

# THE COMMONWEAL

## The Official Journal of the SOCIALIST LEAGUE.

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WEEKLY; ONE PENNY.

### SOCIALISM TO-DAY.

Six years ago we could not foretell how Socialist propaganda would fare in this country—whether it would at the outset provoke fierce antagonism and repressive measures from the privileged classes against us, or whether it would be reckoned as of no little account, or of such visionary aim, that few would care to trouble themselves about us.

It is pleasant now to know that our propaganda has so far escaped both those fates, and that in quite a marvellous way it has converted men and women of all classes, and has become a formidable and threatening power against the existing order of things almost without encountering serious resistance or repression. Useless conflict with the authorities over trivial matters of tactics, the wholesale discharge of workmen for participating in propaganda work, general ostracism in social and commercial life—those and many other pains and penalties, which most of us then in the movement expected would be rife if our cause achieved much success or publicity, have been comparatively rare.

It is true that several tragic incidents, such as the Trafalgar Square murders and a goodly number of fine and imprisonment cases, have accompanied our efforts; but considering the extreme character of our teaching, its total and unequivocal subversiveness of every existing privilege and power, and remembering also the brutal treatment meted to our comrades in Continental countries, we must frankly admit that our career has been singularly free from many of the difficulties and dangers which we beforehand considered we would have to face and overcome. We are not, of course, out of the wood yet—far indeed from it—so we must not holloa; but we have, at least, passed almost unscathed one of its most perilous thickets. So far as we have yet gone we have had more fun than fighting, and have spilt more money than blood. Our enemies, too conceited perhaps of their own strength and our weakness, and too busily engaged in over-reaching and plundering each other, have allowed us to pass into and establish ourselves in a portion of their territory which they can never regain, and draw a vast number of their followers to our banner who will never desert us.

But a danger lies ahead, which, if we be not wary, will mar our further progress, and probably make all our efforts of no avail for long years. It is: that our enemies, seeing they cannot now undo our success, affect to favour it, and are attempting to so magnify the advantages of our triumph that we and their own disaffected followers may rest satisfied with the little that has been done, or is about to be done, and cease striving for more. They are, in fact, attempting to exploit Socialism as they exploit all other useful and good effort. This is apparent from the drift of all recent political utterances. Socialists are being patted on the back, and told that they are not altogether bad fellows, that they mean well, and that many of their ideas can be put into practice with advantage to everybody. Politicians are vying with each other in hastening to legalise the scraps and fringes of Socialistic propaganda; and as things are at present going on we shall have at no distant date a Parliament of Socialist-Radicals, with Sir William Harcourt or John Morley at its head, using the blessed name of Socialism to cover a mass of ill-reasoned and utterly futile legislation.

Never, therefore, was it more imperative than it is now that the true and complete aim of Socialism should be held before the people's eyes. Never was it more the bounden duty of Socialists to refuse to identify their principles with any mere passing political or mere trades union struggle. Loudly and more loudly should it be proclaimed that Socialism is not peace but war to Capitalism and class ascendancy, and that by no conceivable jugglery of names or masking of features can any form of Capitalism be made tolerable to us.

Perhaps in our anxiety to win the sympathy of timorous and unimaginative people, we have too frequently associated our ideal with the proposals of those who desire to make the existing system less patently brutal and less unendurable, and may be our teaching in future will appear somewhat vindictive in these people's eyes. Perhaps, also, many Opportunist Socialists, strong in the confidence of their own faithfulness and in their conviction that Socialism cannot be kept back, will regard us as somewhat doctrinaire and intolerant. But, surely, it is sufficient for us to say that our vision becomes clearer

with the dawn, and that the nearer we approach the time of achievement the more certain and definite should be our aim. We do not say that all men are knaves or fools who do not see as we see; but we do say that we certainly would be knaves or fools if we said we saw otherwise than we do. And we see now that everything that tends to appease the people's discontent, everything that entices them aside from direct revolutionary effort, is wrong, and it is our duty at all times to say that it is wrong. We are not compelled to equivocate; we have no "authorisation," divine or human, to teach what we do not believe; and it is the most repulsive egotism on our part to assume that we can better serve the cause by becoming hypocrites than remaining honest men.

The seaman who knew from his chart that a certain land lay not far distant across the mid-ocean, and who from fear of the ignorance and cowardice of his fellows pretended it lay by some circuitous and apparently pleasanter route, but where he knew were many hazardous straits and barren and pestilential islands, would not be more culpable than we, who, seeing Communism certain of attainment right ahead of us, if we go forward bravely and patiently, should yet pretend that it would be better to turn aside to innumerable Parliamentary devices, and that we ought to rest awhile on this and that little barren measure of reform, losing uselessly many valuable years and countless lives.

There is no dearth of Opportunists in the world, and there is little likelihood of a dearth in the immediate future. We shall always have more than enough of "practical men" eager to perform the duty of camp-followers to our movement—pretty far in the rear. We know, too, that these people will reap the first fruits of our efforts, just as the crows that follow the ploughshare alight on the furrows and feast on the fresh upturning of the soil. Let them do so—perhaps they are fulfilling some humble function in the eternal economy of human progress; but let us, regardless of all these little things, do what alone we can do honestly and without misgiving, preach Socialism, and endeavour to achieve *it and nothing else*. The chief difficulty we have to overcome is the cowardice of the people, and if we would teach them to act bravely we must act bravely ourselves. We can only hasten the Revolution by marching boldly towards it.

J. BRUCE GLASIER.

### SCENES FROM THE FRENCH REVOLUTION.

#### IV.

#### THE WOMEN AT VERSAILLES.

It is about three in the afternoon as the women climb the last hill on the road to Versailles. Before them lie the town and the royal chateau and its splendid grounds, the glories of which are dimmed and obscured in the mist and rain of the drizzling day. Here Maillard halts and harangues them once again. The burden of his oration is still the same, the necessity for a pacific attitude, for from the town of Versailles comes the sound of tumult and alarm; drums are beating loudly the troops and Nationals together, and it is evident that they are mustering to repel the advancing army of female insurrectionists. "Let us, then," says the wise Maillard, "advance peacefully; let our cannon be put to the rear, and as we march forward singing Royalist songs and shouting 'Live the King!'" His advice is acted upon, and soon all the people of Versailles, who crowd to see, behold these women drenched to the skin by rain and worn out by their long and weary march, advancing and singing "Vive la Henri Quatre" (Live Henry the IV.), varying the singing of this Royalist air by shouts of "Live the King!" The Versailles people reply by shouts of "Vivent les Parisiennes!" (The Paris women for ever).

But all is hurry and bustle in Versailles. Body guards, dragoons, the Flanders regiment, and Versailles National Guards are drawn up outside the palace gates. The Royalist officers are very nervous and very repentant concerning the Opera House orgie. The Versailles National Guards have lost a commander, for royalist Count de Estaing has gone; other Royalists, who are rallying round the chateau, are plotting flight and civil war. Major Lecointre now commands, a linen-draper by trade, a valiant man for all that, and who has already

run the risk of assassination at the hands of a Royalist bully on account of his devotion to the popular cause. The members in the Assembly are indeed very uncomfortable; the debate drags wearily, for rumour is growing more like reality. And now sounds of disorder, shouts, and cries are heard at the doors, and in burst a crowd of women, some fifteen in number, Maillard having great difficulty in persuading the others to stop back. Maillard then addresses the Assembly concerning the plots of the Royalists and the scarcity of bread, which he declares is kept from Paris by greedy monopolists and intriguing aristocrats. It is decided at last by the Assembly to send a deputation, headed by President Mounier, to represent to the King the "afflicting condition of Paris," and also to demand the acceptance of the "Rights of Man" which the King has refused to sanction.

When Mounier gets out he finds the broad open space between the Assembly and palace is covered by a hungry and desperate crowd, armed with rusty pikes and muskets, and ironshod clubs with swords and knife-blades bound upon them, altogether a formidable assemblage. The Body-guards are busy doing their utmost to irritate the people by spurring up and down, dispersing groups in true Trafalgar Square fashion, and are followed everywhere by hissing and hooting. Directly Mounier gets outside he is immediately surrounded by women, who all want to form a deputation to the King. Twelve are selected, and Mounier marches on, a respectable man in a very uncomfortable position, for the fierce haggard pikemen of St. Antoine insist upon escorting him, and he runs a risk of being taken for a leader of advancing insurrection. Nay, this really happens; for the Body-guards charge upon them and scatter or upset them in the mud.

The deputation at last get together and enter the palace. Five women are even graciously admitted to the royal presence. They are received very courteously by His Majesty. The spokeswoman of the deputation, Louison Chabray, a flower-girl of the Palais Royal, faints away and is caught in the royal arms. The deputation are sent back with gracious "promises" that the King will do his utmost to make bread plentiful. They return to the crowd shouting "Live the King and his house!" But the crowd does not credit the glowing promises; they are wet, cold, and hungry, and have not been admitted to the royal presence. The messengers are accused of treason, especially Louison Chabray, who has been reclining in the King's arms. She is seized by two desperate Amazons, very nearly strangled with their garters, twisted into a rope for the purpose, and is rescued with difficulty by the several bystanders. The others are sent back for a written order which shall secure a plentiful supply of bread in Paris.

Scarcely have they gone when another deputation is formed, probably to look after the last, with Brunout, a Parisian National Guard at their head. They advance to the gates of the chateau, but are immediately set upon by the Body-guards, headed by a lieutenant, M. de Savonnières, and are dispersed with great brutality. Brunout is pursued with drawn sabres by the lieutenant and two others, who evidently mean to murder him. Savonnières is just raising a sabre to cut him down, but the Versailles National Guard can stand it no longer; shots are fired at the Royalist murderer, and his right arm falls broken with a musket ball. Brunout is saved, but fierce cries go up from the crowd. The three pieces of cannon brought from Paris stand loaded with grape, and pointed towards the palace gates; lit matches are applied to them, but the touch-holes are wet with rain, and they will not go off. At the same moment voices are heard to cry, "Stop! it is not yet time!" The Body-guards fall back upon the gates of the chateau, and venture no more among the crowd.

And now Théroigne de Mericourt and the prettiest among the women are busy among the dragoons and Flanders regiment, and with soft words, embraces, and kisses, get them to promise they will be good patriots and will not fire upon the people; in proof of which good intentions they exchange cartridges with the National Guards.

But darkness is creeping over the agitated scene. Major Lecointre, who has been busy receiving professions of friendship for the popular cause from the Flanders regiment, the dragoons, Swiss, and even the body-guards, now approaches the Parisians, and is met by twelve delegates standing by their levelled cannon, the mouths of the cannon pointing towards Lecointre, while burning matches, ready for firing, light up the gloom. Lecointre asks them in the name of their brothers of Versailles what they desire. One unanimous shout greets him of "Bread and the end of these troubles!" He inquires how many there are of them. They reply "Six hundred." "Well, will six hundred loaves be enough for their most pressing needs?" They reply "Yes." Lecointre then goes to the municipality, which is an unreformed one, with monarchical leanings, and the municipality replies "That it cannot furnish the bread, but will two tons of rice do?" To this Lecointre agrees; but he receives from the municipality an hour or so after—the reply that it cannot find the rice and has dissolved itself, and Major Lecointre had better do what he can.

While these exciting scenes occur outside, there is panic and confusion in the court. Mounier is kicking his heels there waiting for the King to accept the articles of constitution concerning the rights of man; while the King does not know whether to accept or to take the advice of the court party, headed by her majesty the Queen, and fly. Experiments are tried in this direction; some carriages are sent out, but are always driven back by Lecointre's Nationals.

The night increases in gloom, and the rain is falling in heavier showers. The wet and weary Nationals receive orders from their commander, the Count d'Estaing, who has come out from the chateau on purpose. This is done with a view to clear them out of the way for the King's escape; but they sturdily refuse to go till the Body-guards retreat. Orders are then sent to the Body-guards to retire, which order

they obey, but the people throng upon them, hooting and hissing. They respond by firing upon both people and National Guards, which firing is replied to by a smart volley from the other side; and the Body-guards retreat confusedly behind the palace gates, out of the reach of the bullets of the people and the Nationals.

But the National Guard is unfortunately short of ammunition, and dreads more treacherous attacks from these traitorous Royalists. Ammunition must be had somehow, and a lieutenant of Nationals in desperation clutches the commandant of artillery, and, putting a pistol at his head, threatens to blow his brains out, if no ammunition is forthcoming. They are then supplied with powder and ball in abundance.

In the meantime, the people have got hold of a Body-guard, M. de Moucheton of the Scotch company, whom they are handling very roughly, and are about to submit to summary execution, when he is rescued by some Nationals. His horse, however, killed by a musket-shot, is roasted at a huge fire; but the people are so hungry that they cannot wait till it is done, and they tear the nearly raw flesh from the bones and devour it greedily.

But the rain, which is now falling in torrents, drives away the crowd. The troops and Nationals are also withdrawn, but not till Lecointre has posted strong patrols at every gate of the palace, who during the night again prevent the royal carriages from escaping. As for the people, they seek shelter in barracks and stables, and many of them, with the mass of the women, in the hall of the Assembly. Here they occasionally interrupt the proceedings of that august assembly with shouts of "Bread! bread! Not so many long speeches!" The Assembly is waiting for Mounier—who is waiting for the King to make up his mind—as to whether he will accept the articles of the constitution or run away. But the waiting is a long job, and the Assembly, finding Mounier does not come, adjourns and leaves the people in possession of the parliament house. Soon after they adjourn, the King, finding that escape is impossible, owing to the vigilance of Lecointre's patrols, signs the articles, and Mounier returns in triumph, to find a new parliament installed. For the women have started one of their own. A big fish-woman has possession of the bell and president's chair, and they are passing decrees which send the whole assembly into roars of laughter. They give way to Mounier quietly enough, though some want to know whether the acceptance of the rights of man will give bread to the poor folks in Paris. Others cry piteously, "We have eaten nothing; we are very hungry." Mounier orders provisions to be fetched from the bakehouses, and at the same time convokes the Assembly by beat of drum.

Provisions are brought, and the women feast merrily. While they eat they chat familiarly with Mounier. "My dear president," says one, "why did you defend that villainous veto? Mind the lanterne!" A word of warning which Mounier took to heart by getting out of the country soon after this insurrection. While the feasting is going on, honourable members come flocking in. News has now arrived that Lafayette is coming, and in order to fill up the time till his arrival, they start a discussion on the penal code: a discussion that is not very interesting, and is frequently interrupted by the women with cries of "Make that chatterbox hold his tongue! That is not the question: what we want is bread. Let's hear our little darling Mirabeau." But Mirabeau was sulky and would not speak. The revolution was going too far; as a moderate politician, he did not approve of feminine insurrections.

But Lafayette is steadily approaching. The march is slow, for the fat shopkeepers who form the bulk of the force, do not get along very rapidly. Lafayette also wastes time in halting for continual harangues, and the administration of oaths of fidelity to the King. At last, however, he reaches Versailles, glances at the Assembly, and is then ushered into the chateau and sees the King, to whom he presents the demands of the Parisians, which are as follows: That bread be found for Paris; that the King be guarded by the French Guards; that political prisoners have judges sent them; and finally, that his majesty come and live in Paris. The King agrees to all but the latter point, on which he reserves his decision. Lafayette withdraws, stationing guards for the night. The National Guards are left to the hospitality of Versailles, and seek shelter and sleep where they can, in spare beds, churches, barracks, and coffee-houses. Quiet settles in Versailles, and it seems likely to Lafayette and his friends, who retire to bed about five o'clock in the morning, that all may end well.

D. J. NICOLL.

(The following is a complete list of articles which have appeared in the 'Commonweal' on the French Revolution during 1889-90—*"Storming the Bastille,"* No. 183, July 13th; *"Foulon to the Lanterne,"* No. 184, July 20th; *"The Chateaux in Flames,"* Nos. 187 and 188, Aug. 10th and 17th.—*"The Men of the Revolution"*—1. Mirabeau and Robespierre; 2. Danton and Marat; Nos. 203 and 204, Nov. 30th and Dec. 7th.—*"Scenes from the French Revolution"*—1. Paris after the Fall of the Bastille—The Veto; 2. The Black Cockades; 3. The Revolt of the Women—have appeared in Nos. 208, 214, and 232; January 4th, February 15th, and June 21. All these Numbers can still be had.)

EDINBURGH—SCOTTISH SOCIALIST FEDERATION.—We held a good meeting on the Meadows on Sunday; comrades Leslie, Smith, Hamilton, Davidson, and Mackenzie all spoke.—W. D. T.

## CORRESPONDENCE.

## "HOW TO WIN LANCASHIRE."

COMRADES.—The surpassing *naivete* of "E. H. P." on this subject is too delicious. I wouldn't like to be guilty of damping his enthusiasm or shocking his simple faith, but it is evident our comrade is too much in earnest to make it fair that he should continue under a stupendous hallucination like his, as to the child's-play of provincial organisation. It is as easy to establish branches as to catch birds—by salting their tails. I should know somewhat of the *modus operandi* in general, and of organising in the Cotton County in particular. In the Lancaster district, for instance, we forced affiliations some years ago—when my splendid friend, Rev. E. P. Hall, and our late lamented comrade Rev. Sharman, led the van—like mushrooms, precisely on the programme sketched by "E. H. P." And the length of their existence carried out the simile. For weeks and weeks, hard running, last year, our hearty young comrades of the Manchester Branch of the League pegged heroically away at Middleton, etc. But never a sign of a branch. The Social Democratic Federation is, of course, far stronger in Lancashire than the League; their best efforts have been addressed to nearly every one of the towns mentioned by "E. H. P." I formed a branch on my first visit to Barrow-in-Furness of thirty strong, out of a sympathetic meeting of over two thousand strikers, etc. Never been heard of since. I left a couple of embryo Internationals behind at Hastings and Bechill; result ditto. Corresponding secretaries and collections for expenses are invariably and alike precarious matters. The amount of propaganda, and the extent of self-denial continually made by our Lancashire friends, would stupefy "E. H. P." The harvest is great, but the labourers are few and not always happy at their work. I find that the only stability, even in existing branches, is absolutely owing to the strong personality and energy of one or two of their members. The principles are soaking slowly through our Palatinate; but the masses fight shy of organisation. Possibly the main secrets of our indifferent progress in Lancashire are our lack of a local "gradely" Labour paper, and our distance from the revolutionary centre. Lately two of the Manchester papers—*Examiner* (Unionist Liberal) and the *Pendleton Reporter* (Independent)—have opened their columns to Socialistic correspondence. "Nunquam," of the *Sunday Chronicle*, has also for the last year or two nobly played the part of Socialist Messiah hereabouts, and he is widely read; but, of course, his Socialism is philosophic and sentimental—not "practical," don't you know. What we want—a want that is *not* local—is, of course, sinews of war, plenty of advertisement, and a few smart speakers whose livelihood could be secured them while touring the shire, and against victimisation; which, after all, is the fox at our vitals.

Yours, etc.,

LEONARD HALL.

4, West Craven Street, Salford, June 14, 1890.

COMRADE.—In your issue of June 14, a correspondent, "E. H. P.," furnishes some statistical information with a view to showing "how to win Lancashire" for the Cause. By way of reply, I shall give some particulars of what the Manchester Branch is doing to accomplish that most desirable object. I may state that it has been in existence now about eighteen months, and is the only S. L. organisation in Lancashire. It is more easy to draw up a system and explain how it *may* be carried out than to take one's coat off and settle down to the work of putting it in practice. To work all the towns in this district would require a very large array of speakers, competent to popularise our principles, which unfortunately have yet to be found or manufactured. But not being so equipped, the best thing to do is to make the best possible use of the few we have got. This the Manchester Branch is doing to the utmost. The usual meetings, which are kept up in season and out of season, are three each week. Some time ago, Blackley, a small manufacturing town of about 10,000, has been visited on Monday nights by our speakers. To all appearance the people are as full of hopeless ignorance, as we know them to be, of State Churchism and Toryism. On each occasion a rather boisterous opposition was developed, and a local paper has given copious reports of what has taken place. We are determined on fighting out the opposition and getting a firm hold on the place. Many sympathisers we have already, and our visits furnish the inhabitants with matter for discussion in factory, workshop, and tavern till the next meeting. On Saturday nights, Middleton, another factory town, is visited, and a very attentive hearing is obtained, whilst lengthy discussions, arising out of questions put to the speakers, form a feature of the propaganda in this place. The chief difficulty in the way of forming a branch is the fear of being marked or losing their job which people in these small towns display.

Bolton, a rather large centre of the cotton industry, where a branch of Socialists once flourished, has also been taken in hand. Meetings are now held every evening, which a speaker from Manchester goes over to address. *Commonweal* here sells well, and great interest is taken in the propaganda by the people who attend. There are four S.D.F. Branches in Lancashire, which work these meetings mostly among themselves, though of late our speakers have been invited and spoken at Rochdale, and arrangements are being made with the branches at Darwen and Blackburn. The Liverpool Socialists, who are making great progress, interchange speakers regularly with Manchester. We are now arranging with some comrades at Heywood and at Hyde, each about ten miles off, to start weekly meetings.

With more workers, it would be easy to largely extend the propaganda. Truly, the harvest is ready, but the labourers are few.

When anyone at all likely to be able to assist in the work is found or comes amongst us, he does not remain idle for want of asking; and if "E. H. P." wishes to give a hand in carrying out his ideas, which we have all along been working at, we shall be gladly welcomed. The Manchester Club is easily found.

Now to what was done last week. A large and most enthusiastic meeting was held on Sunday, June 15, in Manchester, at which Parker (of London), Parkinson, Bailie, Strange, and Stockton spoke. It was organised by our Branch in view of the forthcoming Stanley visit. The following resolution was unanimously passed: "That we, citizens of Manchester, in mass meeting assembled, recognising that H. M. Stanley's invasion of Central Africa has brought death and destruction upon the natives, and that the object of his mission is to introduce into those regions the system of commercialism, which means the economic slavery of the workers of this country, the only benefit of which will be to the speculating capitalists, who can no longer make large profits out of British labour, hereby indignantly protest against the action of the City Council in offering the freedom of our city and paying honour at our expense to this modern hero of Christianity and Commercialism, whose

civilising agents have been fire and murder, the elephant ride and the gallows." Twelve shillings was collected and a large quantity of *Commonweal* sold. The meeting terminated by singing the "Marseillaise," and giving three hearty cheers for the Social Revolution and three cheers for Stanley, in which the audience heartily joined, to the astonishment of the liveried peace-preservers, who stood amazed and open-mouthed at the whole proceeding.

Good meetings were held in the morning at Philips Park and at night at a new station lately opened, at which Parker spoke.

I hope this account of our work will enlighten your correspondent as to what is being done in Lancashire.—Fraternally yours,  
W. B.  
Socialist League, 60 Grosvenor Street, Manchester.

## IN THE UNITED STATES.

THE rather amusing story of a sham dynamite sensation, instigated by the police of the good city of Chicago, forms the news of this week. On Sunday morning, May 24th, all the inhabitants of the United States were startled to read in the newspapers the following telegram from the city of Chicago:

"The night of May 4, 1886, the date of the Anarchist riot, was recalled to mind this morning with startling vividness by the discovery of unmistakable traces of an attempt to blow up the Haymarket monument and the surrounding buildings with a gigantic charge of dynamite. A policeman passing near the monument saw at its base what appeared to be a roll of black cloth, tied with a small rope. He reached through the railing and pulled on the supposed rope. It parted in his fingers, and easily crumbled, as though charred by fire. He then climbed over the fence and found tied up in a piece of black cloth, a tin can about twelve inches long and four inches in diameter. The can and its contents weighed about ten pounds. In the top of the can was a small hole about three-eighths of an inch in size, from which he had pulled the 'rope.' Beside the can lay several pieces of the string, which crumbled beneath the touch. It was the fuse. The powder within had burned out, leaving the outer covering intact, but very brittle. On the step, approaching the base of the statue, was found an unlighted piece of the fuse, to one end of which was attached a small dynamite cap. It is believed that the heavy rain of last night prevented an explosion which must have been most disastrous in its consequences. The charge of dynamite, according to the police, was enough to blow up several blocks. The machine was probably placed there early this morning, and the rain extinguished the burning fuse. An explosion would have made terrible havoc. With street cars frequently passing so close, too, the loss of life would have been great. There is as yet no clue to the perpetrators of the outrage, but Anarchists are probably the guilty parties."

The concluding sentence, the assertion that "Anarchists are probably the guilty parties," is really delicious, besides being significant. Of course, every reasonable man reading the telegram knew at once that the police of Chicago, purposing to clear its shady reputation somewhat, and to pose again as saviours of society, happened to be the "Anarchists" in this case. Comrade Most made directly in the *Freiheit* the statement that no sensible Anarchist could have been so foolish as to try to blow up a block of stones. But now mark the sagacity of the Chicago guardians of peace and order. A certain Joseph Kaiser, a former tinsmith, but now excluded from all honest radical circles because of his connection with incendiaries and *bona fide* swindlers, happened to be at the time of the sensational "discovery" in Chicago, plying his present trade—that is, dealing with religious pictures and nicknacks. Most had warned all Chicago comrades to be on guard against this fellow. The smart police captains in Chicago, putting two and two together, concluded that Kaiser might be a suitable person to imprison for the alleged dynamite plot. And so they did! Never before have policemen taken to the road that leads to absurdity so swiftly as in this case. After the arrest of a man like Kaiser, a speedy ending of the whole matter in a bitter and ridiculous defeat of the blue-coated pillars of society was unavoidable. And so we are told now that

"One of the private watchmen on duty in Haymarket Square has confessed to Police Captain Hayes that early last Saturday morning he saw a fuse burning at the base of the Haymarket monument, and, being unable to blow it out, picked out the fire with his knife. He saw no can of dynamite there at the time. He being a reliable man, Captain Hayes and Chief Marsh believe what he says. His name is withheld. It is now thought the whole thing was a fake, and that the can of dynamite was placed at the foot of the monument after the watchman left, and was not near the fuse. A dynamite expert said last night that no fuse sold by any of the powder houses can be put out by the rain, and that a fuse soaked in the water a month will burn readily. Chief Marsh is now convinced that there was no attempt to blow up the monument, but that a scare was intended by some unknown person. Kaiser, the New York Anarchist, is still in custody."

And so ends this latest attempt of reviving the old, happily now almost extinct, prejudice against Anarchism in the United States. The people—that is, the intelligent part of the people—begin to see more and more that Anarchism is a science, and not a mere doctrine of force.

Evidently our friends the police in Chicago must, if they desire to create a genuine, even if only temporary, scare, engage a man who possesses at least the ability of a Constans.

Moses Harman, the editor and publisher of *Lucifer*, in Valley Falls, a man of really sterling and incorruptible qualities, has been sentenced to five years' imprisonment for publishing articles containing obscene language. As he is bodily weak, and advanced in years it is questionable whether he will survive, if he has to serve out the term. It may be debatable whether it is always wise to call, under all circumstances, a spade a spade, but no one can for one moment doubt the honesty, the integrity, and the devotion to his cause of Harman. Despicable hypocrisy, the hypocrisy which would like to veil the soft splendid outlines of a Venus statue, is at the bottom of this persecution.

The trial against E. H. Heywood, editor of the *Princeton Word*, in Boston, who is under the same accusation, has not finished yet.

General Ben Butler, the brilliant lawyer, intends to take habeas corpus proceedings in favour of Schwab, Fielden, and Neebe. I reported some time ago that in the record of the trial of the Chicago Anarchists a legal error had been discovered.

Very little is heard now of the eight hour movement. This agitation has, it seems, ended in a fizzle.

Boston, Mass., June 3, 1890.

HENRY F. CHARLES.

**London Members' Meeting.**—The next monthly meeting of members will be held on Friday, July 4th, at 8.30 p.m., at the Hall of the Hammersmith Branch, Kelmescott House, Upper Mall, Hammersmith, W. Special meeting; important business. All members interested in the propaganda are asked to attend.



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

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

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

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

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TO CORRESPONDENTS.

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.

R. O. B.—You can lay your complaint before him; but we doubt whether he can do anything for you.

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NOTES ON NEWS.

THERE is, as everybody can see who wastes his time in reading the capitalist papers, a great pother going on about our bargain with Germany, as to what we, each of the two countries, consider our property. Just so, two highwaymen armed and masked (*we* are the most careful about the mask), finding themselves on the same "lay," look sourly on each other for a while, and then see the necessity of coming to some sort of agreement as to their action; and having come to the agreement each regrets that he has not bested his brother robber a little more; and each has friends to twit him with his folly, and enemies to inform the world in which he moves that he is a dunder-head and a dastard.

I think I have heard, or seen it written, that nations were got together and grew in order to afford mutual protection to their members. If so, it was a long time ago, and perhaps a long way off. For clearly the object for their existence now is organised robbery of the weak both within and without their own bounds; and surely this African business gives us as good an instance of the game as easily can be read of in history.

Then also, we must have Stanley's opinion of the said bargain, and, indeed, wait with trembling anxiety till he has pronounced before we go for the Salisbury government neck or nothing. The sense of relief shown by the *Daily News*, for instance, when it finds that that great and sympathetic soul does not actually condemn the transaction, is delicious to witness. Stanley has spoken and we can be happy.

Well, well! we have had several "uncrowned kings" in my time, and Stanley, it seems, is the last of them, and may be said almost to have thrust down Gladstone from his throne. One thing must be said, that his filibustering majesty keeps up the traditions of kingship pretty well. The African massacres and the hanging of unwilling "soldiers of civilisation," are quite in the style of the best performers in the trade. And surely the adoration of this last "uncrowned one" shows us pretty well what would be the fate reserved for persons at home inconvenient to the commercial aristocracy, if only the latter dared. Black men in Africa were not killed because they were black, but because they were weak.

Mr. Gladstone has been spinning one of his yarns to the railway men, and began by buttering them all over, and told them how happy they were to be a part of the machinery of commerce (if they only knew their happiness); what a blessing it was for them that it was a necessity of their occupation that they were compelled to form habits of regularity and order; and how much better they were in all respects than the old servants of the mail-coach days,—which latter is probably true enough, for if ever there was a blackguardly system of travelling, surely that was the most blackguardly in all respects.

So far so good: but what reward does Mr. Gladstone propose for these treasures that he praises so much? Well, chiefly that they shall be allowed to exercise that noble virtue, *thrift*. That is, that they, by compulsion (for that is what it comes to) shall half-starve themselves and their families in order to get a very small account at a savings-bank, so that they may provide against their wholly starving. In short, these admirable public servants, as Mr. Gladstone, surely not without warrant, considers them, are to be kindly allowed to pay the poors-rate which the shareholders would otherwise have to pay.

Please to observe, meantime, that *thrift* is the art of *thriving*. If that be so, I cannot call the saving railway men thrifty, for they are but poor professors of the "art of thriving." They might be so much more thrifty that they could compel the shareholders, who contribute no iota toward the business of carrying passengers and goods, to hand over to them their ill-gotten gains, wrung out of the labour of these poor useful men. That would be thriving. Their present thrift, which Mr. Gladstone praises so, is not thriving, but starving; and no one starves except a madman or a slave.

Mr. Gladstone talks about the eloquence of figures. A hundred and ten hours a-week, at fifteen shillings a-week are, it seems, the wages paid to the "cleaners." Is there no eloquence in *those* figures then? To think that half the United Kingdom should bow down before this uncrowned king, Gladstone! What shall we call him? Mere invective is meaningless. Perhaps he was once a man: what he really is now is an official, whose public life is simply a constant conventional masking of facts in order to make them presentable to the office. Carlyle calls him an unconscious hypocrite. I do not know that the description can be bettered. W. M.

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.

Our Jingo press does not exactly know whether to be grieved or pleased concerning the recent division of African territory between England and Germany. It is doubtful whether we have got the best part of the swag or not. But why does it not take the word of its Stanley, who is in ecstasies. "Half a million square miles" of land added to the glorious British empire! O Jesophat! It takes the great explorer's breath away. He is "electrified." He is so pleased to find that there is a greater scoundrel in this world than himself—our worthy Premier, who negotiated the "treaty." Stanley, the piratical mis-

creant, has murdered "niggers" with "explosive balls," and burnt their villages by the score, but it has never fallen to his lot to steal "half a million square miles" of territory.

There should be great rejoicings in the City among the hundred-per-shenters. O, Father Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob! there never was such a chance for the children of Israel since they came out of Egypt with other people's jewellery!

But, meanwhile, other "Christian" powers, notably France, do not like this little bit of "bishness." It looks as if the "Christian" powers may yet fall to cutting each other's "Christian" throats in their evangelical eagerness to "Christianise and civilise" the poor unfortunate African. Such zeal for the Gospel of "vun hundred per shent" is worthy of our respectful admiration. Tartuffe, Maw-worm, Pecksniff, and Stiggins may take a back seat after this. "Praise God, from whom all blessings flow," including "vun hundred per shent." Let us prey.

D. N.

## NEWS FROM NOWHERE:

OR,

### AN EPOCH OF REST.

BEING SOME CHAPTERS FROM A UTOPIAN ROMANCE.

CHAP. XIX.—THE DRIVE BACK TO HAMMERSMITH.

I SAID nothing, for I was not inclined for mere politeness to him after such very serious talk; but in fact I should like to have gone on talking with the older man, who could understand something at least of my wonted ways of looking at life, whereas with the younger people, in spite of all their kindness, I really was a being from another planet. However, I made the best of it, and smiled as amiably as I could on the young couple; and Dick returned the smile by saying: "Well, guest, I am glad to have you again, and to find that you and my kinsman have not quite talked yourselves into another world; I was half suspecting as I was listening to the Welshmen yonder that you would presently be vanishing away from us, and began to picture my kinsman sitting staring in the hall at nothing and finding that he had been talking a while past to nobody."

I felt rather uncomfortable at this speech, for suddenly the picture of the sordid squabble, the dirty and miserable tragedy of the life I had left for a while, came before my eyes; and I had as it were a vision of all my longings for rest and peace in the past, and I loathed the idea of going back to it again. But the old man chuckled and said:

"Don't be afraid, Dick. In any case, I have not been talking to thin air; nor, indeed, to this new friend of ours only. Who knows but I may not have been talking to many people? For perhaps our guest may some day go back to the people he has come from, and may take a message from us which may bear fruit for them, and consequently for us."

Dick looked puzzled, and said: "Well, gaffer, I do not quite understand what you mean. All I can say is, that I hope he will not leave us: for don't you see, he is another kind of man to what we are used to, and somehow he makes us think of all kind of things; and already I feel as if I could understand Dickens the better for having talked with him."

"Yes," said Clara, "and I think in a few months we shall make him look younger; and I should like to see what he was like with the wrinkles smoothed out of his face. Don't you think he will look younger after a little time with us?"

The old man shook his head, and looked earnestly at me, but did not answer her, and for a minute or two we were all silent. Then Clara broke out:

"Kinsman, I don't like this: something or another troubles me, and I feel as if something untoward were going to happen. You have been talking of past miseries to the guest, and have been living in past unhappy times, and it's in the air all round us, and makes us feel as if we were longing for something that we cannot have."

The old man smiled on her kindly, and said: "Well, my child, if that is so, go and live in the present, and you will soon shake it off." Then he turned to me, and said: "Do you remember anything like that, guest, in the country from which you come?"

The lovers had turned aside now, and were talking together softly, and not heeding us; so I said, but in a low voice: "Yes, when I was a happy child on a sunny holiday, and had everything that I could think of."

"So it is," said he. "You remember just now you twitted me with living in the second childhood of the world. You will find it a happy world to live in; you will be happy there—for a while."

Again I did not like his scarcely veiled threat, and was beginning to trouble myself with trying to remember how I had got amongst this curious people, when the old man called out in a cheery voice: "Now, my children, take your guest away, and make much of him; for it is your business to make him sleek of skin and peaceful of mind: he has by no means been as lucky as you have. Farewell, guest!" and he grasped my hand warmly.

"Good-bye," said I, "and thank you very much for all that you have told me. I will come and see you as soon as I come back to London. May I?"

"Yes," he said, "come by all means—if you can."

"It won't be for some time yet," quoth Dick, in his cheery voice; "for when the hay is in up the river, I shall be for taking him a round through the country between hay and wheat harvest, to see how our friends live in the north country. Then in the wheat harvest we shall do a good stroke of work, I should hope,—in Wiltshire by preference; for he will be getting a little hard with all the open-air living, and I shall be as tough as nails."

"But you will take me along, won't you, Dick?" said Clara, laying her pretty hand on his shoulder.

"Will I not?" said Dick, somewhat boisterously. "And we will manage to send you to bed pretty tired every night; and you will look so beautiful with your neck all brown, and your hands too, and you under your gown as white as privet: that will get some of those strange discontented whims out of your head, my dear. However, our week's haymaking will do all that for you."

The girl reddened very prettily, not for shame but for pleasure; and the old man laughed, and said:

"Guest, I see that you will be as comfortable as need be; for you need not fear that those two will be too officious with you: they will be so busy with each other that they will leave you a good deal to yourself, I am sure, and that is real kindness to a guest, after all. O, you need not be afraid of being one too many, either: it is just what these birds in a nest like, to have a good convenient friend to turn to, so that they may relieve the ecstasies of love with the solid commonplace of friendship. Besides, Dick, and much more Clara, likes a little talking at times; and you know lovers do not talk unless they get into trouble, they only prattle. Good-bye, guest; may you be happy!"

Clara went up to old Hammond, threw her arms about his neck and kissed him heartily, and said: "You are a dear old man, and may have your jest about me as much as you please; and it won't be long before we see you again; and you may be sure we shall make our guest happy; though, mind you, there is some truth in what you say."

Then I shook hands again, and we went out of the hall and into the cloisters, and so in the street found Greylocks in the shafts waiting for us. He was well looked after; for a little lad of about seven years old had his hand on the rein and was solemnly looking up into his face; on his back, withal, was a girl of fourteen, holding a three-year-old sister on before her; while another girl, about a year older than the boy, hung on behind. The three were occupied partly with eating cherries, partly with patting and punching Greylocks, who took all their caresses in good part, but pricked up his ears when Dick made his appearance. The girls got off quietly, and going up to Clara, made much of her and snuggled up to her. And then we got into the carriage, Dick shook the reins, and we got under way at once, Greylocks trotting soberly between the lovely trees of the London streets, that were sending floods of fragrance into the cool evening air, for it was now getting toward sunset.

We could hardly go but fair and softly all the way, as there were a great many people abroad in that cool hour. Seeing so many people made me notice their looks the more; and I must say, my taste, cultivated in the sombre greyness, or rather brownness, of the nineteenth century, was rather apt to condemn the gaiety and brightness of the raiment; and I even ventured to say as much to Clara. She seemed rather surprised, and even slightly indignant, and said: "Well, well, what's the matter? They are not about any dirty work; they are only amusing themselves in the fine evening; there is nothing to foul their clothes. Come, doesn't it all look very pretty? It isn't gaudy, you know."

Indeed that was true; for many of the people were clad in colours that were sober enough, though beautiful, and the harmony of the colours was perfect and most delightful.

I said, "Yes, that is so; but how can everybody afford such costly garments? Look! there goes a middle-aged man in a sober grey dress; but I can see from here that it is made of very fine woollen stuff, and is covered with silk embroidery."

Said Clara: "He could wear shabby clothes if he pleased,—that is, if he didn't think he would hurt people's feelings by doing so."

"But please tell me," said I, "how can they afford it?"

WILLIAM MORRIS.

TO BE CONTINUED.]

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

ARBROATH.—There may be reason to doubt whether eight hours demonstrations serve to directly advance Socialism; but it must be gratifying to all Socialists to see discontent prompting men to formulate demands of any definite and not absolutely ridiculous kind. Those who believe in evolutionary Socialism will be specially glad to hear that the movement for shorter hours is being well sustained in Scotland. On Saturday, in the Abbey Green at Arbroath, some 2,000 persons assembled to demand the institution of an eight hours day. The meeting was held under the auspices of the Mill and Factory Operatives Union, and contingents were present from the Dundee, Forfar, Brechin, Montrose, Kirkcaldy, and other surrounding districts. Previous to the assembly on the Abbey Green, there was a long and well-organised procession of the Arbroath trades and industries, along with the contingents from a distance. As there were a few Socialists among the speakers, a good deal more than the ordinary trades unionist talk went on. Ritchie (Dundee), Eddy (Glasgow), Spence, Bisset, and myself (from Aberdeen) supported the resolutions, which were carried unanimously, and with a heartiness that might have surprised those who think that Scotchmen can't cheer. With so much discontent expressed by the speakers, and endorsed by the hearers, the wonder is that so small a safety-valve as the demand for an eight hours day is sufficient to let it off.—L.

## THE LABOUR STRUGGLE.

### The Police.

Discontent among the police has certainly been increased by the appointment of the new Chief Commissioner, Sir Edward Bradford. This martinet, fresh from bullying and ill-treating the natives of India, directly he attains office begins his reign of despotism—by issuing an edict forbidding the men to hold public meetings to discuss their grievances. This, indeed, may be called poetical justice. The police for a long time have been engaged in suppressing workmen's meetings and processions; they are now enjoying a little taste of their own medicine, and they don't like it. On Monday, when the order was first issued, there were very strong symptoms of mutiny among the men. It appears that a meeting of delegates had been arranged at Bow Street, and on Saturday night at the Borough police-station the constables wanted to elect delegates, but they were informed by the chief inspector that this would not be allowed. They showed some inclination to resist, which resulted in the suspension of a sergeant and a constable. The men in a body at once refused to turn out for night duty. The dispute lasted for two hours, and was only concluded by the inspector giving way and re-instating the two suspended men.

There was great fun at Bow Street on Monday, when four hundred delegates arrived at Bow Street and found their meeting had been "proclaimed." They blocked up the pavement, and discussed the question with great excitement. They were at once ordered to "move on" by an inspector, which order they did not obey. One policeman who was "mutinous" was warned by that official, in a bullying voice, that if he did not mind he would take him inside. It would have been rather a joke if the inspector had carried out his threat, and charged the policeman with "obstruction"! The men gathered round, however, and seemed inclined to resist the "law," and the inspector wisely let the man alone. The men afterwards held a meeting at the Police Institute, No. 1, Adelphi, where it was decided to present a "respectful" petition, asking the superintendants to persuade the Chief Commissioner and the Home Secretary to allow them to meet at Bow Street on June 30th. The men have agreed to stick together in the case of any intimidation, and it is evident that the new Chief Commissioner will find the restoration of "order" a difficult task.

*Later.*—It appears that it was not in the Borough that the "mutiny" took place, in consequence of the suspension of a sergeant and a constable, but at Bow Street. This adds to its significance.

### The Postmen.

The Postmen's Union has issued a manifesto, giving a short history of the movement. It points out, what most of our readers know already, that Mr. Raikes took no notice of the union till last April, though hundreds of meetings were held. He then issued an order by which the postmen were informed they could hold meetings outside, provided that notice was sent to the postal authorities, and none but postmen and an official shorthand writer were permitted to be present. We all know the story of the postmen's meeting on Clerkenwell Green—its proclamation by Mr. Raikes, the breaking up of the processions by the police, and finally his infamous treatment of the men concerning whom his spies had given information. To quote the manifesto: "For attending a trade-union meeting to ask for better wages and a better regulation of working hours, some postmen have been deprived of their good-conduct stripes and reduced in wages; others have had several days' wages confiscated and have been suspended until they give an apology for attending the meeting and promise to attend no more." This is the position, but what has the union done to defend the men against this abominable injustice? Some questions have been asked in Parliament by Messrs. Graham and Conybeare, which have shared the fate of most questions asked there. They have received the usual lying official reply, amid the cold contempt of the honourable and wealthy gentlemen who sit in that "den of thieves." Last week, when the excitement among the postmen was at boiling point, and the men were ready for action, they were advised not to take the only manly course left open to them—a strike in every post-office in London—by Secretary Mr. J. L. Mahon and other officials of the union. Now this gentleman appeals to the public for subscriptions to support the men who have been "suspended" for answering the Postmaster-General according to the instructions of the union officials. It is a great pity that "the officers of the Postmen's Union" did not have the same courage as the men when the time for action arrived. Questions have been asked in Parliament, indeed; but "while the grass grows, the steed starves," and perhaps in a month or two the men will not have such a high opinion of Parliamentary action as their "versatile" secretary.

### Strike in the Shoe Trade at Norwich.

Up to the present no progress has been made in connection with the above strike. A meeting of the masters was arranged to take place during the week, but was not held owing to Mr. Alfred Haldenstein, a representative of the large sweating firm of Messrs. Haldenstein and Sons, being out of town. This individual seemed to be of more consequence than the demands of three or four thousand men. During the week several incidents have taken place, such as pickets dropping on to men who are doing scabbing. It is being made a general thing during the dinner-hour, and at night when the firms close, to see these men who have been working escorted by hundreds of men and boys to the central rooms of the strike committee, where these individuals sign an agreement not to continue working during the strike. On Friday morning a bill appeared, which was extensively posted, bearing the following words, "Take the docker's advice and pay no rent till the strike is won!" The appearance of this bill seems to have created much talk among the men, who claim to be ignorant as to who has issued it. One objection from a group of men standing around the central rooms was that it was a nice thing for men who are depending on a few shillings a-week coming in for rent for them to live; not only that, but they (the strikers) would lose the sympathy of the landlords, who would probably put a bob in the collection box. The local press also contains a statement announcing that the leaders of the strike entirely repudiate the no-rent manifesto. On Saturday, the union men were paid 12s. for the week, while the non-union married received 5s., and single 3s., a noble sum. The miserable pay for the non-union men has created much dissatisfaction. These men, it is estimated, number between two and three thousand, and the union men under a thousand. Under these circumstances not much will be left for the landlord. A meeting of masters is arranged to be held, and we shall be able to give an account of the progress made next week. S.

## INTERNATIONAL NOTES.

### FRANCE.

Every day it becomes clearer that the Russian bomb affair is a trumped-up business, invented either by the French Government to have an opportunity of displaying their servility before the Tzar, or by the Russian police, who want to get at the relations that those arrested may have with friends in Russia, and therefore have stolen their papers and letters under the pretext of searching for explosives.

It appears that an international congress of prison authorities is being held at St. Petersburg—a very proper place for such a thing. They have an exhibition there of prison apparatus—a modern torture-chamber. The French delegate made a speech, in which he declared that Russia spreads intelligence, etc.; whilst in fact she is shutting up her schools and suppressing every means of instruction. The paroxysm of servility towards Russia French bourgeois parties are so fond of displaying is the true sequel of the humbugging phrases they traded in last year about the French Revolution.

Atrocities, after the Russian fashion, are committed in France upon the political prisoners when they are expelled. In a recently published letter, it is stated that they are put on the railway in cells or boxes they can hardly move in. Two comrades spent thirty-six hours in this condition until they reached the Belgian frontier, which can usually be reached in a few hours.

The Anarchist press is increasing. Two new papers have come out, the *Tocsin* of Alger, and the *International* of London.

### BELGIUM AND HOLLAND.

The decomposition of the State Socialist parties into parties going in for this or that reform is also shown by the number of papers springing up, brought out by Socialists, but specially devoted to the advocacy of this or that miraculous remedy. So a new paper called *Het Algemeen Stemrecht* (Universal Suffrage) is about to be published at Ghent. We have already *The Eight Hours Working Day* of Zurich, and the *Arbeiterschutz* of Vienna (on hygienic measures, etc.). Soon papers will exist for every palliative; Socialism is no more spoken of.

It is some little satisfaction, on the other hand, to read comrade F. D. Nieuwenhuis's article, "To each the full result of his labour," in which he fights this dogma, and uses the Communistic arguments against it which are familiar to our readers; nevertheless, the article is worth translation. The Dutch Socialists published some time ago a pamphlet exposing co-operation, which won a superficial success in Belgium. They exposed the action of the Congress last year, and now Communism is advocated there, which is inseparable from Anarchism, as they will learn by and by. They really are white ravens among the State Socialists as things stand at present.

### AUSTRIA.

Details of the Nürschau (Bohemia) massacres are now at hand. Three hundred men and women went during the strike to the office of the mining company to get the rest of their wages in tickets for food, which they have to put up with under the truck system. An officer of the army spoke to them in the German language, which they could not understand, as the district is a Bohemian one—a sufficient reason for the Government to send German soldiers there, who cannot be spoken to by the people. After some talk in that language, they were simply shot down like dogs. Eight were killed and thirty-five wounded. Revolver bullets were found in the bodies, which show that the company's officials, who certainly understood the language and saw the "misunderstanding," murdered the workers too. All this was stated in an interpellation in the Diet, which the Liberal papers simply did not reprint.

At Prague three bakers who were out of work, as they took part in the last strike, shot themselves simultaneously to call attention to the position of their fellow workers.

### AMERICA.

The Pioneer Aid and Support Association of Chicago bought the ground in which the Anarchists murdered on November 11, 1887, are buried, and propose to erect a monument on their grave, to be unveiled in 1893. In a circular published they deprecate the cultus of persons, but consider the monument to be "a symbol of the fraternisation of labour" all over the world. Subscriptions to be sent to Th. Greif, 54 W. Lake Street, Chicago, Ill.; letters to be sent to Martin Lacher, Avondale Station, Chicago, Ill.

In New York a Bohemian Anarchist paper, *Volne Listy*, is published, with which the issuing of pamphlets translated is connected. Malatesta's "Entre Paysans" (Between Peasants, a dialogue explaining Anarchism to peasants), and Krasser's "Antisyllabus" (an Atheist and Socialist German poem) have been published.

The death is announced of Albert Brisbane, who, fifty years ago, did more than anybody else to spread Fourier's ideas in America. Many colonies of Fourierist lines were then formed, but after some years the movement dwindled away. Even at present it is not yet dead in France, where last year two Fourierist papers were still published by H. Destrem, and also a Fourierist conference held; but it has lost every touch with the working classes.

### SOUTH AMERICA.

We have received No. 1 of *El Perseguido* (The Persecuted Voice of the Exploited) of Buenos Ayres, an Anarchist paper, written in the Spanish, Italian, and French languages. It has no connection with the Workingmen's Party, formed in connection with the May Day demonstrations, which is a Social-Democratic concern. Much bitter feeling, and not without reason, exists between both parties. \* \*

GLASGOW.—Jail Square too crowded to hold meeting on Sunday at mid-day. In the evening Glasier addressed an unusually large meeting at Paisley Road Toll, where *Commonweal* was sold out. We intend adding Bridgeton Cross to our outdoor stations.

EXCURSION TO EPPING FOREST.—The annual excursion of the Autonomie and other allied societies to Epping Forest, took place last Sunday, and was most successful. Everybody enjoyed themselves thoroughly. Music, dancing, merry-making of all sorts, and the excellent catering arrangements, all helped to leave none but pleasant recollections of the day's outing. Nor was the serious part of our work neglected; *Commonweal* was on sale, and the Essex country lads showed their desire to acquire some knowledge of the labour problem by the readiness with which they bought the paper. The return procession to Loughton station, escorted by some of those detestable flunkies of law-'n'-order, was enlivened by the singing of several revolutionary airs; and the spirited playing of the band gave clear proof that they had not been overtaken during the day.—B.

SOCIALISM IN THE PROVINCES.

LEEDS.

During the past month we have held two meetings every Sunday. We have several comrades who can speak, but hardly any with much enthusiasm. The sacred flame of uncompromising Socialism has been allowed to gradually go out. It is hard work reviving it single-handed, but circumstances are working in that direction, and we shall in a short time, I hope, be as powerful as our Sheffield comrades (more power to their elbows). Now, in Leeds, owing to the exertions of the Socialist Club members, who worked long and hard here for about eight months, there have been formed several unions and many branches of the Gas Workers Union. It was thought that these thousands could be utilised for "Socialistic" work, but what is the result?—nothing. Not a single member made, no more purchasers among them of the 'Weal, and little or no interest shown in the various lectures and meetings. If it were not for our friends the enemy we should have a dreary time of it. But the Leeds Municipal Gas Committee are causing discontent and hatred amongst their men, by trying to force them to sign agreements which include more work in the eight hours (which they gained by striking last November). The men, however, are determined not to yield, and there is every sign of a stiff fight. The Municipality are making arrangements for scabs. It is also interesting to hear that one of the gas employes has invented an "iron man," which is so perfect that the Gas Committee (Municipal) are about to test it. What a lesson or sermon could be preached from this. I shall send more particulars as the struggle goes on. "But still the Cause goes marching on." Our Jewish comrades here are quite strong in their International Educational Club, and the activity and enthusiasm amongst them is remarkable. They are primarily teachers, not leaders nor yet politicians, and it is pleasant to see their fraternity, as well as the enthusiasm of several female comrades. They intend holding open-air meetings regularly, and it is quite certain that they will not be the last to leave the house of bondage, nor will they require a Moses to lead them into the promised land. H. S.

YARMOUTH.

It was said by some Yarmouth people during the bad weather, when no meetings could be held, or only small ones, that Socialism was dead here. But we are glad to say this is not true; in fact, Socialism, and that of a thorough revolutionary character, is growing stronger in Yarmouth than ever. 'Tis true, it is left to a few to carry the standard in the advance-guard. As you know, we were to be represented at the Conference of the S.L. on Whitsunday by three of our comrades; but still, those left behind were not idle, comrades Brightwell and Ruffold opening and keeping up a discussion on Priory Plain. The Branch received the report of the Conference delegate at their next meeting, and adopted it after slight discussion. On Thursday following a debate took place between Brightwell (S.L.) and a Mr. Adams, a "Conservative Working-man," which lasted upwards of three hours, our opponent getting the worst of tussle. On June 1st, one of our speakers being ill, no meetings were held in the open-air, but we met in the club-room and spent an enjoyable evening, singing revolutionary songs and having a chat amongst ourselves. At our next business meeting arrangements were made for three London comrades who had promised to come down and assist us; 1,000 handbills were printed, giving names and subjects. On June 8th, comrade Crouch being unable to come, owing to illness, comrade Saint took his place, who had large and attentive audiences and plenty of opposition at both morning and evening meetings; all *Commonweal* sold out, and 2s. 2½d. collected. On June 15th was a red-letter day with us; three very large and attentive meetings were held. In the morning, on Priory Plain, comrade Turner (of London) lectured on "Socialism v. Political Action"; although we challenged all politicians in our bill, none of them had courage enough to defend their principles; more than 1,000 people were present. On the afternoon Turner continued his lecture on the Hall Quay. In the evening, on Colman's Quay, Turner lectured on "Insufficient Remedies" to a still larger audience, Mr. Adams attacking our comrade on several points; and he had the impudence to say that John Burns was not a Socialist. He also attacked the Communists, Anarchists, and Nihilists. But he again got the worst of the fight, and was hooted by the audience. A resolution was put in favour of Socialism; nearly every hand went up, only three against. All *Commonweal* sold, and 5s. ¾d. collected towards railway expenses. We are arranging for a tea and concert next month, and think that old members who have dropped away will rejoin; in fact, names are being given in already. The majority of workers are unfortunately very demoralised. As we reported in one of our old reports, they are only too ready to act as blacklegs when strikes take place elsewhere, but have not pluck to try to better their conditions here. We hope, however, to stir them up before long, and while drawing them into the Branch, to see that they work hard amongst their fellow-workers in trying to educate and organise them. Altogether, they are moving in the right direction, and in some future report we will try to give some facts respecting the condition of the fishermen in and around Yarmouth. Also a few facts concerning some of the capitalists of this town, from the mayor (a sweater) downwards. Success to the Cause! J. H.

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.)

REPORTS.

**NOTTINGHAM SOCIALIST CLUB.**—On Sunday last comrade Harry Carless, of Walsall, gave two addresses at our out-door meetings, to an interested audience. Collections good; *Commonweal* sold out. Arrangements are now complete for the holding of the Midland Conference next Sunday, June 29th. The delegates present will travel to Stoke in the morning for a picnic, returning to Nottingham for Conference at 2.30 p.m. In the evening at 6.45, in the Great Market Place, we shall hold a Demonstration—the speakers including Edward Carpenter, Andrew Hall, Charles, Bailie of Manchester, our old comrade Pengelly, and others.—A. C.  
**SHEFFIELD.**—On Sunday 15th our comrade Andrew Hall, from Chesterfield, addressed some very large meetings. 216 *Commonweal* sold. Owing to miners' demonstration at Barnsley, no meeting was held at Woodhouse. This week G. Cores has been with us, and we have had some good meetings, including a fine one amongst the miners at Woodhouse on Saturday, where 56 *Commonweals* were sold. Our 216 *Commonweal* were sold out early on Sunday evening, together with some other literature, and we had to wire for a fresh supply. No meetings here next Sunday, on account of Nottingham Conference and Demonstration. Have opened two new stations during the week.—F. C.

LECTURE DIARY.

LONDON.

**Battersea.**—All communications to E. Buteux, 45, Inwith Street, Battersea Park Road.  
**Commonweal Branch.**—24 Great Queen Street, Holborn, W.C. Tuesdays, Singing Practice. Thursdays, Business meeting. Saturdays, Social Gathering.  
**East London.**—Meeting of members will be held at 12, Basing Place, Kingsland Road, at 7.30 p.m., on Sunday June 29th. Members are requested to attend—important business.  
**Hammersmith.**—Kelmescott House, Upper Mall, W. Sunday June 29, at 8 p.m., a Lecture. French Class conducted by Mlle. Desroches on Friday evenings at 7.30.  
**Mitcham.**—"Lord Napier," Fair Green. Meets every Sunday at 12.30, to enroll members, etc.  
**North Kensington.**—Clarendon Coffee Palace, Clarendon Road. Meets every Wednesday at 8 p.m. The branch Band meets every Friday at 8 p.m. for practice. Comrades wishing to join to give in their names to the Instructor at the above address.  
**North London.**—6 Windmill Street, Tottenham Court Road. Meets every Wednesday evening at 8 o'clock.  
**Streatham.**—Address secretary, R. Smith, 1 Natal Road, Streatham.  
**Whitechapel and St. Georges-in-the-East.**—Branch meetings at International Club, 40 Berner Street, Commercial Road. J. Turner, organising secretary.

PROVINCES.

**Aberdeen.**—Organiser, J. Leatham, 7 Jamaica Street. Branch meets in Hall, 9 Harriet Street, on Sunday evenings at 6.30. Singing practice, etc., in Odd-fellows' Small Hall, Crooked Lane, Mondays at 8 p.m.  
**Braintree.**—Meetings held alternate Saturdays, at 8 p.m., and Sundays, 11 and 2.30, at the fountain, Market Place. Business meetings, Wednesdays at 8. All communications to W. Fuller, 74 Manor Street. 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 Grovesnor Street, All Saints. Open every evening. Branch weekly meeting on Tuesdays at 8.  
**Norwich.**—Members' meeting held every Tuesday at 8.30.  
**Oxford.**—Temperance Hall, 25½ Pembroke Street. First Friday in every month, at 8.30 p.m.  
**Sheffield.**—Socialist Club, 63 Blonk Street. French Class, Tuesday at 8.30. Discussion Class, Wednesday at 8.30. Open-air meetings are held as follows:—Sunday: Monolith, 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 28.

7 ..... Hyde Park ..... Kitz  
 7 ..... Mile-end Waste ..... Brookes and Leggett

SUNDAY 29.

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

WEDNESDAY 2.

8 ..... New Cut—Short Street ..... Cores and Holloway

FRIDAY 4.

8 ..... Camden Town—Cobden Statue ..... Nicoll and Cartwell  
 8.15 ..... Hoxton Church ..... Kitz

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: Philippe Park Gates, at 11; Stevenson Square, at 3. Monday: Market Street, Blackley, at 8.  
**Norwich.**—Saturday: Haymarket, at 8—addressed by C. W. Mowbray (London). Sunday: Market Place at 11, 3, and 7.30.  
**Yarmouth.**—Sunday: Priory Plain, at 11; Bradwell, 11.30; Colman's Granary Quay, at 7.

THE ANNUAL EXCURSION of United Socialist Bodies of London to Epping Forest (Robin Hood) will take place on Sunday, July 20.  
 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.  
 SOUTH LONDON.—All Revolutionary Socialists in South London willing to form a Branch of the S. L. are requested to send their names to W. Wright, 18 Ward Street, Lambeth, or turn up at the open-air meetings at Short Street, New Cut, on Sunday mornings and Wednesday evenings.  
 FABIAN SOCIETY.—A course of seven lectures on SOCIALISM IN CONTEMPORARY LITERATURE will be given in the French Chamber, St. James's Restaurant, W. (entrance from Piccadilly), on Friday evenings, at 8 o'clock. July 4 (sixth lecture), Hubert Bland, "Recent English Socialistic Novels."

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### MISCELLANEOUS.

Spaziergänge eines Atheisten. Bei Ferdin- and Heigl ... ..	0 8
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