

THE COMMONWEAL

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WEEKLY; ONE PENNY.

NOTES ON PASSING EVENTS.

Mr. Gladstone, in hopes of passing a resolution in favour of the principle of his Bill, did last week almost climb down from the heights of that principle, and at first it was thought that the Chamberlain Radicals would accept the compromise to the extent of remaining neutral in the division; but these hopes have been overturned, the Chamberlainites decided to vote against the Bill, and on Tuesday night their leader made his manifesto in the House of Commons. So, in all probability, the Bill will be finally thrown out. Will there be a dissolution then? is the question which the Press generally is answering in the affirmative; and yet, strange to say, it does not seem quite certain. As things have gone it would be a piece of imbecility to avoid it, which would brand all Mr. Gladstone's proceedings in this matter with the same mark. There would in any case have had to be a dissolution in the autumn had the autumn Session come off; and also in any case the two opposed camps of the once Liberal party would have had to meet face to face. Mr. Gladstone's attempt at compromise will give him an advantage in the struggle, because he can now say truly that what the Chamberlainites object to is real Home Rule.

Mr. Chamberlain's speech makes that clear: the independence of Ireland is what he is fighting against; and he was not ashamed to emphasise this fact by an outburst of Jingo platitude in the midst of his speech. His disclaimer of stirring up religious animosity between the two sections of Irishmen is futile; for whether he wills it or not, his line of conduct is certainly helping to excite this animosity. Mr. Chamberlain must know, one would think, what the Ulster opposition means at bottom, that if civil war has to be in Ireland, though the excuse may be the supremacy of Catholic or Protestant, the real cause will be Landlordism, for and against. If Mr. Chamberlain does not know that, the Tories who cheered him, the Tory press which (surely to his grief) praises his "manliness" and his patriotism, know it well enough.

Mr. Auberon Herbert has, amongst others, written his manifesto on the Irish Question. To the politicians playing the above-mentioned game, for and against, he will be quite insignificant; but he is a straightforward and honest man according to his lights, and wields a somewhat sharp pen. It may be worth while, therefore, to call attention to one or two points in his late letter to the *Pall Mall*, for the advantage of those who may be impressed by his quite genuine contempt of the "circular dodgers" of Parliamentary life, and may be inclined to follow him accordingly. His anxiety for the Irish minority of Ulster is no doubt genuine; nor perhaps is he disturbed by the obvious question of how to deal with the minority in Ulster when you have settled the matter of the minority in Ireland. He is perhaps prepared with some scheme which does not go as far as free and federated communes, to the consideration of which the difficulty leads us. But after all it is clear that his defence of the Irish minority is based on his assumption of the eternal and indefeasible rights of private property—that is, of class robbery.

His "view of justice and great human rights" does not embrace the freedom of all men to live naturally and without artificial restraints: freedom to fleece and be fleeced is all the freedom he admits. Ireland, he says practically, may be free—nay, *should* be free—if she will but pay for her own land. To whom, we ask, and what for? The answer is clear: "To the rich; so that the rich may still be rich and the poor poor." If Irish independence can mean that—if Ireland means it—she is striking strokes in the water indeed. It is only in the hope that through that independence she is groping her way to Freedom that to us Irish independence is worth thinking about.

So goes on merrily the political disruption of our present system. Far more grim than this bad joke of Parliament and representation is the process of its economical break up. All over the country an attempt is being made to stimulate trade by the huge advertisements called exhibitions; and royalty is playing its due part in a commercial country by opening these, and so killing, if possible, two birds with one stone—exciting loyalty on one hand, and trying to get it to spend money on the other. The success on the commercial side is not yet great, and trade is still "dull"—a word which covers something of the same suffering as the conventional phrases used in describing a battle

do. "The enemy annoyed our advance much:" we all know, if we choose to think, the kind of misery that such phrases cover, and in our commercial war it is, I repeat, much the same.

Here are a few sentences taken from a letter to the *Manchester Guardian*: "In the meantime they have no food and no furniture or clothing left to sell or pawn." "Man, wife, and six children: husband steady and hard-working, but very little work for a long time; wife recently confined; no fire; no food in the house; no clothing left." "Widow and two little children; when in work earns 9s. a-week; one of the children ill with inflammation of the lungs." "*This man can now get work, but through prolonged starving is too weak for it.*" "The people are growing more feeble and spiritless, because, though we keep them from starving to death, *we cannot pay their rent.*" "Some men who were specimens of manly vigour a few months ago are almost like skeletons, and I know several whose prolonged suffering under the Poor Law has, I believe, made them insane."

These are a few phrases taken from one letter as to Manchester. Multiply them by thinking of other great centres such as Glasgow, where the distress is terrifying the authorities even, and then consider what "dull trade" means—a thing which is one of the ordinary incidents of our commercial system, since the introduction of the "great industries." Only remember that though the phrases above quoted are an amplification of "dull trade," they are still conventional: no language can express the sufferings brought on by our artificial famine. And every one of these men—nay, the women also—could earn a comfortable living if he or she were only allowed to do so.

The writer of the letter in the *Manchester Guardian* says "something must be done with these men: you must either feed them or shoot them." There is a third alternative, as the rich men of this generation will probably find out if they persist in their present course; but let that pass. "You" *cannot* feed them; they can only feed themselves. The writer dimly feels this, and as a remedy suggests emigration, with help from the State of various kinds. The "bones of one's mind" fairly ache at the thought of the number of times this "remedy" has been met and disposed of. When will well-intentioned men like this writer understand that when our "State" nurses emigration, and when private capitalists suggest the nursing and egg on poor men to emigrate, their intention is only to get rid temporarily of *their* responsibility and trouble over the people thrown out of work by the system of artificial famine—which they are determined to uphold—so that it may work the smoother? Men are expatriated, so that fresh men may be bred for compulsory expatriation. Let us think of organised emigration when we shall be able to find freedom before us and leave freedom behind us; not till then.

WILLIAM MORRIS.

THE "BLOODY WEEK."

THE Socialists of Paris have recently celebrated the fall of the Commune, and the massacre of its valiant defenders. It may sound strange to talk of celebrating an event of this nature save by the enemies of the "cause." But we use the term advisedly. The phrase "the blood of the martyrs is the seed of the Church," has never been exemplified more strongly than in the powerful impetus, amounting almost to a new birth, which the Socialist movement acquired from the date when the Commune of Paris was extinguished in blood and flame. How many converts to Socialism may be traced to the heroic struggle of May, 1871, will probably never be known.

Yet how indifferent were the working-classes of this country at the time! We can vividly recall to-day how inexplicable it seemed to us that everybody in London should be going about their business or pleasure as though nothing were happening, while this colossal tragedy was being enacted within ten hours' journey of them. One more instance this of the strange lack of all proportion in the relative importance attached to historical events by those contemporary with them. To the Englishman of May, 1871, the suit of the Tichborne claimant was an event of vastly greater interest than the inauguration of the final stage of the great class struggle being fought out on the banks of the Seine. This seems ridiculous even now, yet such was the case. But what produced the most lasting impression upon the present writer was the hideous and terrible abyss of brutality and villainess

suddenly revealed in that "public opinion" which one had been accustomed to regard in some sort as the embodiment of morality. Here were respectable men of the world, and their organs in the press, contemplating without the slightest expression of horror wholesale cold-blooded and wanton murders, and heaping boundless contumely on the victims. And what had the victims done? Made a revolution; taken up arms against an established Government. Had not others done this before? Had not the Garibaldis and the Kosuths led revolts against established governments, and yet were they not feted instead of vituperated by the very same "public opinion"? This strange perversity must surely have shaken many a one's faith in human nature as embodied in the ruling classes, even before he detected its root to consist in fury against those who, consciously or unconsciously, were seeking to undermine the selfish greed and class-tyranny in which they were all—Liberals, Conservatives, Monarchists, Republicans—alike vestedly interested. When once the truth of Social Evolution was recognised, a light was, of course, shed upon the attitude of "public opinion." The enormity of the insurrection of the Commune above all other insurrections in the eyes of "public opinion," was then seen to consist in the fact of its being the audacious revolt of the exploited against the exploiter, not of one section of the exploiting classes against another, or against some special *clique*, which would be right enough, but actually of the producers of social wealth as a class against their masters, the owners of it as a class. The line of cleavage was thus drawn between non-possessor and possessor. Before such a revolution "public opinion" recoiled with horror.

It was interesting to watch the difficulty the bourgeois press found itself in for black pigments in which to daub the Commune. The Commune had to be painted as malignity and barbarity incarnate. But the insurgents were so foolishly good-natured and easy-going, that not a single act which could bear the imputation of even severity or rigour could be adduced after the executions of Lecomete and Clément Thomas. These, of course, were made to do duty for exciting public opprobrium as long as possible, but they would not last for ever. The two worthies of the Rue des Rosiers began to look rather foolish beside the thousands of prisoners daily slaughtered in cold blood by the Versaillaise. The situation was really very awkward. Blatant lying and vituperation may go a long way, but there is a limit even to the effectiveness of lying, in most cases, where there is no fact which the utmost ingenuity can twist into pointing the moral or adorning the tale. In this instance, it is true, the most clumsy exercise of penny-a-lining inventiveness would probably have more than sufficed for the emergency. But lo! news arrives of the execution of the hostages who ought, according to the established laws of war, to have been executed long before. Here, then, is the very thing. M. Thiers rubs his hands; there is joy in the tents of the bourgeois. The governing classes would not have exchanged those seventy dead priests and stockjobbers for any number of living specimens. Now there is no longer any fear of popular sympathy turning towards the slaughtered proletariat of Paris. The mitrailleuse may henceforth play merrily on the bodies of insurgent prisoners. The great crocodile wail over Darboy and Company, from pulpit, platform, and press, will drown the voice of avenging justice. And drown it, it did, for the time. So successful was it, that the same crocodile wail has been tried on, several times since, notably at the assassination of the late Czar. On this occasion, however, the voice of Bourgeois horror was too obviously cracked to be effective.

But though, for the time being, truth was smothered, yet it was only for the time. The late Archbishop of Paris and his crew pass into well-merited oblivion, while year by year an ever-increasing number throughout the world assemble to do honour to a Delescluze, a Varlin, a Millière. The Commune has become the rallying-point for Socialists of every shade. The anniversary of its foundation is the great Socialist festival of the year. Who knows, but that the world of the future may not naturally come to date its time from the first great Socialist struggle, and that the 18th of March and the 23rd of May, may not become its Easter and its Christmas-days?

E. BELFORD BAX.

INSURRECTION IN BELGIUM.

V.

In fact, everything points to the approaching end of the reign of the bourgeoisie, not only in Belgium, but also everywhere else. The bourgeoisie will have existed for a century, and a century will have sufficed to thoroughly exhaust its vitality: at the present time it has not really a single institution to offer us which would be lasting, not a fresh idea, not a man of weight and earnest purpose. The era of its decadence throughout Europe dates from the fall of Louis Philippe; in his person the bourgeoisie had crowned itself, and when under the pretext of corruption, it issued the death-warrant of the Monarchy of July, it decapitated itself; in accusing his government of corruption, it did not perceive that it was in fact condemning itself. The Napoleonic autocracy succeeded for a time in upholding it, but its existence hung upon a thread which was becoming every day shorter and shorter; the autocrat himself overthrown, it was inevitable that the course of events should tend to precipitate the end of that bourgeoisie, which had already been for a long time morally dead. In fact, even under the Empire, it only lived by expedients; usury, stock-jobbing, bribery, immoderate speculation openly encouraged by those in "authority", served for a while to prolong its existence, but it is impossible to live long by means of expedi-

ents. In the same manner under the Roman emperors, the bourgeoisie in its decline endeavoured to resuscitate itself by creating that *nobilitas*, which lived for a time by the extortionate devices of Caesarism, but which did not succeed in averting the fall of the Empire. The Roman Empire sank, and in order to regenerate the old world it needed the infusion of barbarian blood and the terrible penitentiary courts of Christendom. Now, as then, the bourgeoisie is languishing; and when it has exhausted the last expedients of which it can make use to maintain its power, it will expire, and will carry away with it entirely that system of government which is founded upon privilege and authority; it will be replaced by that economic society which is based upon equality and liberty, and which will conduct the world to its true destiny.

After the dissolution of the French Empire, the bourgeoisie again revived in the persons of those who may be styled the last politicians of the middle-classes, such men as Thiers and Grévy; but the duration of this new reign can only be ephemeral. Between the fall of Napoleon at Sedan, and the re-assumption of power by the bourgeois Republic, came the 18th of March, and so significant is that memorable date for the whole of Europe, that it may be affirmed that the Revolution of Paris was the termination of the Bourgeois period in history.

The bourgeoisie is dying; in Belgium, in France, and in fact everywhere it is writhing in its last convulsive agonies; and its end, which is already near at hand, is a miserable one. History in the whole course of its annals, does not afford us anything which can be compared with this decadence, anything which at all resembles this entire and profound ruin. Other societies are dead; this is a natural law from which neither men nor institutions can be exempt, but none of them has descended to the tomb so contemptibly as the bourgeoisie will do. Feudality is dead; but before disappearing, it undertook those famous crusades which have remained an historical marvel, and it expired grandly on the very tomb of its God. The Communes of the Middle Ages are dead; but at least they passed away with gigantic convulsions. The Royalist nobility is dead, but to the very end it sacrificed to God and the King; it bore itself heroically on the scaffold and before its fall it had its night of the 4th August, thus testifying to its grandeur of soul and its comprehension of the approach of a new era. The bourgeoisie in its origin only existed by the aid of the nobility; it would not have known how to act in the first of its *assemblies* if it had not had some noble initiators from Count Mirabeau to M. de Robespierre. The Commune under Hébert and Chaumette was drawn from the very people; there again the bourgeoisie did not find a single man who rose to the height of his mission. It was not born by its own energy; it has only been able to prosper by the help of others, and now that (thanks to the Revolution of the 18th of March, which still continues) the hour of its dissolution has definitely struck, it is about to perish miserably; it thinks sadly of its belly and its cash boxes; no prestige surrounds it; no pride, this last dignity of the dying is lacking to it, as is all other greatness, and soon we shall find it completely drowned in its own rotteness, as Heliogabalus was formerly.

The Belgian bourgeois and reactionary party is the legitimate offspring of the French bourgeoisie, and is even more feeble and decrepit than the latter is; it only retains the vestige of influence it possesses by main force. It gravitates completely round the government, and the government gives to the bourgeoisie which is incapable of otherwise procuring them, its army, its police, its instruction, even its religion; the working-classes are detaching themselves more and more from it, and will soon march onwards in compact masses to a free organisation which they will provide for themselves, consisting of their own flesh and blood; and in the development of this free organisation they will find the sure and certain pledges of their emancipation from all yokes, whatever they may be. The government proceeds directly on the principle of authority; revolutionary Socialism proceeds on the absolutely opposite and contrary principle of liberty; the former only maintains its purely fictitious power by force and compulsion, the latter seeks its continuous development from the reason and conscience of the people.

Thus the parties which exercise political administration in Belgium, and who by turns hold what they term the power, are more and more worn out, and are hastening with rapid step to immediate destruction. Clericalism and Liberalism have had their day; but as it is difficult for men to wean themselves from mysticism, even in politics, a third party has arisen, younger but even more destitute of sense and ideas, which pretends to set everything right and re-establish between the people and the government that equilibrium which is for ever disturbed. It is entitled the Radical party, and looks sweetly on that portion of the working-classes who term themselves *parti ouvrier belge*, and it will soon entirely absorb them. In less than ten years it has shown the impotence of its methods and the inanity of its doctrines; it styles itself the democratic party, but the real socialistic and revolutionary democracy looks upon it with reason as a mystification. This supposed new party is really very old; it has picked up and appropriated some two or three formulas which it commissions its representatives to promulgate in the houses of Parliament, the provincial and municipal councils, and all public meetings. All the forces of the government, the army, police, public instruction, etc., and the government itself, are under the domination of these two powers, the Church and the Bank; and the Radical bourgeois and working-men cherish the vain hope of being able to free themselves from this double sway which is stifling them. They are very foolish indeed to try seriously to separate the Church from the State; the Deity being one of the necessary wheels in the machine of government, it will be found impossible to dethrone God while the State itself is upheld, since it is affirmed

that it cannot exist without the Absolute from whom it emanates, without God, who is in short the firmest foundation of its authority. They have given to the lower bourgeoisie the idea of demanding the separation of the Bank from the State, thinking that if the banks were free, it would no longer be possible for the lower bourgeois and shopkeeper classes to be crushed down by the coalesced and monopolised high capitalism. Vain illusion! It is not by multiplying the banks that we shall put an end to their melancholy results, and so long as the very principle of their organisation has not been destroyed, nothing has been done. It will not be by means of the government that this destruction will be effected, because it would at the same time kill itself. They set a great value also upon universal suffrage, more or less comically organised, from which they predict marvels. It is now too late to grant it; revolutionary Socialism has penetrated too much into the minds of the masses for them to allow themselves to be entrapped for long by such a bait as that, which would simply restore to the government a strength that it no longer possesses. The demonstration in Belgium on the 13th of next June in favour of universal suffrage, will show the working-men what they have to expect from the government and from their own party, and will, we at least hope so, throw them *en masse* into the arms of the revolutionists. But let us suppose for a moment that this famous universal suffrage is granted; in what respect will it alter the contradictory and antagonistic relations which now exist between the ruling powers and the people? The people will, merely by accepting it, have abdicated in favour of the bourgeoisie; and the State, thanks to this accession of strength, will recover a portion of the power which it has for a long time lost.

The Radicals are thus as unable as the Liberals and the Clericals to guarantee the Belgian people anything whatever—not merely which is good, but even of relative stability. They form part of that group of men who would inevitably bring about the ruin of Belgium, if it were not for the presence of Revolutionary Socialism, watching over and counteracting by complete abstention from them all their follies and blunders. Revolutionary Socialism will oppose to the State, the Church, the bank, and all the other institutions of the government of the middle classes, those true social forces which politicians have ignored, because they are in their nature opposed and contrary to all governmental, religious, and banking institutions. When industry shall be organised according to the laws of economic justice, and industrial interests shall be managed by those only who are the direct producers of its riches; when the commerce of the present day—which is only a traffic of rogues and knaves, in which the most crafty takes in the others—shall have disappeared and been replaced by free and direct exchange; when the agricultural labourers, like the industrial ones, shall themselves manage agricultural interests; and when all these communities of producers, sovereigns in their own proper spheres, shall confederate in order to regulate the general interests of the freely associated labourers,—confronted with such a power as this, what will become of a political representative government? The first act of these communities of producers will naturally be to secure themselves work and the free exchange of their productions, and the immediate result of this will be the annihilation of capitalist and banking domination. Can any one seriously imagine that these powerful associations of interests and good-wills, freely organised, will be incapable of forming a scheme of rational education, which will be at the same time scientific and technical—a complete system of education, in fact, opposed in its spirit and tendencies to the system of State and Church education, and destroying these with one blow? In that way the State will be destroyed as a whole, and also in each of its creations.

This of course can only be realised by Revolution; and certainly, in most countries at the present time, the reason of the people, their wish to resist all intervention in the machine of government—a wish which increases every day—the knowledge that they have of their interests, needs, and rights,—everything, in a word, enables us to foresee that it will be realised, in spite of the reactionary efforts of politicians, even although they be working men, and of the predictions—by turns mournful and cheerful—of their prophets.

VICTOR DAVE.

Political economists are men of only one idea—wealth, how to procure and increase it. Their rules seemed infallibly certain to that supreme end. What did it signify that a great part of mankind was made, meanwhile, even more wretched than before, provided wealth on the whole increase.—*Catholic Quarterly Review*.

“I take it that the two essential features of good Government are, first of all, the security of property; and secondly, the impartial administration of justice.” So said Sir Richard Cross in the House of Government, where men are supposed to know. First of all, the security of property! Not person and property as it was written aforetime, when the man preceded his goods and chattels, but, first of all, property, taking no thought of the person whatsoever. We have had good government, then, Sir Richard, enough and to spare the last few years. Property has been held sacred, but not so the people. So plentiful has property become, that the people are in the way of it, and must perish, or disappear somehow, in order to make room for it. Property must be preserved even if there is over-production! Let us rejoice with Sir Richard in his learned definition. Perhaps he will convert his fellow-countrymen some day to the belief that their old-fashioned notion about men and women making the nation is mischievous and unpatriotic, when they may take it as their bounden duty to immediately die off and leave behind them, as a monument of their greatness, a glorious island of goods and chattels! Or was it the security of the propertied class that Sir Richard meant? And was it modesty or fear that restrained him from saying so? And don't you think the “red spectre” is haunting his sinking stomach? But we bid thee be of good cheer, Sir Richard—and keep on defining!—T. M.

THE PILGRIMS OF HOPE.

XII.—MEETING THE WAR-MACHINE.

(Continued from page 45.)

So we dwell in the war-girdled city as a very part of its life. Looking back at it all from England, I an atom of the strife, I can see that I might have seen what the end would be from the first, The hope of man devoured in the day when the Gods are athirst. But those days we lived, as I tell you, a life that was not our own; And we saw but the hope of the world, and the seed that the ages had sown, Spring up now a fair-blossomed tree from the earth lying over the dead; Earth quickened, earth kindled to spring-tide with the blood that her lovers have shed, With the happy days cast off for the sake of her happy day, With the love of women foregone, and the bright youth worn away, With the gentleness stripped from the lives thrust into the jostle of war, With the hope of the harpy heart forever dwindling afar.

O Earth, Earth, look on thy lovers, who knew all thy gifts and thy gain, But cast them aside for thy sake, and caught up barren pain. Indeed of some art thou mindful, and ne'er shalt forget their tale, Till shrunk are the floods of thine ocean and thy sun is waxen pale. But rather I bid thee remember e'en these of the latter days, Who were fed by no fair promise and made drunken by no praise. For them no opening heaven reached out the martyr's crown; No folk delivered wept them, and no harvest of renown They reaped with the scythe of battle; nor round their dying bed Did kindly friendly farewell the dew of blessing shed; In the sordid streets of the city 'mid a folk that knew them not, In the living death of the prison didst thou deal them out their lot, Yet foundest them deeds to be doing; and no feeble folk were they To scowl on their own undoing and wail their lives away; But oft were they blithe and merry and deft from the strife to wring Some joy that others gained not midst their peaceful wayfaring. So fared they, giftless ever, and no help of fortune sought. Their life was thy deliverance, O Earth, and for thee they fought; 'Mid the jeers of the happy and deedless, 'mid failing friends they went To their foredoomed fruitful ending on the love of thee intent.

Yea and we were a part of it all, the beginning of the end, That first fight of the uttermost battle whither all the nations wend; And yet could I tell you its story, you might think it little and mean. For few of you now will be thinking of the day that might have been, And fewer still meseemeth of the day that yet shall be, That shall light up that first beginning and its tangled misery. For indeed a very machine is the war that now men wage; Nor have we hold of its handle, we gulled of our heritage, We workmen slaves of machines. Well it ground us small enough This machine of the beaten Bourgeois; though oft the work was rough That it turned out for its money. Like other young soldiers at first I scarcely knew the wherefore why our side had had the worst; For man to man and in knots we faced the matter well; And I thought well to-morrow or next day a new tale will be to tell. I was fierce and not afraid; yet Oh were the wood-sides fair, And the crofts and the sunny gardens, though death they harboured there. And few but fools are fain of leaving the world outright, And the story over and done, and an end of the life and the light. No hatred of life, thou knowest O Earth, 'mid the bullets I bore, Though pain and grief oppressed me that I never may suffer more. But in those days past over did life and death seem one; Yea the life had we attained to which could never be undone.

You would have me tell of the fighting? Well you know it was new to me Yet it soon seemed as if it had been for ever, and ever would be. The morn when we made that sally, some thought (and yet not I) That a few days and all would be over: just a few had got to die, And the rest would be happy thenceforward. But my stubborn country blood Was bidding me hold my halloo till we were out of the wood. And that was the reason perhaps why little disheartened I was, As we stood all huddled together that night in a helpless mass, As beaten men are wont: and I knew enough of war To know 'midst its unskilled labour what slips full often are.

There was Arthur unhurt beside me, and my wife come back again, And surely that eve between us there was love though no lack of pain As we talked all the matter over, and our hearts spake more than our lips; And we said, “We shall learn, we shall learn—yea, e'en from disasters and slips.”

Well, many a thing we learned, but we learned not how to prevail O'er the brutal war-machine, the ruthless grinder of bale; By the bourgeois world it was made, for the bourgeois world; and we, We were e'en as the village weaver 'gainst the power-loom, maybe. It drew on nearer and nearer, and we 'gan to look to the end— We three, at least—and our lives began with death to blend; Though we were long a-dying—though I dwell on yet as a ghost In the land where we once were happy, to look on the loved and the lost.

WILLIAM MORRIS.

(To be continued.)

Competition glutts our markets, enables the rich to take advantage of the necessities of the poor, makes each man snatch the bread out of his neighbour's mouth, converts a nation of brethren into a mass of hostile, isolated units, and finally involves capitalists and labourers in one common ruin.—*Greg*.

Whether the strikes now in progress are won or lost can make little difference in ultimate results: they are like affairs of outposts at the beginning of a struggle between nations. On whichever side lies the advantage, neither side can refrain from pushing it, while neither side can be so decisively beaten that it will not rally its forces again and make a new stand. No defeat or series of defeats can now deprive labour of the consciousness of power: monopoly has too much at stake and has too long been accustomed to rule to be conquered in this way into more than a hollow truce. Action must beget reaction and combination, for there are behind the combatants on either side the mightiest of forces.—*Henry George*.



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

Communications are invited from all concerned with social questions. They should be written on one side of the paper only and should be addressed to the Editors of the COMMONWEAL, 13 Farringdon Road, E.C. They must be accompanied by the name and address of the writer, not necessarily for publication.

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TO CORRESPONDENTS.

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

QUESTIONS bearing upon the principles propounded and the objects had in view by the *Commonweal*, will be welcomed by the Editors.

E. H. FORD (Leeds).—Your letter shall have due attention in our next issue.

RECEIVED—*England*: Anarchist—Worker's Friend—Daylight (Norwich)—Christian Socialist—Church Reformer—National Review—Republican—Journal of Vigilance Association—Justice—To-Day—Freethinker—Practical Socialist—Leicester Co-operative Record. *Canada*: L'Union Ouvrière (Montreal). *France*: Paris: Cri du Peuple (daily)—La Revue Socialiste—Le Révolté—Le Socialiste—La Tribune des Peuples—Revue du Mouvement Social. Le Devoir (Guise)—Le Forçat du Travail (Bordeaux). *Germany*: Neue Zeit (Stuttgart). *Holland*: Recht voor Allen. *Hungary*: Arbeiter-Wochen-Chronik (Buda-pest). *India*: Voice of India (Bombay)—Hindu Patriot (Calcutta)—People's Friend (Madras). *Italy*: Il Fascio Operaio (Milan)—La Lotta (Ancona). *New Zealand*: Watchman. *Portugal*: O Campino—Voz do Operario—O Protesto Operario (Lisbon). *Spain*: El Angel del Hogar—Revista Social—Acracia—La Justicia Humana (Barcelo a)—Bandera Social—El Socialista (Madrid)—El Socialismo (Cadiz)—La Perseverancia (Huelva). *Switzerland*: Sozial Demokrat (Zürich). *U. S. A.*: (New York): Volkszeitung—Der Sozialist—Freiheit—Progress—John Swinton's Paper—Spread the Light—Our Country—Amerikanische Arbeiter-zeitung. (Boston): Liberty—Woman's Journal. Denver (Col.) Labor Inquirer—Little Socialist—Chicago (Ill.) Alarm—Detroit (Mich.) Labor Leaf—Princeton (Mass.) Word—Cleveland (O.): Carpenter—Chronicle. Cincinnati (O.) Unionist—Stockton (Cal.) Mail—Petersburg (Ill.) Voice of Labor—New Haven (Conn.) Workmen's Advocate—St. Louis (Mo.): Altruist. Kansas (Mo.) Sun—Pittsburg (Pa.) Labor Herald—Baltimore (Md.) Labor Free Press—Valley Falls (Kan.) Lucifer Newfoundland (Pa.) La Torpille—Litchfield (Minn.) Radical—Manchester (N. H.) Weekly Budget—Portland (Oregon) Alarm—Evansville (Ind.) Neue Zeit—Milwaukee (Wis.) Volksblatt.

RECEIVED.—Parcel of *Workmen's Advocate* (New Haven, Conn.) for London Trades' Council, and duly forwarded.

SOCIALISTS AND FREE SPEECH.

THE same course that was pursued last year in regard to Dod Street, has now been initiated in regard to The Grove, Stratford, and it seems probable that another battle will be fought, that can only have one issue.

The Grove, Stratford, is the new battle-ground. Just behind Stratford church is a vacant space of considerable size between the tram-line and the pathway of another road, that runs on the side of the church opposite to the tramway. Here for years past open-air meetings have been held by various bodies, who for various reasons adopt this method of propaganda. Once or twice these meetings have been interfered with by the police, but as far as I know, only when Socialistic doctrines have been preached. Once last year, Frank Kitz of this League was "run in." He was let off, a policeman giving evidence that no obstruction was caused. Recently, on May 22, an attack was made on a Socialist meeting by the police. Our men, in consequence of an instruction from the Council, gave way in order to receive from the Council further instructions. A Conservative working-man who took their place was arrested, and on the Monday fined.

On Saturday, May 29, certain appointed speakers of the Socialist League went to the debatable ground at 7 p.m. Two policemen were present. They requested us to keep off the pathway, and the request was at once complied with. These two constables gave us to understand that if we kept the pathway clear there would be no interference with us. From 7 to 8.15, we spoke to a not very large and a perfectly orderly crowd, who certainly caused no obstruction, except in the technical sense of the word. Not a vehicle was stopped. Not a person apparently was prevented from going whither he or she wanted.

At 8.15 the police in some force came. Instantly the crowd in-

creased very considerably, and for the first time began to show symptoms of disquietude. The speaker at that time, Wardle, was arrested. His place was at once taken by Chambers, and his in succession by Sparling, Nicoll, Graham, and Gray. All this time the crowd were showing signs of irritation at the conduct of the police. That irritation became yet more marked when a mounted patrol rode into them, and by forcing his horse against Mowbray knocked him off the chair-platform twice before he was in turn arrested. Then Quintin was taken; and then, tired of arresting, the police made a charge on the crowd and scattered them.

Cooper, who is quite a youth, and had not spoken, was seized as an example to the onlookers by two policemen, and thrust with force as unnecessary as his arrest to the station. He made no attempt, nor did any one arrested make any attempt at resistance. Benson who is, if possible younger than Cooper, and is gentleness and mildness incarnate, on asking Cooper if he should go and tell his people of the arrest, was promptly seized on a charge of attempted rescue.

All the ten were bailed out on Saturday night, and all the ten appeared on Monday morning at the police-court. And here let me make a suggestion to the Commissioners of Police. They should send the constables that used to be at the Thames Police-court last year to the West Ham one, to learn how to behave. I am not quite sure that they should in all cases be advised to take lessons from their comrades there in the giving of evidence, but I am quite sure they would learn courtesy and decency in the treatment of those that have to come into professional contact with them. In their dealings with women who have to attend the Court the West Ham men are the Bayards of the force.

Another agreeable contrast was presented in the magistrates there, as compared with the unfortunate Mr. Saunders. Neither Mr. Bishop Culpepper, during the short time he was in Court, nor Mr. Phillips, who replaced him, was in any sense advocate as well as judge. They were studiously and scrupulously fair. They did not bully or lecture witnesses or prisoners. Mr. Phillips, who had but to administer the law, administered it adversely to us, but there was no injudicious and injudicial bitterness. The law was against us, and he told us this calmly and temperately but quite decisively. He pointed out that the law had been more clearly set forth since last year, when he had dismissed a similar case.

Of lay witnesses the police had only one—and such a one! Mr. George Smith, who had been for a walk on Saturday, it being his little boys' birthday, not only gave evidence himself, but was for examining the witnesses later on. I wonder if it was Mr. George Smith who ran off early in the evening of Saturday to the police-station, and by a cock-and-bull story of a riotous meeting at the Grove, set the police on their gratuitous and unwise action.

There was a gentleman at the solicitor's table, who was also very anxious to take part in the proceedings on behalf of certain aggrieved local tradesmen. But the magistrate would have none of him, and Mr. Hadley had to sit down and use bad language. And he did. Any of our character actors on the look out for a good make-up in the part of the wicked solicitor of the conventional drama, should go down to West Ham and study Mr. Hadley, and if they could only catch the tone of his voice when he said of our men, "Why, they seem to glory in this affair!" that way fortune and fame in their profession lie.

There was one other theoretical lay-witness for the police, a Mr. Alfred Jennings. He said he was an assistant schoolmaster, but his looks, his speech, his manner, everything betrayed him. I fancy Mr. Jennings had done more to assist the police than any schoolmaster, and I should like to have to examine one of his pupils.

Louis Chinn, an opponent of Socialism, gave very clear evidence that no obstruction in the real sense was caused, that the crowd only grew to considerable dimensions, and showed symptoms of disorder, when the police set them the example, and he pointed out that on the following Sunday meetings of the Christians (he announced himself as a Christian) were not interfered with.

The police as witnesses were—well, the police. They were more consistent and less contradictory of themselves and one another than were the Dod Street men. But the spirit of poesy was abroad, and there is a future before more than one of them as romance-writers, and they will. K 411 and 101, e.g., might collaborate on a Hugh Conway novellette, "Mr. Blows, the Baker's Son, or, How the Button came off my Coat"; whilst K 60 might bring out a revised edition of Landor's "Imaginary Conversations," and 603, of "The Charge of the Horse Patrol" as a poem after the manner of Tennyson. But all these works of fiction ought to be edited by the plain clothes sergeant, K 600, who had the Homeric struggle with the unresisting boy Cooper, and regarded the placid Benson's "Shall I tell your mother?" as a ferocious attack on the police.

There was a good deal of unintentional humour in the case. One point was when Mr. Jennings, the assistant—schoolmaster, remarking about stone-throwing, K 410, playing the part of assistant policeman, held up in court a round hat, with the brim palpably cut away by a knife. As a mere matter of detail, why did not Mr. Jennings do this little piece of acting himself? The episode was meant to be dramatic, and if farce is included within the drama, it certainly was. And I would put it to K 101 whether one button removed from a coat is a sufficiently strong point. I should come absolutely buttonless, I think. But the effect in the humorous way was K 60's, when he said that Mowbray was preaching "seduction."

The evidence of real obstruction broke down. Technical obstruction there was, and on that Mr. Phillips had no alternative to fining

our men. In doing this, he expressed a hope that this would be the last of these cases. So do we. But we are bound to point out that until police interference occurred there was no real obstruction and no disorder; that only Socialist meetings have been stopped; that the unwritten but very real law which recognises certain spaces as sanctioned for open-air speaking has been broken by the police; that hence all these woes. Probably the whole affair began, as the Limehouse one, by injudicious action on the part of some of the inferior police officials, and their superiors have found themselves committed to the unwisdom of this action and all its consequences. It is not too late for them to remedy the blunder made by their subordinates, and by letting well severely alone prevent more ill coming. If this ill-advised interference ends, the meetings will at once fall back to their former level of insignificance.

EDWARD AVELING.

SOCIALISM FROM THE ROOT UP.

CHAPTER IV.—MODERN SOCIETY: EARLY STAGES.

By the beginning of the seventeenth century the centralising, bureaucratic monarchies were fairly established: nay, in France at least, they were even showing the birth of modern party-government, which since—carried on, indeed, under the veil of constitutionalism—has been the type of modern government. Richelieu—the Bismarck of his time and country—begins the series of prime ministers or real temporary kings, who govern in the interest of class society, not much encumbered and a good deal protected by their cloaks, the hereditary formal sham kings. In England this prime-ministership was more incomplete, though men like Burleigh approached the type. Elizabeth reduced the Tudor monarchy to an absurdity, a very burlesque of monarchy, under which flourished rankly an utterly unprincipled and corrupt struggle for the satisfaction of individual ambition and greed. This grew still more rankly, perhaps, under James I., who added mere cowardice to all the other vices which are more common to arbitrary high place and power.

As to the condition of the people during the latter years of the sixteenth and beginning of the seventeenth century, the economical and religious revolution which had taken place had oppressed them terribly, and the "free workman" had to feel the full force of the causes which had presented him with his "freedom" in the interest of growing commerce. In England, on the one hand, the expropriation of the yeomanry from the land and the conversion of tillage into pasture had provided a large population of these free workmen, who, on the other hand, were not speedily worked up by the still scanty manufactures of the country, but made a sort of semi-vagabond population, troublesome enough to the upper and middle classes. The laws made against these paupers in the reigns of Henry VIII. and Edward VI. were absolutely ferocious, and men were hanged out of the way by the thousand.

But in the reign of Elizabeth it was found out that even this was not enough to cure the evil, which of course had been much aggravated by the suppression of the religious houses, part of whose function was the housing and feeding of any part of the workmen temporarily displaced. A Poor Law, therefore, was passed for dealing with this misery, and, strange to say, it was far more humane than might have been expected from the way in which the poor had been dealt with up to that time; so much so, indeed, that the utilitarian *philanthropists* of the beginning of this century felt themselves obliged to deal with it in a very severe way, which left us a Poor Law as inhumane—or let us say as cruel—as could well be. Toward the middle of the seventeenth century things began to improve with our working population: the growth of the towns stimulated agriculture, and tillage began to revive again, though of course under the new system of cultivation for profit. Matters were in fact settling down, and preparing the country by a time of something like prosperity for the new revolution in industry.

The condition of the people was on the whole worse on the Continent than in England. Serfdom was by no means extinct in France and, especially, in Germany, and that serfdom was far more burdensome and searching side by side with the exploitation of the market than it had been in the feudal period. Other survivals of the mediæval epoch there were also—*e.g.*, in Germany the guilds had still some life and power, and the people were not utterly divorced from the land as in England, although the predominant competition of the markets prevented whatever good might linger in these half-extinct customs from acting for the benefit of the people. At the same time the populations were crushed by the frightful wars which passed over them—in all which religion was the immediate excuse.

The first of this series was the war carried on in Holland against the Catholic foreigners—the Spaniards—into whose hands they had been thrown by the family affairs of Charles V. Although noblemen took up the side of the rebels—*e.g.*, Egmont and Horn, executed for so doing—this war was in the main a war of the bourgeois democracy on behalf of Protestantism, embittered by the feeling of a Teutonic race against a Latinised one. There is to be found in it even some foretaste of the revolutionary *sansculotte* element, as shown by the extreme bitterness of the ruder seafaring population, the men whose hats bore the inscription, "Better Turk than Pope."

In Germany the struggle known as the "Thirty Years' War" was between the great vassals of the German empire, the shadow of whose former power was used for the aggrandisement of the house of Charles V., and also for the enforcement of Catholicism on the more northern

countries. It must be remembered, by the way, that these countries were to the full as absolutist as those which obeyed the bidding of the Emperor. This miserable war, after inflicting the most terrible suffering on the unhappy people, who were throughout treated with far less mercy and consideration than if they had been beasts; after having crushed the rising intelligence of Germany into a condition from which it has only arisen in days close to our own, dribbled out in a miserable and aimless manner, leaving the limits of Protestant and Catholic pretty much where it had found them: but it also left the people quite defenceless against their masters, the bureaucratic kings and knights.

In France this religious struggle took a very bitter form, but it was far more political than in Germany. The leaders were even prepared to change their creed when driven into a corner—as Henry of Navarre at the time of the Massacre of St. Bartholomew. In France the popular sympathy was by no means in favour of Protestantism: the Massacre of St. Bartholomew, which inflicted such a terrible blow on the Huguenot cause, would otherwise have been hardly possible. It is true that the great Huguenot leader, Henry of Navarre, became Huguenot king of France, but his accession did not carry with it a triumph as a consequence. Henry had to abjure Protestantism; a Protestant king of France was impossible.

The great struggle in England came later, and consequently probably the victory was more decided on the Puritan side. The enthusiasm with which Mary Tudor—"Bloody Mary"—was received, and the Catholic insurrections in the reign of her successor, showed that there was at first some popular feeling on the Catholic side; but by the time of James I. Catholicism was dead in England. The Book of Sports issued by his Government, which encouraged the people to play various games on Sunday, was widely received as an outrage on the feelings of the growing middle-class in town and country; and all was tending towards the irreconcilable quarrel which took place in the next reign between the Court and the Bourgeoisie, and which was nearly as much religious as political. For the rest, the Parliamentary party was on the advancing line of history both as regards politics and religion, and the King's party was simply reactionary; but the war was at first waged by a bourgeois democracy, led at first by a constitutional oligarchy against a nobility inspired by a kind of romantic after-glow of mediæval chivalry. The successful outcome of the individual ambition of Cromwell extinguished whatever aspirations towards republicanism were cherished by a few purists, as well as the enthusiasm of the wild sectaries whose hopes of a rule of saints on the earth were tinged by some kind of communistic ideas; which were further foreshadowed by the Levellers, though perverted by the mere asceticism which they held. Nevertheless, these men may be paralleled to the Anabaptists of Münster, although the latter were quite mediæval in spirit, and their fanatic religion had little in common with Puritanism; and though, also, the steady power of bourgeois rule concentrated in Cromwell's absolutism forbade them any opportunity of approaching even the most temporary realisation of their idea. Meanwhile England was unable to endure the weight of the absolute rule of Cromwell, lined with fully developed Puritanism, and a few plotters were allowed to restore the Stuart monarch, under whom the wild religion of the armed men—the victors over the nobility of England and their revived sham chivalry—sank into mere Quakerism, and the religious war was at end, except for a few smouldering embers among the Cameronians in Scotland.

Meantime in France the last remnants of the old feudalism struggled in the party warfare of the "Fronde" against Mazarin and his bureaucracy of simple corruption, till Louis XIV. put the coping-stone on the French monarchy by forcing his nobility, high and low, into the position of his courtiers, while his minister Colbert developed the monarchy as a tax-gathering machine by the care and talent with which he fostered the manufactures of France, which just before his time were at a very low ebb; so that there was no need to touch the revenues of the nobility, who were free to spend them in dancing attendance on the Court: nay, were not free to do otherwise. The century began with the French monarchy triumphant over all its great vassals; it finished by reducing all its vassals, great and small, to the condition of courtiers, with little influence in the country-side, and diminished rents—mere absentee landlords of the worst type, endowed with privileges which could only be exercised at the cost of the starvation of the people and the exasperation of the Bourgeoisie, who furnished the funds for the Court glory. Everything in France, therefore, foreshadowed political revolution. What the advancing constitutionalism of England foreshadowed we shall have to speak of in our next chapter.

E. BELFORD BAX AND WILLIAM MORRIS.

(To be continued.)

The School Committee of the Holborn Board of Guardians, a few days ago, recommended the emigration of three girls between the ages of six and twelve, to Sherbrook, Quebec, under the auspices of the "Society for Waifs and Strays." If these children are to be trained to become useful members of Society, why send them across the Atlantic? Again, if it is assumed, as the title "Waifs and Strays" would seem to imply, that they are so much human rubbish to be got rid of anyhow, it is manifestly a shirking of responsibility and a gross injustice to ship to another country the diseased products of our rotten civilisation. The £10 per head, which it is estimated to cost in "transporting" these poor little victims to Canada, had much better be utilised in founding rational associated homes for our "waifs and strays" in England, and the energies of Boards of Guardians and of the philanthropic societies might be more usefully directed to altering instead of palliating the system which produces paupers at one end of the social scale and millionaires at the other.—T. B.

SOCIAL ETHICS IN NATURAL HISTORY.

THE antagonism between individual and social interests, which has made itself felt at all stages in the history of the progress of man from the savage to the savant, can show the counterpart of its every phase in the existing conditions of life in one department or another of the history of the animal world. It is as if the different kinds of animals had mirrored the successive stages in the development of human society, and stereotyped them for our study.

The conditions of mere savage life are abundantly exemplified by the numerous animals that "prey," whether they be beasts, birds, or fish. The satisfaction of their immediate needs is the only law they know; they are bound by no ties to one another, and troubled by no scruples of conscience in their dealings with the members of a weaker race. Time was when the best use to which a man could put his weaker neighbour was to make a meal off him, and the beasts of prey have not outgrown their preference for this primitive custom.

Then came the gens, or group of people of a common stock and with common property among one another, represented in the animal kingdom by numerous gregarious types, the insignificance of whose units escapes under the shelter of the society which they collectively form. Later still come the nomadic tribes, who roam from place to place, with the search for sustenance as the reason for their roaming. The buffaloes of American prairies, the pigeons of American woods, the herrings of our own waters, and the locusts of warmer climes—these are the nomadic tribes of the various classes of the animal world.

The keeping of cattle for the uses of the dairy might be thought to be a plan which would require no less intelligence than that of man to carry out; yet it finds an exact parallel in the method which certain kinds of ants employ to secure for themselves a constant supply of their favourite food—honey-dew—which is a sweet juice secreted by the tiny aphides, and deposited on the leaves of trees and plants. Not only do they climb the plants on which the aphides abound, that they may obtain this food, but they wait beside them for new drops, and are seen to touch them with their antennæ, in order to cause new drops to flow, patting the stomach of the aphid on each side alternately and then passing on to another as soon as the drop has been obtained. The process is precisely analogous to the milking of cattle. It is even said that particular ants seem to regard particular aphides as their own property, and are ready to fight in defence of their right to them; that, to secure them for themselves, they convey them from one place to another; and that an aphid which derives its nutriment from the roots of grass is actually kept in large numbers in the nest of the yellow ant, in order that there may be always at hand a copious supply of food, these aphides and their eggs sharing the solicitude of the ants equally with their own eggs and young.

For an example of the most perfect organisation of labour, we must look to the beehive, where all property is held in common, and relays of workers are always on duty, engaged in the difficult task of building their nurseries and store-houses, collecting and storing food, tending the young, and cleaning and ventilating every corner of their homes. The collective ownership of woods and waters, and the organisation by the municipality of the means of production, are best seen in the beavers, whose system of public works—such as the building of houses, the construction of roads, water-ways, dams, banks, and aqueducts, in which all take their share of the toil and its resulting advantages—awaits imitation by men, as soon as they open their eyes to the folly of allowing the supply of common wants to be controlled by private individuals.

For an instance of slave-holding we must again turn to the ants, two species of which go on regular forays to carry off the larvæ and pupæ of certain other species, which they carry to their own habitations to rear and employ them as slaves in the work which might be regarded as properly belonging to workers of their own race. These are called the Amazon ants, and it is curious that the kidnappers are red or pale-coloured ants, and the slaves jet black. The army of red ants marches forth at particular seasons of the year, the vanguard, which consists of eight or ten only, continually changing; and on their arriving at the nests of the negro ants, a desperate conflict ensues, which ends in the defeat of the negroes; whereupon the red ants with their powerful jaws tear open the now undefended ant-hill, enter it, and emerge carrying the pupæ in their mouths, with which they return in perfect order to their own nest. These pupæ are there treated with great care, and spend their lives among the red ants, excavating passages, collecting food, and tending the young, as if this had been their original destination. The result of this system is extraordinary and instructive, for the Amazon ants, never having to trouble their heads about anything but fighting and kidnapping fresh supplies of slaves, have lost all power of doing any useful work whatever, since it is entirely taken off their hands by their black servants. To such an extent has this gone that they cannot even feed themselves, and would starve in the midst of plenty if they failed to find slaves to prepare their food for them, and actually to put it into their mouths. Our own upper classes have not yet quite attained to this extremity of helpless laziness, though some of them would seem to be on a fair way to reaching so desirable a goal ere long.

Impudence in idleness among the rich perhaps reaches its greatest height in the refusal of fashionable mothers to nurse their own infants, and leaving the task of giving suck to their superior offspring to be performed by the less fortunate mothers of the inferior class. This extraordinary instance of unnatural laziness finds its analogy in the conduct of the cuckoo, a bird whose behaviour in many ways seems to

be the model to which the fashionable aristocrat endeavours to make his conduct conform. During the winter months that type of careless luxury "travels on the Continent," and takes up its residence in warmer climes until the return of spring renders these islands more suited to its taste. It then flits northward in its careless way, lets every one know that it has arrived by the constant repetition of the single thing that it has to say, and looks for a suitable nest belonging to some humbler and more industrious bird, wherein it deposits an egg without leave, and puts off all its family cares upon the owner of the nest. Hatched in due course of time, the lordly fledgling follows its inborn instinct of domination by proceeding to oust altogether from their home the foster-brothers which it finds in possession thereof, leaving them to die of cold or starvation, while itself grows fat on the food which the luckless parents intended for their sustenance.

Instances from natural history might be indefinitely multiplied of the wonderful adaptation by animals of their conduct to their conditions, the instinct of self-preservation and reproduction of the race being always the dominant motives. For animals must adapt themselves to their conditions or die, but with men it is otherwise, for they can within certain limits adapt their conditions to themselves. This constitutes the difference between the social ethics of men and animals. The latter have room in their lives for two aims alone, the preservation of themselves and the care of their offspring; and it is only to these ends that their social ethics are adapted, though even in their efforts after these their method often puts to shame the unwisdom of the arrangements of man. Men, on the contrary, have scope in their lives for higher efforts and nobler aims, and it is the power of modifying their conditions by their intelligence that enables them to realise the ideals at which they aim. And the noblest social ideal can only be realised by the subordination of the interests of individuals to the interests of the society of which they form a part. It is for the realisation of this social ideal that Socialists everywhere strive.

J. L. JOYNES.

HOW TO PREVENT THE SPREAD OF SOCIALISM.

At the Annual Meeting of the Congregational Union of England and Wales, held at the City Temple on Tuesday May 11, the chairman, the Rev. Edward White, in the course of a long address on "Free Church Foundations," made a statement in reference to Socialism which I think deserves notice. Here it is: "There is only one way, said Cavour, of preventing the spread of Socialism: let the upper classes devote themselves to the wellbeing of the lower ones. If this is not done, social conflict is inevitable. Render the synagogues of God delightful resorts, not only to weaker brethren of the humbler orders, but to the myriads of strong men whose minds now waste their strength in Utopian theories. Frankly employ these half-used buildings to the noblest ends week-days and Sundays. Let the great outside non-church-going world be made to feel that Christians are not mere middle-class men, made of plated steel and stuffed with straw, but really live what they say and sing—that it is Jesus Christ, the best friend of workers, who still, as of old, cries to the 'multitudes' 'Hither to me, ye toilers and heavy laden, and I will give you rest!' and thus he was sure they should win large numbers of them from the public drinking houses, from their dreary home life and atheistic secularism."

I doubt not that the reverend gentleman from whom I have just quoted is a member of the well-to-do class, and being so, sees the world with different eyes from his "weaker brethren of the humbler orders." I would most respectfully inform him that there is only one way in which the "upper" classes can devote themselves to the wellbeing of the "lower" ones, and that is by ceasing to rob them of the results of their labour. It will then be discovered that if the "upper" desire to live, it will be necessary for them to become workers. There will be no need or desire then to add high-sounding but unnatural prefixes to their names. But in the eyes of our reverend friend this is Utopian and unchristian, but in those of "Utopians" the only way of avoiding that social conflict which is so much dreaded.

He is a fool indeed who thinks that by preaching an antiquated shibboleth he can stem the progress of the Revolution. All the so-called Christians in the world cannot do it; and all their talk of making the "synagogues of God (?) delightful resorts," and devoting them to the "noblest ends," etc., is humbug, trickery, designed to blind the workers to their real interests. The fact is, these professors have become so "inebriated with the exuberance of their own verbosity," that they actually believe it possible to feed the minds and bodies of their "brethren of the humbler orders" on words. They will be rudely awakened one of these days, and all their hypocritical cant of the "will of the Creator"—which means their own will—will avail them nothing.

'Tis but the ignorance of the people that has made them so long-suffering; but they are becoming more intelligent every day, are wakening up to a sense of their needs, and begin to see how demoralised they are. The "riots" in London, Belgium, and Chicago are proof of it. These are the rumbles preceding the great social earthquake, which not all the theological soap of the reverend Whites in the universe can prevent. Until they have freed themselves from the domination of the "upper and well-to-do classes," "myriads of strong men" of the humbler orders will continue to "waste their strength in Utopian theories," Whites or Blacks notwithstanding.

H. A. BARKEE.

GERMANY.—EXTRACT FROM THE POST-OFFICE GUIDE.—Table of Postage and Special Prohibition.—Plants with roots, all parts of the vine plant, American pork or bacon and books of a Social-Democratic or Socialistic tendency.

CORRESPONDENCE.

As notwithstanding our explanation, Mr. Fox Bourne still desires the publication of his letter (sent to us a fortnight ago concerning some remarks by Dr. Aveling in the *Commonweal* for May 15) we print it, with Dr. Aveling's reply; and we must ask that the matter be allowed to end here:

41 Priory Road, Bedford Park, W., May 18, 1886.

GENTLEMEN,—My attention has only just been called to the "Notes" by Dr. Edward Aveling, in your last issue, containing unfounded statements and slanderous insinuations concerning me. I am bound to assume that these angry and offensive utterances were only allowed by you to be made public through inadvertence, and that, had you understood their purport, you would have refused to print them. I therefore ask you to repudiate them.

I happen to know so much about Dr. Edward Aveling's antecedents and present occupations that, feeling assured none of my friends can be in the slightest degree influenced by anything he may say about me, I should prefer to treat his remarks with silent contempt; but as some of your readers may not be thus prepared, I feel it right to protest against these misleading and libellous "notes." I do not care to rebut them in detail as, apart from their personal animus, they only state clumsily and unfairly a fact which I admit—namely, that my Socialism differs very materially from Dr. Edward Aveling's and that propounded generally both in the *Commonweal* and in *Justice*. The questions involved are too deep and broad for me to venture on discussion of them in this short letter.

As one who, though outside your ranks, is as anxious as any avowed Socialist can be for the ultimate, and the speedy success of all that is really true in the principles of Socialism, I take the liberty of asking, however, whether such advocates of it as yourselves are aware of the prejudice and odium you incur by indiscriminate and ungenerous attacks on those who do not agree with you in all respects.—Your obedient servant,

H. R. FOX BOURNE.

As to Mr. Fox Bourne's letter, only two notes. (1) According to his own letter my Notes "state . . . a fact that he admits." He does "not care to rebut them in detail." Nor does he rebut them at large. There is absolutely no denial of that which cannot be denied. (2) Of my "antecedents and occupations" Mr. Fox Bourne (whom I have seen thrice in my life for ten minutes a time on the average) can know nothing at first hand beyond the fact that I have the misfortune to belong to the same calling as himself—journalism. Only I sign my articles whenever an editor will let me.

EDWARD AVELING.

SOCIALISM IN DUBLIN.

No doubt many of the readers of the *Commonweal* would be glad to hear now and then of the progress of Socialism in the capital of the "Isle of the Saints." Any one having even a superficial knowledge of the ideals of the Irish people, both on political and religious subjects, will readily admit that it is no easy matter for Socialists to hold their own amongst them. There are difficulties to be overcome here that the exponents of Socialism in England are not in the habit of meeting with. The majority of the people will not tolerate any movement that appears to them to be out of harmony with the national sentiment; they believe that the mere attainment of a Parliament on College Green will be a cure for all the ills they are afflicted with; reason and logic are powerless in the face of appeals to race-hatreds and past wrongs. The great difficulty is the religious one; the priests have the people so well in hand, that anything they set their faces against has more than ordinary difficulties to overcome. Their influence at the present time is most powerful on account of the change of front on the part of the hierarchy in their attitude to the national movement. Ireland being so much isolated, and the attention of the people being so much devoted to one particular subject, it is scarcely to be wondered that they are less advanced on subjects of more importance to their welfare. All things considered the wonder is not that we have done so little, but that we have been able to keep the flag flying so long in the face of all the difficulties we have had to contend against. Up to the present time there has been no organised attempt to break up our meetings. This in itself is a sign of progress when we consider that in an attempt to found a Branch of the International here some years ago, the meeting was dispersed by force, and its promoters subjected to violence at the hands of an infuriated mob.

The visit of comrade Morris has been productive of a great amount of good, and the seed that he was instrumental in sowing will in due time bring forth good fruit. From reasons over which we had no control, we have been compelled to give up our public meetings during the summer months, and content ourselves with meetings of members and their friends, pushing the sale of *Commonweal*, distributing leaflets, etc. We have been rather unfortunate in the way of securing suitable rooms for our meetings, being evicted three times by landlords. Our meetings have not been as successful as they otherwise might have been had we been able to secure a room at a reasonable rent, without running the risk of being ejected on the slightest reference to any topic that our landlord didn't sympathise with.

Comrade Hayes, literature secretary, has been actively engaged in inducing newagents to sell the *Commonweal*, and expose contents bill. Several of them have promised to do so, the Branch guaranteeing to take any numbers that may remain unsold. Arrangements have also been made for selling *Commonweal* in the principal streets of city on Saturdays. Several members of the Branch have been actively engaged in placarding the city with "The Worker's Claims," the police in several instances dispersing the crowds that were reading them.

The bottle-makers' strike has been brought to a successful ending, thanks to the energy displayed in the matter by Comrade Schuman. The Messrs. King, who imported the Swedes to take the place of the men on strike, were compelled to capitulate and hand over to the Trades' Council the sum of £3 to send home the Swedes, and pay (the fines of to the Bottlemakers' Society) the men that refrained from joining their comrades. The noble and self-sacrificing action of the Swedes in this matter has convinced all sensible men that trade unionism to be a power must be international, that no local trade in itself will be able to dictate terms to capitalists except it has the support of trades unionism all the world over.

We are very much behind the time here as far as the views of the working men are concerned on the labour question. The all-absorbing topic is to keep the trade in the country, no matter at what cost to the workers;

indeed, a prominent member of the Corporation had the audacity a short time ago to suggest that working-men should be content to work longer hours and for less money in order to keep the trade at home. No doubt if they obliged his class in this matter, the next suggestion would be that they should live on rice in order that capitalists may be able to compete with the Chinese.

When the people find out that mere political reforms will not make their lot anything better than what it is, Socialism is bound to make great headway amongst them, and although the clouds may look black at present, they are not without a streak of silver lining; and with steady work on the part of our members, Socialism in Ireland will rally to its side all whose sympathies are in favour of a better state.

BRUNO.

A friend writes that the number of men employed at Kildgrove by Messrs. Kinniers is 1500 and not 17,000 or 18,000 as given in "Notes on News" last week.

INSTRUCTIVE ITEMS.

The eight hours movement in America has not been the failure it is so loudly proclaimed. It is found, by actual computation, that nearly half-a-million have gained the eight hours system; that another half-million are working under the nine hour rule, and that not less than a million besides have succeeded in shortening the hours of labour in one shape or another. The fourteen and fifteen hours men have cut off two or three hours; the Saturday half-holiday men have largely gained their object, and the early closing and Sunday closing movements have been successful in most places.

"What should I go to see in Europe?" writes Lady Hester Stanhope, from the wild solitary home she has made for herself among the high lands of Palestine. "Nations worthy of their chains, and kings unworthy of ruling. Before long, your old Continent will be shaken to its foundations. All therein is worn out; the kings found no dynasties, they fall, borne down by death or dethroned for their faults, and degenerate as they succeed each other; the aristocracy, soon to fade from the world, will give place to a wretched and ephemeral Bourgeoisie without strength or vigour; the people alone still retain character and some virtues. Tremble, if they ever realise their own strength!"

Even in the villages and little towns of the country, as well as in the great centres of labour, employment is lacking. Bampton-in-the-Bush and Lechlade, two such towns on the upper waters of the Thames, have their share of this trouble I find. Some farmers that I was amongst in a second-class carriage between the two places amongst others gave me information (by their talk between themselves) on this point. At last the conversation took the following turn: "I was sorry," said the youngest man present, "that they couldn't do anything for that man who had cut his fingers off and came for medical relief." "Well, you see," said another, "we have to be very particular about such cases, or they would make up all kinds of stories." "He ought to have taken care of his fingers," quoth a third, a white-headed man of the small parrot-nosed, broad-faced type, with self-satisfied arched eyebrows, which proclaims the unfeeling fool without any admixture, and is common among well-to-do bourgeois in our moral country. Said the younger man: "He will have to pay a doctor to cure him out of 11s. a week." "He ought to have belonged to a club," said parrot-nose. The younger man said: "Well, he didn't, and it's a hard case." "He ought to have," said parrot-nose again; "he could easily have paid up weekly." Therewith the train stopped at a station, and the party broke up, not much dispirited at the idea of the maimed labourer and his position between the poor-law and civilisation.—W. M.

ITALY.

In Italy the electoral contest continues to absorb public interest. The Labour party sends up fifteen candidates in all. In Milan G. Beretta stood as representative of the same, O. Gnocchi-Viani for the Socialist party, and Amilcare Cipriani for the Anarchists. Beretta formerly stated in *L'Italia* his resolution to have fought to do with matters political and parliamentary—"the work to be done is essentially that of propaganda." In a letter to the *Fascio* lately, however, he has reconsidered his decision, and consents to stand. Do these Labour candidates honestly believe that, with all their enthusiasm and single-heartedness, they will be able to pursue "the essential work of propaganda and organisation" in Parliament, and transform the Camera into a Socialist administrative body? As a means of releasing Amilcare Cipriani from a monstrously unjust and illegal imprisonment every one who recalls his name as a friend and colleague of Flourens must however, be heartily glad of the success of those who worked for him.

At Turin the masons are striking for a shorter working day and more pay they demand a ten hours' day, at 4d. the hour. The bourgeois papers are unanimous in their praise of the quiet and dignified conduct of the strikers, but nevertheless the authorities have already found occasion to make many arrests. The city is crowded with guards and carabinieri, amongst whom the men on strike walk about quietly, carefully avoiding the least dispute or quarrel with them. The masters have issued a notice, containing paternal advice to the men to return to their work, "since their persistence in their unreasonable demands will constrain them (the masters) to close the work shops." Nevertheless, it is believed they will accede to the "unreasonable demands."

Here is a story—hardly credible—which the *Fascio* gives of the greed of masters and the ineffably foolish long-suffering of the exploited. At Castellazzo Bormida there exists a certain factory where women work for the *maximum* wage of 2d. a-day. This miserable sum is moreover only paid at the year's end, for the sake of the interest accruing therefrom to the master. The girls are very badly treated by the overseers, habitually loaded with insults, threats, even blows. It is not to be hoped that women who suffer such treatment, and their husbands and fathers who let them suffer it, will ever gain spirit and sense enough to attempt their own freeing.

Cigar-makers in Milan have shown more spirit. In a certain cigar-factory the women have for a long time been complaining that the leaves being very dry has hindered their work and lowered their wage. One girl went so far as to soak the leaves she was at work on, which coming to the ears of the overseer resulted in her dismissal. The women protested and struck *en masse*, and gained their point to a certain extent. The spoiling of the Italians is often done with a beautiful simplicity and *naivete*. To turn away "hands" on some frivolous pretext, after one or two months' gratis apprenticeship, during which time the work got out of them is generally equal to that of a regular paid worker—this is a mode of grinding down common among the "labour organisers."—M. M.

THE SOCIALIST LEAGUE.

Notices to Members.

Library.—The librarians, May Morris and W. Chambers, attend on Mondays and Fridays from 7 to 9 p.m.

Reading Room.—Open from 10 a.m. to 9 p.m. All papers received by the Secretary are sorted and filed and are at the disposal of members.

Annual Conference.—Whitsunday, June 13. Attention of Branches is especially called to Rule V. (pages 3 and 4 Constitution and Rules). Any Branch not able to send a delegate from among its own members can appoint any member of the League to represent them. Arrangements have been made to provide dinner at 1.30 for those who attend the Conference, at 1s. 6d. each. Tea, when business is over, 6d. each. Those who intend to take part in the dinner should notify same to the Secretary at once.

Excursion.—The Committee have arranged for the Excursion to take place to Box Hill, return fare to which place will be 1s. 10d. Train leaves Cannon Street at 8 a.m. on the 14th, returning at 8 p.m. Members are asked to spread the news of this Excursion among their friends, and do all in their power to render it a success. Applications for Tickets must be made to a member of the Committee at the following addresses: E. Marx-Aveling, 55 Gt. Russell Street, W.C.; May Morris, Kelmescott House, 26 Upper Mall, Hammersmith, W.; Mrs Wardle, 9 Charlotte Street, Bedford Square, W.C.; T. Cantwell, 7 Windsor Road, Holloway, N.; E. Gray, 28 Widgate Street, Bishopsgate; Joseph Lane, 38 Ainslie Street, Bethnal Green,—or to the Secretary, 13 Farringdon Road, before Saturday June 12.—S.

Notices to Lecturers and Branch Secretaries.

To avoid confusion and mistake, lecturers and Branch secretaries are requested to at once advise the Lecture Secretary of all engagements made by them. Branches will find it more convenient to make their arrangements with speakers through the Lecture Secretary, who will undertake to make all necessary announcements unless otherwise instructed.

Executive.

Council met on Monday last at 8, for the transaction of general business. Reports of officers, committees, and Branches were heard and discussed. Incorporation of Clerkenwell Branch agreed to.

General Meeting.

General Meeting of London members held last Monday after close of Council Meeting—Donald in the chair. Free-Speech Agitation at Stratford fully discussed, and arrangements made. Meeting adjourned *sine die*.

Branch Subscriptions Paid.

Marylebone to March 31. Bloomsbury, Hackney, Hammersmith, Leeds, North London, Norwich, Oxford, Dublin, to April 30. Manchester, Bradford, Croydon, to May 31. Hoxton (Labour Emancipation League), to June 30.—P. W.

The "Commonweal."

Branches are reminded of the absolute necessity of their paying for the paper week by week.

Copies of the cartoon by Walter Crane given with the first number of the weekly issue, can now be had printed on fine hand-made paper for framing, price 6d., postage 1d.; protection roll, if desired, 2d. extra.

Boards for the use of newsagents can be supplied to Branches at 1s. each.

Branch Reports.

(Reports and Notices should be addressed to the printer, and to insure insertion in the current issue must reach the office not later than 10 a.m. on Tuesday.)

BLOOMSBURY.—This Branch has now taken the Arlington Hall, Rathbone Place, Oxford Street, W., and will hold meetings there every Friday evening at 8.30 p.m.—T. E. WARDLE, sec.

CLERKENWELL.—A new Branch has been formed in this district with a muster-roll of thirteen members. Preparations are being made for lectures, smoking concerts, and active out-door propaganda. At our first business meeting comrade Donald was unanimously elected treasurer, and Blundell, secretary. The Branch duly elected A. K. Donald as their delegate at the Conference. We earnestly request those friends who do not belong to a Branch to send in their names to the secretary, 13, Farringdon Road, E.C.—W. BLUNDELL, sec.

MARYLEBONE.—On Saturday evening our meeting in the Harrow Road was a decided success, and we are gaining many sympathisers in the district.—On Sunday morning at Bell Street, comrade Chambers and members of the Branch addressed a large audience.—In Hyde Park in the afternoon, comrades Arnold and Burcham addressed a large and enthusiastic meeting, and kept it going until half-past six. Several questions were put to the speakers, and answered to the satisfaction of the audience. We have had a good sale of *Commonweal*.—H. G. A.

MERTON ABBEY.—We held our first open-air meeting on Sunday, when Kitz and Mainwaring addressed a tolerably good audience. We had some difficulty in getting them together, for they seemed afraid of coming near the Socialists, but after awhile the crowd thickened, and in the end we sold 18 *Commonweals*, distributed a large amount of leaflets, and enrolled two new members. We were well attended by police.—F. KIRZ.

MILE END.—On Tuesday, D. Nicoll lectured on "Law and Order." He explained the position of the workers to-day, and showed how they are compelled to bow to the dictates of the capitalist by the enactment of unnatural decrees called "law" and their degrading submission is then termed "order."—Notwithstanding the stormy weather, we had a most successful meeting on the Waste on Thursday night. Comrade Mowbray, in an able address, explained the aims of Socialists, which was well received by a very sympathetic audience.—We had a very large meeting on the Waste last Sunday morning. E. Aveling gave a short address, in which he explained what took place at Stratford the evening before, and also announced what we may do next week in order to vindicate the right of free speech. Comrades Mowbray and Graham then addressed the meeting on Socialism. Good sale of *Commonweals*.—H. DAVIS.

LEEDS.—The weather has been rather unfavourable for holding meetings on the moors, but we hope to attend Hunslet Moor next Sunday morning at 11 a.m. prompt. Meetings in the Croft are, however, being constantly held.—T. M.

MANCHESTER.—The authorities seem anxious to hamper our work in north-east Manchester. On Sunday we were informed that we should not be allowed to hold meetings at the Grey Mare Corner, and that if we persisted we should be summoned for obstruction. We opened the meeting at the corner, and then moved on to a piece of waste land not far off, where we had a good meeting.—We met again at the Lamp in Gorton, from whence we were shifted last week, and we were again ordered off, and threatened with being summoned if we met there again.—In the evening we held a fair meeting at the Viaduct, Hulme, which was not disturbed.—R. U., sec.

LECTURE DIARY.

HALL OF THE SOCIALIST LEAGUE 13 FARRINGTON ROAD, E.C.—Lectures every Wednesday at 8.30; Sundays at 7.30. Admission free; discussion invited. Sunday June 6. R. Banner, "The Fraud of Politics." Wednesday June 9. W. Chambers, "Clerks."

London Branches.

Bloomsbury.—Arlington Hall, Rathbone Place, Oxford Street, W. Friday, June 4, at 8.30 p.m., William Morris, "Art and Socialism." Edward Aveling in the chair.

Croydon.—Royal County House, West Croydon Station Yard. Sunday, June 6, at 7.30 p.m., P. Webb, "The Necessity for Socialism." Business meeting at Parker Road every Sunday afternoon at 3 o'clock.

Hackney.—Kenton Coffee House, Kenton Road, Well Street, every Monday at 8, for the enrolment of members and other business.

Hammersmith.—Kelmescott House, 26 Upper Mall, W. Sundays at 8 p.m. June 6. H. H. Sparling, "Killing no Murder."

Hoxton (L. E. L.).—Exchange Coffee House, Pitfield Street, opposite Hoxton Church, N. Sundays, at 7.45 p.m.

Marylebone.—On Thursday, June 10, at 8.30 p.m. sharp, General Meeting of members of the Branch at the house of comrade Matthews, 5, Artesian Road, Bayswater. Members are urged to attend, as important business will be brought forward.

Merton.—11 Merton Terrace, High Street. Sundays and Wednesdays at 8 p.m.

Mile-end.—I. W. M. Educational Club, 40 Derner Street, Commercial Road. Tuesdays at 8 p.m. June 8. H. Charles, "Society and State."

North London.—Communications to R. A. Beckett, St. Mildred's House, Poultry, E.C.

South London.—Business meetings at 103 Bird-in-bush Road, on Sundays at 7.30.

Country Branches.

Birmingham.—Bell Street Coffee House. Every Monday evening, at 7.30.

Bradford.—Scott's Temperance Hotel, East Parade, Leeds Road. Meets every Wednesday at 8 p.m.

Edinburgh (Scottish Section).—4 Park Street. Meets every Friday at 8.30 p.m.

Glasgow.—Neilson's Hotel, Ingram Street, every Saturday at 7 p.m. Lectures and discussions. Members and friends are invited to assist in selling *Commonweal* at Green (Jail Square) Saturdays, 5 p.m.

Leeds.—No meeting-room at present (see report last week). Out-door stations—Vicar's Croft, Hunslet and Woodhouse Moors.

Leicester.—Radical Club, Vine Street. Tuesdays, at 8 p.m.

Manchester.—County Forum. Thursdays, at 8 p.m.

Norwich.—Gordon Café. Every Monday at 8 p.m.

Oldham.—Mrs. Wrigley's Coffee Tavern, 9, Old Market Place. Wednesdays, 7.30.

Oxford.—Temperance Hall, 27 Pembroke Street. Thursdays, at 8.30 p.m.

Open-air Propaganda for the Week.

| Date. | Station. | Time. | Speaker. | Branch. |
|---------|--|-------|--------------------|-------------|
| Sat. 5. | Harrow Road—opposite the "Prince of Wales" | 7 | T. Wardle | Marylebone. |
| | Stratford—at end of Church | 7 | Morris and Aveling | Central. |
| S. 6. | Canning Town (Beckton Rd.) | 11.30 | J. Lane | Central. |
| | Edgware Road—Bell Street | 11.30 | D. Nicoll | Marylebone. |
| | Hackney—Well Street | 11.30 | H. Graham | Hackney. |
| | Hoxton Ch.—Pitfield Street | 11.30 | C. W. Mowbray | Hoxton. |
| | Mile-end Waste | 11.30 | H. Davis | Mile-end. |
| | Regent's Park | 11.30 | T. Wardle | N. London. |
| | St. Paneras Arches | 11.30 | W. Chambers | N. London. |
| | Hyde Park (near Marble Arch) | 3.30 | T. Wardle | Marylebone. |
| | Victoria Park | 3.30 | H. Graham | Hackney. |
| | Merton—High Street | 7 | | Merton. |
| Tu. 8. | Euston Road—Ossulton St. | 7.30 | T. Wardle | N. London. |
| | Soho—Broad Street | 7.30 | W. Chambers | Bloomsbury. |
| Th. 10. | Hoxton Ch.—Pitfield Street | 8 | C. W. Mowbray | Hoxton. |
| | Mile-end Waste | 8 | D. Nicoll | Mile-end. |

PROVINCES.

Hulme.—The Viaduct, Chester Road. Sundays, at 7.30 p.m.

Manchester.—Grey Mare Corner, Ashton Old Road. Sundays, 11 a.m.

Oldham.—Curzon Ground. Sundays, afternoon and evening.

MEETINGS OF OTHER SOCIETIES.

FABIAN SOCIETY CONFERENCE.—South Place Institute, Finsbury, E.C. June 9. "The Utilisation of Land." 10. "The Utilisation of Labour." 11. "The Democratic Policy." The Conference will meet at 5.30 p.m., will sit till 7.30 p.m., and will meet again at 8 o'clock each evening. (See *Commonweal*, May 15.)

NOTTING HILL DEBATING SOCIETY, "Monarch Tavern," Manchester Street (near Latimer Road Railway Station).—Sunday June 6, at 7.30. Wm. Morris, "Dawn of a New Epoch."

"The Woman Question from a Socialist Point of View," by Edward Aveling and Eleanor Marx-Aveling, has been reprinted from the *Westminster Review*, and published by Messrs Sonnenschein & Co. Price 2d.

The Manifesto of the Socialist League. Annotated by E. Belfort Bax and W. Morris. An exposition of the principles on which the League is founded. 16pp. crown 8vo. 1d.

The Socialist Platform.—1. Trades' Unions. By E. Belfort Bax, 1d. 2. Useful Work v. Useless Toil. By William Morris, 1d. 3. The Factory Hell. By Edward Aveling and Eleanor Marx Aveling, 1d. 4. A Short History of the Commune of Paris. By Wm. Morris, E. Belfort Bax, and Victor Dave, 2d.

Art and Socialism. By William Morris. Bijou edition, 3d.

Chants for Socialists. By William Morris. 16 pp. crown 8vo., 1d.

Socialist Leaflets.—1. Why be Transported? 2. "Down with the Socialists!" 3. To the Radicals. 4. The Cause of Prostitution. 5. The Workers' Claims and "Public Opinion." 6. Tram-Car Slavery. 7. Home Rule and Humbug. 8. The Unemployed and Rioting. 9. Shall Ireland be Free? Copies will be sent to any one on receipt of stamp for postage; supplied for distribution at 2s. per 1000.

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