

THE COMMONWEAL

The Official Journal of the SOCIALIST LEAGUE.

VOL. 6.—No. 232.

SATURDAY, JUNE 21, 1890.

WEEKLY; ONE PENNY.

NOTES ON NEWS.

A LITTLE too previous. Our friend the *Star* announces to its readers that there has been "another" split in the S. L.; and *Reynolds*, misled probably by the false news of the delectable evening print, comes out with a note wherein we are informed we are "waking up," and we are dividing ourselves into still minuter sections. The *Star*, with characteristic unfairness, refused insertion until the last moment to a contradiction sent by comrade Morris. No enemy is more virulent than a renegade; and if the *Star* really wishes for reliable information as to what is going on within the ranks of the Socialists, it should seek cleaner channels of obtaining it than the individual it uses now for the purpose. Presently we shall have something to say about the erstwhile Socialist press gang which will make them wince.

"Dodo" in *Reynolds* has disclosed the particular sect to which he belongs, by the puff he gives it as having done "all the practical work." The wish is father to the thought *re* the alleged split in the S.L. No doubt the existence of an International Organisation is a thorn to those who are continually abusing foreigners, and Germans in particular, because the English Royal Collar is made of German silver. We may be "sommolent," but we think that the preaching of International Solidarity is preferable to the national prejudices and continual laudation of Sham Republics like France and America, of which "Dodo," in common with the staff of *Reynolds*, seems to be lost in rapt admiration.

EDITORS.

The *Daily News* the other day had an elaborate congratulatory article on the progress of Italy, which was once nothing at all, and is now a great nation courted and flattered by all the great powers. I do not know nor care how much the Italian bourgeois patriot likes this "condescension" of the English ditto, but I cannot help feeling that all this glorification of the progress of the commercial class in the country (for that is what it comes to) is little better than an insult to the general humanity of Italy.

All this glory of the nation to which he has the honour to belong, what will it do for the Italian peasant, the Italian labourer, the Italian town-workman? The Lombard field-labourer driven to his toil in a gang, dying by inches of *pellagra* (in English, starvation) in the very garden of Europe, I wonder what touch of national vanity (which is what people mean by "patriotism") his master's grinding has left in him. The town workman in whom even trades' unionism is a crime, I wonder whether he thinks that his nation has done all they can for him in driving out the Germans and leaving the capitalists to fatten on his labour?

Italy is like other "civilised" nations, she keeps her successes, her progress, her civilisation for a class of masters. Who could venture to say that Italy has "progressed" who thinks of the condition of those that alone make Italy, the workers, the useful part of the country? Those who write flattering articles about Italy's progress, do in truth think of nothing human in Italy except the middle-class; to them the rest are not men and women, but parts of the huge machine which grinds the masters sweet idle life. But how if the machine should one day *burst*?

W. M.

The Earl of Wemyss was kind enough in the House of Lords the other night, in a debate on the sweating system, to lay down a few rules of conduct for the people, and which he told them would be excellent remedies for their poverty. He said:

"True statesmanship consisted in telling the people the truth that to a great extent the cure rested with themselves. They must practise temperance and thrift, and must, like the upper classes, avoid marriage until they were able to support their wives and families in comfort. They must be taught not to regard emigration as banishment, but to accept it as a means of reducing the surplus population of this country."

It is quite true that the "cure" does rest with the people, but we doubt whether that remedy is one that Earl Wemyss would relish.

As to the noble lord's humbugging cant about "temperance and thrift," we should have thought that it was scarcely possible for an East-end workman, earning from 15s. to 20s. a-week, to be anything but "temperate and thrifty" upon it. If Lord Wemyss doubts this he is welcome to try the experiment of living upon this sum, and he will then be able to tell us whether it leaves him a very ample margin for expenditure in champagne, cigars, and other luxuries which the noble lord, thanks to the "temperance and thrift" of other people, is now able to enjoy.

The poor must "avoid marriage." Must they! What excellent advice from a "Christian and moral" peer! At that rate the Mile End Road would soon be as full of prostitutes as Piccadilly, and the aristocracy would not be able even to claim a monopoly of immorality. Why, we might even have an East-end Cleveland Street, if the poor "like the upper classes avoid marriage." What splendid morality and "manly virtues" the great Earl Wemyss endeavours to spread among the people! Perhaps they might reply that in these things they are not anxious to emulate the "upper classes."

But the people have still another lesson to learn, and that is, "not to regard emigration as banishment, but to accept it as a means of reducing the surplus population of the country." It strikes me that it will take the people some time to swallow this pill. Why are people forced to emigrate? Because the Earl of Wemyss and his brother thieves, the landlords and capitalists, cannot make rent or profit out of their labour, and so the workmen are forced by starvation to "emigrate." And thus, owing to the monopoly of the land and the means of production by Wemyss and Co., they cannot live in the land of their birth. Earl Wemyss may not consider this "banishment," but the people hold a different opinion.

Supposing, some day the workmen get tired of supplying idle scoundrels with wealth to spend in every form of vice and profligacy which it is possible for the most diseased and depraved mind to imagine; suppose that they rise in revolt, and hunt Wemyss and Co. out of the country, like the French peasants hunted their lords a hundred years ago. Would Earl Wemyss consider that "banishment?" It was called "emigration" then.

Some people might, however, be content "to accept it as a means of reducing the 'surplus' population of the country." Like the countryman in the story, we think that "emigration" is an excellent thing properly applied, and that in England we could very well spare "a few landlords." Earl Wemyss might with advantage set the example, and go first. The unemployed could make a good use of his acres, when they had not got to keep him into the bargain.

D. N.

SCENES FROM THE FRENCH REVOLUTION.

III.

THE REVOLT OF THE WOMEN.

THE 5th of October, 1789, dawns—a dull, desolate morning—and the great city of Paris is waking to life again. Already the idea is afloat among the women that the National Guards will surely not fire upon them, and at the markets and in the bakers' queues there is excited talk. "The men are cowards, and will not act; then let the women act. Forward to the Hôtel de Ville, to Versailles! Down with the fore-stallers of bread! Death to murderous aristocrats and their black cockades!"

A woman in one of these excited groups in the Quartier St. Eustace snatches a drum from a guardhouse, rushing through the adjacent streets beating it and raising cries concerning the scarcity of bread. A crowd of women gather round her, and increase in number as they approach the Hôtel de Ville. At the same time a host of women sweep in a surging flood from St. Antoine, the East-end of Paris, and pour like a torrent through the streets, pulling into their ranks every woman they can lay hold of—even breaking into houses and dragging

them out. Thus the crowd rushes on—roaring, shouting, brandishing weapons of every kind—and streams into the open space, the Grève, in front of the Town Hall, raising fearful cries of "Bread! bread!" and demanding to speak with the representatives of the Commune. Lafayette, Bailly, and the other representatives are not there. The Municipal Council sat late into the night, discussing the troubled condition of Paris, and there are now only at the Town Hall a few clerks, with a slender guard of Nationals, under the command of M. de Gouvion, a major-general who has served with Lafayette in America. Just before the crowd enters upon the place in front of the Hotel de Ville, a baker who has been selling bread with short weights is brought there in custody by some National Guards. The furious crowd already gathering rush upon him with fearful shouts, but he is dragged from their hands by National Guards, taken into the Town Hall, and smuggled out of the back door. M. de Gouvion, alarmed at the vast crowd of women now covering the place, sends round to the districts for reinforcements. Meanwhile, on come the women. In front of the Town Hall are a body of mounted Nationals. These the women set upon with showers of stones, and they are forced to retreat before the desperate crowd. And now for the Town Hall. On they come in one long wave. The National Guards form on the stone stairs outside, and receive them with a hedge of glittering steel. But the crowd rushes on madly; stones begin to fly from behind; it is impossible to fire on these starving, desperate women; the guards give way; and the crowd dashes on, surging, thundering through the halls and passages of the Hôtel de Ville. List to their savage shouts—Bread! bread! Bread and arms! The men are cowards! We will show them what courage means! Others cry that the municipal councillors, especially Lafayette and Bailly, deserve hanging. Some of the women batter at the door of the magazine of arms, but cannot force it. Fierce and ragged men, armed with axes and crowbars, come to their aid; the door is broken open, and eight hundred stand of arms are pulled out, with two pieces of cannon. Here they also lay hands on three bags of gold, one of which is promptly annexed by someone, but the others are rescued.

Meanwhile, another troop have swept up to the belfry, looking for Lafayette and Bailly, whom they do not find, but find instead only one member of the Municipal Council, an unfortunate Abbé Lefevre, who was very busy distributing powder on the Bastille day, but has since ranked among the moderates. He is soon hanging out of the belfry with a rope round his neck. The rope, however, is cut, or breaks, and he tumbles down upon the leads, and lives for years afterwards, though always with "a trembling in the limbs." But below they are piling up heaps of paper, which two ladies with blazing torches announce their intention of setting on fire, when suddenly their hands are seized by a gigantic man dressed in sombre black. It is Usher Maillard, prominent in the assault upon the Bastille, now sergeant in the Bastille Volunteers, composed of men who distinguished themselves in the assault on that fortress.

Maillard had arrived at the Town Hall before the women arrived, with complaints from his volunteers. On the arrival of the women, he rushed forth and returned with the company of the Bastille heroes, arriving just in time to prevent the Town Hall from being burnt down. For the moment the women are inclined to turn their wrath on to him; but he tells them who he is, and is then received with joy. He says that he will lead them to Versailles, and entering the room where the officials are clustered in confused terror, he informs them there is only one thing to do, and that is to take the women to Versailles. The officials, half beside themselves, will not sanction this step, so Maillard takes it without them, seizes a drum, and beating on it loudly, runs down the stairs, the women rushing after him. Downstairs eight thousand women have rallied in the Place de Grève, armed with every species of weapon—pikes, guns, pitchforks, ironshod bludgeons, and several pieces of cannon, dragged by horses taken from carriages. Seated on one of these cannon is Théroigne de Mericourt, once a beautiful courtesan, but who now, moved by the enthusiasm of revolution, had given up her trade, and declared that she would have no more lovers except the great constitution-maker, the Abbé de Sieyès, noted for his coldness and his hatred for women. Thus with drums beating at the head of this motley multitude Maillard starts for Versailles, and the Place de Grève and the Hôtel de Ville are left empty as the human sea sweeps on.

On they march through the West End of Paris past the Louvre and the Tuileries, men crowding to the windows to gaze in astonishment, but no women showing their faces for fear they should be pressed. It is not pleasant weather for a march through the country to Versailles this dull dank October day, for rain is falling and they splash in mud and water as they go. In the Elysian Fields, the Parisian Hyde Park, there is a halt, and there Maillard harangues them; he is met with shouts that they wish to march to the Arsenal for arms, but he declares that there are no arms in the Arsenal, and recommends that they march without arms peacefully and petition the National Assembly. Then, forming them in somewhat like military order they march on, the Bastille volunteers bringing up the rear. Through the villages on the road they tramp, at some of which the peasants are glad to yield a supply of bread to prevent their houses being pillaged by the hungry crowd. Any woman they can lay hands on is forced to join them. Fine carriage ladies in their dainty vehicles are forced to descend, though with shrieks and hysterics, and to march on. Carriages and travellers of all kinds are stopped, especially any that come from Paris, so that news cannot be carried to Versailles. Among others is Deputy Lechappelier, who explains very nervously "That he is a good patriot, and presided in the Assembly on the famous 4th of August." This announcement is met with a shout of "Vive Lechap-

pelier!" and several people spring up behind and before to escort him.

But, meanwhile, rumours do reach Versailles, despite the stopping of couriers and passengers. The National Assembly is in very bad spirits at the sight of royalism becoming so rampant; the king, too, has refused to accept the famous 'Rights of Man,' which has just been passed as part of the new constitution by the Assembly; and altogether the Court has taken a very defiant attitude. When the news of the march of the women reaches Versailles, Mirabeau, one of the first to hear it, crosses to Mounier, the President of the day, and informs him that Paris is marching upon Versailles, and that he must fall suddenly unwell and go to the palace and tell them. Mounier, who though a very mild constitutionalist, has been much irritated by recent events, and replies, "Paris marches on us! Well, so much the better; we shall sooner be a Republic!"

But Paris is marching; scarcely had the women departed than an immense crowd fills the Place de Grève, Nationals summoned by M. de Gouvion, the work-people from St. Antoine, and last but not least, the famous Garde Français, whose appearance caused the Bastille to fall, now known as the Centre Grenadiers of the National Guard. These are loudly cheered, but they reply "It is not cheers we want; the nation has been insulted! To arms! and come to us for orders!" A deputation of these brave soldiers enter the Hôtel de Ville, where the frightened Municipals have already assembled. They see Lafayette and speak to him in blunt soldier fashion, "My General, we are deputed by the six companies of Grenadiers. We do not think you a traitor, but we think the Government betrays you. We cannot turn our bayonets against women crying to us for bread. The people are miserable, the source of their misery is at Versailles; we must go and seek the King and bring him to Paris. We must exterminate the Flanders regiment and the body-guard, who have dared to trample on the National Cockade. If the King be too weak to wear a crown let him lay it down. You will crown his son, you will name a council of regency and all will go better!" Poor Lafayette could only reply, "What! would you make war upon the King?" But all his pleading was in vain. "The King must come to Paris; all the people wish it!" Lafayette and Bailly then try their eloquence outside, but it is lost among cries of "Bread! Bread! To Versailles! To Versailles!" Lafayette mounts his white charger and speaks from that; but it is all in vain. "To Versailles! To Versailles!" Finding eloquence and white charger useless, he tries to bolt, but is stopped by the Centre Grenadiers. "My General, you will not leave us." What is to be done? Half the day has been wasted in unavailing speech! And now from St. Antoine there come cries of "To the Lanterne!" St. Antoine has some idea of settling the difficulty by hanging the general. Lafayette sends in word to the very much frightened Municipals, to ask whether he is to go, and receives an order to do so. He informs the crowd that he will go. The decision is received with shouts of rapture, and they march for Versailles, all Paris shouting and applauding as the troops march by. The people from the suburb of St. Antoine have already marched, and the huge host pours on, covering the country roads that lead to Versailles. The drunken orgie at the Opera House has done its work. Paris throngs in tumultuous crowds, and marches in military order upon Versailles.

D. J. NICOLL.

(The first two "Scenes from the French Revolution" appeared in Nos. 208 and 214, January 4th and February 15th, 1890. These Numbers can still be had.)

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

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

C. COBLEY.—This correspondent sends in a letter asking "why we Socialists have never dealt with the question of foreign immigration into this country," and then proceeds to advocate the imposition of a heavy tax upon such poor foreigners as emigrate here. "It would at least," says he, "prevent those without visible means of subsistence from landing here and working for any mean wage that is offered to them." But he doubts the efficacy of his own specific, for a little further on he says that "he believes that it is the importation of cheap foreign goods 'free of duty' rather than foreign immigration which injures the English workman." In the first place the letter should not have been addressed to us, as we attach only a conventional meaning to the word "foreigner," and recognise in our working comrades of other lands as members of the Army of Labour, whose emancipation is fast approaching. We expect that the number of persons who label themselves as Socialists and wave the red flag over every crochet, are responsible for the confusion in our correspondent's mind, and which has led him to address us. He would put a heavy fine upon foreigners, which would be a bagatelle upon such as the Rothschilds, in order to keep out poor foreigners. Very large-minded and generous indeed. From this to the re-erection of the toll-gates, which fined people for locomotion from one place to another, is but a step. Our friend has given us no indication that he objects in any way to the International Capitalistic System, which preys upon all without regard to crime: and, therefore, we would like to know whether he objects to accept the results of foreign genius simply because it is not native? Many of those who have sought refuge upon these shores have enriched Literature, Art, and Science in this country, who upon landing could not have paid a pecuniary fine. We have not yet come across the Englishman who refused to make a profit out of an invention, or take advantage of scientific discoveries when made by foreigners; in fact, hundreds of Englishmen have employment in this way. As to a "mean" wage: the strikes going on around us are not complicated by the foreigner but by the native blackleg, and certainly it is not the possibility of getting foreigners as substitutes which makes British slaves of bus, tram, and railway employes. In conclusion, we would advise our correspondent to leave the labyrinthian ways of narrow national prejudices, and strike out upon the high road of International Solidarity.—[EDS.]

NEWS FROM NOWHERE:

OR,

AN EPOCH OF REST.

BEING SOME CHAPTERS FROM A UTOPIAN ROMANCE.

CHAP. XVIII.—THE BEGINNING OF THE NEW LIFE.

"WELL," said I, "so you got clear out of all your troubles. Were people satisfied with the new order of things when it came?"

"People?" he said. "Well, surely almost all must have been glad of peace when it came; especially when they found, as they must have found, that after all, they—even the once-rich—were not living very badly. As to those who had been poor, all through the war, which lasted about two years, their condition had been bettering, in spite of the struggle; and when peace came at last, in a very short time they made great strides towards a decent life. The great difficulty was that the once-poor had such a feeble conception of the real pleasure of life: so to say, they did not ask enough, did not know how to ask enough, from the new state of things. It was perhaps rather a good than an evil thing that the necessity for restoring the wealth destroyed during the war forced them into working at first almost as hard as they had been used to before the Revolution. For all historians are agreed that there never was a war in which there was so much destruction of wares and instruments for making them as in this civil war."

"I am rather surprised at that," said I.

"Are you? I don't see why," said Hammond.

"Why," I said, "because the party of order would surely look upon the wealth as their own property, no share of which, if they could help it, should go to their slaves, supposing they conquered. And on the other hand, it was just for the possession of that wealth that the 'rebels' were fighting, and I should have thought, especially when they saw that they were winning, that they would have been careful to destroy as little as possible of what was so soon to be their own."

"It was as I have told you, however," said he. "The party of order, when they recovered from their first cowardice of surprise—or, if you please, when they fairly saw that, whatever happened, they would be ruined, fought with great bitterness, and cared little what they did, so long as they injured the enemies who had destroyed the sweets of life for them. As to the rebels, I have told you that the outbreak of actual war made them careless of trying to save the wretched scraps of wealth that they had. It was a common saying amongst them, Let the country be cleared of everything except valiant living men, rather than that we fall into slavery again!"

He sat silently thinking a while, and then said: "Don't you see what it means? In the times which you are thinking of, and of which you seem to know so much, there was no hope; nothing but the dull jog of the mill-horse under compulsion of collar and whip; but in that fighting-time that followed, all was hope: the rebels at least felt themselves strong enough to build up the world again from its dry bones,—and they did it too!" said the old man, his eyes glittering under his beetling brows. He went on: "And their opponents at least and at last learned something about the reality of life, and its sorrows, which they—their class, I mean—had once known nothing of. In short, the two combatants, the workman and the gentleman, between them—"

"Between them," said I, quickly, "they destroyed commercialism!"

"Yes, yes, YES," said he; "that is it. Nor could it have been destroyed otherwise; except, perhaps, by the whole of society gradually falling into lower depths, till it should at last reach a condition as rude as barbarism, but lacking both the hope and the pleasures of barbarism. Surely the sharper, shorter remedy was the happiest."

"Most surely," said I.

"Yes," said the old man, "the world was being brought to its second birth; how could that take place without a tragedy. Moreover, think of it. The spirit of the new days, of our days, was to be delight in the life of the world; intense and almost overweening love of the very skin and surface of the earth on which man dwells, such as a lover has in the fair flesh of the woman he loves; this, I say, was to be the new spirit of the time. All other moods save this had been exhausted: the unceasing criticism, the boundless curiosity in the ways and thoughts of man, which was the mood of the ancient Greek, to whom these things were not so much a means, as an end, was gone past recovery; nor had there been really any shadow of it in the so-called science of the nineteenth century, which, as you must know, was in the main an appendage to the commercial system; nay, not seldom an appendage to the police of that system. In spite of appearances, it was limited and cowardly, because it did not really believe in itself. It was the outcome, as it was the sole relief, of the unhappiness of the period which made life so bitter even to the rich, and which, as you may see with your bodily eyes, the great change has swept away. More akin to our way of looking at life is the spirit of the Middle Ages, to whom heaven and the life of the next world was such a reality, that it became to them a part of the life upon the earth; which accordingly they loved and adorned, in spite of the ascetic doctrines of their creed, which bade them condemn it.

"But that also, with its assured belief in heaven and hell as two countries in which to live, has gone, and now we do, both in word and in deed, believe in the continuous life of the world of men, and as it were, add every day of that common life to the little stock of days which our own mere individual experience wins for us: and consequently we are happy. Do you wonder at it? In times past, indeed, men were told to love their kind, to believe in the religion of humanity,

and so forth. But look you, just in the degree that a man had elevation of mind and refinement enough to be able to value this idea, was he repelled by the obvious aspect of the individuals composing the mass which he was to worship, and could only evade that repulsion by making a conventional abstraction of mankind that had little actual or historical relation to the race, which to his eyes was divided into blind tyrants on the one hand and apathetic degraded slaves on the other. But now, where is the difficulty in accepting the religion of humanity when the men and women who go to make up humanity are free, happy, and energetic at least, and most commonly beautiful of body also, and surrounded by beautiful things of their own fashioning, and a nature bettered and not worsened by contact with mankind. This is what this age of the world has reserved for us."

"It seems true," said I, "or ought to be, if what my eyes have seen is a token of the general life you lead. Can you now tell me anything of your progress after the years of the struggle?"

Said he: "I could easily tell you more than you have time to listen to; but I can at least hint at one of the chief difficulties which had to be met: and that was, that when men began to settle down after the war, and their labour had pretty much filled up the gap in wealth caused by the destruction of that war, a kind of disappointment seemed coming over us, and the prophecies of some of the reactionists of past times seemed as if they would come true, and a dull level of utilitarian comfort be the end for a while of our aspirations and success. The loss of the competitive spur to exertion had not, indeed, done anything to interfere with the necessary production of the community, but how if it should make men dull by giving them too much time for thought or idle musing. But, after all, this dull thunder-cloud only threatened us, and then passed over. Probably, from what I have told you before, you will have a guess at the remedy for such a disaster; remembering always that many of the things which used to be produced—slave-wares for the poor and mere wealth-wasting wares for the rich—ceased to be made. That remedy was, in short, the production of what used to be called art, but which has no name amongst us now, because it has become a necessary part of the labour of every man who produces."

Said I: "What! had men any time or opportunity for cultivating the fine arts amidst the desperate struggle for life and freedom that you have told me of?"

Said Hammond: "You must not suppose that the new form of art was founded chiefly on the memory of the art of the past; although, strange to say, the civil war was much less destructive of art than of other things, and although what of art existed under the old forms revived in a wonderful way during the latter part of the struggle, especially as regards music and poetry. The art or work-pleasure, as one ought to call it, of which I am now speaking, sprung up almost spontaneously, it seems, from a kind of instinct amongst people, no longer driven desperately to painful and terrible over-work, to do the best they could with the work in hand—to make it excellent of its kind; and when that had gone on for a little, a craving for beauty seemed to awaken in men's minds, and they began rudely and awkwardly to ornament the wares which they made; and when they had once set to work at that, it soon began to grow. All this was much helped by the abolition of the squalor our immediate ancestors put up with so coolly; and by the leisurely but not stupid country-life which now grew (as I told you before) to be common amongst us. Thus at last and by slow degrees we got pleasure into our work; then we became conscious of that pleasure, and cultivated it, and took care that we had our fill of it; and then all was gained, and we were happy. So may it be for ages and ages!"

The old man fell into a reverie, not altogether without melancholy, I thought; but I would not break it. Suddenly he started, and said: "Well, dear guest, here are come Dick and Clara to fetch you away, and there is an end of my talk; which I daresay you will not be sorry for; the long day is coming to an end, and you will have a pleasant ride back to Hammersmith."

WILLIAM MORRIS.

TO BE CONTINUED.]

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

A SOCIAL MEETING

AND CONFERENCE OF LONDON REVOLUTIONISTS

WILL BE HELD

AT THE INTERNATIONAL CLUB,
40 BERNER STREET, E.,

On Tuesday, June 24th, at 8.30 p.m.

All Revolutionary Socialists are invited, whether members of societies, clubs, or groups, or working as independent propagandists. Comrades of international clubs specially invited.

The position of the Revolutionary Organs, and the best means of extending their circulation, will be discussed.

The great object of the meeting is, the consolidation of our forces and the extension of the revolutionary and Anarchist-Communist propaganda.

A good number of well known comrades and societies have already promised to take part in the proceedings.

A Concert and Dancing will follow the conference. Admission free. All anti-parliamentary Socialists are urged to attend.

THE ORGANISING COMMITTEE.
(Appointed by the S.L. Propaganda Committee.)



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

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

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

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

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

SUBSCRIPTIONS, including postage:—For British Islands, Europe, United States, and Canada, a year, 6s.; six months, 3s.; three months, 1s. 6d. For Australia, New Zealand, Cape of Good Hope, Natal, Transvaal, and the Argentine Republic, a year, 8s.; six months, 4s.; three months, 2s. For India, Ceylon, China, Hong Kong, and the Straits Settlements, a year, 10s.; six months, 5s.; three months, 2s. 6d.

Subscribers who receive a RED WRAPPER are thereby reminded that their subscriptions have expired and must be renewed immediately if they wish to continue to receive COMMONWEAL.

SPECIAL RECRUIT SUBSCRIPTIONS.—To aid in spreading our principles, the following largely reduced terms are offered to those who obtain new subscribers: Two new yearly subscriptions for British Islands, etc., 10s. 6d.; for Australia, etc., 15s.; for India, etc., 19s. Five new subscriptions: For British Islands, etc., 25s.; for Australia, etc., 37s. 6d.; for India, etc., 47s. 6d. Specimen copies will be sent on receipt of postage.

Remittances from abroad must be made by International Money Order.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

G. W. (Bristol).—Verses sent in unsuitable.

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

CONTENTS.

	PAGE.
Notes on News	KITZ, NICOLL, and MORRIS 193
Scenes from the French Revolution (No. III.)—The Revolt of the Women	D. J. NICOLL 193
Answers to Correspondents	EDITORS 194
News from Nowhere; or, an Epoch of Rest (continued)	WILLIAM MORRIS 195
Conference of London Revolutionists 195
Sham Socialism	P. 196
An Impostor Departs	DICKY SAM 197
Correspondence 197
Great Strike in the Shoe Trade at Norwich	S. 197
The Labour Struggle	N. and H. C. 198
International Notes	X., SIN., and V. DAVE 198
Executive Announcements, Reports, Lecture Diary, and Notices of Meetings	199
Statement of Principles, Advertisements, etc., etc.	200

Periodicals received during the week ending Wednesday June 18.

ENGLAND	FRANCE	ITALY
Brotherhood	Paris—La Revoltte	Milan—Il Fascio Operaio
London—Freie Presse	Le Parti ouvrier	Rome—L'Emancipazione
Labour Tribune	Le Proletariat	
Norwich—Daylight	La Revue Socialiste	SPAIN
People's Press	Paris—Bourse du Travail	Madrid—El Socialista
Personal Rights Journal	Charleville—L'Emancipation	Berlin—Volks Tribune
Railway Review	HOLLAND	AUSTRIA
Sozial Demokrat	Hague—Recht voor Allen	Vienna—Arbeiter-Zeitung
Seafaring	Middelburg, Licht en Waarheid	Brunn—Arbeiterstimme
worker's Friend	BELGIUM	Brunn—Volksfreund
UNITED STATES	Antwerp—De Werker	DENMARK
New York—Der Sozialist	Ghent—Voortuit	Social-Demokraten
New York—Freiheit	Brussels—La Question Sociale	Copenhagen—Arbejderen
Twentieth Century	GERMANY	SWEDEN
Labour Advocate	Berlin—Volks Tribune	Stockholm, Social-Demokraten
Volkszeitung	WEST INDIES	Malmö—Arbetet
New York—Truthseeker	Cuba—El Proletario	ARGENTINE REPUBLIC
Chicago—Rights of Labour	Buenos Ayres—Vorwarts	
Cincinnati (O.) Volks-Anwalt		
Detroit—Der Arme Teufel		
S.F.—Coast Seamen's Journal		

NOTICE.

Letters should be addressed as under—

Editorial matter for insertion in 'Commonweal' address "The Editors."

Business letters address "Commonweal' Manager."

Letters containing Reports should be marked "Report" on the envelope, and if intended for next issue should reach the Office not later than Tuesday morning.

SHAM SOCIALISM.

"We are all Socialists now," remarked that Liberal leviathan, Sir William Harcourt, and though the phrase was ludicrously *mal apropos* in view of the row of complacent mediocrities for whom he spoke, it has become historic. Nor is there anything surprising in this. Apart entirely from the prominence which the speaker occupied in the adjacent fields of phrase-making and political somersault-throwing, it had a bearing on current thought. Of course there were some misguided enthusiasts who, like the patriarch's spouse, were inclined to cast back a glance of regret on the Gomorrah of Liberalism from which they had just managed to tear themselves. To them the spectacle of Sir William, the heavy father of the stock company which Mr. Gladstone manages, paternally opening his arms with a melodramatic "me che-ild," had an affecting side, and it apparently needed but little to make some of these "Radical Socialists" (so the cant phrase goes, I think) fall sobbing upon that expansive bosom. To those of us who are of a less confiding nature than the gentlemen who supply the bait for Mr. T. P. O'Connor's man-traps, the incident was interesting because it was typical of a certain popular feeling which one discerns to be in the air. In a period of transition like ours, when thought (or the brain contortion that passes for it) on industrial and social questions is in a state of flux, minds which lack stamina are driven hither and thither by its tides. What Carlyle called the "Universal Stygian Quagmire" is to be satisfactorily bridged over by a few tons of resolutions, and all the Mrs. Jellabys who tire of the fascinating Polynesian cannibal are busy regenerating mankind at home. But no expenditure of either money or wind ever converted that which is in its essence a No-Thing into any semblance of a Thing, and while it is certainly not unwise for the Socialist to review the situation, he may do so with confidence that the coffin-ships that surround his bark are too water-logged to long remain athwart his course.

The clerical imitation of Socialism is a very wide-spread species of wooden ham with which the worker's stomach is to be filled. "Socialism plus the Ten Commandments" shouts that sentimentalist preaching friar, Mr. W. T. Stead, and straightway the black police of capitalism supply us with an article which is "the Ten Commandments minus Socialism." Brought face to face with the gravest social problems these gentry content themselves with shouting "Great is Diana of the Ephesians!" (keeping the while a sharp look-out for the interests of the craft of the silversmiths), or else come out as political "cheap-jacks" with working-men's clubs, friendly societies, and greatest boon of all, free pews in their own particular tabernacle. All these shoddy wares are branded with the magic trade-mark "Socialism," and with the impudence of their profession they occasionally explain that this is "true" Socialism as distinguished from the "false" which you and I are preaching. Until somebody in the national jaw-shop at Westminster extends the false-marking clauses of the Merchandise Marks Act to clerical "cheap-jackery" of this nature, many unsuspecting working-men will share the fate of the Vicar of Wakefield's son at the fair.

Fabianism is one of the most recent counterfeits which have to be nailed to the Socialist counter. Its propaganda can, of course, be most effectively pursued while the Liberal party are out of office, for it preaches a policy of moralising Liberal associations and members—a thing that no one is likely to attempt to do while the Liberals are in power. The professors of this party protest that the noble hearts of Gladstone, Harcourt, Brunner, Morley, and Co. are ready to pant with affection for the workman, provided the necessary votes are supplied. It is the principle of the automatic chocolate provider applied to politics—put a majority of votes in the slot and you get the municipalisation of gas-works. "Eat, drink, and be merry" at this Barmecide feast; but above all, my proletarian friend, don't forget the munificent providers thereof. The game of promising a Socialist millenium with the advent of Sir William Harcourt to office has the additional advantage that that politician's elastic conscience will not be likely to impel him to fulfil the promises made for him by his henchmen; and thus the wealthy men who now remain—being assured that all this "playing at the barricades" is only meant for the gallery—will continue to adorn the Liberal benches. Sir William Harcourt and Mr. T. P. O'Connor (worthy colleagues in a noble cause) may be likened to the Walrus and the Carpenter of Mr. Carroll's verses, and the end of their promises may be prophesied by quoting the finale of that partnership:

"I weep for you," the Walrus said:
 "I deeply sympathise."
 With sobs and tears he sorted out
 Those of the largest size,
 Holding his pocket handkerchief
 Before his streaming eyes.

There is another species of bogus Socialism which is beginning to show its head here—the Bismarckian State Socialism with which the Man of Blood and Iron tried to stop the march of the Socialists to the ballot-boxes. The large crowd of faddists are imploring the Government to impose their pet panaceas upon the community willy-nilly, and they complacently puff their peddling "isms" as a complete substitute for the Socialist demands.

I have even met misguided enthusiasts who thought that compulsory national insurance was a step to Socialism. The idea of stripping the worker's bones still barer in order to provide for an old age, which he never reaches, is to us too unscrupulous for the comic side of the claim

to be fully apparent, but the mental twist which is responsible for this counterfeit is curious enough to warrant its mention.

With so many trumpery imitations around us, there is the more need to keep steadily before us the ideal of a Socialist commonwealth, and meanwhile to denounce these shams as shams on every suitable opportunity. Many of them are but shadows, and with the coming of the light they will be dispersed. Let us therefore "spread the light."

X.

AN IMPOSTOR DEPARTS.

"MR. T. P. O'CONNOR, parasite of the Liberal party and editor of the *Star*." That is how this eloquent and enterprising political privateer was spoken of in the *Weal* a couple of years ago. We in Liverpool have been afflicted with him as the mis-representative of one of our Parliamentary divisions, and you in London have suffered from him as editor of the *Star*—editor as defined by Mark Twain, a man appointed and highly paid to keep truth out of his paper. Not that his unclean sheet was ever likely to be otherwise than it is, being a cross between a hired party bravo and a commercial advertising medium; for, to quote Mark Twain again, "that kind of a paper is just as well off with a sick editor as a well one, and better off with a dead editor than either."

There is a rumour going around that Mr. T. P. is not coming here for re-election any more; that a "safe" Liberal seat is to be found for him somewhere else in England, where he can "ease off" on his violent Irish-ness as he has done already on the small, cheap, and sneaking Socialism of the "London programme." There is also a rumour that reaches us to the effect that Mr. T. P. may after all not manage to carry over the *Star* into the orthodox Liberal camp, and trade off its gleams to John Morley for a place on the Treasury bench, but will find that it breaks away into the more useful, even if more erratic, courses it pursued awhile back.

So that it is likely that Mr. Thomas Power O'Connor, M.P., L.P.H., and S.S.,¹ will soon depart from two spheres of obtrusive and immodest uselessness, which he has filled for some time with discredit to himself and damage to the people at large.

But, you will say, what have we to do with the Scotland division of Liverpool and its representation in Parliament? Not much, indeed; but we all have some interest in the wavering *Star*, whose uncertain rays have a misleading and dangerous effect upon those who try to read current events by their light. In several ways we are responsible for the *Star*—for its coming into existence that is—not for anything else, thank goodness! And it may be worth while to call up the record and think over the history of the *Star*, from the time when we all, or a lot of us, anyhow, thought a new sun had arisen and was going to shine on a re-illuminated world.

For years London had been having a good rake-up by Socialist speakers and agitators. For more years still it had been a "Tory stronghold" and the despair of the Liberal wire-pullers. The "franchise" had been "widened," which is to say, more of the geese had been given a chance of choosing what kind of sauce they would be cooked with. But, to the disgust of the Liberal *chefs-de-cuisine*, the geese didn't come readily up to be cooked; they had lent their ears to those who had taught them they needn't be cooked at all. The proletarian voters, who had been relied on as tools for turning out the Tories, were found to have a pretty strong opinion as to the family likeness between all politicians, and a carelessness as to party cries, and a callousness toward party appeals, that were appalling to the old-fashioned machine-made and caucus-managed Liberal. Besides, the Tories were coquetting with the social question; there was talk of secret conferences between Tory members and the leaders of the unemployed; flying rumours that London was to be secured for ever to the Tory interest by immense bribes in the way of "bread and circuses."

The parting of the ways between the "Grand Old Party" and the party of progress had come; what was to be done? Why, of course, save the Party (with a big P) at all costs! Let Plunder flourish though the People fall! But the split was so very obvious, that something bold and striking and original must be done. The staid and respectable brigadiers of the Liberal front bench, trained in the scientific and red-tape methods of party warfare, were obviously out of it. Their juniors, those of them who were not mere cogs in the party machine, were too much tainted with the dangerous new ideas to be reliable. But there was one man who filled the bill; others could have been found, no doubt, but he was ready to hand. Ready in all senses; a swashbuckler who had fleshed his sword in many a quarrel; a soldier of fortune who had fought so long on "either which side" that he was case-hardened and conscience-less; whose warfare had always been guerilla-like and irregular, full of ambushes, surprises, and night attacks. Was the plan his, or that of some more astute and far-seeing general who stood behind and prompted him?

However that may be, the plan was entrusted to him to be carried out; and here it is. The assumption underlying all the moves on the political field of battle is that nobody believes anything; except, perhaps, the poor voters, who are never thought of except as mere food for powder, raw material for glory-making, fill-ditches over whose prostrate bodies their astute managers may march to victory. A consequence of that assumption is another, that nothing is real, no movement need mean anything; even if it chance to have any truth and

reality underlying it, one can always manage and manoeuvre that out of existence.

The parting of the ways had come; but could not the ways be brought together again? If only a "leader" could be got, vociferous enough to deafen the crowd and drown the voices of the dangerous men who were leading them away from the Liberal path of political salvation, could not he do a sort of loop-line dodge? Couldn't he tear off at full cry on the line of the "New Departure," howl hosannas to the "New Radicalism," work up the speed until he had the whole crowd of malcontents hurrahing at his heels, and then gradually work around until, before they knew where they were, he had brought them back into the ranks of the Liberal party, and he and they had fallen into line behind the renovated banners of Free Contract and Moralised Capitalism?

He could, and he did—up to the point of bringing them back. Enough time was not allowed for the work. It was getting on beautifully, but there was the threat of a general election being near at hand, and the New Radicalism was still far away from where it was wanted; the loop-line had not yet swung nearly far enough in for the plan to work as it was expected to do. So the curve was prematurely made more acute, and the return hastened too suddenly, with the natural result that there has been a considerable mix—the New Radical train has run off the rails and is churning up the gravel at a great rate—the New Radical crowd is falling all over itself in the effort of some to get on and some to turn aside—you can take your choice of similes, and invent a few more if you like. There is the situation: a Liberal trick to turn the work of the Socialists into material for their own profit and advantage, a trick which has failed and turned upon its authors.

But what of the clever and dashing filibuster who headed the attempt? What of the able editor whose one aim in life was to add another lump of sugar to the washerwoman's tea; who flourished his pen-shillelagh and asked for reactionary skulls to crack; who set up an inky guillotine in the columns of the *Star*, and clamoured for the front-bench heads in a basket; who entreated Oligarchy to come on and be wiped from off the face of the earth; who was ready—in a Pickwickian sense—to go through fire and blood and mud, and several other things, to the rescue of the Democracy; who posed, in short, as a regular old jabberwock of a New Radical, and ranted and raved and tore around like all possessed? Well! of course he is too valuable a tool to be thrown aside because of his one failure. He will still be a big man among Liberals, and sit in the high seat of an elected representative of property and plunder. But his power for evil over the party of the advance has gone. T. P. as the New Radical has departed, after demonstrating once more for our benefit the ingrained treachery and baseness of Parliamentary methods, the hopelessness of expecting anything but evil from political parties, and the paramount necessity of pushing forward the propaganda of principle with all the energy we possess.

DICKY SAM.

CORRESPONDENCE.

MORE BOYCOTTING.

Comrade Edward Leggett writes as follows: I have been discharged from the firm of Browne and Eagle, wool-warehousemen, of Great Alie Street, Whitechapel, for leaving off work at six o'clock on Saturday night. I had previously worked from five o'clock in the morning till eleven o'clock at night on two nights in the week; from six o'clock till ten, two nights; and from eight o'clock till six the Saturday, when we left off work. They wanted us to work till ten; and about twenty men out of a hundred refused to work after six, and paid themselves off. On going to work on the following Monday, I was told I was the leader and the sole cause of the other men knocking off, though I took no active part in it. The result is that I am not to be employed at any of the three warehouses, because I am, as the manager describes me, "a Socialist agitator."

I also was discharged from E. Smith and Co., Princes Square, for advising men not to load while the strike was on at Hay's Wharf. This makes the fourth time I have been discharged for preaching Socialism.

[We know comrade Leggett to be a brave, honest, and sturdy worker in the Socialist cause. His treatment is only another illustration of what the "freedom of labour" is worth.—Eds.]

Great Strike in the Shoe Trade at Norwich.

A strike commenced here on Wednesday. Several thousand hands turned out. A conference between manufacturers and employes has been sitting for some time past to consider the men's demands for a uniform statement of wages as compared with other towns. On Tuesday last was the final sitting of the conference, when the masters agreed to send a list to the men to meet their demands. A large public meeting of the men was held the same evening, the list was read and refused, a resolution calling on all hands to strike-work was carried unanimously, and the men have been turning out each day as they finished up their work, the non-union hands turning out as well as the union hands. From the first outset there was every prospect of a prolonged strike, the employers being stubborn and the men feeling thoroughly equal to a long struggle. Meetings of the men have been held since, and on Saturday last a large meeting was held, when one of the bosses of the union from Leicester, Mr. Inskip, suggested to the men arbitration as a means of settlement, thus making a half-hearted fight and very little gained. To this the men foolishly agreed, except one individual, who had the courage of his convictions to vote against this proposal. Such is the work of trade-union officialism. It remains for us to see what the result will be. Sunday afternoon a large meeting was held in the Market Place; our comrade Mrs. Lahr was present, and spoke from the platform of the local Gas Union Workers. Our comrade pointed out the inefficiency of trade unions, and urged them to go in for taking from the capitalists and landlord class what they had been robbed of, and to be no longer content with submitting to the present system of robbery. A large quantity of literature has been distributed. S.

¹ Much Palaverer, Liberal Party Hack, and Self Seeker.

THE LABOUR STRUGGLE.

Shameful Tyranny in the Post Office.

Government officials are doing their best to introduce Russian despotism into "free and happy England." The last offender is Mr. Raikes, the Postmaster-General. Some time ago one hundred of the men who had attended the meeting of May 16th, were called upon to explain their conduct. They answered unanimously that they considered that, when not on duty, they had exactly the same rights as other citizens. On Wednesday, June 11th, after four weeks' delay, the reply came that they must give a written apology, and undertake not to attend meetings in future. With one accord the men flatly refused. Thereupon sentences were pronounced and put into execution. Some senior men, who have been from twenty-five to thirty years in the service, were deprived of their good conduct stripes, which means a loss of 3s. a-week, and 2s. in addition deducted from their weekly wages, so that 5s. a-week is the total of their loss; some had from three to six days' pay confiscated, and others were suspended and fined, and are to remain suspended until they sign the apology and undertaking as requested. Mr. Raikes acted with suddenness. At the Western and Eastern Central District Offices men were summoned by telegram within a few minutes of the instructions being received by the district postmasters, and within an hour men were being suspended and having the stripes torn off their uniforms. Great excitement ensued. As each victim appeared amongst his fellows he was loudly cheered. So great was the indignation among the men at this cowardly tyranny, that at one post-office at least there was very nearly a strike. We hear, however, from the capitalist press that the "officers of the Postmen's Union" were equal to the occasion, and greatly assisted the Postmaster-General by restoring "order." Work, however, was delayed, and it seemed very probable that at one time there would be a very serious block in the business of the post-office. On Thursday, letters were so delayed in the E.C. district through the irritation of the men, that the general post, which should have left the General Post Office at a quarter past seven to be sent to the district post-office to be delivered by the last post at night, was not sent away till Friday morning. At a meeting held on Sunday night, another "leader" (1), C. A. V. Conybeare, M.P., recommended the men to do the extra duty imposed upon them through the suspension of their comrades, so that "public sympathy" should be alienated from them. By this Mr. Conybeare means middle-class sympathy, but we do not know that the middle-class have shown any yet, judging by the way in which the men have been boycotted in middle-class papers like the *Daily News*. A strike would bring these people to their senses. If the men in the South Dock had listened to their "leader," Mr. Ben Tillett, the great dock strike would never have come off, and I think that if the postmen give too much attention to their "leaders," the moment for action may go by, and they may find themselves in the same position as the tram men, who are now hopeless and helpless slaves beneath the iron yoke of their tyrants.

Sneaking Livesey.

Livesey has once more given the public to understand that there is no depth of meanness to which he is not prepared to descend. The other day this model commercial gentleman was called before the House of Commons Committee, which is hearing evidence with regard to the Bill which has recently been introduced into the House of Capitalists in order to abolish the Watermen's Guild—that is, the lightermen's trade union. This Watermen's Guild is the only one of the mediæval trade unions that is still composed of working men, and it secures to its members the monopoly of navigation upon the river Thames. A large number of capitalists wish to deprive the lightermen of these privileges, to punish them for helping the dockers in the great strike. So they have introduced a Bill into the House of Commons for this purpose. In the gas-stokers' strike the lightermen did not help the strikers, but stood by Livesey, and Livesey admits that if it had not been for their aid he would have certainly been beaten. But how does this mean hound reward them for their help? Why, he recommends the House of Commons to take their privileges away. Now, I have not much sympathy for the lightermen, who deserted the gas-stokers in their hour of trouble, and who have only got the reward they might have expected. But what are we to say of that hypocritical sneak Livesey, who has basely betrayed the men who helped him in his hour of need? Why, that is a disgrace to our common humanity, that such a base, mean, treacherous and cowardly cur is allowed to crawl upon the face of the earth; and the only meaner things than Livesey are those capitalists who make a hero of that kind of vermin which a decent working-man would kick into the kennel. Let Livesey's treachery to the lightermen be a warning to all workmen who may be inclined to fight on the side of the capitalists in future labour battles. Those who are traitors to their brethren may only expect treachery from the rich whom they serve by their treason. They may see now how they will be rewarded for their pains.

"Our Dear Friends the Police."

Monro's resignation is not of much consequence to Socialists. Chief commissioners may come and chief commissioners may go, but police tyranny goes on for ever. Whoever takes Monro's place, it is quite certain that he will be quite as ready to suppress public meetings and processions. But it is certain that Monro's resignation has greatly increased the discontent within the force. Monro has fallen in defence of good pensions for policemen, and the grateful peelers will not forget him. Therefore the agitation among the force is likely to greatly increase, and talk of a strike will grow louder during the next few weeks. Whether it will come to much, remains to be seen.

Liverpool Tailoresses.

These workers came out on strike on June 10th, their demand for two hours per day less work not having been granted by the sweaters. It is only a few weeks ago since the women formed a trades union, so they are largely dependent on outside assistance. Our Liverpool comrades have been among them, contributing both funds and encouragement. By Saturday, seventeen out of fifty-six of the masters had given way, but some five or six of these have gone back on their word. There is every possibility of the women organising themselves into a co-operative society, thereby dispensing with the sweater altogether. In this they are promised assistance from the Liverpool Socialist Society and other organisations. We think this an excellent way of proving to these workers that they can do without their "employers."

H. C.

INTERNATIONAL NOTES.

POLAND.

Whilst the Russian movement directed its chief attention to the Socialist propaganda among the peasants—although a certain amount of propaganda was and is being made among the industrial workers of St. Petersburg, Odessa, etc.—the Polish Socialist movement was based since its beginning on the industrial workers who crowd the growing factory towns of Poland, which is much in advance of Russia in its industrial development. So far as the organised movement is concerned, it underwent great difficulties by the prosecutions of 1884 and 1885, which led to the famous trial of the Socialist party, called the Proletariat, the execution of Bardowski, Kunicki, Pietrusinski, and Ossowski, on Jan. 28, 1886, and the burial of so many others in the Siberian mines and icy deserts. The secret printing presses of the paper *Proletaryat* were then confiscated. It has only just now been possible to establish a new secret press, on which proclamations on the 1st of May and the first number of a paper were printed—namely, *Walka Klas* (The Class Struggle), the organ of the Warsaw Working-men's Committee. We understand that this paper deals with the eight hours and other questions from the Social-Democratic standpoint. Arrests have been made in connection with this mild propaganda. Surely things could not get worse if it took a more revolutionary turn, and told the plain truth instead of bolstering up palliatives. The same may be said of the Marxist propaganda in Russia, too; in spite of the horrors we daily hear about, the palliative and stepping-stones agitation goes on.

NETHERLANDS.

The widow of Multatuli (Douwes Dekker), the author of "Max Havelaar," has just published the first part of the "Letters and Memoirs" of her late husband (155 pp.). Douwes Dekker, it is known, exposed the shameless exploitation and oppression of the Javanese by the Dutch government in his great novel, "Max Havelaar," and in other writings. He was a Socialist, and sacrificed his position to his convictions, living for years in exile; he died in 1887.

AUSTRIA.

All over this country outrageous sentences have been passed on workers who took part in the riots—following the strikes and demonstrations of April and May. In Wadowice (Galicia), thirty-two were sentenced to prison and penal servitude up to two years for taking part in the Biala disturbances, where, as the papers stated with great satisfaction at the time the newly-introduced Mannlicher rifles were tried on the bodies of the workers, quite a number of whom were killed. The middle-class press declared that these rifles acted "splendidly." Other trials took place in Troppau and Olmütz; forty fresh arrests were made at Nürnberg.

SPAIN.

We have received the first part of *Segundo Certamen Socialista* (Second Socialist Prize Competition), Barcelona, 1890. In 1885 the society Centro de Amigos de Reus started a competition for Socialist essays, which were printed in a volume of 580 pages. Last year the Anarchist group "the Eleventh of November," of Barcelona, took the initiative by the circular of June 10, 1889. Seventeen subjects were proposed by various groups of Spain and the Argentine Republic. We note a few: Anarchy, its origin, progress, evolution, etc.; Can human passions be of a detrimental influence in a society which is really free or Anarchist? Advantages or disadvantages to humanity of free love; A novel describing Anarchy or future society (six competed for this prize, and two stories—of R. M. of Seville and M. Burgues of Sabadell—will be printed); On the production and reward of artistic and scientific work under Socialism; Is it necessary that the intellectual revolution should precede the material revolution? Production and consumption under Anarchy; The mission of machinery in future society; The scientific bases of Collectivism; The present duties of the workers; etc. Sixty-three essays were sent in, from Spain, Italy, and Brazil. The prizes were awarded at the 11th of November meeting last year, before an audience of 10,000 workers. The publication of the essay on Anarchy is begun in the part before us.

SWEDEN.

The northern section of the Swedish Socialist party has lately had a Congress at Stockholm. Political tactics was one of the chief debating points, and the result was resolutions in favour of parliamentary action and compromises with advanced bourgeois parties. It sounds hard, but there was really very little of Socialism and revolutionary spirit in the whole proceeding. There seems to be a real lack of independent and advanced thinking among the Stockholm "leaders."

There has been a great strike of mechanics in Stockholm. Though it ended with defeat for the workers it was a most important and gratifying event, because the men went out not for higher wages or shorter hours, but solely because they have been haughtily and arbitrarily treated by their master. From Malmö there is still better news. There was a strike in the building trade, the masters imported blacklegs from another province, and the authorities of Malmö took up the defence of masters and blacklegs in the most outrageous manner. This was too much for the people of Malmö, and they began a series of very energetic demonstrations, ending in violent collisions between the military and police on one side and the unarmed people on the other. Sweden has not witnessed anything similar for the last ten or fifteen years. The workers of Malmö have showed themselves capable of an insurrection, and the world is reminded that the Swedish proletariat, though he may be starved bodily and intellectually, is not enervated by "East-end civilisation." His anger may be slow to rise, but when once aroused it is not likely to cool off before he has destroyed his enemy or been crushed in the attempt.

Srx.

SOUTH AMERICA.

On the 20th of February last a small number of Italian Anarchists, who have been joined by a family of Spanish workers from Gibraltar, started for Porto Alegre, rio Grande do Sul, Brazil, with Dr. Giovanni Rossi, in order to establish there an Anarchist colony, with a view of giving to the propagandists of the cause a practical demonstration of the soundness of Anarchist ideas, and even of aiding the revolutionary agitation in Europe with financial means. These Italian friends have studied for several years, at home, the advantages and the dangers of such an undertaking, and after careful consideration, they resolved to set to work at once. They have promised to give from time to time to our contemporary *La Revolté* a report of their work and progress. We need hardly say that our friends have our best wishes in their bold enterprise.

At Buenos Ayres, on the 2nd of May, the Socialists, answering an invitation of the German revolutionists residing in that city, met in the great hall called "Prado Espanol" and decided, after a long discussion, in which Italian, French, Spanish, and German comrades took part, to constitute, under the name of "Partido operaio Argentino," an international revolutionary Socialist league. The cities of La Plata, Rosario, and Santa Fé have joined in the movement, which shows already signs of certain progress and prosperity.

Besides this general association, the Flemish and Dutch Socialists residing at Buenos Ayres have founded a society for revolutionary propaganda among Flemish and Dutch speaking workers, under the title of "Neder-dutsche Arbeiterclub" (Netherlandish Working-men's Club). V. D.

THE SOCIALIST LEAGUE.

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

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

Branch Subscriptions Paid.—1890:—Leicester and North Kensington, to end of April. Glasgow, Oxford, Hammersmith, North London, East London, 'Commonweal' Branch, Manchester, and Norwich, to end of May. Streatham, to end of December. (Branch Secretaries will please send with remittances for Capitations the number of their membership.)

NEW PREMISES FUND.

Collected at Council meeting, June 16th, 3s. 10d.

"COMMONWEAL" GUARANTEE FUND.

The following further sums have been received towards this fund:—North London Branch (2 weeks), 8s.; B. W., 1s.; H. R., 1s.; 'Commonweal' Branch, 6s. 7d.; A. H. (Norwich), 5s.; D. Nicoll, 6d.; P. Webb, 1s.; Hammersmith Branch, 2s.; C. W. (Ashwell) 1s.; Bines, 1s.; Short Street Meeting, 2s.; W., 6d.; and Glasgow Branch, 5s.

REPORTS.

EAST LONDON.—We held four good meetings this week, but we want more assistance from comrades. At Hoxton Church on Friday night we had opposition, which is a rarity to-day; a workman of the Rip Van Winkle type wanted to know how we manage to exist without the help of our enemy, the capitalist. At Union Street on Sunday, we have to record with satisfaction additions to our list of speakers in comrades Leach and Leggatt, who held an enthusiastic meeting; collected 2s. for 'Anarchist Labour Leaf'; sold 18 'Weals' and some pamphlets. At Hoxton Church on Sunday morning and Victoria Park in the afternoon, comrades Marsh and Davis held excellent meetings; 36 'Weals' sold.—H. McK.

NORTH KENSINGTON.—Sunday morning we held a good meeting at Latimer Road; speakers were Dean, Crouch, and Saint; fair sale of 'Weals'. On Sunday afternoon we had an excursion to Kingston-on-Thames, where we held a big meeting at the Market Place; speakers were Coulon, Crouch, Tochatti, and several members of the Shop Assistant's Union; good sale of 'Weals' and of Morris's pamphlet 'Monopoly'.—M. S.

NORTH LONDON.—At Hyde Park on Saturday, Nicoll, Cantwell, and Stevenson spoke; many questions and some opposition, which so excited our audience that they formed groups all around the place and discussed Socialism with great vigour. On Sunday morning we held a splendid meeting, addressed by Cantwell, Nicoll, Mrs. Schack, and Edwards; the speakers were all in good form, and the audience showed their appreciation by subscribing 7s. 1d. and purchasing 65 'Weals' and 3s. worth of pamphlets. In Hyde Park Sunday afternoon, Cantwell and Miss Lupton addressed a good meeting; 'Weals' sold out. We have sold 120 'Weals' this week.—T. C.

SOUTH LONDON.—Last week we had two splendid meetings. On Wednesday, at Short Street, New Cut, which is as bad as any slum in the East-end, addressed by Cores, Miss Lupton, and Casey ('Freedom Group'). On Sunday we had another splendid meeting, addressed by Wright, Miss Lupton, and Casey. Great enthusiasm shown by the people at both meetings; good sale of 'Weals'.

ABERDEEN.—At Castle Street on Saturday night a large meeting was addressed by comrades Aiken, Rennie, W. Cooper, and Leatham—the latter replying to quite a shoal of intelligent questions at the close. At indoor meeting on Sunday night Leatham delivered the first of a series of lectures by him on "Sweetness and Light"—being an expository criticism of the Gospel According to Matthew Arnold: there was an excellent attendance, especially of strangers.—L.

BRAINTREE (Essex).—Comrade Mowbray visited this district on Saturday and Sunday last, and met with a splendid reception. Good meetings were held on Saturday night and on Sunday morning and afternoon; large audiences at each meeting. 89 *Commonweal*, 3s. 9d. worth of pamphlets, and 13s. 2d. collected for propaganda—this I am sure all comrades will admit is marvellous for so small a place, and does great credit to the efforts of comrade Fuller, who intends to open up Halstead, Bocking, Witham, and other towns in the district. The branch now numbers 22 already. F. Kitz will visit Braintree on Sunday week.

GLASGOW.—We had a visit last Sunday from comrade John Smith, of Edinburgh, whose sturdy vernacular addresses at Jail Square and Paisley Road Toll kept us good audiences, despite the rain. Joe Burgoyne and Glasier also spoke. *Commonweals* sold out.

EDINBURGH—SCOTTISH SOCIALIST FEDERATION.—We held a good meeting on Sunday afternoon at Leith; comrades Hamilton, Bell, and Pearson were the speakers. In the evening we encountered opposition, for the first time on the Meadows, from a member of the Trades Council, who ridiculed Socialism and was cock-sure it would never be realised. Comrade Hamilton very soon disposed of him. Bell, Davidson, and Mackenzie also spoke.

LIVERPOOL SOCIALIST SOCIETY.—On Sunday we held two meetings at the Landing Stage, there being a good attendance at both. Reeves, Chapman, and Balfour addressed those present; some weak opposition from the Christian Evidence Society. A large meeting was held on Monday in the Haymarket; comrades Chapman, junr., and Parker, of London, were the speakers. Good sale of *Commonweal* and literature at all meetings.

NOTTINGHAM SOCIALIST CLUB.—On Sunday, June 8, Frank Kitz, of London, addressed two open-air meetings for the Club; they were the largest meetings we have held in Nottingham for some time. On June 15th our comrade Raymond Unwin, of Chesterfield, gave two open-air addresses to good audiences. The members of the club are arranging for the conference of Midland Socialists, which takes place at this club on Sunday June 29th. There is a desire to form a Midland Socialist Federation, for the interchange of speakers and for spreading Socialism in the midland districts where there are not any recognised Socialist societies. Comrades will be present from Sheffield, Chesterfield, Clay Cross, Derby, Newark, Long Eaton, Leicester, Walsall. The Nottingham Branch S.D.F. will also be present. Good work may be done in the midlands if we can arrange a good plan of organisation. We shall hold a large demonstration in the Market Place in the evening on Sunday next, June 22; comrade Carless, of Walsall will give two open-air addresses.

LECTURE DIARY

LONDON.

Battersea.—All communications to E. Burtess, 15, Tavistock Street, Battersea Park Road.

Commonweal Branch.—24 Great Queen Street, Holborn, W.C. Tuesdays, Singing Practice. Thursdays, Business meeting. Saturdays, Social Gathering. Sunday June 22, at 8, Comrade Neilson (Freedom Group), a Lecture.

East London.—Meeting of members will be held at 12 Basing Place, Kingsland Road, at 7.30 p.m., on Sunday June 22nd.

Hammersmith.—Kelmescott House, Upper Mall, W. Sunday June 22, at 8 p.m., a Lecture. French Class conducted by Mlle. Desroches on Friday evenings at 7.30.

Mitcham.—"Lord Napier," Fair Green. Meets every Sunday at 12.30, to entroll members, etc.

North Kensington.—Clarendon Coffee Palace, Clarendon Road. Meets every Wednesday at 8 p.m. The branch Band meets every Friday at 8 p.m. for practice. Comrades wishing to join to give in their names to the Instructor at the above address.

North London.—6 Windmill Street, Tottenham Court Road. Meets every Wednesday evening at 8 o'clock.

Streatham.—Address secretary, R. Smith, 1 Natal Road, Streatham. **Whitechapel and St. Georges-in-the-East.**—Branch meetings at International Club, 40 Berner Street, Commercial Road. J. Turner, organising secretary.

PROVINCES.

Aberdeen.—Organiser, J. Leatham, 7 Jamaica Street. Branch meets in Hall, 9 Harriet Street, on Sunday evenings at 6.30. Singing practice, etc., in Odd-fellows' Small Hall, Crooked Lane, Mondays at 8 p.m.

Braintree.—Meetings held alternate Saturdays, at 8 p.m., and Sundays, 11 and 2.30, at the fountain, Market Place. Business meetings, Wednesdays at 8. All communications to W. Fuller, 74 Manor Street. Saturday and Sunday, June 28 and 29, F. Kitz will speak.

Glasgow.—Members are invited to meet on Thursday and Sunday evenings, at 8 o'clock, in the Secretary's house, 250 Crown Street, S.S. All communications to be sent to that address.

Halifax.—Socialists meet every Sunday at 6.30 p.m. at Helliwell's Temperance Hotel, Northgate.

Leeds.—Clarendon Buildings, Victoria Road, School Close. Open every evening. Business meeting Saturdays at 8 p.m.

Leicester.—Exchange Buildings, Rutland Street. Branch meets on Monday, Thursday, and Saturday at 8 p.m.

Manchester.—Socialist League Club, 60 Grosvenor Street, All Saints. Open every evening. Branch weekly meeting on Tuesdays at 8.

Norwich.—Members' meet at 23 Rose Yard, St. Augustines, Tuesday at 8.30.

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

Sheffield.—Socialist Club, 63 Blunk Street. French Class, Tuesday at 8.30. Discussion Class, Wednesday at 8.30. Open-air meetings are held as follows:—

Sunday: Monolith, at 11.30; College Yard, Rotherham, at 3; Westbar Pump, at 8. Monday: The Cross, at 7; Handsworth Woodhouse, at 7. Wednesday: Corner of Nursery Street, at 7.30. Thursday: Corner of Bramall Lane and Hereford Street, at 7.30.

Walsall.—Socialist Club, 18 Goodall Street, Walsall. Meetings every night.

Yarmouth.—Socialist League Club, 56 Row, Market Place. Open every evening. Business Meeting Tuesdays at 8 p.m. Elocution Class Friday at 8.30 p.m. Discussion Class Sunday 3 p.m.

OPEN-AIR PROPAGANDA.

SATURDAY 21.

7 Hyde Park Kitz
7 Mile-end Waste Brookes and Leggatt
7 Stratford—back of Church Cores and Mrs. Lahr

SUNDAY 22.

11 Commercial Road—Union Street Leggatt and Mrs. Lahr
11 Latimer Road Station North Kensington Branch
11.30 Hammersmith Bridge Hammersmith Branch
11.30 Hoxton Church Davis
11.30 Kilburn—"Old Plough," Kilburn Lane Kitz
11.30 Mitcham—Fair Green The Branch
11.30 New Cut—Short Street Holloway and Miss Lupton
11.30 Regent's Park Brookes and Nicoll
3.30 Hyde Park—Marble Arch The Branch
3.30 Streatham Common The Branch
3.30 Victoria Park The Branch
7 Hammersmith Bridge Hammersmith Branch
7 Wormwood Scrubs North Kensington Branch
7.30 Mitcham Fair Green The Branch
8 Walham Green—back of Church Hammersmith Branch

WEDNESDAY 25.

8 New Cut—Short Street Cores and Holloway

FRIDAY 27.

8 Camden Town—Cobden Statue Nicoll and Cantwell
8.15 Hoxton Church Kitz and Mowbray

PROVINCES.

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

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

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

Liverpool.—Landing Stage, Sundays at 11.30 a.m. and 3 p.m.

Manchester.—Saturday: Middleton market ground, at 7 p.m. Sunday: Philips Park Gates, at 11; Stevenson Square, at 3. Monday: Market Street, Blackley, at 8.

Norwich.—Sunday: Market Place at 3 and 7.30.

Yarmouth.—Sunday: Priory Plain, at 11; Bradwell, 11.30; Colman's Granary Quay, at 7.

NATIONAL FEDERATION OF ALL TRADES.—The Hammersmith branch will hold a meeting at Hammersmith Bridge on Sunday June 22, at 11.30.

THE ANNUAL EXCURSION of United Socialist Bodies of London to Epping Forest (Robin Hood) will take place on Sunday, July 20. Particulars next week.

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

NEW MANHOOD SUFFRAGE LEAGUE, "Three Doves," Berwick St., Soho, W.—Lectures discontinued until August. Public Meeting on Sunday July 6, at 8.30 p.m. Speeches by members.

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

SOCIALIST LEAGUE PUBLICATIONS.

Leaflets.

The following are now on hand—Price per thousand :

Straight Talk to Working Men ...	4 0
Strikes and the Labour Struggle ...	3 0
Labour the source of all Wealth ...	3 0
To Working Women and Girls ...	3 0
What Socialists Want ...	3 0
Socialism and "Public Opinion" ...	2 0
Songs for the Workers (2 leaflets)—each	2 0
The Skeleton or Starvation Army ...	2 0

American Literature.

A few remainders—

Wealth Creation (Mongreidin). Cloth ...	3 6
Problem of Labour and Education (Karoli). Cloth ...	1 6
Christian Missions. Cloth ...	1 0
Labour Capital (Kellogg) ...	1 0
Plutarch's Lives of Famous Men ...	1 0
A History of the Trial of the Chicago Anarchists (Dyer Lum) ...	1 0
Speeches of the Chicago Anarchists ...	1 0
Modern Christianity v. Heathenism ...	0 9
Scholar in a Republic (Wendell Philipps) ...	0 8
Socialism (by Starkweather and Wilson) ...	0 6
The Great Strike: the Irrepressible Conflict between Capital and Labour ...	0 4
What is Freedom? When am I Free? ...	0 4
The Railway Kings and an American Empire ...	0 2
Object of the Labour Movement ...	0 2

MISCELLANEOUS.

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

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

THE INDIVIDUALIST.

A LIBERAL AND REFORM JOURNAL, ADVOCATING SOCIAL REGENERATION AND INDUSTRIAL EMANCIPATION.

Devoted to the rational exposition of the Philosophy of Freedom—mental, moral, and physical; social, industrial, and sexual. Commands the pens of the best writers in America on these subjects.

Sixteen pages, 2 dollars per year. Trial subscription, three months, 50 cents. Each yearly subscriber will receive a copy of Mr. Stuart's book, 'Natural Rights, Natural Liberty, and Natural Law.'

Address, F. Q. Stuart, Editor and Proprietor, 1653 Blake Street, Denver, Colorado.



PRICE EIGHTPENCE.

"COMMONWEAL" MANAGER, 24 GREAT QUEEN STREET, LINCOLN'S INN FIELDS, LONDON, W.C.

MONOPOLY:

OR, HOW LABOUR IS ROBBED.



A New Pamphlet

BY WILLIAM MORRIS.

Sixteen pages, ONE PENNY; by post, 1½d.

COMMONWEAL OFFICE, 24 Great Queen Street, W.C.

A SHORT ACCOUNT OF THE COMMUNE OF PARIS.

BY E. B. BAX, VICTOR DAVE, and WILLIAM MORRIS.

Price Twopence.

Commonweal Office, 24 Great Queen Street, Lincoln's Inn Fields, London, W.C.

THE SOLIDARITY OF LABOUR

A DRAWING

BY WALTER CRANE.

On fine toned paper, suitable for framing.

Sent in cardboard protector, post free, 5d. Per dozen, 2s.; by post, 2s. 3d.

Commonweal Office, 24 Great Queen Street, Lincoln's Inn Fields, London, W.C.

TRUE AND FALSE SOCIETY.

BY WILLIAM MORRIS.

One Penny.

Special terms to Trade and Branches.

Commonweal Office, 24 Great Queen Street, Lincoln's Inn Fields, London, W.C.

LA REVOLTE

ORGANE COMMUNISTE-ANARCHISTE.

One Penny weekly; by post, 1½d.

24 Great Queen Street, London, W.C.

NEW AND CHEAPER EDITION.

A DREAM OF JOHN BALL

AND

A KING'S LESSON.

BY WILLIAM MORRIS.

12mo, 143 pp. 1s.; post free, 1s. 2d.

Commonweal Office, 24, Great Queen Street, Lincoln's Inn Fields, London, W.C.

STATEMENT OF PRINCIPLES.

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

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

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

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

Thus, while we abide by the old motto

Liberty, Fraternity, Equality,

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

We add to the first motto then this other one—

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

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

COUNCIL OF THE SOCIALIST LEAGUE.

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