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CONTENTS.

	PAGE.
Men who are NOT Socialists:—(VI.)—The Police	J. BRUCE GLASIER 265
News from Nowhere; or, an Epoch of Rest (continued) ..	WILLIAM MORRIS 266
Notes on News	N. and R. W. B. 267
Landlordism and Poverty	C. A. STONE 267
John Burns and Foreign Competition	F. K. 268
Be Bold and Resolute!	R. W. BURNIE 268
Revolutionary Government:—(I.)—Translated from the French of PETER KROPOTKINE	269
The Labour Struggle	N. 270
In Southern Africa	J. BAIN 270
Executive Announcements, Reports, Lecture Diary, and Notices of Meetings ..	271
Statement of Principles, New Publications, Advertisements, etc.	272

MEN WHO ARE NOT SOCIALISTS.

VI.

THE POLICE.

THE only sensible thing acted in our theatres nowadays is the harlequinade, and I never miss seeing it. It is so thoroughly socialistic—from the stealing of hams and sausages out of the butcher's shop, to the dipping of the policeman in a barrel of treacle, burning him with a red-hot poker, and passing him through a mangle! It is the social revolution in miniature, and I enjoy it immensely—especially the treatment of the policeman. It is so full of instruction, too, and moral benefit to the young. When I have a family, I will take the youngsters regularly to see the harlequinade, and also to witness labour and free speech riots, and if they do not play a lively part in the Social Revolution it won't be the fault of their early impressions.

In olden times people walked in lonely places at night-time in dread of evil spirits—warlocks, witches, and goblins; nowadays, alike in the day-time and night-time and in busy and lonely places, they go about in terror of the police. The presence of a policeman at his door, or the touch of a policeman's hand on his shoulder, excites as much apprehension in the breast of a free-born Briton to-day, as the sight of the horns of the devil peeping over a peat-stack did to his serf-bound ancestor.

In olden times when folk suffered no skait from evil-disposed persons, when they found their horses safe in their stalls and the grain unbroken in their barns, they held that they had been warded by good spirits; nowadays, when people live without molestation, when their houses are not entered by thieves, or their children stripped of their clothes in the streets, they attribute their good fortune to the ministrations of the police.

The inhabitants of these islands have thus devised a new superstition; they have become a police-fearing and a police-trusting people. Mankind has sought out many inventions of idolatry and demonolity—there has been stone-worship, tree-worship, bird-worship, serpent-worship, crocodile-worship, cat-worship, and cow-worship; but surely police-worship is lowest and will be the last!

The cry of "Police!" lies at the bottom of the heart of every Briton, and becomes articulate upon his lips in every case of public alarm or fear of violence to his own or his neighbour's person or property. If any one assaults him he screams "Police!" and if he sees another assaulted he screams "Police!" If two drunken people fight, if a fire breaks out, if a child is run down, if an old lady trips over her poodle, if a wild bull or a mad dog rushes down the street, if some one attempts suicide by leaping over a bridge, if a purse is stolen, a window broken, or a water-main bursts—the cry of "Police!" announces the occurrence and puts the neighbourhood in a panic. Yes, the cry of "Police!" is as instinctive to the adult Briton as the cry of "Ma!" was to him when a child, and it leaps forth spontaneously, oftentimes in the most untoward and compromising occasions.

During the miners' riots at Blantyre some years ago, when a number of shops were looted, an old man was seen trudging up the street with a cheese in his arms, of which he had become possessed as his portion of the "general divide" of a grocery store. On his way some miner's wives, wishing to still further extend the application of the temporarily

triumphant socialist principle, ran after him demanding shares, on observing which the poor fellow clasped the cheese despairingly to his bosom and took to his heels, yelling "Police! Police! Police!"

So habituated have people become to depending upon the police for protection, that they have surrendered the right of protecting themselves, and have ceased to recognise their own and their neighbour's duty to preserve the public peace and guard the commonweal. They have grown so familiar with the intrusion and interference of the police in the concerns and discipline of public life, that they are no longer conscious of the powers which the police have usurped. They allow the police to bully them in the streets, overawe them in their workshops and dwellings, and coerce them into submission to the most degrading restrictions and behests of class tyranny; and have actually convinced themselves that their own and the common well-being depends upon their submission, and that without the presence and dominion of the police, Commerce, Art, Science, and life itself would be impossible in a civilised community! A man may publicly disavow belief in God, the Constitution, and the Church, and no one expresses disapproval or surprise, but if he dares deny the necessary existence of the police he is laughed at as a lunatic or denounced as a scoundrel. I have seen an audience of working-men greet with applause the assertion that society could endure without landlords, capitalists, lawyers, doctors, clerks, and commercial travellers, but when the speaker added policemen, the applause ceased, a murmur passed round the crowd, and in a few minutes the apparently most sensible and intelligent portion of the audience had disappeared in disgust!

Still, although it seems almost blasphemous to say so, the police are merely men, having heads that will crack if belaboured with a truncheon, and necks that will break if suspended by a rope, just like yours or mine. Yes, stripped of their blue clothes, their helmets, and their tackety boots, policemen are not differently formed in body and not differently constituted in mind from peers, members of Parliament, lawyers, judges, burglars, parsons, editors, or tramps. The recognition of this fact enables us to consider the habits and functions of the police without that superstitious awe that clouds the perception and perverts the judgment of our fellows.

Policemen are not selected on account of their mental but their physical proportions. Intellectual policemen are few, and they seldom get promotion or pensions. Intellectuality hampers them in the execution of their duties, and is always getting them into trouble with their superior officers. It was proposed at one time to recruit the police from the discharged criminal class, but the principle didn't work well. It was found that while criminals could easily be trained up to the requisite standard of honesty, they could not be trained down to the official standard of stupidity and brutality. They were too clever and vigilant; they discovered crimes which the authorities did not wish discovered, and arrested criminals whom the authorities did not want arrested. They were much too civil towards the common people, and not sufficiently obsequious towards the rich; while their indiscreet avowal of the truth in giving evidence tended to sully the prestige of the police and sap the foundations of public order.

I often chasten my moral pride by thinking that I might have been a policeman myself!—that instead of being a Socialist, endeavouring to put down crime, I might have been a policeman promoting and encouraging it. I can never forget the circumstance that a boy who was born next door on the same day as myself is now a policeman!

Sometimes policemen may be seen everywhere, and at other times nowhere. On bright sunny days, when the toilers are locked in factories and fields under the surveillance of their masters, and when rich thieves are peacefully pursuing their calling in offices and exchanges and poor thieves are hiding in their dens—the police seem legion. Alike amid the throng of our cities and the quiet lanes of our villages their blue coats and tin-plate mounted helmets shine conspicuously, like thistles in a quarry-pit. Their decorative effect, as well as their utility, appears to be indispensable to civilised life. They are paraded on all state and civic occasions. They are stuck on either side of our theatres, public halls, art galleries, general post offices, and sometimes our churches. They are placed with flower-pots at the doors of the city residences of lords and gentlemen during important receptions. Together with lamp-posts they are the sole decoration provided at public expense on our streets; and they divide with public

urinals the glory of ornamenting the junction of important thoroughfares.

Policemen perform many offices which they are not compelled to do by statute. They watch shebeens lest detectives pounce upon them unawares; they procure half-pint bottles of whiskey in the night-time for belated swells on payment of a trifling commission; they assist the Society for the Suppression of Vice by levying taxes upon prostitutes and brothel-keepers; they render thieving a less remunerative profession by exacting blackmail from thieves and reseters; and they save the public the cost of extending police-office accommodation by accepting "tips" from respectable criminals and permitting them to go home to their own more commodious and comfortable mansions.

The marvellous gift which policemen acquire of being able to testify as eye-witnesses concerning occurrences which they have not seen, has been frequently noted and commented upon. The fact that this faculty becomes sometimes so objective or holo-ideal that they aver to having witnessed incidents which never occurred, has brought it and the police themselves into disrepute with matter-of-fact people. But it should be borne in mind, in all fairness to the police, that the disadvantages which result from the possession of this gift are not infrequently balanced by the possession of another of an opposite tendency, which prevents them seeing—or at least recollecting having seen—incidents which transpired before their eyes and in which they themselves prominently participated. This peculiar mental endowment is the one intellectual characteristic which gives policemen an advantage over their fellows, and it inspires in common people more terror than even their truncheons and big boots. Divested of it, they would be as Parliament without party or newspapers without advertisements—their dominion over the citizens would speedily perish.

The notion that policemen are bigoted upholders of law and fanatical respecters of public order has been somewhat shaken by recent events. There never was, indeed, the slightest foundation for such an opinion. As a matter of fact, the police are, and always have been, practical Anarchists in their own way. They break the law in private as naively as they break the heads of the citizens in public; and half a dozen of them placed in the middle of a crowd will produce more anarchy in five minutes than all the foreign sections could do in five years. Wherever two or three policemen are gathered together, riot and disorder dwell in the midst of them.

Policemen have no political principles and they belong to no political party. They are not Socialists, but neither are they Tories, or Liberals, or Radicals—they are simply policemen. They are not opposed to Socialism; they are simply opposed to Socialists. They are not in favour of landlordism or capitalism; they are simply in favour of landlords and capitalists. They would club down Liberals and Tories, landlords and capitalists, as jauntily as they do Socialists, crofters, and tenant-farmers if their pay and pensions depended upon their so doing;—and perhaps they shall some day.

J. BRUCE GLASIER.

(To be concluded).

NEWS FROM NOWHERE:

OR,

AN EPOCH OF REST.

BEING SOME CHAPTERS FROM A UTOPIAN ROMANCE.

CHAP. XXVI.—THE UPPER WATERS.

WE set Walter ashore on the Berkshire side, amidst all the beauties of Streatley, and so went our ways into what once would have been the deeper country under the foot-hills of the White Horse; and though the contrast between half-cocknified and wholly unsophisticated country existed no longer, a feeling of exultation rose within me (as it used to do) at sight of the familiar and still unchanged hills of the Berkshire range.

We stopped at Wallingford for our mid-day meal; and though of course all signs of squalor and poverty had disappeared from the streets of the ancient town, and many ugly houses had been taken down and many pretty new ones built, I thought it curious that the town still looked like the old place I remembered so well; for indeed it looked like that ought to have looked.

At dinner we fell in with an old, but very bright and intelligent man, who seemed in a country way to be another edition of old Hammond. He had an extraordinary detailed knowledge of the ancient history of the country-side from the time of Alfred to the days of the Parliamentary Wars, many events of which, as you may know, were enacted round about Wallingford. But what was more interesting to us, he had detailed record of the period of the change to the present state of things, and told us a great deal about it, and especially of that exodus of the people from the town to the country, and the gradual recovery by the town-bred people on one side and the country-bred people on the other of those arts of life which they had each lost; which loss, as he told us, had at one time gone so far that not only was it impossible to find a carpenter or a smith in a village or small country town, but that people in such places had even forgotten how to bake bread, and that at Wallingford, for instance, the bread came down with the newspapers by an early train from London, worked in some way, the explanation of which I could not understand. He told us also that the townspeople who came into the country used to pick up the agricultural arts, by carefully watching the way in which the machines worked,

gathering an idea of handicraft from machinery; because at that time almost everything in and about the fields was done by elaborate machines used quite unintelligently by the labourers. On the other hand, the old men amongst the labourers managed to teach the younger ones gradually a little artizanship, such as the use of the saw and the plane, the work of the smithy, and so forth;—and once more, by that time it was as much as—or rather, more than—a man could do to fix an ash pole to a rake by handiwork; so that would take a machine worth a thousand pounds, and a group of workmen, to do five shillings' worth of work. He showed us, among other things, an account of a certain village council who were working hard at all this business; and the record of their intense earnestness in getting to the bottom of some matter which in time past would have been thought quite trivial, as, for example, the due proportions of alkali and oil for soap-making for the village wash, or the exact heat of the water into which a leg of mutton should be plunged for boiling.—all this joined to the utter absence of anything like party feeling, which even in a village assembly would certainly have made its appearance in an earlier epoch, was very amusing, and at the same time instructive.

This old man, whose name was Henry Morsom, took us, after our meal and a rest, into a biggish hall which contained a large collection of articles of manufacture and art from the last days of the machine period to that day; and he went over them with us and explained them with great care. They also were very interesting, showing the transition from the makeshift work of the machines (which was at about its worst a little after the Civil War before told of) into the first years of the new handicraft period. Of course, there was much overlapping of the periods: and at first the new handwork came in very slowly.

"You must remember," said the old antiquary, "that the handicraft was not the result of what used to be called material necessity: on the contrary, by that time the machines had been so much improved that almost all necessary work might have been done by them; and indeed many people at that time and before it used to think that machinery would entirely supersede handicraft; which certainly, on the face of it, seemed more than likely. But there was another opinion, far less logical, prevalent amongst the rich people before the days of freedom, which did not die out at once after that epoch had begun. This opinion, which from all I can learn seemed as natural then, as it seems absurd now, was, that while the ordinary daily work of the world would be done entirely by automatic machinery, the energies of the more intelligent part of mankind would be set free to follow the higher forms of the arts as well as science and the study of history. It was strange, was it not, that they should thus ignore that aspiration after complete equality which we now recognise as the bond of all happy human society?"

I did not answer, but thought the more. Dick looked thoughtful, and said:

"Strange, neighbour? Well, I don't know. I have often heard my old kinsman say that the one aim of all people before our time was to avoid work, or at least they thought it was; so of course the work which their daily life forced them to do seemed more like work than that which they seemed to choose for themselves."

"True enough," said Morsom. "Anyhow, they soon began to find out their mistake, and that only slaves and slaveholders could live solely by setting machines going."

Clara broke in here, flushing a little as she spoke: "Was not their mistake once more bred of the life of slavery that they had been living?—a life which was always looking upon everything, except mankind, animate and inanimate—'nature,' as people used to call it—as one thing, and mankind as another. It was natural to people thinking in this way that they should try to make 'nature' their slave, since they thought 'nature' was something outside them."

"Surely," said Morsom; "and they were puzzled as to what to do, till they found the feeling against a mechanical life, which had begun before the Great Change amongst people who had leisure to think of such things, was spreading insensibly, till at last under the guise of pleasure that was not supposed to be work, work that was pleasure began to push out the mechanical toil, which they had once hoped at the best to reduce to narrow limits indeed, but never to get rid of; and which, moreover, they found they could not limit as they had hoped to do."

"When did this new revolution gather head?" said I.

"In the half-century that followed the Great Change," said Morsom, "it began to be noteworthy; machine after machine was quietly dropped under the excuse that the machines could not produce works of art, and that works of art were more and more called for. Look here," he said, "here are some of the works of that time—rough and unskilful in handiwork, but solid and showing some sense of pleasure in the making."

"They are very curious," said I, taking up a piece of pottery from amongst the specimens which the antiquary was showing us; "not a bit like the work of either savages or barbarians, and yet with what would once have been called a hatred of civilisation impressed upon them."

"Yes," said Morsom, "you must not look for delicacy there: in that period you could only have got that from a man who was practically a slave. But now, you see," said he, leading me on a little, "we have learned the trick of handicraft, and have added the utmost refinement of workmanship to the freedom of fancy and imagination."

I looked, and wondered indeed on the deftness and abundance of beauty of the work of men who had at last learned to accept life itself.

as a pleasure, and the satisfaction of the common needs of mankind and the preparation for them as work fit for the best of the race. I mused silently; but at last I said—

"What is to come after this?"

The old man laughed. "I don't know," said he; "we will meet it when it comes."

"Meanwhile," quoth Dick, "we have got to meet the rest of our day's journey; so out into the street and down to the strand! Will you come a turn with us, neighbour? Our friend is greedy of your stories."

"I will go as far as Oxford with you," said he; "I want a book or two out of the Bodleian Library. I suppose you will sleep in the old city?"

"No," said Dick, "we are going higher up: the hay is waiting us there, you know."

Morsom nodded, and we all went into the street together, and got into the boat just above the town bridge. But just as Dick was getting the sculls into the rowlocks, the bows of another boat camethrushing through the low arch. Even at first sight it was a gay little craft indeed—bright green, and painted over with elegantly drawn flowers. As it cleared the arch, a figure as bright and gay-clad as the boat rose up in it; a slim girl dressed in light blue silk that fluttered in the draughty wind of the bridge. I thought I knew the figure, and sure enough, as she turned her head to us, and showed her beautiful face, I saw with joy that it was none other than the fairy godmother from the abundant garden on Runnymede—Ellen, to wit.

WILLIAM MORRIS.

TO BE CONTINUED.

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

NOTES ON NEWS.

We admire Mr. Cunninghame Graham greatly, and we especially like his command of forcible language, which puts our vocabulary to shame. But we think it would be better if Mr. Graham, in his zeal for "constitutionalism," would occasionally be a little more accurate. It is quite true he might have thought he was quite safe in repeating a wretchedly stale commonplace, very popular among constitutional trade-unionists and peace-at-any-price Radicals, when he told the English people last week in a contemporary that "violent revolution is alien to the spirit of tradition of your race." When we hear this sort of thing from an educated man, you are tempted to ask whether historical study has formed a part of his education. We will ask Mr. Graham, however, if it is not a fact that the English working class, before they were starved down and crushed into cowardly submission, were not the boldest, most stubborn and rebellious race in Europe?

Did you ever hear of Wat Tyler, Mr. Graham, and have you read what Professor Thorold Rogers says about the effect of "violent revolution" in his time? Let us quote the passage from the Professor's book, 'Six Centuries of Work and Wages':

"Once in the history of England only—once, perhaps, only in the history of the world—peasants and artisans attempted to effect a revolution by force. They nearly succeeded; at least they became for a short time the masters of the situation. That they would have held the advantages they gained at Mile End had they provided against the tragedy of Smithfield, is improbable. But they caused such terror by what they actually did, that they gained all that they claimed, and that speedily. The English labourer for a century or more became virtually free and certainly prosperous."

Now, Mr. Graham, what do you think of that? Do you know that "the golden age of the English labourers," the famous fifteenth century, followed close upon that revolt, which was conducted according to "Continental methods," and included the burning of palaces, and hanging and beheading of lawyers, tax-gatherers, and other enemies of the public weal? Do you also know, Mr. Graham, that Henry VII., one of the most grasping of English kings, was afraid to tax the people because he knew they would rebel, and preferred to tax the nobles instead? Mr. Hallam's 'Constitutional History' is our authority for this statement. Have you ever heard of Jack Cade, Kett the Tanner, Robert Aske, Lilburne and the Levellers, the Luddites and the physical-force Chartists? Why, Mr. Graham, a man of your courage and ability ought to be ashamed to talk Manchester Quakerly. Let's have no more of it.

We are glad to welcome another accession to the "moderate" party. Parliamentary candidates run with money from a "friend" suit ill with "Revolutionary Social Democracy." We are not surprised, therefore, to see that Mr. Hyndman is opposed to the "general strike," and thinks the people are "short-sighted" who advocate it. It would lead to a "dictatorship." Indeed? Well, in these days of dynamite and other dangerous explosives we don't envy the "dictator." But one thing does astonish us. In our ignorance we always thought that a dictatorship was rather in Mr. Hyndman's line. Is it possible that his dwindling popularity leads him to believe that he wouldn't be the "dictator," and it is this which makes him suddenly such a "determined" opponent of "tyranny"? We should like to know.

There are still some kind-hearted people who believe in that venerable fraud and child kidnapper, Doctor Barnardo. For their benefit we quote part of a report of the meeting of the Chorlton Board of

Guardians from the *Manchester Evening News* of August 18th, in which the story is told of a boy who had been sent into slavery and brought back to England at the request of his friends.

"Mr. Tomlinson said he had seen the boy. He was ten years of age, and the story that he told of the life he had led in Canada rather shocked his (Mr. Tomlinson's) opinion as to the value of emigration. Here was a lad of ten years of age, who had not passed the fifth standard, and who was made to work on a farm from five in the morning till ten o'clock at night. He was not supplied with the food to which boys in England were accustomed, and said he had not tasted beef since he left this country. His story altogether was more like an account of 'white slavery' than anything else. If that was a sample of the treatment accorded to boys who were sent to Canada, the sooner juvenile emigration was stopped the better."

The fact is the whole business is a philanthropic fraud. Poor little boys without any friends are sent out to Canada by hypocritical scoundrels of the Barnardo type, to be worked like slaves by brutal farmers. We have very strong reasons to believe that all the atrocities of our old factory system are committed by those slave-drivers upon these helpless children. These guardians are going to investigate the affair. We hope it will be done thoroughly, and are also of opinion that when it is done that, that philanthropic swindler Barnardo will find the East-end rather too hot for him. N.

Our old friend Reynolds last Sunday had the ineffable effrontery to advocate in set terms the unconditional "endowment" of John Burns with a handsome annuity for life at the expense of the workers, and as a "reward" for his past labours in their cause! This preposterous proposal throws much light on the motives of some self-dubbed "friends of the people."

No writer in the *Commonweal*, no member of the League (so far as I know), has ever joined in the ignoble attacks on Burns which have been made in certain quarters. We, at any rate, have always thought well of his motives, and recognised the thoroughly good work done by him, both in spreading revolt and even in organisation, although (as anti-Parliamentarians) we deplored his wasting his energies on County Councils and such-like tomfoolery.

The fact, however, that such a suggestion as this should be seriously entertained, shows how demoralising the whole system of "leadership" is to those "led." If Burns does not repudiate the indiscreet zeal of his friends, it will show also (not for the first time) how demoralising the system is to the "leader" himself. In any case we assume that Free Communists have something better to do with such coin they possess than to contribute in any form to the support of any "leader."

R. W. B.

LANDLORDISM AND POVERTY.

LANDLORDISM for centuries has been, and is now, the curse of civilisation and the progenitor of crime, vice, and misery. Poverty follows landlordism as surely as light follows darkness; where we find exorbitant rents, so in proportion do we find an equivalent amount of extreme poverty.

The question then arises—how are we to remove the cause, so as to banish the effect? Is it to be done by constitutional means, or philanthropical schemes, or even the working-men's dwellings? No! What we want to do, and what every British worker ought to do, is to overthrow it themselves, and wait no longer for those who say they have the workers' interests at heart, but unite together and fight for that liberty to live which is the birthright of all men, even though it may cost us our lives. The land for the people shall ever be our watchword.

Such is the tenacious grip of this monster that its victims dare not lift up their heads to protest against the cruel oppression that entrals them. The outcome of landlord usurpation we find has been fully and graphically illustrated in Ireland, where the cruelties of the police, soldiery, and "civic" authorities for the last century have been especially horrible and cold-blooded.

The very materials of the houses in which the workers are forced to live have been paid for several times over, and yet their occupants have still to slave in order to keep those in idleness who toil not. Then it appears to me, and I think any man with a spark of humanity in him, will agree that the causes of poverty are not, as many well-meaning people would lead us to suppose—namely, that of drunkenness, extravagance, and so forth—but of landlordism.

I have examined this subject very closely, and I find that the harder the masses work the more wretched and unhappy they become; for if by chance they do succeed in obtaining a rise of wages (which is seldom), the landlord thief scoops down upon them and adds another lash to the already bleeding backs of his victims, and extorts from them in rent the additions they may have obtained by strikes.

Not long ago a friend of mine related to me (what is an everyday occurrence) how he settled some twenty years ago in a very poor neighbourhood, agreeing to pay £60 a-year for his house to carry on his business. After a time he managed to build up a decent concern, till about six months ago, when his lease expired, and he applied in the usual course for a renewal, when he was told that £100 would in the future be the yearly rental. Now this man had to get this extra rent from somewhere, consequently down went his workmen's wages, and then these workmen had either to deny themselves some article of food or clothing, or go and live in a worse slum than that in which they already existed, in order to pay this extra demand made upon their master for rent.

Well, to give way to the sentiments of my mind upon this matter, I will quote the words of a celebrated divine: If men are such cowards to put up with this, they deserve to be slaves.

I am glad that we Socialists are fully alive to the situation, and are leading the people in a No-Rent crusade. It is time something practical was done to drive this hellish monster, Landlordism, into oblivion. C. A. STONE.



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

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Periodicals received during the week ending Wednesday August 20.

ENGLAND Belfast Weekly Star Die Autonomie Free Life Justice Labour Tribune Norwich—Daylight People's Press Railway Review Social Demokrat Seafaring The Whirlwind Worker's Friend	NEW SOUTH WALES Sydney—Bulletin	IRELAND Brisbane—Boomerang Brisbane—Worker	INDIA Bankipore—Behar Herald	UNITED STATES New York—Truthseeker New York—Freiheit Freie Arbeiter Stimme Twentieth Century Volkszeitung Bakers' Journal Boston—Woman's Journal Investigator	Boston—Liberty Buffalo—Arbeiter-Zeitung Chicago—Rights of Labour Vorbote Cincinnati (O.) Volks-Anwalt Detroit—Der Arme Teufel Los Angeles—Cal. Nationalist Philadelphia—Knights of Labour Paterson Labour Standard S.F. Coast Seamen's Journal San Francisco Arbeiter Zeitung Pacific Union St. Louis (Mo.)—Die Parole Anarchist	FRANCE Paris—Bourse du Travail Paris—La Revolté Le Parti ouvrier Charleville—L'Emancipation Lille—Le Cri du Travailleur	HOLLAND Hague—Recht voor Allen	BELOGIUM Antwerp—De Werker Ghent—Vooruit	SWITZERLAND Arbeiterstimme Bulletin Continental	ITALY Rome—L'Emancipazione Palermo—Avanti	SPAIN Madrid—El Socialista	PORTUGAL Lisbon—O Protesto Operario	GERMANY Berlin—Volks Tribune Halberstadt, Sonntags-Zeitung	AUSTRIA Vienna—Arbeiter-Zeitung Brunn—Volksfreund Reichenberg—Freigeist Graz—Arbeiterwille	GERMANY Trieste—Confeder. Operaia	HUNGARY Arbeiter-Wochen-Chronik	SWEDEN Malmo—Arbetet Stockholm, Social-Demokraten	WEST INDIES Cuba—El Productor	ARGENTINE REPUBLIC Buenos Ayres—Vorwärts	GREECE Socialists
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JOHN BURNS AND FOREIGN COMPETITION.

JOHN BURNS is reported to have said at Hartlepool that Englishmen could always beat the foreigner. There's a smell of mildew about this statement; it smacks of the period of Gillray's satires upon the foreigners, and when it was impossible for anyone of foreign aspect and speech to pass unmolested about the streets of London. It ranks with the boast that one Englishman can fight six foreigners, and that all Englishmen dine daily off roast beef and plum pudding.

No doubt the position occupied by Burns is an equivocal one, and necessitates some pandering to the prejudices of his following. Such swallowing of principles is part of the penalty of leadership; but Burns could use his position to preach internationalism, instead of talking down to the grossest form of jingoism extant. A large proportion of his followers believe in England for the English, and all the world for them too if it can be grabbed. They want, in short, an international system of commerce handled solely by Englishmen, which very modest aspiration is not likely to be gratified.

The next commercial depression will leave its mark on the New Unionism, if it does not utterly destroy it. Burns might utilise the interval by rooting out the narrow nationalist prejudices of his followers, to preach the international solidarity of labour. It would fit them for the time when their New Unionism will be as a broken reed in their hands, and instead of looking upon a gain of 1d. per hour as a final solution of the labour problem, cause them to strive for the total overthrow of masterdom.

F. K.

BE BOLD AND RESOLUTE!

ONE of the most hopeful signs of our hopeful time is the universal discontent, rising here and there (as the other day at Leeds, or in the Wellington Barracks) into open rebellion and "mutiny," which is beginning to animate the braver and more desperate of our wage-slaves to practical protest against the hideous mockery of society under which we live to-day. The motto of our League enjoins us to "agitate" and "organise," as well as to "educate," and surely we cannot but rejoice and take courage at every blow struck at bourgeois institutions and bourgeois law,—even although the striker may never have read 'Das Kapital,' and may even be quite ignorant of scientific economics.

Economics are (let us concede at once) good to know. The work of Karl Marx and the rest can never, in the nature of things, be forgotten in the happy days to come after the Revolution. Thanks to them (and to other still more daring and original thinkers), we know, roughly at least, how to assist the evolution of the new and better world. But if we are to wait, before beginning the general overthrow, until every combatant on our side has mastered the scientific aspect of Socialism, then indeed (as that Fabian said) we shall "die in the wilderness." Fortunately, even were we willing to wait, the current which is—silently for the most part, yet surely—bearing us onward towards Niagara would not wait for us. Precisely how near the catastrophe may be, we cannot tell. He would be a foolish man indeed who should pledge himself that it will not come next year; on the other hand, we may have to wait for years for the final emancipation of mankind. Come when it may, it is surely much to be desired that, if it may be, it should come as the result of passionate detestation of capitalist rule—passionate longing for the reign of equality—and not merely as a consequence of economic necessity. If so, we should foster and cherish, by all means in our power, this same passionate detestation of things as they are,—in other words, the spirit of revolt and insurrection. "What?" our doctrinaire Socialist of the arm-chair may ask, "would you stimulate and encourage aimless mutiny, aimless destruction, for the sake of mutiny and destruction?" The present writer answers, for his part, "Assuredly I would. 'Civilisation' and so-called society to-day form so vile and hateful a tyranny that, even were there nothing to put in their places, I should sympathise heartily with any attempt to destroy them. Better, a hundred times better, unknown chaos than such a loathsome system of organised robbery and murder as that under which we live now." But it is unnecessary to consider any such question. Come the destruction of middle-class society when it may, it is clear now that the race is prepared to enter on the next stage in its long history. Mistakes may be made at first; it may even go hard with our doctrinaire friend, unless he see the error of his ways (so well-read a person will surely remember the tale of the Girondists, and be warned in time); but we are certain in the long run Free Communism will replace wage-slavery, and the tyranny and robbery of landlordism and capitalism will be known no more.

It is not our business, then, as revolutionists, to fear the Revolution or to hinder its coming, but rather to hurry it on as best we can. The very finest lever we have to work with in our attack on the possessing classes is the fierce and growing hatred of the workers for the robbers who live on their labour. That hatred should be encouraged and strengthened at all hazards. Our aim is to fan the smouldering class war into a blaze which shall fire the world. Deliberately do I for my part say that hatred of capitalists is, from our standpoint, an excellent thing, as well as hatred of capitalism. We are not Christians, that we should love our enemies, do good to them that despitefully use us, or turn the other cheek to the smiter. That line of policy has been tried for nineteen hundred years, and the result is that the present representatives of the Galilean carpenter and street agitator (a "labour-leader" in his own way) are "His Holiness Pope Leo XIII.," "His Grace the Lord Archbishop of Canterbury," and "General" Booth. Revolutionary ethics are robuster and more manly, and likely, let us trust, to prove more successful as a working theory of life. As has been well said by a French comrade, "Only those who know how to hate can really love." Only those who hate a Livesey or a Norwood can sincerely love humanity. "Do I not hate them, Lord, who hate thee?" said the old Jewish singer, addressing his Jehovah, his national deity, the mythical Spirit of his tribe. Do we not hate them who hate mankind (the only mankind worth considering, the proletariat)? Let us who look not to the tribe but to the race, and with the force generated by this ever-intensifying hatred, organise revolt everywhere. Riot, conflict, and disorder will multiply and grow as the doomsday of theft and mastership draws near. The more they multiply and grow the better for us. "Mutiny" and revolt does not necessarily mean the beginning of the Revolution itself; but it is an excellent preparation and, so to speak, education for the Revolution. Wherever there is excuse or opportunity, let us strike at the odious bourgeois in such fashion as to train ourselves for action and to make him understand that his hour has nearly come. Whenever we get the chance, let us preach detestation of him and all his deeds, contempt of his laws, resolution to re-take from him his ill-gotten wealth for the benefit of all. This is the really pressing work. When these feelings are once fairly roused it will be time to turn to theories of the future—theories which, after all, have now been tolerably well discussed, and which it is time to put in practice.

R. W. BURNIE.

London Members' Meeting.—The next monthly meeting of members will be held on Wednesday, August 27th, at 8.30 p.m., at the Autonomie Club, Windmill Street, Tottenham Court Road, W. Comrade Kitz will give an address on "Revolutionary Propaganda." All members invited to attend.

REVOLUTIONARY GOVERNMENT.

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH OF PETER KROPOTKINE.

I.

THAT the existing governments ought to be abolished, so that liberty, equality, and fraternity may no longer be vain words but may become living realities; that all the forms of government which have been tried up to the present have been only so many forms of oppression, and ought to be replaced by a new form of organisation,—so far, all those who think, and whose temperament is, however little, revolutionary, are perfectly agreed. To tell the truth, it is not even necessary to be much of an innovator to come to this conclusion; the vices of the existing governments, and the impossibility of reforming them, are too striking not to be seen at once by every reasonable observer. And as to overthrowing the governments, we know, speaking generally, that at certain periods that takes place without much difficulty. There are moments when the governments fall to pieces almost of their own accord, like houses of cards, before the breath of the revolted peoples. That was seen quite clearly in 1848 and 1870: it will be seen again very soon.

To overthrow a government—that is the *end* for a middle-class revolution. For us it is only the *beginning* of the Social Revolution. The machinery of the State once thrown out of gear, the hierarchy of the officials fallen into disorganisation and no longer knowing how to act, the army of the defenders of capital once put to rout—it is then that we have to face the great work of destroying the institutions which serve to perpetuate economical and political slavery. The possibility of free action is acquired;—what are the revolutionists going to do?

To this question there are only the Anarchists who reply, “No more government—Anarchy.” All the others say, “A revolutionary government.” They differ only as to the form to give to this government. Some desire that it shall be elected by universal suffrage in the State or in the commune; others declare in favour of a revolutionary dictatorship.

A “revolutionary government”! Those are two words which sound very strangely to the ears of those who understand what the Social Revolution ought to signify and what is the meaning of a government,—two words which contradict each other, which destroy one another. We have seen often enough despotic governments—it is the essence of all governments to be for the reaction against the revolution and necessarily to be despotic—but we have never seen a revolutionary government, and for a very good reason. It is because the revolution—synonym of “disorder,” of destruction, of the overthrow in a few days of venerable institutions, of violent demolition of the established forms of property, of destruction of castes, of rapid transformation of the ideas accepted about morality, or rather, about the hypocrisy which occupies its place, of individual liberty and spontaneous action—is precisely the opposite, the negation of government, that being the synonym of “the established order,” of conservatism, of the preservation of the existing institutions, the negation of individual initiative and action. And nevertheless, we continually hear people speak of this white blackbird as if a “revolutionary government” was the most simple thing in the world, as common and as well-known to everyone as royalty, empire, or the papacy.

That the self-styled revolutionists of the middle-class should preach this idea it is easy to understand. We know what they mean by revolution. It is simply a patching up of the middle-class republic; it is the taking possession by the self-styled republicans of the lucrative employments reserved to-day for the Bonapartists and the Royalists. It is, at the outside, the divorce of the Church and State replaced by the concubinage of the two; the confiscation of the wealth of the clergy for the benefit of State, and above all for the benefit of the future administrators of this wealth: perhaps even the referendum, or some other machine of the same kind. But that the revolutionary Socialists should make themselves the apostles of this idea—we can explain it only in supposing one of two things: either those who accept it are imbued with the middle class prejudices which they have unconsciously drawn from the literature, and especially from the history, written for the use of the middle class by members of that class, and, still full of the spirit of servility produced by centuries of slavery, they cannot even imagine themselves free; or they do not desire this Revolution, the name of which is always upon their lips—they would be contented with a mere patching up of the existing institutions, on condition that they were put in power and left free to find out later on what it would be necessary to do to quiet the “mob,” that is to say, the people. They are against those who govern to-day only because they wish to take their place. With these people we do not desire to reason. We will speak, then, only to those who are honestly deceived.

Let us commence by the first of the two forms of “revolutionary government” which are extolled—the elected government.

Authority, royal or otherwise, is overthrown, the army of the defenders of capital is routed; everywhere there is fermentation, the discussion of public affairs, the desire to march forward. The new ideas come to the front, the necessity of serious changes is understood; it is necessary to act, it is necessary to commence without mercy the work of demolition in order to clear away the ground for the new life. But what is proposed to be done? To convoke the people for the elections and to elect a government immediately afterwards, to confide to it the work that we all, every one of us, ought to do on our own initiative!

This is what Paris did after the 18th of March, 1871. “I shall always remember,” said a friend to us, “these beautiful moments of emancipation. I had descended from my garret in the Latin Quarter to enter that immense meeting in the open-air, which was filling the Boulevards from one end of Paris to the other. Everybody was discussing the public business, all personal pre-occupation was forgotten, there was no longer any question of buying and selling, all were ready to throw themselves forward body and soul towards the future. Even some members of the capitalist class, carried away by the general enthusiasm, regarded with pleasure the beginning of a new existence. ‘If we have to make the Social Revolution, very well, we will make it; let us put everything in common, we are ready!’ The elements of the revolution were there; all that had to be done was to bring them into action. When in the evening I returned to my room, I said to myself, ‘After all, humanity is grand! We did not understand it; it had always been calumniated!’ Then came the elections, the members of the Commune were named, and the power of devotion, the zeal for action, was extinguished little by little. Every one returned to his accustomed work, saying, ‘Now we have an honest government, let us leave it to act!’” We know what followed.

Instead of acting themselves, instead of marching forward, instead of throwing themselves boldly into a new order of things, the people, confiding in their government, left to it the work of taking the initiative. There was the first consequence, the fatal result of the elections. What, then, would this government do invested with the confidence of all?

Never were elections more free than those of March, 1871. The adversaries of the Commune have themselves recognised it. Never were the great mass of the electors more strongly imbued with a desire to put the best men into power, the men of the future, the revolutionists. And this is what they did. All the revolutionists of renown were elected by formidable majorities; Jacobins, Blanquists, Internationalists, the three revolutionary factions, were found represented in the councils of the Commune. Elections couldn't possibly produce a better government.

We know the result. Shut up in the Hôtel de Ville with instructions to proceed in accordance with the forms established by previous governments, these ardent revolutionists, these reformers, found themselves unable to do anything to produce any good result. With all their good will and their courage they did not even know how to organise the defence of Paris. It is true that to-day the blame is thrown upon the men, upon individuals, but it was not individuals who were the cause of this catastrophe—it was the method applied.

In fact, universal suffrage when it is free can at the most only give an Assembly representing an average of the opinions which are current at the moment amongst the people; and this average at the commencement of revolution is generally only a vague idea, very vague, of the work which is to be done, without taking into account how it should be done. Ah! if the bulk of the nation, of the commune, were able to understand one another before the movement as regards what they would have to do as soon as the government was overthrown! If this dream of the Utopians of the drawing-room could be realised, we would never have had any bloody revolutions; the will of the bulk of the nation having been expressed the remainder would submit with good grace. But it is not in this way things take place. The Revolution burst forth before a general understanding is possible, and those who have a clear idea of what they will have to do on the morrow of the rising are at that moment only a small minority. The great mass of people have as yet only a general idea of the end which they wish to see realised, without knowing very well how to act in order to bring about this end, without having much confidence as to the steps they ought to take. The practical solution will be found, will become clear, only when the change has already commenced; it will be the product of the revolution itself and the people in action—or else it will be nothing; the intelligence of a few people being absolutely incapable of finding the solutions which can arise only from the life of the people.

It is this situation which is reflected in the body elected by the suffrage, even when it has not all the vices inherent to representative governments in general. The few men who represent the revolutionary idea of the period find themselves overwhelmed amongst the representatives of the revolutionary schools of the past, or of the existing order of things. These men who are so necessary in the midst of the people, precisely in the revolutionary days, to scatter their ideas broadcast, to put the masses in motion, to demolish the institutions of the past—find themselves compelled to stop there in a room discussing at greater length than they imagined in order to tear some concessions from the moderates, to convert some of their enemies, whilst there is only one possible means of bringing them round to the new ideas—to put those new ideas into execution. The government changes in parliament, with all the vices of the capitalist parliaments. Far from being a “revolutionary” government it becomes the greatest obstacle to the revolution, and to stop its “marking time” the people find themselves compelled to dismiss it, to turn away those who only yesterday they hailed as their elected. But it is no longer an easy matter. The new government, which feels called upon to organise an entirely new administration in order to extend its rule and make itself obeyed, is not inclined to give way so quietly. Anxious to maintain its power, it clings on to it with all the strength of an institution which has not yet had time to fall into senile decomposition. It is resolved to oppose force to force, and there is only one way to dislodge it—to take up arms and make the revolution over again, in order to get rid of those in whom the people had placed all their hopes.

And in this way the revolution is divided. After having lost precious time in coming to terms with its opponents, it is about to lose its strength in internal dissensions between the friends of the young government and those who have realised the necessity of doing away with it! And all this through not having understood that a new life requires new methods, that it is not by clinging to the old forms that a revolution is effected! All this because the incompatibility of revolution and government has not been comprehended, because it has not been foreseen that the one, under whatever form it is presented, is always the negation of the other, and that outside of Anarchism there cannot be a revolution.

It is just the same as regards that other form of "revolutionary government" which is so much cried up—the revolutionary dictatorship.

THE LABOUR STRUGGLE.

THE DOCKERS' DEMONSTRATION.

The Dockers' Demonstration was immensely successful. Sunday was one of the brightest and finest days I have seen during this dull and gloomy summer. There was no mist, no gloom to veil the brightness of the glorious sun; the weather was radiant, and everyone's spirits was up to the weather. It is quite true that the demonstration was not so large as that of the Eight Hours Day, but there were at least no leaden skies to make the demonstrators feel miserable. I shall say nothing of the muster on the Embankment or the march through the streets; that has been described again and again in the ordinary press; but there was one incident that the capitalist press has not, in most cases, described at all, for very obvious reasons. When the front of the procession reached Wellington Barracks, the bands that headed struck up "The British Grenadiers," and the whole crowd burst into a thundering shout, waving their hats wildly in the air. The sentries at the gate looked on with seeming apathy; they did not present arms this time, for commissioned and non-commissioned officers had their eyes upon them; but from the open barrack windows, where the soldiers were lounging in their shirt-sleeves, hands and handkerchiefs were waved, several men in their enthusiasm seizing their red coats and waving them. On the procession passed, and as every band reached the barracks "The British Grenadiers" rang merrily out, and there was nought but cheering from one end of the procession to the other, soldiers and people cheering each other as the procession marched by. This was certainly the most interesting incident of the whole demonstration.

Another fact of interest to revolutionists is also worth noting. The "Marseillaise" was the popular tune of the day. Even the *Tory Evening News* notes that it was the only tune to which the men marched with any spirit. Probably with a view of getting rid of that "dreadful tune," with its memories of revolution and of the men "who knew how to die," so discomforting to the "hupper suckles," the *Evening News* recommends "a good labour march," and laments piteously that until it is written "the 'Marseillaise' seems to be the only piece of music which makes the London workman step in time." Probably a combination of "We don't want to Fight," "God save the Queen," and "Rule Britannia" is the sort of thing the *Evening News* would like. Whether it would suit the workmen is quite another question. We note with interest that the procession did not pass in front of Buckingham Palace. The police probably had made other arrangements. Popular processions must not annoy the royal flunkies with the "Marseillaise." The old woman was out of town, according to her usual custom, so her feelings could not be offended.

The speakers on the platforms all exulted in the progress of the New Unionism.

John Burns gave an indication of aggressive policy when he declared that he wished they would relieve him from the County Council and his candidature for Parliament, so that for five years he might labour to elevate the lot of the agricultural labourers, and prevent them from flocking to the large towns to depreciate an already overstocked labour market. In our opinion John Burns would be far better employed in stirring up a labour revolt among the agricultural labourers than in electioneering or in endeavouring to turn County Councillors into honest men. The latter is a very hopeless task.

Mr. Freake, who said he was not a Socialist, was the only man to give the Socialists credit for their work in the past. He said it was the Socialists who had taught the workers to rebel by their preaching in the highways and byeways.

Ben Tillet curiously enough made the best speech from a revolutionary point of view. Ben Tillet is getting on. His peroration is worth quoting:

"We call upon the pulpit to help us, we call upon the Senate; but if they won't help us we will help ourselves. We want them to come and assist us; we ask them as Christians to come and assist us. With the settlement of this difficulty there will be the advent of a time when the nation will be upright and true, when immorality and starvation will not exist, when every wife will be a happy wife, and every home a comfortable home, when every man will be an honest and a dignified man, when one generation will hand to its successor a heritage of happiness and prosperity."

If this is the ideal of the New Unionism, we can only wish it success and prosperity, for it will be found that the only way to realise this is for the workers to sweep the idlers and robbers away who live upon their labour, and to take possession of their own, *i.e.*, the land, factories, mines, railways, docks, and all other means of producing and distributing wealth, must be seized by the people for their own use and enjoyment, and then indeed "one generation will hand to its successor a heritage of happiness and prosperity."

The Welsh Railway Strike.

On Thursday, just after an "accidental" fire, through which a signal-box was burnt down, the directors suddenly gave in. It is worth noting that this signal-box caught fire just after the directors had threatened to use soldiers as blacklegs. Perhaps the reason the directors gave in was that they thought that if they did not surrender there might be some more "accidents." It is dangerous to drive workmen to desperation. The terms of the agreement are as follows: That the company undertake to pay for a week of sixty hours, subject to the conditions that the men will not be paid for time lost through the monthly holiday at the collieries, or through strikes or other unusual interruptions or undertakings connected with the

railway; the ordinary holidays at Easter, Whitsuntide, and Christmas to be treated as heretofore on the Taff Valley Railway. The hours of the pilot men, engine men, and shunting men are to be eleven per day, with six hours per week allowed, reducing the net hours worked to sixty. Signalmen's time is to be twelve hours per day, with twelve hours in the week allowed off, again reducing the total hours to sixty.

The Eight Hours Day.

The London Compositors have not only decided in favour of the legal eight hours, but have refused to allow their secretary Mr. Drummond, one of the worst of the "old gang," to go as a delegate to the Trades Congress. In his place they have appointed Mr. Matthews, a young man who is not ashamed of being a Socialist. The London Trades Council, by 62 to 30, have also decided to instruct their delegates to vote for the legal eight hours day at the Congress. Poor Shipton does not stand much chance of the Parliamentary Secretaryship. As to the legal eight hours, we do not believe that a Parliament of capitalists and landlords will ever give it to the workers, and we are sure they will have to take it themselves by a general strike of every trade and industry; and that that strike will probably end in winning much more than an eight hours day.

Lock-out of Borough Scale-makers.

Messrs. Doyle and Sons, Borough, have locked out their men because they refused to work with a man who had blacklegged for Livesey during the strike at the South Metropolitan Gas-works. Good luck to these brave fellows! We hope they will beat their masters and the blackleg.

IN SOUTHERN AFRICA.

SINCE last writing you, there has been a considerable falling-off in the demand for labour of all kinds in all parts of South Africa. Many men of all trades and no trades are going idle in Johannesburg, Transvaal, Durban, Natal, and in Port Elizabeth and other parts of Cape Colony. Wages in Johannesburg have been reduced all round, in many cases as much as 20 and 30 per cent. In the Diamond Fields there are numbers of unemployed whose condition—as if it were not bad enough—the De Beers Company have set themselves to try and make worse in different ways. The first way was by shutting up the Du Toitspau and Bullfontein mines for no other reason but that the profits (and there has always been a considerable profit from both mines) were not large enough to satisfy the cursed greed of the Hon. Cecil Rhodes and other shareholders in the De Beers Company. The other way was by refusing many workmen leave to work as "debris-washers." Here it is perhaps necessary to explain that ever since the Diamond Fields were discovered, heaps of "debris," or earth that has been washed and searched for diamonds, have been accumulating in different places. Owing to faulty methods in washing and neglect in searching the clay, a number of diamonds were left in the debris, and the re-washing and more careful searching of this rubbish has up till recently given employment and a livelihood—precariouly enough, it is true—to a goodly number of men. But the "Hon. Cecil," Lord of the (South African) Heavens and Earth, for his ambition or greed—which is it?—is such that nothing short of the annexation of the upper hemisphere or the demonstrating to him of the impossibility of such a task will satisfy himself and "pals."

And now, craving pardon for this digression, or series of digressions, let me hark back, giving our modern Alexander his full title. The Hon. Cecil, Lord of the (South African) Heavens and Earth, Premier of the Cape Colony, Amalgamator of the Diamond Mines, Paramount Chief of Mashono and Matabele lands, Commissioner of Crown Lands, and God only knows what else, seeing that the competition of these debris-washers might reduce the profits of himself and pals, instantly prohibits such work by laying claim to said debris. But the best part of the whole business is that after the debris-washers had ventilated their grievances pretty well in Kimberly (Diamond Fields), they thought—like a good many more foolish men in a country some six thousand miles away—to obtain justice by appealing to Government. And so a deputation from the Diamond Fields waited last week upon the Governor, Henry Loch, who, after giving them what the local press termed a "patient hearing," and appearing considerably interested, expressed the hope "that the Government" (the Hon. Cecil, the amalgamator, and the most interested man in the company whose action the deputation complained of) "would see their way to assist the debris-washers at Kimberly. The deputation then thanked the Governor and withdrew." And now that the mantle of Elisha Sprigg, the late Premier, has descended upon the shoulders of the Hon. Cecil, we will see what redress or manner of relief the Government will give these workers.

Which way the wind will blow is pretty plainly shown by the following motion which Mr. Laing, member for Fort Beaufort, gave notice of in the House a few days ago: "That in the interests of the country it is impolitic and undesirable that the official representative of the British South Africa Company should be Prime Minister of this colony." There are a good many other things, my dear Mr. Laing, done in the Cape Legislative Assembly which are also undesirable and impolitic in the interests of the country. What about the Masters and Servants Act, and the amendment to it sanctioning the flogging of workers, but in no way applying to masters? What about the Native Location Bill? and Mr. Trower's Bill to prohibit Amaqueta dances amongst natives? Since the native population is increasing out of all proportion to the whites, I have no doubt that at no very distant date Mr. Trower or the "Hon. Cecil" will be quite agreeable to introduce and pilot a Bill for the prevention of breeding amongst natives. And to wind up, what about the "Stock Thefts Repression Bill"? and the pass system?—all of which are directed against the natives. What the late Premier, Gordon Sprigg, would not do—*viz.*, speak in favour of the Flogging Bill for workers—the present Premier, Cecil Rhodes, did, and was quite prepared to vote for it if a precedent could only be established, and straightway set himself the task to find one—and proved it, to the satisfaction of all concerned. Is there anything the modern politician would not vote for—precedent or no precedent—so long as it was in the interests of his own class?

In Cape Town the agitation for an eight hours' working-day still goes on, and has taken form in an organisation called the "Cape Town Trades and Labour Council," which, unlike the narrow-minded, selfish, exclusive trades unionism of Britain, is composed of workers of all kinds; the only qualification is that the members must be workers. The membership is increasing, and though there are perhaps only about 170 or 180 men employed as joiners

and carpenters in Cape Town, yet the membership now numbers about 150. One of the last acts of the late ministry was the granting of the "eight hour day" to the engineering departments of the government railways, so that now the working-day commences in winter at 6.50 a.m., ending at 5 p.m., working till 12 o'clock on Saturdays. In summer, from 6.30 a.m. till 4.30 p.m. All over the colony there are more labourers than there is a demand for, so that no workmen ought to leave Britain to come here on a "spec"—were I to speak more to the point, I might say that no worker ought to leave Britain if his only motive in doing so is to get higher wages. Higher wages are to be had in the United Kingdom if the workers will but fight for them. However, I trust to see the day when men the world over will work for something more than a mere wage.

The "Chartered Company" are pushing their "Filibustering Expedition" slowly up into the Matabele Country, and unless I am much mistaken they will come down country much faster than they went up. It is rumoured that troops are to be sent up from Natal to assist, I suppose, in increasing the dividends of Mr. Fife and Aberdeen, and others of a like kidney. Now that the "Hon. Cecil" is "bossing" the show, shares in the S.A.C. Co. may reasonably be expected to "boom" again, and seeing that the Chartered Company in point of dividend paying are about to put the Automatic Photographic Company into the shade completely, I suppose that Messrs. Wales, Fife, and Aberdeen will stick to what shares they have got like so many limpets to a rock. They need not be in the least afraid but that their interests will be well looked after. With Mr. Rhodes, the originator of the company, as Premier of the Cape Colony, and shareholders in the Cabinet, and a paid director of the company acting as Commissioner of Crown Lands, the "Jammery Ring" can take a back seat. When Mr. Laing, member for Fort Beaufort, brought his motion before the House of Assembly and challenged Mr. Rhodes as to what he would do in the event of Colonial interests clashing with those of the Chartered Company, the Premier was heard to say "that he would resign, but that he could not conceive of the interests conflicting." Of course not; but what has Mr. Rhodes to say about the smuggling of the guns into the interior last year, in which he as an official of the South Africa Company played the chief part? and what about the colonys interest being likely to suffer by the war which sooner or later will result from robbing the Matabeles of their territory? Of course, the motion was negatived by a large majority; no one but an idiot would have expected the result to turn out otherwise. To satisfy themselves and blind outsiders, a number of members of the "House" expressed the opinion that the Hon. Cecil meant well, but that at the same time they would "keep an eye on him"—so that whilst at home you "keep your eye on Paisley," colonists will find it worth their while to "keep their eye on Cecil," and a few other things as well.

Cape Town, July 23, 1890.

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.

NEW PREMISES FUND.

Collection by Council on August 11th, 5s. 6d.; Aug. 18th, 4s. 3d.; D., 2d.

"COMMONWEAL" GUARANTEE FUND.

£ s. d.		£ s. d.	
H. R.	0 1 0	P. Webb (3 weeks)	0 3 0
Saunders	0 2 0	Nicoll	0 0 6
(on July 10th)	0 3 0	North London (2 weeks)	0 8 0
R. F. H.	0 1 6	F. H. James (Buenos Ayres)	0 6 0
Collection (Aug. 3rd)	0 1 5	Glasgow Branch	0 5 0
McKenzie	0 0 6		
B. W. (3 weeks)	0 1 6	Total	1 13 5

SPECIAL PROPAGANDA FUND.

£ s. d.		£ s. d.	
H. Samuels (Leeds)	0 3 6	Returned Subscription pro	
J. Bines	0 1 0	Grenadier Guards from the	
Banco	0 0 9	<i>Daily Chronicle</i>	0 4 1
		Total	0 9 4

For Grenadier Guards.—W. S., 1s.; collected by S.L., 3s. 1d. This has been placed to Special Propaganda Fund, the *Daily Chronicle* having closed the fund.

SPECIAL NOTICE.

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

REPORTS.

NORTH LONDON.—At Regent's Park our meeting was addressed by Stone, Nicoll, Edwards, and Turner; collection, 6s. In Hyde Park Miss Lupton and Nicoll addressed a good meeting. We have sold this week 110 *Commonweal*, some Chicago Speeches and other literature.

LEEDS.—We held three good meetings here on Sunday—speakers Sollit, Sweeney, Corkwell, and Samuels. *Commonweal* and pamphlets sold well. At a special club meeting it was resolved that we get up a demonstration here for Mowbray on September 7.

ABERDEEN.—At Quayside (foot of Market Street), on 14th, Rennie and Leatham addressed good meeting. At Castle Street on Saturday night Aiken, Duncan, and Rennie addressed a large crowd while Addie and Leatham vigorously pushed the sale of literature. A word ought to be said in praise of the exertions of the choir just now, the members of which are turning up at meetings in unusual force and making the singing correspondingly effective.—L.

An Appeal.—Comrade Lessner appeals to us on behalf of A. Weiler, who, with his wife and three children, is in a terrible condition of poverty. Weiler is an old veteran in the Revolutionary Cause, who has worked in the Continental movement for twenty years, from the beginning of the International Working-men's Association. Help is most urgently needed, and should be sent to the Secretary of the Communist Working Men's Club, 49 Tottenham Street, Tottenham Court Road, W.C., or to F. Lessner, 12 Fitzroy Street, Fitzroy Square.—Received from the Hammersmith Branch S. L., 9s. 6d.

LECTURE DIARY.

LONDON.

Battersea.—All communications to E. Butcz, 45, Inwith Street, Battersea Park Road.
Commonweal Branch.—24 Great Queen Street, Holborn, W.C. Tuesdays, Singing Practice. Thursdays, Business meeting. Saturdays, Social Gathering. Sunday, 8.30 p.m., Aug. 24, Adjourned Discussion on "What are the best Revolutionary Methods?"
East London.—A special meeting of members will be held at International Club, Berner Street, on Sunday, August 24th, at 7.30 p.m.
Hammersmith.—Kelmscott House, Upper Mall, W. Lecture every Sunday at 8. French Class conducted by Mdlle. Desroches on Friday evenings at 7.30.
North Kensington.—Clarendon Coffee Palace, Clarendon Road. Meets every Wednesday at 8 p.m. The branch Band meets every Friday at 8 p.m. for practice. Comrades wishing to join to give in their names to the instructor at the above address.
North London.—6 Windmill Street, Tottenham Court Road. Meets every Wednesday evening at 8 o'clock.
South London.—St. George's Coffee Tavern, 106 Westminster Bridge Road.
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 Odd-fellows' Small Hall, Crooked Lane, on Sunday evenings at 6.30. Singing practice, etc., Mondays at 8 p.m.
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.
Hull.—Club Liberty, 1 Beets Court, Blanket Row.
Leeds.—International Educational Club, Templar Street. Open every evening. Discussion class every Friday at 8; lectures every Saturday at 4. All kinds of Socialist literature on tables and for sale.
Leicester.—Exchange Buildings, Rutland Street. Branch meets on Monday, Thursday, and Saturday at 8 p.m.
Manchester.—Socialist League Club, 60 Groveana Street, All Saints. Open every evening. Branch weekly meeting on Tuesdays at 8.
Nottingham.—Socialist Club, Woodland Place, Upper Parliament Street. Club contribution, 1d. per week; Dancing every Wednesday, 8 till 10.30—fee 3d.
Norwich.—Members' meeting held every Tuesday at 8.30.
Oxford.—Temperance Hall, 25 1/2 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, Fargate, at 11.30; Newhall Road, Attercliffe, at 11.30; Pump, Westbar, at 8; Heeley, Maresbrook Park, at 7.30; Monolith, Fargate, at 6.30; Rotherham, College Yard, at 3.15. Wednesday: Nursery Street, Wicker, at 8. Thursday: Bramall Lane, at 8; Eckington, at 6.30. Friday: Duke Street, Park, at 8. Saturday: Woodhouse, at 7.
Walsall.—Socialist Club, 18 Goodall Street, Walsall. Meetings every night.
Yarmouth.—Socialist League Club, 56 Row, Market Place. Open every evening Business Meeting, Tuesday at 8. Singing Practice, Wednesday at 8.30. Discussion Class, Thursday at 8.30. Eloution Class, Friday at 8.30.

OPEN-AIR PROPAGANDA.

SATURDAY 23.

7.30.....	Prince of Wales Road	The Branch
SUNDAY 24.			
11	Commercial Road—Union Street	Leggatt and Kitz
11	Latimer Road Station	North Kensington Branch
11.30....	Hammersmith Bridge	Hammersmith Branch
11.30....	Hoxton Church	Burnie and Mrs. Lahr
11.30....	Hyde Park—Marble Arch	Miss Lupton
11.30....	Kilburn—"Old Plough", Kilburn Lane	Mainwaring
11.30....	New Cut—Short Street	Casey, Buckeridge, and Pearson
11.30....	Regent's Park	Nicoll and Cantwell
11.30....	Streatham—Fountain	Smith
3.30....	Hyde Park—Marble Arch	Mrs. Lahr
3.30....	Victoria Park	The Branch
3.30....	Streatham Common	The Branch
7	Hammersmith Bridge	Hammersmith Branch
7	Wormwood Scrubs	North Kensington Branch
7.30....	Streatham—Fountain	Smith
8	Walham Green—back of Church	Hammersmith Branch

MONDAY 25.

7.30.....	Westminster Bridge Road—Pearman Street	Smith and Holloway
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THURSDAY 28.

7.30.....	New Cut—Short Street	Buckeridge, Casey, and Kitz
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FRIDAY 29.

8.15.....	Hoxton Church	Mrs. Lahr, Kitz, and Burnie
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PROVINCES.

Aberdeen.—Saturday: Castle Street, at 8 p.m.
Glasgow.—Sunday: Jail Square at 2 o'clock; Paisley Road at 5 o'clock. Friday: Bridgeton Cross, at 8.15.
Leeds.—Saturday: Woodhouse Moor, at 7.30 p.m. Sunday: Hunslet Moor, at 11 a.m.; Vicar's Croft, at 7 p.m.
Leicester.—Sunday: Russell Square at 10.45 a.m.; Humberstone Gate, at 8 p.m. Monday: Belgrave, at 7.30. Tuesday: Sanvey Gate, at 8. Wednesday: Oadby, at 7.30. Friday: Anstey, at 7.30. Saturday: Wigston, at 7.
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.
Nottingham.—Sunday: Sneinton Market, at 11 a.m.; Great Market, at 7 p.m.
Norwich.—Saturday: Haymarket, at 8. Sunday: Market Place at 11, 3, and 7.30.
Yarmouth.—Saturday: Church Plain Trees, at 8 p.m. Sunday: Priory Plain, at 11; Bradwell, at 11.30; London Boat Landing Stage, at 3; Colman's Granary Quay, at 7. Monday: Belton, at 8 p.m.

LOUGHBOROUGH.—Meetings every Friday at 7.45 p.m. in the Market Place. **DERBY.**—In connection with the Midland Counties Socialist Federation, open-air meetings are held every Saturday in the Market Place, at 7.45 p.m. Aug. 23, J. C. Chambers, of Leicester. Socialists in Derby willing to assist in forming a Branch, please communicate with W. G. Purcell, 12 Society Place.

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The following are now on hand—Price per thousand :

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What Socialists Want	3 0
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American Literature.

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Speeches of the Chicago Anarchists	1 0
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Scholar in a Republic (Wendell Philipps)	0 8
The Great Strike: the Irrepressible Con- flict between Capital and Labour	0 4
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MISCELLANEOUS.

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The Reciter for Clubs and Social Gatherings	0 1

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

"There will come a time when our silence will be more powerful than the voices you strangle to-day."
—AUGUST SPIES.

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Cheating is no sin;
He is the true philanthropist
Who takes the stranger in.

But where, perchance, some honest kindly heart,
While smiling at his fancies, still may say—
"He acts no snarling, mean, or churlish part
Who fain would laugh the follies of the world away."

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STATEMENT OF PRINCIPLES.

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

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

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

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

Thus, while we abide by the old motto

Liberty, Fraternity, Equality,

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

We add to the first motto then this other one—

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

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

COUNCIL OF THE SOCIALIST LEAGUE.

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