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WEEKLY; ONE PENNY.

LABOUR DAY.

Is the demonstration of Labour Day a mere isolated demonstration, bearing no relation to anything but to the claim for a legal restriction of the hours of labour to the arbitrary figure of eight? Surely it is not so, whatever may be the wishes of some of those who may take part in it. On the one hand it points to what has taken place within the last few years, on the other to the coming events of the next few.

The great event in the history of labour of the last few years has been the growing comprehension of Socialism by the English workmen, as shown by the spirit underlying all the strikes which have lately taken place, and which has been quite different to that of the strikes of the decade before the revival of Socialism in this country.

That spirit is bred from a consciousness, or instinct perhaps, on the part of the workers that these strikes are a part of a definite war which the essential circumstances of their position force them to carry on against their employers; and the upshot of which must be, either the transformation of the workers in general into mere machines without any will at all; or the destruction of the position of the employers; or lastly, as Mr. Giffen and some others try to persuade themselves, the creation of a large class of capable workmen, who, if not really well off, will be better off than ordinary workmen are now; and of a residuum beneath them of hopeless misery and brutality, whose numbers we shall try to reduce as much as we can, but whom we shall not otherwise heed, because they will be kept down by the great mass of the contented and well-to-do workmen.

Of these three conceivable outcomes of the labour war, it cannot be said that the first is really possible, although it is what may be called the high commercial ideal. For supposing the war between masters and men come to an end in the complete and hopeless subjection of the men, there would still remain the war between masters and masters, which, unrestrained by any possible struggle of the workers to free themselves, would at last reach such a pitch that it would bring the whole system to the ground, and result in mere disorganisation and confusion.

Of the third, the outcome of the reasonable and enlightened employer—the contented honest workman and the residuum or helots of both, who don't like it, but can't help themselves—it must be said that it is the ideal of the rich man, who admits that the world is an ugly creation, but knows that he profits by its ugliness and misery, and is therefore content. Happily, it is a baseless dream; for so far from there being any likelihood of any such sharp distinction taking place between one class of workers and another, the whole set of the stream of modern production tends towards breaking down such distinctions. The contented and capable workmen would be very few, instead of being the great mass of workers, and would consist of foremen, sub-managers, and the like; the discontented would be very many, and therefore their discontent would be apt to take a practical form. Have the theorists who support this possibility forgotten the agricultural labourers? If so, they may one day be reminded of them in an uncomfortable manner. There remains the revolutionary outcome; that is to say, the hope that the workers will set themselves free and become their own employers; that they will work, not as captives for a conquering enemy, but as neighbours for neighbours, exchanging labour against labour, without loss on either side, for each other's convenience and happiness.

As this outcome of the labour war is the only one which offers any betterment to the world, so most happily it is the only one which there is any chance of realising. As the war goes on, and therewith the value of the privilege of capital to compel labour without payment decreases, rent, profit, and interest will sink lower and lower, until they will scarcely be worth defending; the function of the employers will be gone, and necessity will compel the workers to push them out of their position of dignity in order that labour may be reorganised, so the world may not starve.

This, then, is the meaning of the unity of labour which the May Labour Day proclaims—that the workers must no longer be a class, but all society, or else there will soon be no society; and this new society they will certainly realise before long.

And how is it to be brought about? In the first place by the workers knowing that they are slaves and longing to be free. In the

next place, by their learning that it is possible for them to be free. And lastly, by the enforcing of their will, so that they may become free.

Now, as to this last matter, Labour Day points out to us at least one instrument for the winning of freedom—to wit, an universal strike. The rich live on the labour of the workers in no way metaphorically, but really. Teach the rich this lesson practically, and their power, backed up by their armed slaves, is gone. The workers have shown that they have striking-power capable of victory on minor occasions: let them combine and organise their striking power—capitalise their resources, to borrow a word from the enemy—and how can they be resisted?

It is true that this idea of an universal strike was current amongst the Chartists and was given up by them as unfeasible: but in those days, near as they are to our own, labour was so much less elaborately organised, and the different trades so much less dependent on one another, that they assumed that a strike of a month (the Sacred Month, as they called it) would be necessary; whereas to-day if the coalminers struck with the full assent of the mass of the workers, would not three days be more than enough? The ruling classes would have either to give up or to attack the workers with the armed hand.

Would they do that? or rather, could they? Effectually, they could not; another Peterloo massacre would be the downfall of our present society, far more perilously balanced as it is now than it was in 1820. Some ineffectual sputter there might be; but if we make such a possibility a lion in our path toward freedom, we have degenerated from our forefathers' valiancy.

In short, the lesson of Labour Day is, first of all, consciousness of the unity of interests of labour; secondly, the necessity of the workers learning what it is that they can claim; and thirdly, unity once more in setting about the winning of the freedom of labour.

WILLIAM MORRIS.

STANLEY'S EXPLOITS: OR, CIVILISING AFRICA.

(Continued from p. 130.)

In the *Daily Telegraph* of August 7th, 1876, we find Mr. Stanley in hot water again with the natives of Bambireh, an island on the western side of Albert Nyanza. These lawless savages dragged Stanley's boat ashore and stole his oars and a drum. On the whole, their attitude was threatening, and the explorer wanted to get away. He says:

"As soon as I saw the savages had arrived in the presence of Shekka with our drum, I shouted to my men to push the boat into the water. With one desperate effort my crew of eleven hands lifted and shot it far into the lake, the impetus they had given it causing it to drag them all into deep water. In the meantime the savages, uttering a furious yell of disappointment and baffled rage, came rushing like a whirlwind towards their canoes at the water's edge. I discharged my elephant rifle with two large conical bullets into their midst; and then assisting one of my crew into the boat, told him to help his fellows in while I continued to fight. My double-barreled shotgun loaded with buckshot was next discharged with terrible effect, for without drawing a single bow or launching a single spear they fell back upon the slope of the hill, leaving us to exert our wits to get ourselves out of the cove before the enemy should decide to man the canoes. My crew was composed of picked men, and in this dire emergency they did ample justice to my choice. Though we were without oars, they were at no loss for a substitute. As soon as they found themselves in the boat they tore up the seats and footboards and begun to paddle, while I was left to single out with my rifle the most prominent and boldest of the enemy. Twice I succeeded in dropping men determined on launching the canoes; and seeing the chief who commanded the party that took the drum, I took deliberate aim with my elephant rifle at him. That bullet, I have since been told, killed the chief and two others who happened to be standing a few paces behind him; and this extraordinary result had more effect, I think, on the superstitious minds of the natives than all previous or subsequent shots. On getting out of the cove we saw two canoes loaded with men coming out in pursuit from another small inlet. I permitted them to come within a hundred yards of us, and this time I used the elephant rifle with explosive balls. Four shots killed five men and sunk the canoes. This decisive affair disheartened the

enemy, and we were left to pursue our way unmolested; not, however, without hearing a ringing voice shouting out to us, 'Go and die in the Nyanza!' When the savages counted their losses, they found fourteen dead and wounded with ball and buckshot, which, although I should consider to be very dear payment for the robbery of eight ash oars and a drum, was barely equivalent in fair estimation to the intended massacre of ourselves."

The reader's attention is called to this last sentence, for it is doubtful whether anyone will agree with Stanley that the killing and wounding of fourteen men was not an adequate punishment for the "intended" massacre of Mr. Stanley and his followers. He did not consider it enough, for we find him soon afterwards engaging in another expedition of vengeance. Another fact worthy of notice is the use of "explosive balls," generally known as explosive bullets. The use of these missiles, on account of the diabolical wounds they inflict, has been forbidden in "civilised warfare." Stanley, however, considered them quite good enough for savages. This fiendish cruelty—for which there is not the least defence, as he could have easily have stopped the pursuit of the two canoes without using them—makes his yearnings for "the spread of the gospel" among the natives of Africa sound like the most detestable hypocrisy. The *Daily Telegraph* of August 10, 1876, contains an amusing rhapsody on the pleasures of rest after massacring the inhabitants of Bambireh, which reminds one of the satisfied purring of the tiger after completely gorging himself with human flesh. The very beginning is laughable in its hypocrisy:

"Sweet is the Sabbath day to the toil-worn traveller [after a bout of shooting savages, be it observed]; happy is the long sea-tossed mariner after his arrival in port; and gladsome were the days of calm after our troublesome (!) exploration of the Nyanza. The brusque storms, the continued rains, the cheerless grey clouds, the wild waves, the loneliness of the islands, and the inhospitality (!) of the natives, were like mere faint phantasmagoria of the memory—so little did we heed what was passed while enjoying the luxury of this rest from our toils. Still, it added to our pleasure to be able to conjure up in the mind the varied incidents of the long lake journey; and they served to enliven and employ the mind, like condiments quickening digestion."

Mr. Stanley's complaints of the "inhospitality" of the natives are rather amusing. Perhaps, if that gentleman had been a guileless savage, and someone had come round setting fire to his house and firing explosive bullets at him, it is possible that he would have been "inhospitable." His reference to the "varied incidents" of his journey serving "to enliven (!) and employ the mind, like condiments quickening digestion," is very suggestive of the tiger smiling blandly after a good gorge which fills him with a sense of comfortable repletion. Mr. Stanley continues: "As the memory flew over the lengthy track of exploration, how fondly it gazed upon the many picturesque bays, margined with water-lilies and lotus plants, or by the green walls of the slender reed-like papyrus . . ." Then after a lot more talk about "green islands," "rich grain-bearing plains," "soft outlined hills," "tall, dark woods," Stanley indulges in a vision of Christianity and commercial civilisation. After speaking of how his memory clung to Uganda, "that beautiful land, with its intelligent king and no less remarkable people," Mr. Stanley's imagination from the present Uganda "painted a future dressed in a robe of civilisation; it saw each gentle hill crowned by a happy village and a spired church from which the bells sounded the call to a gospel service."

What sickening cant from a person who had just been inculcating the gospel by a system of wholesale murder; but Mr. Stanley remembers that trade follows not only the flag but the missionary, who makes an excellent commercial traveller, and he resumes with another flight of his imagination:

"It saw the hill slopes prolific with the fruits of horticulture, and the valleys waving fields of grain; it saw the land smiling with affluence and plenty, its bays crowded with the dark hulls of trading vessels: it heard the sounds of craftsmen at their work, the roar of manufactories and foundries, and the ever buzzing-noise of enterprising industry."

This picture of "enterprising industry" may commend itself to those of our readers who are the fortunate possessors of a commercial mind. Those who are not blest in this important respect will perhaps not be so pleased with its manifold beauties. To these it may seem that the beautiful land of Uganda will not be greatly improved by being turned into a manufacturing district after the model of our Black Country. Nor will its "remarkable people" achieve a higher sense of the blessings of civilised life, after labouring for 12 or 14 hours a-day amid "the roar of manufactories and foundries," by going home to a dark close den in some filthy reeking slum, to watch the way in which their thin starved children are degenerating through starvation, dirt, and disease, into puny miserable abortions of a once vigorous and happy race. The "many picturesque bays, margined by water-lilies and lotus plants, or by the green walls of the slender reed-like papyrus," will lose somewhat of their charm when they have a chemical factory on their shores vomiting sweltering smoke, and pouring forth a green poisonous stream into the placid waters of the lake. Nor will those happy people of Uganda, who trudge under heavy burdens to "the dark hulls of trading vessels," have much cause to bless Mr. Stanley as they writhe beneath the whips of his successors, even though they may receive weekly the high wage of the casual London docker. It is even possible that the inhabitant of the "happy village" on the "gentle hill" may not greatly rejoice when "from the spired church the bells sound the call to a gospel service," when he remembers that he is starving upon a wretched wage, and that though there are "waving fields of grain" in the valleys, and the land is "smiling with affluence and plenty," yet the affluence and plenty is not for him but for his hard taskmasters, those newly-imported pests, the European pests, the European landlord and capitalist. It may be profane, but

we cannot help thinking that he may be inclined to say "Damn the gospel service!"

We now come to another instance of "inhospitality" on the part of the natives. A little while after, Mr. Stanley, having finished "resting," determines to start once again upon his "exploring" expedition. At this period he is much disturbed in his mind by a polite message from an African chief—Rwoma, the king of Southern Uzina—through whose territory Stanley desires to pass. Here is the message in full:

"Rwoma sends salaams to the white man; he does not want the white man's cloth, beads, or wine, and the white man must not pass through his country. Rwoma does not want to see him, or any other man with long red hair down to his shoulders, white face, and big red eyes. Rwoma is not afraid of him, but if the white man will come near his country Rwoma and Mirambo will fight him."

Rwoma showed his good sense by refusing to have anything to do with Stanley; but that pioneer of civilisation was only held back from giving Rwoma and his tribe a taste of the resources of civilisation by the reflection that Rwoma was the proud possessor of "150 muskets," and had several thousand warriors at his back. He therefore gave up this idea, and abandoning his intention of marching through Rwoma's territory by force if necessary, took the lake route to Uganda, borrowing some canoes off a friendly chief for this purpose. In crossing the lake Stanley halted at Mahyiga Island, five miles south of Bambireh, and one mile south of Iroba. Being in the near neighbourhood of the natives of Bambireh, he thought that he had not shot enough of them before, so he determined on another massacre. He says in the same letter:

"Remembering the bitter injuries I had received from the savages of Bambireh [they had stolen eight oars and a drum], and the death by violence we had so narrowly escaped, I resolved, unless the natives made amends for their cruelty and treachery, to make war on them, and for this purpose I camped on Mahyiga Island. [He then took measures accordingly]. I dispatched a message to the natives of Bambireh to the effect that if they delivered their king and the two principals into my hands, I would make peace with them. At the same time, not trusting quite to the success of this, I sent a party to summon the king of Iroba, who very willingly came with three of his chiefs to save his people from the horrors of war. Upon their arrival I put them in chains, and told the canoe-men that the price of their freedom was the capture of the king of Bambireh and his two principal chiefs."

Here is Stanley, according to his own admission, loading the chiefs of a peaceful tribe with chains, who had come to save their people from "the horrors of war"—and what those horrors were we know too well—because another tribe had inflicted a trifling injury upon him. This may be considered simple justice by explorers of the modern school, or by their comrades and friends the Arab slave-hunters, but to our minds it is simply abominable injustice and detestable tyranny.

The men of Iroba, however, succeeded in capturing the king of Bambireh, who was "chained heavily," and the king and chiefs of Iroba were restored to liberty. Then, not content with loading the king of Bambireh with chains, Stanley started for that island, to massacre the natives. As he approached Bambireh, he saw that the savages were expecting him. Scouts were on the look out, and the natives were concealed in a thick plaintain-grove, where it was impossible for even Mr. Stanley's elephant rifle to reach them. It was necessary to get the poor wretches—who seemed inclined to remain on the defensive—out of their covert to shoot them down. We will tell the rest of the story in Mr. Stanley's own words:

"Perceiving that the savages of Bambireh were too strong for me to attack in the plaintain-grove, I made for the opposite shore of the bay, where there were bare slopes covered with short green grass. The enemy, perceiving my intention to disembark, rose from the coverts and ran along the hills to meet us, which was precisely what I wished they would do, and accordingly I ordered my force to paddle slowly, so as to give them time. In half an hour the savages were all assembled in knots and groups, and after approaching within a hundred yards of the beach, I formed my line of battle, the American and the English flags waving as our ensigns. Having anchored each canoe so as to turn its broadside to the shore, I ordered a volley to be fired into one group which numbered about fifty, and the result was several killed and many wounded. The savages perceiving our aim and the danger of standing together, separated themselves and advanced to the water's edge, slinging stones and shooting arrows. I then ordered the canoes to advance within fifty yards of the shore, and to fire at close quarters. After an hour the savages saw that they could not defend themselves, and retreated up the slope, where they continued still exposed to our bullets. I then caused the canoes to come together, and told them to advance in a body to the beach, as if about to disembark. This caused the enemy to make an effort to repulse our landing, and accordingly hundreds came down with their spears ready on the launch. When they were close enough, the bugle sounded a halt, and another volley was fired into the spearmen, which had such a disastrous effect that they retired far away, and our work of chastisement was consummated. Not many cartridges were fired, but as the savages were so exposed, on a slope covered only with short grass, and as the sun of the afternoon was directly behind us and in their faces, their loss was great. Forty-two were counted on the field lying dead, and over a hundred were seen to retire wounded, while on our side only two men suffered contusions from stones slung at us."

How can one find words wherewith to characterise this infamous massacre of men who were only defending their shores from invasion, against armed murderers, directed by a gentleman who arranged the deliberate and fiendish butchery as calmly as he afterwards wrote the account of it, and who, while shooting down the natives without mercy, took extremely good care not to expose himself or his men to the slightest risk from the primitive weapons of these poor naked creatures. Be it observed that "only two men suffered contusions from stones" on Stanley's side. This shows how safe the "fighting" was. There was

not even the poor excuse of passion for this gratuitous bloodshed. Let it stand upon record that Mr. Stanley deliberately went out of his way to coldly slaughter a people, whose only crime was that they had stolen some trifling articles and put the great and brave traveller in fear of his precious life. Mr. Stanley in his cold-blooded ferocity was more cowardly than Caligula, more wanton than Nero.

D. J. NICOLL.

(To be continued.)

CORRESPONDENCE.

RE STRIKES.

COMRADE.—Your valuable column headed "The Labour Struggle" has of late bristled almost exclusively with announcements of strikes and rumours thereof. All this is exceedingly satisfactory from the point of view of the sympathetic field-glass witness; but is it not high time that practical Socialists should make some definitive and strong pronouncement on the bogus view of "labour disputes" which not only sees in them "the preliminary skirmishes of the Revolution," but holds them *per se* to be the axis upon which the cause of labour emancipation is to revolve? With every strike—as with every other insurrectionary symptom among the workers—we Socialists can have nothing but passionate sympathy; to them we must consistently lend our unqualified assistance. But enjoying, as we profess, the optical command of that further perspective which as yet to the average British helot is stopped by a solid though back-shifting wall, we shall not be doing our duty if we longer shirk the exposure of the solemn truth that the mere act of "striking" is in no case necessarily a blow for freedom, whilst in the majority of instances it is neither more nor less than fuel for Reaction.

It is we who have prayed for the organisation of Labour. Now that this dream of half-a-dozen years ago is approaching somewhat of reality, shall we be the last of all to raise our voice against so ridiculously shallow a course as that the strength of combination shall be continually played fast and loose with by every aspiring charlatan or honest lack-wit for merely nominal and pitifully inconsequent coigns of vantage, to the desperate hurt and demoralisation of ultimate Revolutionary principles? The utility of self-sacrificial action *en masse*, and in the absolute, should be at once courageously declared. The alternative processes of practical revolutionism are many and logical. My personal connection with strikes has convinced me that they were each tactical blunders—and with it it is as Talleyrand said, a blunder is frequently worse than a crime. Not that it is a case of sour grapes. Two out of three strikes were, as far as they went, successful. Yet was it not with King Pyrrhus that we were constrained to exclaim, "Another such victory and I am ruined!" It is a disappointing commentary on the sagacity of the labour leaders that they have not perceived ere this that the strike is not the weapon of a special revelation. Besides, are we forgetting that we started out, not to make the best of, but to undermine and substitute the wage-slave system? Strikes cannot do it. They do not even show the way. The very toleration accorded of late by the Philistine press to the strike epidemic should well prove the nose of the bourgeoisie for the "right" and the weakness of the hand-to-mouth proletariat for the wrong scent. The awakening to discontent is eagerly welcome. But it must be scientifically guided if it is not to be totally wasted. The as yet unwritten history of our decade will necessarily be a stew of very small potatoes, but there will be one thing that will stand out in high relief in the chapter of methods, and that will be our fatal mastery of the way how best not to do it.—Yours fraternally,

4 West Craven Street, Salford, April 19.

LEONARD HALL.

Plain dealing is a jewel, but they that use it die beggars.

A bad custom is like a good cake, better broken than kept.

Three of the largest marble manufacturers in Boston have notified their employes that on and after June 1 they will pay 10 hours wages for 9 hours work.

In spite of recent "concessions," bakers in Brisbane still work from 70 to 90 hours per week. No wonder, adds the *Worker*, bread is bad, and the Statute Day unpopular—with the sweaters.

The Brisbane butchers want a weekly half holiday, and are to know their cue on March 4th. Just why butchers haven't had a half holiday before is only known to the thousands of other hard workers who haven't one either.—*Worker*.

Wages at Omaha: Plumbers, 4 dols.; brickmasons, 4 dols. 50 cents; gas-fitters, 3 dols. 50 cents; plasterers, 2 dols. 75 cents; carpenters, 2 dols. 70 cents; mortar-mixers, 2 dols. 25 cents; brick-tenders, 2 dols.; roustabouts, 1 dol. 75 cents; nine hours to the day.

At Youngstown, Ohio, the painters and decorators demand, after May 1, 2 dols. 50 cents; carpenters and joiners, 2 dols. 50 cents; bricklayers and masons, 4 dols.; stonemasons, 3 dols. 50 cents; plumbers and gas-fitters, 3 dols.; and a nine-hour day and eight on Saturday.

ITALY.—The Central Committee of the Italian Labour Party has sent to the different sections and branches the programme and rules of a fund for the assistance of those of the party who are sentenced to imprisonment for taking part in strikes or other methods of propaganda. Here is a summary of the principal articles of the same:

Article 1.—From the 1st of April, 1890, a Fund of Assistance will be instituted by the Italian Labour Party for the help of those members imprisoned for striking or making propaganda. The Central Committee assumes the full responsibility of the same.

Article 2.—The necessary funds will be raised by a payment of 30 centimes a month from all members of the party and all sections.

Article 4.—Only members of the party will have a right to apply for help. The committee will send quarterly to the different nations information regarding the working of the fund. Information concerning this institution to be obtained at the Central Committee Office, Via Mazzini, 7 Alessandria, Italy.

The organ of the Federation of Journeymen Bakers, which is published in Turin, is making active propaganda for the preparation of a general congress of bakers to be held in Milan.

The Italian Socialists are very busy preparing for the May Day demonstration. In Milan, Como, Torino, Parma, Reggio Emilia, Bologna, Voghera, Bra, Cremona, Varese, and some other towns, the day will be held as a holiday. Manifestos and addresses are issued, and special numbers of the labour journals are being published in commemoration of the same.—M. M.

IN THE UNITED STATES.

THE carpenter bosses in Chicago have given their side of the present strike to the public. They say they will never acknowledge the union; they want to treat with the men individually, and not through the carpenter's council. They assert to be willing to make concessions as regards wages and hours, but under no circumstances will they agree to be "bossed" by the union. Now that each side has issued its ultimatum, the strike seems to have settled down to a question of endurance, and the general opinion to-day is that the fight may be a protracted one. Few scabs have arrived in Chicago. The resolutions adopted by the bosses favour the eight hour day, but say, as there are differences in the abilities of workmen, and as it is a matter regulated greatly by supply and demand, a uniform rate of wages is out of the question. As to recognition of the union, the resolutions say:

"As the Carpenter's Council is not the ruler of a majority of the journeymen carpenters of Chicago, and much less of the better class of mechanics, and is not wholly composed of carpenters, but of labour agitators, we can enter into no agreement with them, which from its nature they would be unable to fulfil on their part."

The strikers say the resolutions misrepresent some of their demands. They have not asked for a uniform rate of wages, but for a minimum rate of 40 cents per hour. The journeymen carpenters feel sure of winning the strike. A telegram received by the Associated Press to-day says:

"CHICAGO, Ill., April 14, 1890.—According to programme, the master carpenters belonging to the association made an attempt to-day to start up work to finish the contracts on hand with non-union men. The movement was not general, as the number of non-union men on hand was not very large. It is declared that if the master carpenters persist in putting non-union men at work, a general strike of bricklayers and masons will be ordered."

It is pretty sure that the small master carpenters will go to the wall.

The journeymen carpenters of New York have presented to the master builders the following notice:

"The conference committee representing the United Brotherhood and the Amalgamated Society of Carpenters beg leave to notify the employing carpenters of New York City and vicinity that on and after Monday, May 5, the working hours for journeymen carpenters in this city will be eight hours, and wages 3 dols. 50 cents a-day."

Forty delegates, representing 23 unions—the strongest and best—in New York, have resolved to organise under the leadership of the Socialist Labour Party a demonstration in favour of the eight hours day on Union Square in New York on the evening of May 1st. The following manifesto was given out:

"May 1, 1890, will be a red letter day in the history of labour throughout the civilised world. The determination of the American Federation of Labour to proclaim on that day the eight-hour work-day was endorsed enthusiastically by the International Labour Convention which took place at Paris last summer. Then began a movement which has now assumed grand proportions, and spread like wildfire through all the countries of Europe. Hundreds of thousands of working-men will congregate in France on May 1. Other vast multitudes will unite in Spain, Germany, and Austria for an eight-hour day. Even Conservative England is not behind in efforts to proclaim the end of wage slavery. May 1 will be the forerunner of the great day upon which labour will proclaim its declaration of independence."

The appeal goes on to say that, from the first, the Socialists headed the movement in all the world, except in the United States, but it is not yet too late to take the lead here. The address concludes:

"Socialists of New York, working-men of New York, we ask your co-operation in joining hands with the proletarians of the rest of the world by appearing on Union Square at 8 o'clock on May 1 to join in demanding a shorter work-day."

At a largely-attended meeting of Protestants at the Tabernacle in Toronto on the 13th inst., Rev. Dr. Fulton delivered an address on "William II. of Germany, his Opportunities and his Dangers." The following address was unanimously adopted, and a copy of it will be sent to Emperor William:

"To William II., Emperor of Germany.

"Dear and Honourable Sir,—As citizens of the Western world, who feel the pulsations of the life that throbs at this hour in the heart of the Germans, we desire to assure you that we have followed your accession to the throne with grave apprehensions and alarm, learning that the Jesuits have expressed a determination to return in force to the land from which they were banished in consequence of their implacable hostility to the government of which the late Emperor William I., of blessed memory, was the honoured head. Equally sad have we been made by assurances that negotiations have been entered into which shall recognise Pope Leo XIII. as the head of the government, which is false in fact, and hurtful in theory. Germany is the natural head of Protestantism. Luther marked off the channel along which the current of free thought is sweeping into the future. To surrender to Rome, is to cut loose from God, and betray the trust committed to the liberty-loving people of every land. Your loyalty to God and his commands, manifested in your elevated purpose to honour and keep the holy Sabbath at home and abroad, and your determination to champion the people's interests, lead us to hope that you have been chosen of God to strike Romanism its fatal blow, and to build up the nation of which you are the honoured head in all ennobling virtues. March at the head of the advancing thought of the hour, and you will be more than Emperor of Germany; you shall be one of the leaders of the embattled hosts of God on earth."

Stupid as the Catholic blockheads may be, the Protestant roundheads may well rival them. To think of dethroning the Pope of Rome in favour of the million and odd Protestant popes, in the days when materialism has conquered the world, is a notion as ridiculous and nonsensical as can possibly be conceived by human beings. And to suppose that William of Germany can really ever champion the people's interests! Besides, the times have passed for "somebody" to champion the people's interests; the people, indeed, begin to think that they can champion their own interest. And to do this they need not the services of a religious crank or religious rogue, nor those of a crowned head, or any other State officials, nor through captains of industry. If the people will ever achieve anything, it can only be done through their own combined effort.

The British beer syndicate in Detroit has failed in its purpose. After the syndicate had bought four breweries in Detroit, the beer brewed by these concerns became decidedly unpopular. Hardly sufficient profits were earned to cover expenses. The Germans didn't like the beer, and the Irish hated the taste of beer brewed through British capital. Many public-houses were compelled to provide themselves with other beer in order to avoid losing all their trade. The sales of the four breweries decreased from day to day. At last, to avoid bankruptcy, the manager of the British beer syndicate was compelled to sell the breweries back to their original proprietors, at a much reduced price from that which was paid for them. And it is said that all the breweries owned by the British syndicate in the United States are in much the same condition.

Boston, Mass., April 15, 1890.

HENRY F. CHARLES.



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.

H. SAMUELS and P.—Articles in type, but crowded out.

CONTENTS.

	PAGE.
Labour Day	WILLIAM MORRIS 137
Stanley's Exploits: or, Civilising Africa (continued) ..	D. J. NICOLL 137
Correspondence	139
In the United States	H. F. CHARLES 139
Notes on News	WILLIAM MORRIS 140
News from Nowhere; or, an Epoch of Rest (continued) ..	WILLIAM MORRIS 141
The Labour Struggle	D. J. NICOLL 142
India	A. BROOKES 142
Executive Announcements, Reports, Lecture Diary, and Notices of Meetings ..	143
Statement of Principles, Advertisements, etc., etc. ..	144

Periodicals received during the week ending Wednesday April 30.

ENGLAND	Detroit—Der Arme Teufel	ITALY
Die Autonomie	Philadelphia—United Labour	Milan—Il Fascio Operaio
Justice	S.F. Coast Seamen's Journal	SPAIN
London—Freie Presse	San Francisco Arbeiterzeitung	Madrid—El Socialista
Labour Tribune	San Diego—Calif. Nationalist	Cadiz—El Socialismo
Norwich—Daylight	St. Louis (Mo.)—Die Parole	PORTUGAL
People's Press	FRANCE	Lisbon—O Protesto Operario
Social Demokrat	Paris—La Revolté	GERMANY
Seafaring	Paris—Bourse du Travail	Berlin—Volks Tribune
INDIA	Le Proletariat	AUSTRIA
Bankpore—Behar Herald	L'Egalite	Vienna—Arbeiter-Zeitung
UNITED STATES	Charleville—L'Emancipation	Trieste—Confeder. Operaio
New York—Truthseeker	Lille—Le Cri du Travailleur	Brunn—Volksfreund
New York—Der Sozialist	Lyon—L'Action Sociale	DENMARK
Freiheit	Rouen—Le Salarial	Copenhagen—Arbejderen
Volkszeitung	HOLLAND	SWEDEN
Volne Listy	Anarchist	Malmö—Arbetet
Workmen's Advocate	ANTWERP	WEST INDIES
Boston—Woman's Journal	Antwerp—De Werker	Cuba—El Productor
Investigator	Ghent—Vooruit	ARGENTINE REPUBLIC
Buffalo—Arbeiter-Zeitung	SWITZERLAND	Buenos Ayres—Vorwarts
Chicago—Knights of Labour	Arbeiterstimme	

NOTES ON NEWS.

IN Mr. Morley's speech the other day, while talking about the subject of labour legislation, he said that though State Socialism was a bad thing yet it had this advantage, that it might save us from Revolutionary Socialism, which was a worse one. Political men are so sloppy in their public talk, that they probably seldom recognise the meaning which their words bear to the ordinary intelligent person; and probably all Mr. Morley meant by this phrase was to temporise with the tendency toward labour legislation while at the same time he declared himself opposed to Socialism. But what he has actually done is to ticket himself a reactionary before the world, and a stupid one at that.

For the plain meaning of his phrase is this, "These measures you ask for will do you workmen more harm than good, that I know; but in order to amuse you, and prevent your looking into your own affairs

too closely, I will yield with a good grace to your injuring yourselves; it will at least help in keeping things as they are." Isn't this politics all over? That is, the completest development of charlatanny.

In the same spirit the House of Commons and the Liberal press have been dealing with the question of profit-sharing; the *Star* especially publishing an article on the subject, which is simply reactionary, and also very nonsensical and shilly-shally; with one hand putting forward *laissez faire*, with the other State Socialism, and always working the practical-politics wire, the shut-your-eyes-to-anything-that-is-not-before-Parliament platitude, which one would think too stale for even a daily paper by this time.

The *Star* says, "We dismiss from our consideration all proposals which look to the twenty-first century for their realisation." This is nothing but the usual platitudinary sneer of the debating-club bore; in the mouth of a writer in the *Star* it is either a dishonest evasion of the point at issue, or it is the result of the "invincible ignorance" of a reactionist masquerading as a Progressive Radical. I can only say that those who will not look to the essential principles of a serious subject are (I speak gravely) triflers and fools, and very dangerous fools too. Those who with all opportunity of learning what the true claims of labour are, do not learn to understand them, and who do not state them openly and simply when they have understood them, are doing their best to prepare for us a period of violence and misery in the twentieth century, or not improbably in what is left of the nineteenth.

The real question for all people not professed reactionaries is how can we speediest make an end of the disinheritance of the useful classes? How can we the speediest take the resources of nature out of the hands of the monopolists? And I assert that this profit-sharing business is not even an advance, however small, towards the answering of this question.

Here is a plain question or two on profit-sharing which every workman can understand. Will the workers who share in the profits have to pay rent to an individual for the land on which the factories stand? Will they have to pay interest to an individual for the capital which they use? Or, to put it in other words, will the factories which they have built, standing on the land which their labour has made valuable be their property, or the property of their masters who looked on while they were toiling?

Or, shall we say, What shall be the workers' share of profit? Will his employer claim extra shares,—first, because he is a manager; secondly, because he is a gambler in the world-market; and thirdly, because he is the owner of land or the instruments of labour?

Again, how many workers are to share in the profits? The dockers, the brickmakers, the navvies, the tram-men, the railway-men, the field labourers, the women and children whom the curse of commercialism has driven from their homes (when they have any) into the Factory Hell? Is the fringe of labour (*i.e.*, nine-tenths of it) to be left out in the cold then?

There's the rub; for, in short, my practical friends, the meaning of these schemes is an attempt to avoid the consequences of the class-war which commercialism is fast bringing to a point where it will break up "modern society;" an attempt to manufacture a new class of privileged persons (though their privilege will be but a little one) in order to keep those wicked lower orders in order. My practical friends, the present strike-war, though it is wasteful and laden with misery, has two advantages over this twaddle. In the first place, it is the *only* way of compelling the master class to share any of the profits with the men; and in the second, it will lead to the sweeping away of profits, masters, and all—and that long before the twenty-first century.

By the way what is the matter with the *Star*? Amongst other smaller sins, mostly of omission, it indulged in a sin of commission in publishing a morceau of twaddle far out-doing the debating-club-bore of two or three years ago, for that obnoxious creature is being educated into silence now. This strange production, which was as dull as *Punch* and as fatuous as the *Times*, was called a "translation from the German." Hey-day! is Berlin down to that standard then? Did the Kaiser send it to Mr. T. P. O'Connor? Or, is it perhaps a joke (a very bad one in that case) of our usually brilliant friend G. B. Shaw? Or, lastly, is the "German" that branch of the Teutonic tongue which is current in Dublin?

On the other hand, the *Star* has had the grace to give the public some of the facts about the Hero of the Day, the Rifle-and-bible newspaper correspondent Stanley; in guarded language certainly, but still so that it cannot be misunderstood; as thus, Stanley is (perhaps) a hero; but he has done no good; killed a great many people for nothing; rescued a man who was in no danger, and didn't want to be rescued; and the reason why we are so fond of him is that we hope and believe that he is helping us Britons (who are fond of keeping curates to do the rough work) in the "scramble for Africa," which is disgracing the nations of Europe at present. All this is good as far as it goes, and we must congratulate the *Star* on saying it. W. M.

NEWS FROM NOWHERE:

OR,

AN EPOCH OF REST.

BEING SOME CHAPTERS FROM A UTOPIAN ROMANCE.

CHAP. XV.—ON THE LACK OF INCENTIVE TO LABOUR IN A COMMUNIST SOCIETY.

"Yes," said I. "I was expecting Dick and Clara to make their appearance any moment: but is there time to ask just one or two questions before they come?"

"Try it, dear neighbour—try it," said old Hammond. "For the more you ask me the better I am pleased; and at any rate if they do come and find me in the middle of an answer, they must sit quiet and pretend to listen till I come to an end. It won't hurt them; they will find it quite amusing enough to sit side by side, conscious of their proximity to each other."

I smiled, as I was bound to, and said: "Good; I will go on talking without noticing them when they come in. Now, this is what I want to ask you about—to wit, how you get people to work when there is no reward of labour, and especially how you get them to work strenuously?"

"No reward of labour?" said Hammond, gravely. "The reward of labour is *life*. Is that not enough?"

"But no reward for specially good work," quoth I.

"Plenty of reward," said he—"the reward of creation. The wages which God gets, as people might have said time ago. If you are going to ask to be paid for the pleasure of creation, which is what excellence in work means, the next thing we shall hear of will be a bill sent in for the begetting of children."

"Well, but," said I, "the man of the nineteenth century would say there is a natural desire towards the procreation of children, and a natural desire not to work."

"Yes, yes" said he, "I know the ancient platitude,—wholly untrue; indeed, to us quite meaningless. Fourier, whom all men laughed at, understood the matter better."

"Why is it meaningless to you?" said I.

He said: "Because it implies that all work is suffering, and we are so far from thinking that, that, as you may have noticed, whereas we are not short of wealth, there is a kind of fear growing up amongst us that we shall one day be short of work. It is a pleasure which we are afraid of losing, not a pain."

"Yes," said I, "I have noticed that, and I was going to ask you about that also. But in the meantime, what do you positively mean to assert about the pleasurable of work amongst you?"

"This, that *all* work is now pleasurable; either because of the hope of gain in honour and wealth with which the work is done, which causes pleasurable excitement, even when the actual work is not pleasant; or else because it has grown into a pleasurable *habit*, as in the case with what you may call mechanical work; and lastly (and most of our work is of this kind) because there is conscious sensuous pleasure in the work itself; it is done, that is, by artists."

"I see," said I. "Can you now tell me how you have come to this happy condition? For, to speak plainly, this change from the conditions of the older world seems to me far greater and more important than all the other changes you have told me about as to crime, politics, property, marriage."

"You are right there," said he. "Indeed, you may say rather that it is this change which makes all the others possible. What is the object of Revolution? Surely to make people happy. Revolution having brought its foredoomed change about, how can you prevent the counter-revolution from setting in except by making people happy? What! shall we expect peace and stability from unhappiness? The gathering of grapes from thorns and figs from thistles is a reasonable expectation compared with that! And happiness without happy daily work is impossible."

"Most obviously true," said I: for I thought the old boy was preaching a little. "But answer my question, as to how you gained this happiness."

"Briefly," said he, "by the absence of artificial coercion, and the freedom for every man to do what he can do best, joined to the knowledge of what productions of labour we really wanted. I must admit that this knowledge we reached slowly and painfully."

"Go on," said I, "give me more detail; explain more fully. For this subject interests me intensely."

"Yes, I will," said he; "but in order to do so I must weary you by talking a little about the past. Contrast is necessary for this explanation. Do you mind?"

"No, no," said I.

Said he, settling himself in his chair again for a long talk: "It is clear from all that we hear and read, that in the last age of civilisation men had got into a vicious circle in the matter of production of wares. They had reached a wonderful facility of production, and in order to make the most of that facility they had gradually created (or allowed to grow, rather) a most elaborate system of buying and selling, which has been called the World Market; and that world-market, once set a-going, forced them to go on making more and more of these wares, whether they needed them or not. So that while (of course) they could not free themselves from the toil of making real necessities, they created in a never-ending series sham or artificial necessities, which became, under the iron rule of the aforesaid world-market, of equal importance to them with the real necessities which supported life.

By all this they burdened themselves with a prodigious mass of work merely for the sake of keeping their wretched system going."

"Yes—and then?" said I.

"Why, then, since they had forced themselves to stagger along under this horrible burden of unnecessary production, it became impossible for them to look upon labour and its results from any other point of view than one—to wit, the ceaseless endeavour to expend the least possible amount of labour on any article made, and yet at the same time to make as many articles as possible. To this 'cheapening of production,' as it was called, everything was sacrificed: the happiness of the workman at his work; nay, his most elementary comfort and bare health; his food, his clothes, his dwelling, his leisure, his amusement, his education—his life, in short—did not weigh a grain of sand in the balance against this dire necessity of 'cheap production' of things, a great part of which were not worth producing at all. Nay, we are told, and we must believe it, so overwhelming is the evidence, though many of our people scarcely *can* believe it, that even rich and powerful men, the masters of the poor devils aforesaid, submitted to live amidst sights and sounds and smells which it is in the very nature of man to abhor and flee from, in order that their riches might bolster up this supreme folly. The whole community, in fact, was cast into the jaws of this ravening monster, 'the cheap production' forced upon it by the world-market."

"Dear me!" said I. "But what happened? Did not their cleverness and facility in production master this chaos of misery at last? Couldn't they catch up with the world-market, and then set to work to devise means for relieving themselves from this fearful task of extra labour?"

He smiled bitterly. "Did they even try to?" said he. "I am not sure. You know that according to the old saw the beetle gets used to living in dung; and these people, whether they found the dung sweet or not, certainly lived in it."

His estimate of the life of the nineteenth century made me catch my breath a little; and I said feebly, "But the labour-saving machines?"

"Heyday!" quoth he. "What's that you are saying? the labour-saving machines? Yes, they were made to 'save labour' (or, to speak more plainly, the lives of men) on one piece of work in order that it might be expended—I will say wasted—on another, probably useless, piece of work. Friend, all their devices for cheapening labour simply resulted in increasing the burden of labour. The appetite of the world-market grew with what it fed on: the countries within the ring of what was called 'civilisation' (that is, organised misery) were glutted with the abortions of the market, and force and fraud were used unsparingly to 'open up' countries *outside* that pale. This process of opening up is a strange one to those who have read the professions of the men of that period and do not understand their practice; and perhaps shows us at its worst the great vice of the nineteenth century, the use of hypocrisy and cant to evade the responsibility of vicarious ferocity. When the civilised world-market coveted a country not yet in its clutches, some transparent pretext was found—the suppression of a slavery different from and not so cruel as that of commerce; the pushing of a religion no longer believed in by its promoters; the 'rescue' of some desperado or homicidal madman whose misdeeds had got him into trouble amongst the natives of the 'barbarous' country—any stick, in short which would beat the dog at all. Then some bold, unprincipled, ignorant adventurer was found (no difficult task in the days of competition), and he was bribed to 'create a market' by breaking up whatever traditional society there might be in the doomed country, and by destroying whatever leisure or pleasure he found there. He forced wares on the natives which they did not want, and took their natural products in 'exchange,' as this form of robbery was called, and thereby he 'created new wants,' to supply which (that is, to be allowed to live by their new masters) the hapless, helpless people had to sell themselves into the slavery of hopeless toil so that they might have something wherewith to purchase the nullities of 'civilisation.' Ah," said the old man, pointing to the Museum, "I have read books and papers in there, telling strange stories indeed of the dealings of civilisation (or organised misery) with 'non-civilisation'; from the time when the British Government deliberately sent blankets infected with small-pox as choice gifts to inconvenient tribes of Red-skins, to the time when Africa was infested by a man named Stanley, who—"

"Excuse me," said I, "but as you know, time presses; and I want to keep our question on the straightest line possible; and I want at once to ask this about these wares made for the world-market—how about their quality? These people who were so clever about making goods, I suppose they made them well?"

"Quality!" said the old man, crustily; for he was rather peevish at being cut short in his story; "how could they possibly attend to such trifles as the quality of the wares they sold? The best of them were of a lowish average, the worst were transparent make-shifts for the things asked for, which nobody would have put up with if they could have got anything else. It was a current jest of the time that the wares were made to sell and not to use; a jest which you, as coming from another planet, may understand, but which our folk could not."

Said I: "What! did they make nothing well?"

"Why, yes," said he, "there was one class of goods which they did make thoroughly well, and that was the class of machines which were used for making things. These were usually quite perfect pieces of workmanship, admirably adapted to the end in view. So that it may be fairly said that the great achievement of the nineteenth century was the making of machines which were wonders of invention, skill, and patience, and which were used for the production of measureless

quantities of worthless makeshifts. In truth, the owners of the machines did not consider anything which they made as wares, but simply as means for the enrichment of themselves. Of course, the only admitted test of utility in wares was the finding of buyers for them—wise men or fools, as it might chance."

"And people put up with this?" said I.

"For a time," said he.

"And then?"

"And then the overturn," said the old man, smiling, "and the nineteenth century saw itself as a man who has lost his clothes whilst bathing and has to walk naked through the town."

WILLIAM MORRIS.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

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

THE LABOUR STRUGGLE.

How to get the Eight Hours Day.

Now the London Trades Council has declared that an eight hours labour day is a necessity, on account of the "misery and social demoralisation" resulting from the "long hours of labour" in many industries, it remains for them to declare what means they will adopt to obtain this boon. On this point the resolution is vague, as it merely "urges our fellow-countrymen to be unceasing in their effort to successfully establish this limit by every legitimate means in their power"; but practically there are only two methods of obtaining an eight hour day—by organisation of trade unions, or Parliamentary enactment. Now, we cannot suppose the London Trades Council intends to adopt legislative action, or it would certainly not have declared, through the mouth of its virtuous secretary, Mr. George Shipton, that it could have no "politicians" at the meeting. We will confess that we thought George meant to exclude himself, for we remembered the sugar business, but find we were mistaken, for George is going to boss the show. Therefore this is not a case of righteous self-denial. Well, as no politicians are to be allowed to speak, we presume the London Trades Council intends to obtain the eight hours by the organised action of their trade unions. Now, there are two ways of doing this. First, sectional agitation on the part of each separate society; which would be unsuccessful, as it would simply mean hurling a small battalion against the whole organised force of capital; or a general attack by the immense array of organised labour on capitalist host, which would mean certain victory. Most trade unionists know, for they have been taught by recent experience, that small strikes mean defeat even in ordinary wages disputes, and therefore they would be useless to carry a concession which every capitalist would bitterly oppose. But supposing all the trade societies represented by the London Trades Council decided, say, on the 1st of May 1891 to come out on strike for the eight hours day. According to their own account, this Council represents from 100,000 to 150,000 workmen belonging to the principal trades carried on in the metropolis, and if they ceased work business would be paralysed, for their example would certainly be copied, in the excitement that would follow, by most of the workmen in London. This is not a matter of conjecture, but of absolute certainty, for when the excitement of the dock strike was at its height, if the employers had not made concessions nearly every workshop in London would have been deserted. Nothing could stand against such a movement, and the masters would be forced to give way. I doubt myself whether they would not surrender before the men left their work, for they would see resistance would be fruitless. Therefore it is clear that if the London Trades Council want the eight hours day they can easily obtain it. Some may say that this scheme is too revolutionary and that serious consequences might follow. Possibly, if the masters were obstinate. But I don't think they would be. At any rate, the consequences would not be more serious than those which the leaders of the miners had to face when they ordered a general strike for ten per cent. advance in wages a few weeks ago. Surely Mr. Shipton and his colleagues have as much courage as the leaders of the miners, and surely if the eight hours day is worth anything, it is worth a little risk and trouble.

Mr. Bradlaugh again.

Mr. Bradlaugh again distinguished himself as a champion of capital in the House of Commons. On Tuesday April 22nd Cunninghame Graham, in a speech on the motion concerning profit-sharing, said that he thanked God that he had never intervened as conciliator in disputes between capital and labour. Mr. Bradlaugh, who followed him, attacked him on this point, and was cheered by the assembled capitalists because he declared that he had never interfered in labour disputes except as a conciliator. Perhaps this is why they unanimously repudiated him as a representative of labour. As we know that acting as a conciliator usually means getting workmen to lessen their already too moderate demands for the benefit of greedy employers, we can understand why Cunninghame Graham has never played that part. We can also understand why the young gentlemen on the Tory benches, elated with wine and insolence, vociferously applaud their pet Old Bailey bully when he "courageously" attacks a man who stands alone and friendless in the House because he lifts his voice on behalf of the wronged and oppressed. But we confess we cannot understand why papers that profess to represent workmen, like *Reynolds* and the *Dispatch*, should take the side of Bradlaugh against Graham. Have they also, like the *Star*, received their instructions from Mr. John Morley?

Great Strike of Irish Railwaymen.

On Monday April 21 the railwaymen in Cork came out on strike as a protest against the dismissal of two porters who had refused to load some bacon which had been brought by blacklegs belonging to a firm of carriers where the men were on strike. Discontent had long been rife among the men employed on this line, and on Tuesday the strike spread to Queenstown and Limerick. On Friday at noon the strike became general; from Cork to Dublin, guards, signalmen, and porters all came out. The traffic is completely disorganised, for the only people who will do the blacklegging necessary to enable the company to carry on their business are the clerks, and they are not very efficient as guards or porters. There was an amusing

scene on Friday at Kingsbridge station. Owing to the strike of porters, Right Reverend Bishops and Removable Magistrates were forced to carry their own luggage, and being gentlemen of comfortable appearance, they sweated like bulls as they toiled along under the weight of their heavy travelling bags, etc. The trade in the south of Ireland is completely paralysed. A telegram from Fermoy on Saturday stated that in consequence of the strike, flour and coal were becoming scarce in that town, as there was then only five days' supply. It is expected that if the strike continues many firms in Cork and Limerick will be forced to suspend business. Michael Davitt has been interviewing the directors to see if they will receive a deputation from the men; but the directors have vowed vengeance against the signalmen, and are prosecuting them for having left their boxes without giving notice. They have now offered to receive the deputation from the guards and porters, but these honest fellows decided they would not leave their comrades in the lurch, Mr. Foreman (the delegate of the A.R.S.) declaring amid loud cheers that they had come out together and would go back together, and that all attempts to separate them would fail. It is a curious fact that some of the Nationalist papers, particularly the *Freeman's Journal*, have been most bitter in their attacks upon the men and their leaders. This proves that Irish capitalists, although they may be good Home Rulers, are quite as much the enemies of Irish workers as Balfour and his gang. No one can say the men are extreme, for they have offered to submit their demands to arbitration, and it is the obstinacy of the directors in even refusing to reply to the communications from their trade union that has brought about the strike. Seven signalmen have been prosecuted, and one has been fined £10. There is still no prospect of the strike ending, owing to the unrelenting attitude of the directors.

THE EAST-END TAILORS will come out on May 4th against the sweaters, who still work them from fourteen to eighteen hours a-day.

THE JEWISH BOOTMAKERS have returned to work, the masters conceding an advance of 3d. per dozen pairs of boots.

INDIA.

COTTONPOLIS is wild because India is supplanting her in China and Japan. The export of yarns from India to these countries during the past six years has increased by 300 million lbs., while during the same period the export of English yarns to China and Japan has decreased by 30 million lbs. Manchester now sees that her only chance of competing with Bombay lies in the introduction of the English Factory Acts, the advocacy of which will enable her to pose as a philanthropist. 'Tis true the factory hours in India are long, aye, too long. The average hours are 80 per week in Indian factories, 56 in English. But there is a difference. The white slave is driven hard the whole time, but the Indian works leisurely. To quote from the report of the Bombay government, "To long work they (*i.e.*, the operatives) have no objection as long as it is light work, and provided they occasionally go out to talk and smoke." Western civilisation has not yet produced in the East human automatic machines, wound up to go factory like without stopping. Having failed to pose as philanthropists, the Manchester cotton-lords have become exasperated, and actually talk of getting "some sort of control over the mills in India."

Behold! Western ideas are permeating India. The latest phase of Western life which the mild Hindoo has seized with avidity is the taste for alcoholic liquors. We are told that Brahmins are becoming liquor contractors in *sharab*, and that at high-caste weddings and religious festivals the liquor freely flows. Shocking news for the Blue Ribbon Army!

In the Jessore district matters are becoming rather strained between the ryots and the indigo planters. Mr. Suson, the magistrate, has been dealing summarily with the poor ryots; they have been fined and sent to jail in batches. Has any wicked Anarchist been circulating *Commonweal* amongst them?

An Indian paper, commenting upon Lord Cross's Indian Council's Bill, thus concludes, "Thirty year's experience has shown clearly that the means devised by the authors of the Act (of 1861) for ascertaining the thoughts and feelings, wishes and wants of the people of India in regard to legislation, have not been attended with the desired success, and that our Legislative Councils stand in urgent need of reform." A. B.

Cardinal Manning speaks of "sweating" as "the greatest curse under heaven." As the whole of our industrial system is a huge sweating shop, the cardinal must see the need for a big blessing to descend and mop the whole curse up. So the Brisbane *Worker* thinks.

A newspaper reporter, eleven years of age, engaged on a Sydney journal, and paid per line, made 12s. one week lately. Whereupon, says the Brisbane *Boomerang*, the senior proprietor on the following Monday morning notified the boy that he would in future be charged a subscriber's rates for the use of the paper, and would be obliged to pay 3d. per week for copy slips.

A London writer asserts that "now-a-days you have no choice between a society which is utterly soulless or one which is no doubt intellectual enough, but where half the company have at one time or another attacked the throne, denied the Thirty-nine Articles or assaulted the police." Quite true. All the brains are with the Radicals, the Agnostics, and the Revolutionaries. —Sydney *Bulletin*.

Capitalism asks pompously, as though it were putting an unanswerable question, "Can a man not do as he pleases with his own?" Before answering this question it is necessary to know what is a man's own and how he came by it. The mere assertion of a claim does not prove its equity, and sometimes unjust laws defend inequitable claims while the manner of acquisition has much to do with the integrity of an assumed title. Ethics is becoming a most important factor in modern economics.—*Christian Advocate*.

PARLIAMENTARY DUTY.—According to the best authorities on the subject, the chief duty of a parliamentary party is to oust the other side from power and instal itself instead, and any conduct which will tend to bring about this result is fair. Party leaders are supposed never to allow that anything done by the other side has been either really good or prompted by anything but base motives. A manifest duty of a party leader is to claim the authorship of any reform which he cannot convince the public will be injurious, by references to newspaper paragraphs and private letters to eminent persons. Should any press reports or *Hansard* reports seem to be against this claim, it is the duty of the leader to attribute the mistake to a hostile and misrepresenting press, ditto to *Hansard*.—*Australian Standard*.

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.

Annual Conference.—The Annual Conference of the Socialist League will take place on Whit Sunday, May 25th. All propositions from Branches should be sent in at once to allow of agenda being made up. Place of meeting and other particulars in future issue.

London Members' Meeting.—The next monthly meeting of members will be held at 6, Windmill Street, Tottenham Court Road, on Tuesday, May 6th, at 8.30 p.m. All members interested in the propaganda are asked to attend.

Branch Subscriptions Paid.—1888:—Oxford, to end of September.

1889:—Bradford and Hammersmith, to end of April. Norwich, Glas-

gow, and Yarmouth, to end of May. East London, to end of October.

Mitcham, to end of November. St. Georges East, to end of December.

1890:—Manchester, to end of January. 'Commonweal' Branch,

to end of February. Leicester and North London, to end of March.

North Kensington, to end of April. Streatham, to end of December.

Notice.—All letters on League business, except those intended for Editors of *Commonweal*, to be addressed to me. No other person is authorised to sign any official communication. FRANK KITZ, Secretary.

NEW PREMISES FUND.

Collected at Council meeting, April 28th, 4s. 0d.

"COMMONWEAL" GUARANTEE FUND.

The following further sums have been received towards this fund:—P. Webb, 1s.; H. R., 1s.; D. Nicoll, 6d.; B. W., 6d.; Mrs. Newnham, 1s. 9d.; and Scottish Socialist Federation, 5s. 6d.

MAY DAY DEMONSTRATION.

Already acknowledged—5s. Received towards expenses—Propaganda Committee, 15s.; Presburg, 6d.; Webb, 3s.; R. Turner, 2s. 6d.; North London Branch, 10s.; and Hammersmith Branch, 10s.

REPORTS.

EAST LONDON.—A large meeting was held in Victoria Park on Sunday, addressed by Davis, Tochatti, and Nicoll; Mrs. Tochatti sang some revolutionary songs, which were well appreciated; 40 'Weals' sold and 2s. 10d. collected.—K.

HAMMERSMITH.—Good meeting at Bridge End on Sunday morning; speakers were Grant, Steele, Morris, Bullock, and Tarleton; 45 'Weals' sold and other literature. Good meeting in the evening at same place; speakers were Bullock, Tarleton, A. J. Smith, Grant, and Steele; 18 'Weals' sold. Fair meeting at Weltje Road; speakers were Bullock, Tarleton, and A. J. Smith; 8 'Weals' sold.

KILBURN.—A short meeting was held here on Sunday morning; Mainwaring spoke; fair sale of 'Weal'.

NORTH KENSINGTON.—Good meeting was held at Latimer Road; speakers were J. F. Lyne, Kitchen, and Davis; Hammersmith branch 'Weals' sold well, and 1s. 2d. collected. At our rooms in the evening we had an interesting discussion on the "Iron Law of Wages"; several 'Weals' sold and 2s. 1d. collected.

NORTH LONDON.—Cantwell and Nicoll held a short meeting at Regent's Park; 30 'Weals' and some pamphlets sold; 1s. 2d. collected. Cantwell, Davies, and Mainwaring addressed a large and enthusiastic meeting at Hyde Park; 60 'Weals' and 18 pamphlets sold; 3s. 8d. collected.

WALWORTH.—A good meeting was addressed at North Street on Sunday morning by J. Buckeridge in favour of May 1st Demonstration; the resolution in last week's 'Weal' was carried unanimously; 4s. 1d. collected for Demonstration Fund; fair sale of 'Weal' and 'Monopoly'.—W.

GLASGOW.—On Sunday at mid-day, Joe and Tim Burgoyne spoke to a good audience on Jail Square. In the evening Glasier spoke to a large meeting at Paisley Road Toll. Business meeting of members was afterwards held in rooms.

LEEDS.—On Sunday morning a good meeting was held in Vicars Croft, when Samuels debated with Mr. Devily on "Is Total Abstinence a Remedy for Poverty?" A collection was made towards the fine of 5s. imposed upon Samuels by the magistrate. At the afternoon meeting, Maguire announced that on next Sunday, May 4, there would be a demonstration at the "Croft" in support of the eight hours movement; good sale of 'Weals'.

YARMOUTH.—On Sunday morning, at Bradwell, comrade Brightwell addressed a meeting of farm-labourers; good discussion. In the evening the weather was unfavourable for out-door speaking, so several comrades met in the club-room and held an interesting discussion. 12 *Commonweal* sold.—J. H.

EDINBURGH—SCOTTISH SOCIALIST FEDERATION.—Last Sunday evening Miss Cameron lectured on "The Spirit of Socialism," in the Moulders' Hall. There was a good audience, and being the first lady who has spoken here, Miss Cameron was well received; good discussion.—W. D. T.

LIVERPOOL SOCIALIST SOCIETY.—We held two excellent meetings at the Landing Stage on Sunday—at 11 a.m. and 3 p.m. Comrades Sharples (Blackburn) and J. C. Balfour, W. H. Chapman, and S. Reeves addressed those present. 3 quires *Commonweal* and 1 quire *Justice* sold. Next Sunday we take part in the annual demonstration at Manchester.

NOTTINGHAM SOCIALIST CLUB.—On Sunday last, Tom M'Carthy, of the Dock Labourers' Union, London, gave two open-air addresses—in the morning in Sneinton Market on the Eight Hour Question, and in the Great Market Place, at night, on "My Experience of the Great Dock Strike"; Proctor in the chair. Our London comrade made a good impression on large audiences. The meeting was very enthusiastic as he related some of the incidents of that now famous struggle. *Commonweal* sold out. On Saturday night M'Carthy and our Nottingham comrades, Proctor and Knight, spoke at a large trades union demonstration at Long Eaton. They had a most enthusiastic reception.—A. C.

LIVERPOOL SOCIALIST SOCIETY.—1 Stanley Street, Dale Street.—Meets every Tuesday at 8 p.m.

NEW MANHOOD SUFFRAGE LEAGUE, "Three Doves," Berwick St., Soho, W.—Sunday May 4, at 7.30 p.m., J. D. Bouran, "Communism."

CLUB AUTONOMIE, 6 Windmill Street, Tottenham Court Road, W.—Sunday May 4, at 8.30, James Harragan, "The Late Strike in the Boot Trade."

DEMONSTRATION OF LANCASHIRE AND DISTRICT SOCIALISTS.—On Sunday May 4th, the Annual Gathering of Socialists will take place in Manchester, and a mass meeting will be held in Stevenson Square at 3 p.m. A large array of well-known Socialist speakers will address the meeting.

THE NORTH KENSINGTON BRANCH appeal to comrades and friends for their Band Fund. They have the offer of getting drums very cheap from a band that has become defunct, and want to raise about £2 4s. for this purpose. Please send subscriptions to G. Maughan, Sec., Clarendon Coffee Palace, Clarendon Rd.

LECTURE DIARY.

LONDON.

Battersea.—All communications to E. Buteux, 45, Inwith Street, Battersea Park Road.

Commonweal Branch.—24 Great Queen Street, Holborn, W.C. Business meeting of members every Thursday evening at 8; Discussion Class at 9. Hall open every evening from 7 till 10. The Athenaeum Hall, Tottenham Court Road, has been taken for a Concert and Ball, May 12th, in aid of the *Commonweal*.

East London.—All branch communications to be addressed to H. M'Kenzie, 12 Basing Place.

Hammersmith.—Kelmescott House, Upper Mall, W. Sunday May 4, 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. On Sunday evening, May 4, Choir practice and a Lecture. Mrs. Besant will lecture on behalf of the branch at Fawcett Liberal Club on 6th May—subject, "Is Socialism a Dream?"

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.

Bradford.—Laycock's Temperance Hotel, Albion Court, Kirkgate. Meets every Tuesday at 7.30.

Glasgow.—Ram's Horn Hall, 122 Ingram Street. Branch meets on Thursday evenings at 8 o'clock and Sundays at 7 o'clock.

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 will be held at 23 Rose Yard, St. Augustines.

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

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. Eloquution Class Friday at 8.30 p.m. Discussion Class Sunday 3 p.m. On Sunday May 4th, a large Demonstration will be held on Priory Plain, at 11 a.m., in favour of international solidarity amongst the workers. Addresses by C. W. Mowbray and others.

All persons who sympathise with the views of the Socialist League are earnestly invited to communicate with the above addresses, and if possible to help us in preparing for the birth of a true society, based on equality, brotherhood, and freedom for all.

OPEN-AIR PROPAGANDA.

SATURDAY 3.

7 Hyde Park Nicoll and Cantwell

SUNDAY 4.

11 Latimer Road Station North Kensington Branch

11.30 Hammersmith Bridge Hammersmith Branch

11.30 Mitcham—Fair Green The Branch

11.30 Regent's Park Mrs. Lahr and Nicoll

3.30 Hyde Park—Marble Arch North Kensington Branch

3.30 Victoria Park Nicoll

7 Hammersmith Bridge Hammersmith Branch

7 Weltje Road, Ravenscourt Park Hammersmith Branch

7.30 Mitcham Fair Green Great Demonstration

8 Streatham Green The Branch

TUESDAY 6.

8 Walham Green—back of Church Hammersmith Branch

THURSDAY 8.

8.15 Hoxton Church Kitz and Davis

PROVINCES.

Glasgow.—Sunday: Jail Square at 2 o'clock; Paisley Road at 5 o'clock. Tuesday: Cathedral Square, at 8 p.m.

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

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

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

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

Norwich.—Sunday: St. Faiths, at 11; Market Place, at 3.

Sheffield.—Sunday: Monolith, Fargate, at 11.30 a.m.; Bургreave Road, near Vestry Offices, at 3 p.m.; Pump, West Bar, at 8 p.m.

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

EDINBURGH—SCOTTISH SOCIALIST FEDERATION.—On Sunday May 4, a meeting will be held on the Meadows, at 2.30, to protest against the action of the majority of the Trades Council with regard to the Eight-Hours Demonstration, and to pass resolutions. It is hoped comrades will muster in good force. Several comrades and others are expected to speak.—Indoor meetings are discontinued for the present. On the 28th May we enter our new premises in South Bridge.—After that date all indoor meetings—of which due notice will be given—will be held there.

SOCIALIST LEAGUE PUBLICATIONS.

Leaflets.

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The Railway Kings and an American Empire ...	0 2
Object of the Labour Movement ...	0 2

MISCELLANEOUS.

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

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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.

NOTICE.

Subscribers who find a red wrapper round paper are thereby reminded that their subscriptions have expired and must be renewed immediately if they wish to continue to receive *Commonweal*.

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