 1871. The proceedings were of the most enthusiastic nature. Joseph Lane took the chair. The following resolution was carried *nem. con.*:—"That this meeting of Revolutionary Socialists assembled to commemorate the Paris Commune of 1871 desires to pay its tribute of respect and admiration to the heroic men and women who, under the most terribly adverse circumstances, then showed the world that the workers can organise society on a purely communistic basis; that it protests against the infamous misrepresentation of the Commune and its members and supporters by the reactionary press from 1871 to the present time; and that it looks forward eagerly and will work with all its power to realise to the full these Socialistic conditions which shall once and forever abolish all class rule." The speakers were, beside the chairman, Oscar Eisenstein (Communistischer Verein), C. Mowbray, J. Bolton (Borough of Hackney Club), Vanderhout (Tower Hamlets Radical Club), W. Clarke (Scotland), Borde (France), Kitz, Eleanor Marx Aveling, William Morris, F. Lessner (a member of the Council of the International), Edward Aveling.

BRADFORD.—After several preliminary meetings a branch of the Socialist League has been formed at Bradford. A meeting for definite organisation, adoption of rules, and election of officers will be held on the 29th inst. All sympathisers with the League in this district are cordially invited to communicate with George Minty, 3 Crab Street, Hall Lane.

BETHNAL GREEN.—Meetings are frequently held in the Monarch Coffee House, Bethnal Green Road. A lecturer from the Liberty and Property Defence League has been specially invited to lecture there, and comrades Lane, Graham, Bevan, Mowbray, Pope and others have made it a special feature to attend and oppose him. They invite all Socialists living in the East-end to attend these meetings.

OXFORD.—The Oxford Socialist Association, which is now the Oxford Branch of the Socialist League, called a meeting on Feb. 25. There were more than 400 persons present, of whom rather more than half were townsfolk and the remainder mostly Undergraduates of the University. W. Morris and Edward Aveling, as delegates of the Socialist League, addressed the meeting. On March 9th, at a meeting of the Branch, the question of the meaning of Christian Socialism was discussed. On March 16th there was a debate on the distinction between charity and almsgiving.—A. S. Robinson, Sec.

HAMMERSMITH.—The first meeting of this Branch was held on January 28th, 1885, at Kelmescott House, Upper Mall, Hammersmith. W. Morris was elected Treasurer, and E. Walker, Secretary. Lectures have been delivered by F. Lessner, W. Morris (?), G. B. Shaw, W. Bridges Adams, and the Rev. Stewart D. Headlam, and a debate on the Soudan War on the 14th inst. by W. Jameson. A free news-room for the public has been opened, and it is hoped that it will assist in calling attention to the propaganda, lectures, etc. Present number of members, 25. On Sunday, March 15, Edward Aveling lectured on Darwin and Marx at the Liberal Club. The hall was crammed, and many interesting questions were asked and answered.

Supplement to "The Commonweal."

APRIL, 1885.

SINCERITY AND DEVOTION.

Our adversaries, ignorant and ill-meaning, knowing and ill-wishing, are numberless. Our friends, intelligent and sympathising, are not too many; and our active, working comrades are as yet but few. To most of our well-meaning friends—who are, if anything, too doubtful of success, and hence half-hearted—to those who would join us more closely but for the gigantic obstacles before their eyes, rendering them at times impatient of the end, I would, as keys of the position we mean to take, commend "Sincerity and Devotion."

Sincerity and Devotion! Was there ever struggle successful without it? Whether in love or in hatred, in doubt or in certainty, in febleness or in strength, sincerity and devotion award to the struggling human soul that bliss of gratification which carries it triumphantly over all the numberless hindrances that beset its path.

The artist, endeavouring with brush and chisel to give life in form and colour to the ideal before his mental vision; the man of science, discovering, watching and classifying the phenomena of nature on the earth and in the skies; the inventor, experimenting in his garret on the problem by the solution of which he hopes to bring boundless benefit to his race;—what would they be without sincerity, without devotion?

And how much more with us! If we look back, indeed, at the efforts towards freedom of enslaved humanity, from the revolt led by Spartacus to the gigantic rising which was in the end drowned in a sea of blood in May, 1871; if we look at these ever-recurring onslaughts of the outraged and down-trodden against the organised State power of the privileged, and then consider the horrible conditions to which they have led and under which we are compelled to live, it would almost seem as if all the battles had been fought in vain; as if we were landed in the deepest imaginable state of debasement, a state in which there is no hope, out of which there is no escape. But this state of serfdom and degradation, of dissolution and decay, harbours within its depth a mighty social transformation. The fast and faster grinding machinery in the possession of private capitalists has wrested the tools out of the hands of the skilled artisan; it has thrown him into the gutter and made the weaker members of his family his most successful competitors. Yet this now capital-serving, man-devouring machinery is the very institution which makes the Social Revolution an unavoidable necessity.

For whilst it concentrates the so-called "Wealth of Nations" in the pockets of an ever-dwindling number of commercial potentates, it gathers around itself, on the other hand, the incapacitated toilers, and hammers them, as it were, into a hapless, shapeless and ever-increasing mass of poverty-stricken proletarians. They find themselves huddled together by thousands on the "repulsive dung-heaps of modern civilisation called industrial centres," abandoned to their fate alike by state and by society.

There and then they begin to feel themselves a "class," and what, as such, is their hope, what are their aspirations? To go back to the state of things before machinery would not only be reactionary, but impossible. The cost of machine-work has become the reward of labour; machinery is a social necessity. In a freed society it will be the means of giving leisure to the workers; at present it confers undue power upon its individual owners. It has become a social tyrant. The overthrow by the industrial slaves, of this tyranny, the conversion of machinery into a blessing—as it is now a curse—to the majority of mankind, is the next and inevitable step in the development of the Social revolution.

But although coming of necessity, it will not come by itself. The vehicle of this transformation of human institutions must be human beings, enlightened proletarians, banded together for the purpose of quickening the process, before the greater number of them are utterly demoralised and disabled from doing anything for their social elevation. *Theirs* is the task; *they* must do the work; *they* are the springtide which will swamp the present morass of society and uproot the basis of the evil, carrying on its crest the seed of a new and liberating growth of humane institutions.

It is with ourselves, it seems, then, that we must begin. We must be fit for aiding the revolution, and try to make others better; we must learn and teach, not by word and

assurance only, but by actions consistent with our utterances, so that our lives, passing away fruitfully, shall remain ever-living and quick-inspiring examples of sincerity and devotion.

For look you what we have to contend against: we are striving against classes which, though numerically small when compared with the labouring host, yet hold all the advantageous positions in State and society, and have its defenders at command. They move in the midst of a vast arsenal, filled with all the resources of our corrupt civilisation, ready to be brought against its assailants. There are the school, the church, the press, the platform, there are law and Parliament, army and police, all ready to uphold a decaying order of things, because they are bound up with its existence, materially or in imagination. And at their hands we have to encounter derision, censure, intimidation and ever-varying, but never-ending persecution.

Let us be firm and stand it all. Remember that derision mainly flows from ignorance; that those who mock you with your principles do not understand them; that they are not aware of their theoretical meaning, nor of the consequences of their practical application. They are steeped in prejudice and self-conceited indifference. You are not to chide them, but to teach them better. Remember, too, how often in our lives we ourselves have been tempted to throw ridicule on that which we did not dare or care to understand, until, in later days, we had found out by investigation that the thing to be laughed at was not the greatness of our opponents' folly, but the smallness of our own understanding!

Much harder to bear is the censure of those who are aware of our aims, and wilfully misunderstand them in order that they may lecture us from the pinnacle of superior knowledge, and appear before the superstitious world as our guides and teachers. In that hypocritical endeavour the *public press* occupies the most prominent position. Newspapers are, like all saleable articles to-day, not made for use, but for profit; not, as they pretend, to enlighten the community, but to enrich those who undertake their production. The public press is, in short, an eminently commercial institution, and hence a mercenary agent of commercialism. As a fashioner of people's opinion it is a most powerful machinery for evil and a fountain-head of corruption.

Woe unto us who dare to have ideas and ideals of our own! We are decryd by them daily and hourly with every manner of names. We embody everything that is wrong, hurtful and mistaken. There is no notion too preposterous, no imputation too absurd, and no lie too palpable to be employed against us by the wholesale purveyors of "news" and sensational food for the multitude. How are we to meet them? By sternly and unflinchingly opposing them; by *explaining* their nature to those among us, who are still in the habit of taking the literary productions of interested pressmongers for impartial statements of high-minded teachers.

They are our worst, though not our only enemies. We are ridiculed, condemned and anathematised from platform, chair and pulpit. There is no room for truthful honesty, for pure disinterestedness in the commercial sphere. The system of competition for pecuniary gain has divested of their nimbus all those occupations hitherto regarded with religious awe. "The teacher, the physician, the jurist, the artist and the preacher have been degraded into the position of hired wage-workers of Capitalism."

Be devoted and be sincere. For intimidation, like charity and selfishness, begins at home. You have to encounter it in the very heart of your family, if the cause you have taken to your heart is likely to endanger the economical position, or even fashionable reputation, of your relatives. You must submit to, or be at war with, your nearest kindred.

Do not submit to untutored selfishness, but try and conquer it by making your surroundings understand that the welfare of all is the true interest of each. But you will be intimidated by such as will take no lessons from you; you will be intimidated by your masters (for a master you always have, unless you are a lord of the soil or of machinery) in the office, in the workshop, or in rank and file; you are coerced by the makers and dispensers of the law, by the power-invested maintainers of peace and order, who all insist that your views, as your intentions, are alike pernicious: you are surrounded by a *conspiracy of intimidation*.

But you must not yourself intimidate! Thus speaks the law, which is not made for those who rule, but by them, and for those who submit to be governed. Will you stand up, then, against that which is made to keep you down, and pursue your path in spite of it? Are you prepared to encounter the odium of having offended against what is the crystallised custom of the land and of society; to give up the key to public favour, to social position and economical power—"respectability"? If you are, you are one of ours. If your convictions are so firm, and your love of humanity so burning, as to make you bear the stigma which falls to the lot of the active workers in the cause of the Revolution now fermenting over the civilised world, you will join our ranks and march with the people towards the dawning light of its social, moral and mental liberation.

Look at the struggle of your continental brethren! See what the poorest among them are facing, battling against, overcoming by force of cheerful example. Neither threats nor derision, neither censure nor persecution they allow to daunt them. They have become unconquerable through *sincerity and devotion*.

You can, you should, you will do likewise. Be not discouraged by difficulties, be not coerced by threatening danger, be not disgusted by the meanness and corruption you must needs encounter on all hands in a strife so political. And though this task may tax all your capacities and all your energies, all your forbearance and all your determination, stand unto the end on the ground you have chosen. Do not think yourself superfluous, for your help cannot be done without. This misery of things was not decreed to be everlasting. It is a passing phase in the evolution of our race, the result of human actions, of human institutions. You are needed, every one of you for through the combined exertions of your kind alone this state will vanish, as it has arisen. "Hear, O hear, a word in season!"

ANDREAS SCHEU.

TRADE UNIONS AS "BUFFERS" BETWEEN CAPITAL AND LABOUR.

THAT Trades Unions are no longer viewed with distrust, but are even praised and patronised by the more astute employers, is a recognised fact. Some of our officials, overcome by the condescension of the superior beings who organise our labour, even congratulate their fellow-members upon this "happy union of Labour and Capital." I beg of my fellow-workmen not to be duped. There is no identity of interest between the wolf and the lamb—between the fleecers and the fleeced—between the men who with little or no labour reap enormous wealth, and the toilers who produce that wealth for mere subsistence wages. Let unionists study the Annual Reports of their Societies, and they will better understand the real significance of the "unholy alliance" now hatching between the Plutocracy and Trade Union Democracy.

Take the Report of the London Society of Compositors, to which I belong. We number 6,000 members, and the total expenditure during 1884 amounted to £9,000, of which £7,000 was for provident purposes and less than £600 for aggression or defence. Relief was given to 1,209 unemployed—that is to say, one-fifth of our members; but this is not all. Probationary periods ranging from one to five years have to be passed before members become entitled to provident benefits. The number who do not claim or are excluded would probably swell the total out of work during some portion of the year to nearer a fourth of the total membership. This does not represent any unusual state of things. One-twentieth of our members on the average are always out of work, besides a large number on the "piece" or "lines," who seldom get full time, their earnings ranging from half to three-fourths of the standard wage. The sum paid for out-of-work relief and superannuation amounted to £5,000—that is, in reality an additional poor-rate of 18s. was paid by each of us in work towards maintaining the victims of our brutal capitalistic system of production. Take the foregoing figures as representing the rate paid by the various Trades Unions, though the average outlay is really much higher, and it will be seen that the aggregate sum paid in relief by these bodies must be very large.* In fact the energies and resources of our Unions are so severely taxed, directly and indirectly,† to alleviate the poverty and sickness

* The Amalgamated Society of Engineers, according to their last report, spent over £76,000 (30s. per member) in out of work and other benefits, exclusive of sick pay, which amounted to over £27,000, or 10s. 11½d. per member. To these figures and those given in the text, a fair proportion of the cost of administration ought also to be added.

† The direct expenditure of the London Society of Compositors in provident benefits (not including sick pay) averages close on 24s. per member. The amount raised during the year by subscription, lotteries, etc., on behalf of disabled members or for widows and orphans, appeals for whom are constantly passing through the printing offices, probably averages an additional 6s. per member.

inevitable in our present state of society, that the utmost even the most successful Unions can do is to maintain the *status quo*. The character and function of the Trades Unions have almost entirely changed. They are no longer militant, but are little else than charity organisations and provident associations. It is no wonder, then, that capitalists have ceased to fear us. So far from offending them we have become useful as "buffers." By maintaining our unemployed members we relieve the pressure on the poor-rates and afford scope for the Oligarchy who rob and rule us to bamboozle the people with optimistic statements based on the bogus statistics of the Giffens, Levis, and other well-paid hacks in the employ of the exploiting classes. It is easy to see, therefore, that the slightly increased outlay in wages paid to Trades Unionists is not altogether a bad investment on the part of the employers. A portion of the outlay is really recovered in a lessening of their share of the poor-rate, and their position is rendered more secure, inasmuch as pacified by the slight amelioration in their condition, Trades Unionists seem willing to rest and be thankful, and meekly kiss the rod that smites them. Yet what, after all, is our position? During the years of youth and vigour a certain proportion of our number may obtain employment at a somewhat higher remuneration on condition of supporting those whose services are not required by the Capitalists—namely, the less robust and those who have passed middle-age, with the prospect before them of being displaced in their turn and joining the ranks of the unemployed. The small savings that even the most thrifty can accumulate during the years of comparative prosperity soon melt away, and sickness and premature death, too often the result of privation and anxiety, carry away the bread-winner, leaving widow and children often totally and at best very inadequately provided for, to struggle on with the aid of the charity of the trade. And so the weary round of life goes on. Nevertheless, our so-called "leaders," far from recognising the gravity of the labour problem, or being prepared with any real remedy for the frightful industrial depression now almost chronic, are occupied in bandying compliments with lords and millionaires and crafty political wire-pullers, becoming the dupes or tools of the monopolists who enslave us, and in their turn seeking to divert our attention from any forward movement by paltry political sops.

Fellow-workers, let us think for ourselves, and see that the men who are chosen to be our servants do not become our masters. It is written in the Scriptures, "A man cannot serve God and Mammon." I say, neither can a man serve Capital and Labour. What is the *raison d'être* of a combination of workers? Is it not that they should secure to themselves the result of their own labour? On the other hand, the aim of the capitalist classes is manifestly to obtain a larger share of the wealth produced by the labourers. It is utterly impossible that any sensible improvement in the conditions of the workers can take place so long as they are content to be mere wage-slaves, selling their labour to the employers instead of equitably exchanging the products of their labour with their fellow-workers.

It is the height of folly to suppose that the cause of labour can be served by our officials becoming the allies of the monopolists or by the creation of a few more M.P.'s of the Broadhurst type, to be swamped by the medley of stock-jobbers, loan-mongers, brewers, directors, lawyers, landlords and capitalists that comprise the bulk of the House of Commons. Such action can only result in our birthright being bartered for a trumpery political mess of pottage. We have had more than enough of tinkering, cobbling, patchwork legislation. Let us not fritter away our energies in agitating for the useless half-measures advocated by our "leaders." It is, doubtless, profitable to some at least of these men to get up demonstrations and assist for a consideration at middle-class political meetings; but apart altogether from that, the policy is selfish and suicidal. For a doubtful temporary gain, which at best can only benefit a fraction of the workers, the monopolists are to be left undisturbed in possession of their power to rob Labour and to perpetuate and increase the misery of the People. It is time that we awoke to a sense of our duty in regard to the emancipation of labour. Enlightened self-interest, even apart from higher considerations, should teach us the *solidarity* of the workers, not only within our unions, but everywhere. Our true field of action is social and economical; to organise for the overthrow of the competitive system and to take the control of production, distribution and exchange into our own hands; to prepare the way for the Social Revolution which will put an end to the horrible struggle for existence now going on, by securing to the workers the full fruits of their own industry and so bringing about the abolition of the classes which now prey upon Labour.

These aims cannot be promoted by the men now before certain constituencies or manoeuvring to be brought forward as

Labour Candidates, and claiming support as Trade Union leaders. They are for the most part steeped to the lips in the orthodox *bourgeois* doctrines of Political Economy and repeat by rote their obsolete formulas and exploded fallacies with a dogmatic air of infallibility highly gratifying, doubtless, to the Brasseys, Morleys, Smiths, *et hoc genus omnia*, but which ought, therefore, on that very account to be distrusted by the workers. Not one of these men has shown any grasp of the Labour Question, or given evidence of their capacity to understand that a new epoch is at hand and that the old things are passing away. Indeed, the action they are now taking is conclusive proof to the contrary. Is it not time, fellow-workers, that we ceased to be led like a flock of sheep? Let us take our affairs into our own hands, and put a stop at once to the insidious attempt now being made to utilise our unions to gratify the vanity of "leaders" and to maintain the yoke of the monopolists. It is useless to cry, "Peace, peace," when there is no peace. The words employer and employed must become obsolete and the wages system be utterly destroyed before the strife between Capital and Labour can cease; and those who counsel us to make terms now are traitors to our cause.

THOS. BINNING.

A CLERGYMAN ON COMMUNISM.

SHOULD the Church be disestablished? Utterances like that of a Dr. Scott, of Edinburgh, reported in the *Scotsman* of Feb. 23rd., must do a great deal to induce lovers of truth to answer in the affirmative. This parson undertook to "enlighten his congregation" on Communism—a phrase sometimes used among preachers on the *lucus a non lucendo* principle, either because they must speak on subjects of which they know little themselves, or because they wish to reflect in intensified form the prejudices of their audience. The doctor is welcome to sit on either horn of the dilemma, but one he must choose. He feels bound from his position to praise the conduct of the disciples, but he makes a wry face over their having "all things common."

Our friend prefers to speak of it as "organised charity," compared with which Communism looks "fanatic and selfish." The doctor is hardly "a Daniel come to judgment." Organisation is unfortunately the very element conspicuously absent in this generous institution of early Christians, and hence its brief existence. There was in it, indeed, all the fervour without the wisdom one is wont to characterise by the name of fanaticism. We would, however, hesitate to bring this charge against it, but if the sincerity and intelligence of our doctor were equal to his courage he should certainly do so; for he would then know that, however imperfect the later schemes of Communism were, they were all better conceived and longer lived than this worthy attempt made by the primitive Church. We have improved upon them all, and shall certainly not fail for want of faith in organisation. But we are not only fanatical, we are also selfish. Instead of giving our goods to the poor, we demand the wealth of the rich. Has this not the air of robbery? It is rather worse than selfishness, and no doubt under the fervid, if not lucid, oratory of the orating doctor, his admiring audience must have thought Communist synonymous with Criminal. What however are the facts? They are familiar enough to readers of this paper, but they will pardon their repetition for the sake of the doctor. The workers receive under the present honest system, of which he is the clerical champion, about a third of the wealth produced by them. The rest of it goes in many ways—among others to pious people for doing nothing and popular preachers for assuring them how well they deserve it. Whatever feelings the Socialist may have for Christianity, he is hardly prepared to demand as much as it does for the necessitous. It asks one to lay down his life for the brethren, while he would be content in the meantime if the members of the various Churches would make some effort to be just to each other. There is some excuse, however, for the favour shown by the clergy to capitalism. If we are indebted to it for dingy tenements, it has also built for us mission halls as well as taken care by its kindness to the rich to maintain in harmony with the Scriptures the continuance of the poor. The Socialist is selfish. He never takes a lower level, but wants to bring every one down to him. So says our doctor. We commend for his consideration a text in which he will find the creed of the Socialist. "Whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them." There may be selfishness in this, but we have the authority of Christ for saying it "is the Law and the Prophets." There are no fat benefices bestowed on the Socialist for propagating his principles. He is not eligible for endowments nor helped by heretars. He receives no legacies from ladies, nor any pennies from the pews. Where are the martyrs? They have been succeeded in the Church by sleek saints and popular preachers. One would have to seek them in the catacombs if it were not for the Socialists and the Nihilists. These are the only men of our time who can in their sufferings for humanity compare with the old Christians, and yet they are held up before a congregation of Sybarites as the incarnation of selfishness. Never was an instance of greater ignorance or grosser misrepresentation than this senseless sermon of our denunciatory doctor.

AULD BEEKIE.

"The future masters of the Aimak and Hazarah tribes will . . . secure the rich prize of the Ghor region with its untouched mines of gold, silver, copper, lead, iron, coal, sulphur, rubies and emeralds." This is how Professor A. H. Keane scientifically eggs on his countrymen to more annexation.

RECORD OF THE INTERNATIONAL MOVEMENT.

GERMANY.—My notes were "crowded out" of the last number of the *Commonweal*—or rather their place was "better filled." Hence my readers must bear with me if I refer this month to certain events that would have been discussed then, and that should not be passed by without recordal here. On the 7th of February two Anarchists, Reinsdorff and Kuchler, were legally murdered at Halle—murdered for attempting to "commit an outrage" at the Niederwald celebration. They met their death calmly and bravely: so calmly that the reactionists, who cannot even understand the faith that is in such men, wondered. In its leader on this the *Sozial-Democrat* says: "When a few days ago [*i.e.*, shortly before the "execution"] the rumour went the round of the press that the condition of Reinsdorff (who at his trial was already in an advanced stage of consumption) had grown so much worse that his death was momentarily expected, there was a general belief the Government would be sensible enough—not to speak even of humanity—to abstain from dragging a dying man to the scaffold. Naïve were they who thought thus! Little do they know the nature of our governors. What care these for reason, for humanity! In 'enlightened' Germany there reigns the most barbarous conception of criminal law. . . . It is characteristic that the very people who demand capital punishment are those that profess the religion which declares vengeance to be the Lord's. This 'atonement' is in truth but revenge, retaliation. It is the adherents of the 'Religion of Love' who performed the bloody deed of executing a dying man. . . . Reinsdorff gave us the real watchword when he cried 'Down with barbarism!' We are opponents of Anarchist dynamite tactics. We do not believe barbarism can be put an end to by appealing to mere brute force and to the most brutal instincts; but the most hideous of all crimes in our eyes is the deliberate murder, calmly carried out in the name of—Law. Death dealt in passion, despair, hatred, can be explained; political execution as a last resource of the oppressed who have no other means left of obtaining their rights, no one can straightway condemn; but legal murder, committed by a society that holds all means for self-protection—such a murder is indeed a barbarity." The article concludes by saying—what we too can echo—that not merely Anarchists, but all Revolutionists, will "earnestly cry with Reinsdorff, 'Down with barbarism!'"

Bebel has called attention, in the Reichstag, to the shameful manner in which soldiers are set to work for their officers. The War Minister replied that the soldier's life was an ideal one. This week the *Sozial Democrat* publishes a letter from a soldier. The account that he gives of the food alone is horrible, but, "unfortunately, most of the men could get nothing else." They had to do "all the housemaid's work" for the officer's family, and were given only the worst and scantiest clothing. But all this has its good side. Ill-usage of this kind serves to remind soldiers that for them, as for all others, their only hope is in the Socialist movement.

The Bill for the "Protection of Workers" shall be more fully dealt with when all details are to hand. Meantime, I will only draw attention to the following resolution, calling on the Chancellor—" (a) To summon an International Conference of the principal industrial States for the consideration, on a common basis, of a Law for the Protection of Workers, based upon a normal working day of 10 hours; the prohibition of labour for children under 14; prohibition, save in certain specified cases, of all night labour; (b) To institute an inquiry into the condition of wage-labourers in regard to their wages."

Some very excellent speeches have recently been made in the Reichstag—the only place in Germany where they can speak—by certain of the Socialist deputies on the state of siege in Berlin and in Hamburg Altona. Liebknecht also spoke on the shameful law passed some six years since, by which the whole postal service was practically handed over to the police. Naturally neither Radicals, Progressists, nor Liberals supported the Socialists in their demand that this law should be abrogated, and, bearing in mind some of the English Government declarations with regard to violation of the postal service in Ireland, this need not surprise us.

In Germany, of course, there can be no open manifestation in commemoration of the Commune and all the other great revolutionary days of March, but none the less German Revolutionists, like those of all other lands, join in the cry that is at once a hope and a promise—*Vive la Commune!*

FRANCE.—Poor M. Jules Ferry! There is something almost pathetic in his efforts to get up a nice little street-riot in order to rid himself of obnoxious Socialists and Revolutionists at one swoop, and in his constant failures to do so. The good people of Paris refuse to let themselves be massacred *pour la plus grande gloire de M. Ferry*, and thanks to the recent revelations of M. Andrieux, prefect of police, they are now less likely than ever to oblige him. A few weeks ago a "Demonstration" was got up at the Place de l'Opéra. but the whole thing was so clearly a police dodge that not even the hot-headed enthusiasts who never resist a "revolutionary" speech, fell into the trap. A perfectly harmless crowd of ordinary sight-seers was charged by the troop—but this was the only satisfaction M. Ferry got for his pains. Then came the funeral of Jules Vallès. Here was an excellent chance. Thousands of men and women followed the ex-member of the Commune to his grave—so magnificent a demonstration has not been seen in Paris for years. But the huge crowd marched along quietly, in orderly fashion, and gave no chance to the police. Some young men of the bourgeois and "upper"

classes came to the aid of the gendarmes by attacking the German Socialists, whom they accused of crying "Vive la Prusse!" But this too failed to create the hoped-for disturbance. The unruly students were quietly chastised by some French workmen and that was all. No, not quite all. They have unconsciously done us a great service. They have helped to show outsiders—what we Socialists know already—that our movement is an International one, and that a Socialist can be no Chauvin or Jingo. They have also helped to remind the world that while the French workers can never forget the attitude of German Socialists during the war, German workers can never forget that immediately after that war the people of Paris chose as member of their Commune, as their Minister of Public Works, the German, Leo Frankel.

The 18th March, the Anniversary of the Commune has also apparently passed over without so much as an arrest.

But certainly the most interesting event to be chronicled this month is the revelation, already referred to, of M. Andrieux, prefect of police. M. Andrieux is publishing his "Souvenirs"—and nice souvenirs they are. The part of them which most interests us is that now in course of publication. Here he gives a full account of the way in which the Anarchist journal *La Révolution Sociale* was founded, and of the infamous manner in which the unsuspecting Louise Michel, Gautier, etc., were entrapped. Some of my readers may remember this very "advanced" paper, which so strongly advocated dynamite and *action par le fait* while at the same time constantly denouncing those Socialists who were considered re-actionary because they objected to the *Révolution Sociale* and dared to hint that such journals, either consciously or unconsciously, did the work of the police, and played into the hands of the government. M. Andrieux tells us how these people, constantly led by the nose by his own agents, were anxious to start a paper, and how he, the prefect of police, helped them to the necessary capital, by providing them with a "boss" who advanced money. "To give the Anarchists an organ," writes M. Andrieux, "was moreover to place a telephone between the hall of the conspirators and the room of the prefect of police. One can have no secrets from the man who finds the money, and I was about to learn, day by day, the most mysterious plans. . . . Of course, do not imagine I offered the Anarchists the help of the prefect of police. I sent a well-dressed bourgeois to one of the most active and intelligent of them. He explained how he had made a fortune as a druggist, and how he desired to consecrate part of this fortune in forwarding Socialist propaganda. This bourgeois . . . inspired the 'companions' with no doubts. Through him I gave the State the necessary 'caution money,' and the *Révolution Sociale* appeared. Every day, round the editorial table gathered the most acknowledged representatives of the 'party of action'; the international correspondence was read; the methods that science places at the service of the revolution were freely communicated. I was represented in their councils, and even, when necessary, gave my advice. My object was to watch more easily the honourable companions by grouping them round a journal. However, the *Révolution Sociale* rendered me a few other little extra services." And M. Andrieux goes on to tell how he used the Anarchist paper to attack men he considered dangerous—more especially those who, in the *Lanterne*, were doing what the *Cri du Peuple* does to-day—that is to say, were showing up the secrets of the police and its spies. M. Andrieux also points out, with some satisfaction, that he had himself violently attacked for appearance' sake. Then M. Andrieux gives a detailed account of the Saint Germain "outrage," in which the statue of M. Thiers was slightly blackened, explaining at the same time why the "conspirators" could not be prosecuted, since the *Code pénal* provides only for cases in which a "public monument has been destroyed." With the cynicism of a police agent, M. Andrieux tells the whole shameful story of the way in which he led on Louise Michel and her companions, now in prison for unconsciously doing M. Andrieux' work. The wife of one of these victims, Madame Emile Gautier, writes to *La Justice*, M. Clemenceau's organ, that "in this dirty story there is another detail M. Andrieux voluntarily or involuntarily passes over in silence. Yet it is important. It was the police-agent Serraux who was the promoter and the soul of the International Congress held in London in July, 1881. Now this Congress is one of the chief charges that served to convict my husband of affiliation to an International Association that ceased to exist in 1872, and that caused his condemnation. When I think that my husband, arrested twenty-nine months ago, forced to herd with the worst criminals, dragged from prison to prison, . . . that he will be imprisoned two years more, without counting ten subsequent years of police surveillance, because of the manoeuvres and reports (what reports!) of a Serraux and his like, I cannot but feel a justifiable indignation against M. Andrieux, who prepared and paid for this infamy, and who speaks of it to-day as a capital joke." *La Justice* adds a note to this interesting letter, very naturally demanding the immediate release of Louise Michel, Gautier and Krapotkine, now clearly shown to have been nothing but the dupes and victims of the prefect of police.

With such facts as these before us, bearing in mind the Wolf and Bondurand affair, that of Monceaux les Mines—in which the "outrage" was not only planned, but actually carried out by the police—how can we help asking once more who benefits by the dynamite outrages? We need not pause for a reply: M. Andrieux has given it.

SWITZERLAND.—Some hundreds of Anarchists and Socialists have been arrested, others expelled; the *Revolte* suppressed, and it is to be feared that an extradition bill for "political" offences will be passed. All this has been brought about by some equally foolish and wicked dynamite "attempts," and the tall talk, breathing blood and thunder, of certain individuals. It is impossible to avoid asking—especially in the

light of recent events elsewhere—who is the gainer in all this? If the threatened explosions were to come off, and an extradition bill were the consequence, who would benefit—the men and women who have found in Switzerland a comparatively free refuge from their persecutors in other lands, or the governments of those lands? Would the Social Revolution be much advanced if a few harmless and utterly unimportant Swiss bourgeois were killed, and some of the greatest and best Revolutionists handed over to the hangman? Would Socialism be the stronger if its representatives in Switzerland were once again thrown into the dungeons of the Czar, the calls of Prussia and Austria, or given over to death in the mines or at the hands of the executioner? The various European governments have tried cajolery and threats before to induce Switzerland to give up to them the victims that have escaped them, and failed. Now the Swiss bourgeois is to be frightened by a cry of dynamite—for everyone knows that the mildest-mannered bourgeois shows no mercy when he is frightened. The trick that entrapped Louise Michel, Gautier, Krapotkine, and so many more, is to be tried in Switzerland. It is worth noting at this moment that the Swiss press—those who clamour for an extradition bill and those (of which the reactionary and ultramontane *Basler Volksblatt* is one) that have the sense to protest against such a measure—all admit that the "foreign governments have largely augmented the number of police spies here." It is to be sincerely hoped that M. Andrieux' revelations will not be lost upon those men and women in Switzerland who are being made the tools of the very governments they are struggling against, and of the Society they want to overthrow.

RUSSIA.—In these March days, when the memory of Sophia Peroffska and her fellow martyrs is so present with us, we must not forget to chronicle the murder of another Russian hero—of Myschkine—one of the noblest as he was one of the most remarkable of the Russian Socialists. His splendid "defence" during the celebrated "Trial of the 193" of Moscow—a defence that was really a magnificent and unanswerable indictment of the government—stirred all Russia. For some years Myschkine had been in the Peter and Paul Fortress, and at Belgorod. But even these "houses of death" were too humane for such a criminal as Myschkine. Lately he was removed to Schusselbourg. Of this hideous fortress Stepiak writes: "Thence no plaint can ever reach us, for nature unites with man to completely isolate the unfortunates immured there. It is not a citadel built in the midst of a large town; Schusselbourg is a block of granite, entirely occupied by fortifications, and surrounded on all sides by the waves." Here the prisoners are of course entirely at the mercy of their brutal keepers. According to the account that reaches us, Myschkine struck one of the gaolers. What the provocation may have been, those who know something of Russian prisons can imagine for themselves. He was at once tried by court-martial, condemned, and there and then executed. All honour to his memory! It too will live "in the great heart of the people."

ELEANOR MARX AVELING.

LESSONS IN SOCIALISM.

SOUTH PLACE INSTITUTE,
MOORGATE STREET.

Every Thursday

(EXCEPT APRIL 9th)

At 8.30. p.m.

ADMISSION SIXPENCE.

Members of the
SOCIALIST LEAGUE
FREE.