

THE COMMONWEAL

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WEEKLY; ONE PENNY.

NOTICE.

Next Week we begin our Series of Articles on the Growth of Landlord and Capitalist Exploitation in a continued article by WILLIAM MORRIS, entitled,

"THE DEVELOPMENT OF MODERN SOCIETY."

Branches and Newsagents are asked to send in their orders early, as we expect a large demand for this Number.

A REVOLUTIONARY POLICY.

We are now upon the verge of a fresh economic crisis. The middle classes by their greedy gambling, will in a few months bring misery and starvation upon thousands of the workers. They will use this depression to crush the newly-formed trade unions, and force wages down to a starvation level. From the North we already hear that the Cleveland miners have had their wages reduced by 10 per cent., and everywhere in the iron trade the masters are threatening similar reductions. The wave of prosperity is passing, and it will soon be impossible for the workers by their unions to force concessions from the capitalists. With closed factories and the streets filled with unemployed, the reaction will be upon us. Down will come wages, and the newly-formed unions will have a desperate fight for their very existence. Already the gas-stokers are finding this out at Leeds and Beekton.

But though the men will be forced upon the defensive as regards wages, and will even be beaten—for with plenty of goods in stock the capitalist can rub his hands and laugh at strikes, which will only increase the price of his wares,—yet, on the other hand, the cry for an Eight Hour's Day will grow louder among the workmen, who are now gradually getting the idea that it alone can save them from being crushed to the ground. On the other hand the Social Democrats will be busy recommending Parliamentary action as the only means of obtaining their pet palliative. What, then, is our duty as a body of Revolutionary Socialists who do not believe in Parliamentary humbug, nor in those who advocate this legislative quackery? It is our duty first to preach our principles without fear or flinching. True, but we must do something more; theories are excellent, but we must show that we are willing to carry these theories into practice directly the people are ready to do and dare. Already we have repeatedly pointed out in the *Commonweal* that it is hopeless to expect even an Eight Hour Bill from the present Parliament, and it will be still more hopeless in the next, when the Great Liberal Party will rule the roast, the leaders of which, from Gladstone down to T. P. O'Connor, are strongly opposed to any "legislative interference with the hours of labour." There will, therefore, be only one way of obtaining the Eight Hour's Day, a GENERAL STRIKE in every trade and industry, a Strike which, to be thoroughly effective, must not be confined to any town or country, but must be International. Already the miners on the Continent have adopted the idea of an International Strike of Miners. We must preach the General Strike of all European Workmen consistently and without ceasing, and depend upon it our preaching will not be without its effect.

But there is another phase of Revolutionary policy which must not be neglected. We have not forgotten our friend the industrial capitalist. We must also remember that other thief—the "owner" of land and houses,—the landlord. The best weapon against this gentleman, especially in London, is a NO RENT MANIFESTO. We have spoken again and again of the shameful way in which the workers are rack-rented in the filthy slum dens of London. In our immediate neighbourhood they are paying 5s., 6s., 7s., 8s., 9s., 10s., 11s., and 12s. for a single room; while the "aristocrat" of labour, who wants two rooms, is forced to pay 9s. 6d., 10s. 6d., and even 11s. for the luxury! Thus, a third of the worker's wages in Central London goes to the rent thief! We, as

Revolutionary Socialists, would make a quick end of this sort of thing by paying "No Rent" at all to these rascally robbers! But it may take some time to educate the workers up to our ideal; but it would not take long in a time of trade depression, with suffering and starvation in their midst, to get them to go in for a movement for, say, a 50 per cent. reduction. Even then the workmen would be paying more than the middle-class, who, according to the Rev. Price Hugh, would reckon themselves on the brink of ruin if they paid more than 10 per cent. of their income in rent, while at the present time the workman is paying 25 and 30 per cent. of his income. Still, this would not be an end to the business, for once started the workers would not stop till they had made an end of "rent" altogether.

With a little courage and daring it might be possible to carry this programme out in a very little time. It has been suggested to us by a good comrade that half-a-dozen enthusiastic Socialists, who want to do some "practical work," might take a house in the centre of the slums, and once in there, set the bailiff and the landlord at defiance. They could placard the house with bills advising the people to pay "No Rent," while their comrades flooded the slums with anti-landlord literature. If the house was well barricaded, they might hold "law and order" at bay for weeks, and by that time "No Rent" would be paid by the whole neighbourhood.

But when the slum-dwellers are universally refusing to pay rent, and general strikes are in progress in most industrial centres, the great final step in the revolutionary Socialist movement must be taken. The people must seize upon the factories, and the warehouses with their stored-up wealth, and force the landlord and capitalist to rapidly depart through the back doors of their mansions, their departure being accelerated by kicks from behind. The slum-dwellers will then find clean and comfortable lodgings in these luxurious abodes. The question of the housing of the poor would then be settled. There is luxurious accommodation for all the poor in London in these palaces, and "when the revolution comes" we will take care that the poor are properly housed.

This problem at least will receive a prompt solution on the arrival of the Social Revolution. This is what we mean when we tell the people that "they must do it themselves." A general strike, and the refusal to pay rent to thieving landlords, will be the first step, as the seizure of the land, the means of production, and the wealth produced by the labour of the people, will be the last in the Social Revolution.

These are the ideas which we Revolutionary Socialists must spread. They are simple and practicable; and if we preach them with vigour and determination—and above all, if we show that we have the courage to carry them out—they will soon get a firm hold upon the masses. The Social Revolution will not then be a "dream" or a "theory," but a "hard fact"—a very "hard fact" to our friends the capitalist and landlord, who will find that it is no longer possible to lead an idle and luxurious existence at the expense of other people.

D. J. NICOLL.

THE GREAT LAND THIEVES.

LETTER I.—TO PRIVATE SOLDIERS.

"WHY prosecute the man or woman
Who steals the goose from off the common,
But leaves the greater felon loose
Who steals the common from the goose?"

"The earth is the Lord's and the fulness thereof!" This declaration is to be found in Holy Writ, and also over that resort of thieves the Stock Exchange. If the word *Land* were joined to *lord's*, it would adequately express the condition of things in England to-day. Frequently, when a weary and footsore tramp upon the high road, I have looked wistfully through the gates of some fair demesne, and viewed the broad-curved carriage-sweep, the cool undulating park, and the stately mansion or hall, and having been warned away by snarl of hound or flunkey, I have re-commenced my grudge to the town, and there have seen the swarming slums, the noise and unrest of struggling crowds herded in the overcrowded streets and houses.

The ill-defined feeling of injustice and wrong engendered by personal

suffering and the sight of wide contrasts, has since taken shape in determined attacks upon the monopolists, who seize upon the fairest portions of the earth and say to the rest of mankind, "You are trespassers!" But I still wonder at the spectacle of a people, landless and divorced from the soil, suffering all the horrors of social degradation, and yet clinging to and believing in the shibboleths of home, country, patriotism, etc., etc.

Wonder becomes mingled with contempt when the same people protest their abhorrence of violence, and yet are ever at war with some tribe or race; and who, moreover, take from the barbarian his native wilds, and yet are too cowardly to wrest their *own* soil from the land monopolists.

More astonishing still is the attitude of the working-women of England, who shrink shudderingly from the possibility of civil conflict involving those near and dear to them in bloodshed and loss of life, yet cheerfully and uncomplainingly render up as tribute husbands, sons, and lovers to the Moloch of False Patriotism—the God of Commercial War.

In Afghanistan, in Zululand, in the Soudan, whithersoever, in short, their master's lust for extended Empire directs them, the flower of the working-class redden the soil with their blood and offer up their lives to increase capitalistic domination, deluding themselves that they are fighting for their Queen and country. They reap the reward of patriotism as understood to-day. Search the casual wards and common lodging-houses, and find in them men who have fought and bled for what they mistakenly term their country.

It is but a few short years ago that the reward of patriotism took the form of the cat-o'-nine-tails, and the plebeian serfs in the army and navy were strung up and flogged by the orders of scoundrels of "family." Some of these uniformed gentry are now clamouring for the re-instatement of the lash to excoriate the back of the common soldier.

And what, it may be asked, has all this to do with the Land Question? Simply that it is the business of Socialists to undermine the very bases of modern Society, and as it is hoped that this article may get into the hands of the soldiery, we desire to destroy the sentiment of false patriotism which makes them the abject tools of the propertied classes. We would tear away the web of lies woven by journalists and scribes anent the glories of war, and show them Shylock waiting with knife and scale for the recovery of his usurious bond upon the completion of the soldier's work of carnage in Egypt and elsewhere.

Let the soldier know that he is only the armed servant of the money rings, and of the market riggers and forestallers of the Bourses and Exchanges of the world, and that they having used him to bind the shackles of their hideous civilisation upon native races, are equally ready to hurl him upon unarmed crowds of his own countrymen, and if need be compel him to slaughter his own kin, should they protest against the system whereby they are robbed of the results of their labour. Is this so, soldier? and if so, Are you a patriot, or a hired butcher?

In the course of these letters I shall address myself to the Scotch, Welsh, Irish, and English elements which go to make up the murder machine—the Army. The intrepid Scotsmen who have left glen and mountain to fight the battles of the Empire, have been rewarded by the destruction of their homesteads and the forcible dispersal of their kindred. Subjoined is a record of the dastardly work of eviction as carried out on the Sutherland and other Highland estates:

"Deeds have been done of a character so base and heartless on these unoffending Highlanders that it almost exceeds belief, and that as a consequence of the clearances, the land under tillage in Scotland decreased, between 1831 and 1855, by no less than one million five hundred and thirteen thousand three hundred and eighty-two acres."

"At a later period the evictions were carried out with much greater severity; the lots given to the people were often patches of moor and bog quite unfit for cultivation, the houses were often burned down, crops and furniture destroyed, and general misery spread among the people."

"In former removals the tenants had been allowed to carry away the timber of their old dwellings to erect houses on their new allotments, but now a more summary mode was adopted—by setting fire to them. The able-bodied men were by this time away after their cattle or otherwise¹ engaged at a distance, so that the immediate sufferers by the general house-burning that now commenced were the aged and infirm, the women and children. . . . The devastators proceeded with the greatest celerity, demolishing all before them, and when they had overthrown all the houses in a large tract of country, they set fire to the wreck. Timber, furniture, and every other article that could not be instantly removed was consumed by fire or otherwise utterly destroyed. The proceedings were carried on with the greatest rapidity and the most reckless cruelty. The cries of the victims, the confusion, the despair and horror painted on the countenances of the one party, and the exulting ferocity of the other, beggar all description. . . . Many deaths ensued from alarm, from fatigue, and cold, the people having been instantly deprived of shelter, and left to the mercies of the elements. Some old men took to the woods and to the rocks, wandering about in a state approaching to, or of absolute insanity; and several of them in this situation lived only a few days. Pregnant women were taken in premature labour, and several children did not long survive their sufferings."

"The consternation and confusion were extreme; little or no time was given for the removal of persons or property; the people striving to remove the sick and the helpless before the fire should reach them, and struggling to save the most valuable of their effects. The cries of the women and children, the roaring of the affrighted cattle, hunted at the same time by the yelling dogs of the shepherds amid the smoke and fire, altogether presented a scene that completely baffles description—it required to be seen to be believed. A dense cloud of smoke enveloped the whole country by day, and

even extended far out to sea; at night an awfully grand, but terrific, scene presented itself—all the houses in an extensive district in flames at once. I myself ascended a height about eleven o'clock in the evening, and counted 250 blazing houses, many of the owners of which were my relations, and all of whom I personally knew, but whose present condition—whether in or out of the flames—I could not tell. The conflagration lasted six days, till the whole of the dwellings were reduced to ashes or smoking ruins. During one of these days a boat actually lost her way in the dense smoke as she approached the shore, but at night was enabled to reach a landing place by the lurid light of the flames."—A. Wallace.

The wretched remnant were forced to emigrate to Canada, or crowded the narrow wynds and slums of Glasgow and other Scotch cities and towns, and thus

"Much more than 2,000,000 acres have been depopulated and cleared of thousands of sheep to make room for deer forests: homes, farms, and food destroyed, that wealth may sport. There are now in

Caithness	...	50,000	acres	} of Deer Forests.
Sutherland	...	136,000	"	
Ross and Cromarty	...	760,000	"	
Inverness	...	710,000	"	
Argyll	...	165,000	"	
Banff	...	30,000	"	
Aberdeen	...	155,000	"	
Perth	...	97,000	"	
Forfar	...	51,000	"	
Dumbarton	...	1,000	"	
Total	...	2,155,000	acres	

According to the *British Almanac* for 1885, the total area of the four counties of Scotland which are Highland counties *par excellence*, and in which are situated the chief deer forests of the country, extends to 8,030,190 acres; the extent of land under cultivation being only 419,385 acres."—*Financial Reform Almanack*, 1886.

We are termed madmen, but we venture to say that it is supreme folly to offer up health, nay, life itself, to be an instrument of oppression at home and abroad in the interests of a gang of land and labour thieves, who sentence yourself and dependents to the workhouse, and would prosecute for trespass did you touch an inch of the soil of what you stupidly call *your* country, but which in reality is *theirs*.

Some day, and that not a distant one, the working-class will take to fighting for their country, and that day will be a cold one for the land thieves. See to it soldier, and stand by your kindred when the hour comes.

F. KITZ.

THE REVOLT AT BOW STREET.

We live in lively times, but I doubt if London has ever seen more exciting events than those of last Monday. In consequence of events which we chronicle in our Labour Column, the press announced on Monday morning that the police intended to strike on Monday night unless their comrades who had been "suspended" were reinstated. When the night came an immense multitude collected in Bow Street. The people were wild with enthusiasm, cheering, shouting, and singing. I never heard the "Marseillaise" rendered with such vigour before. But soon a change came over the spirit of the scene. The mounted men were ordered out. They charged up and down, headed by a superintendent, who was evidently labouring under a fit of temporary insanity, during which he could do nothing but shout "Ride over them! Ride them down!" This brutality infuriated the people; they hooted the mounted men, calling them "blacklegs." The ruffianly police grew savage, and they charged on the pavement, trampling down men, boys, and women. Stones then began to fly, and the crowd, enraged in their turn, struck fiercely at the police with sticks and umbrellas. Missiles of all kinds were showered upon them, and it was evident that they were getting the worst of it, when suddenly there was a cry of "The Guards," and a captain's escort 30 strong came galloping down the street. They were cheered at first, but when the people saw that they had come to do the dirty work of the mounted men they were vigorously hooted. Meanwhile the foot police did nothing; they stood and quietly watched the scene, while from the windows of the station policemen waved their hands to the crowd.

Great as was the tumult outside, there was worse confusion within. The men had refused to turn out; some cowards who wanted to sell their brethren were seized and held back by main force. The Indian despot had summarily dismissed the men out of the force who had been suspended, and the police were greatly enraged. In the meantime stones were flying fast and furious outside, and a baker who threw some water on the crowd had his windows smashed, and the shop would have been sacked if the Guards had not galloped to the rescue. The swells in carriages coming from the opera had a very warm reception; carriage windows were shattered into fragments; and his "Royal Highness" Edward Guelph, who was at the opera, got away as quietly as he could. Rioting continued, despite the heavy rain, till nearly three o'clock in the morning. The last exciting incident was at midnight, when in a charge of mounted police upon the people one of them was dragged from his horse.

On Tuesday night the disturbances were not very serious, although the brutality of the police blacklegs was excessive. We hear an attempt was made to overturn a cab, probably to make a barricade. If Bow Street had been in Paris on Monday night, cabs, busses, and carts would have been overturned, and the quarter between Clare Market and Drury Lane, with its narrow streets, courts, and *cul de sacs*, would have been a fortress impregnable save to troops and artillery. But the London population has not learnt the art of barricade-making. Never mind; the Parisians were equally ignorant before 1789. N.

THE GUARDS MUTINY.

The 2nd battalion of Grenadier Guards have had too much "drilling" lately, and on Monday when ordered to "parade" by Colonel Maitland, a notorious tyrant, they refused to turn out, greeting their colonel with yells, hisses, and groans. When the non-commissioned officers tried to get the men out, they barricaded themselves in their barrack-rooms. The authorities are so alarmed that they have sent for "The Prince of Wales' Yorkshire Regiment" from Southampton to overawe the men. We think it is likely to have a very different effect.

¹ They were fighting in the Crimean War.

SWEATERS!

THE waterproof workers employed by Messrs. David Moseley and Co., of Manchester, have recently been bestirring themselves to form a union. The manager of the firm, while passing through the works, saw a placard announcing a meeting for the union pasted up. He tore it down, and told the foreman to find out the man who put it up and sack him. The result was that a man named Michael McGee was discharged, although he had no hand in pasting up the placard. The manager further gave orders that any of his "hands" attending the announced meetings would be discharged. The Trades Council have taken the matter up, and meetings of the workers have been held and a union formed. The hubbub raised about the discharge of McGee, and the glaring tyranny of the proceeding, has compelled the firm to re-instate him. The local press in reporting the proceedings, have in deference to the firm, studiously avoided to mention their name.

THE following disgraceful practices are carried on at Ipswich by one of the largest stay factories in that county, and where about fourteen hundred persons are employed. The heads of the firm implicated, whose names are Messrs. Footmen, Pretty, and Nicholson, have long held high social positions, and bear in the town irreproachable Christian characters. How much this is deserved the disclosures I herewith make will show. At other factories here, and we have several, the employes are very badly paid. Experienced hands (young women of twenty) are unable mostly to realise more than 3s. or 4s. per week, and often less than that. They have to buy reels of cotton (illegally deducted from wages) at 25 per cent. dearer than they are bought elsewhere. For every broken needle they pay 1d., which is, according to the machine used, more or less a serious infliction upon their pitiful wage. The gross account for each, including fines, etc., is entered in the books as their nett takings, when it does not amount to two-thirds, or, as it sometimes happens, they *owe more* at the end of a week than what their so-called earnings can pay. When not wanted the workers have to sit inside the factory idle, and this very often lasts for days at a stretch, placed by command like bales of merchandise waiting for a purchaser. Could worse slavery exist anywhere? What a commentary upon the boasted "freedom of contract!" If they could earn anything at home or elsewhere just then they are not permitted to do so, except at the risk of notice to leave or a certain fine of 6d. for every day's absence, whether ill or not with no exception. Over five minutes late there is a 3d. fine, and for keeping away the fine is the same for every half-day. So great is the horror felt that as soon as they catch sight of the manager the poor girls feel sick and faint. We of the Labour Federation, among whom are many Socialists, are preparing to organise them into a strong union. In the meantime we think that publicity may possibly lead to some effective measures being adopted to stop this shameful tyranny.

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

CORRESPONDENCE.

MORE POLICE TYRANNY.

DEAR COMRADES,—On Sunday week a few comrades of the Hammersmith and North Kensington branches went in brakes to Kingston-on-Thames, to speak to the shop-assistants and others on the advisability of organisation, and to expound the doctrines of Socialism. When all was arranged, we started from Hammersmith about 4 o'clock, arriving at Kingston at 6 o'clock. On finding our meeting at the Fairfield prohibited, we adjourned to the Market Place, where we had a large meeting. Speeches were made, and labour songs sung by a female comrade, literature being sold by myself and others.

Among our audience was a man who, I afterwards was informed, was Peter Gould, an exploiter of labour in Kingston, and a magistrate. Thinking he would like to know "how labour is robbed," I held one of William Morris's "Monopoly" up to him, when he became very indignant, and gave orders to the police—who were in strong force—to take my name and address, which increased the sale of the pamphlets 75 per cent. Our meeting being over soon after we started for home, our audience following behind cheering lustily. A week after, I received an invitation to attend her majesty's police court, for selling "Monopoly; or, How Labour is Robbed" in the Kingston Market Place, contrary to Act of Parliament. On Wednesday 25th June I appeared at Kingston Police-court, when I was told by this Peter Gould and five others that I must pay £1 13s., or go to prison for fourteen days' hard labour—Peter Gould having the audacity to tell me I must seek some honest occupation. This is an ancient law that is still in force at Kingston, and this Peter Gould is the sort of man that is supposed to administer "justice."

F. BAKER.

[The suppression of "free speech" and public meeting is advancing with rapid strides. What will be the next move of the "authorities"? We are not allowed to march through streets, we must not hold meetings, and now the sale of literature is forbidden. We might as well be living in Russia.—EDITORS.]

Sergius Stepniak will lecture on "Tolstoi as Novelist and Social Reformer," in the Portman Rooms, Baker Street, on Wednesday July 16th, at 5 p.m. Tickets, 1s. and 2s. 6d., from Mrs. Edw. Pease, 2 Hyde Park Mansions, N.W. Proceeds in aid of some Russian exiles.

COMMONWEAL BRANCH.—Concert on Saturday July 12, for the benefit of a comrade. Doors open at 8; to commence at 8.30. Comrades and friends are earnestly requested to come. No charge for admission, but a collection will be made at the end of the concert for our comrade's benefit.

EDINBURGH—SCOTTISH SOCIALIST FEDERATION.—Comrades Hamilton and Smith addressed a large meeting at Leith on Sunday afternoon, and sold a quantity of literature. In the evening Mackenzie, Smith, Hamilton, Gilray, and Leslie spoke in the Meadows to a large crowd. In spite of a pelting rain the meeting kept well together; Leslie's address was splendid. Some Irish Home Rulers were very angry at the speaker's allusions to the G.O.M.

SOCIALISM IN LONDON AND THE PROVINCES.

SOUTH LONDON.

THE movement in South London is going on well. We only started meetings in this part a month ago, but with great success. At Short Street, New Cut, we have held seven meetings on Sunday mornings and Wednesday evenings. We are advocating with great vigour the International General Strike to overthrow the system, and it has been received with great fervour. Comrade Buckeridge has joined us, and is working heartily in our ranks; comrade Casey (Freedom Group) has also rendered some valuable help by speaking. We have distributed about 1,000 Anarchist 'Labour Leaf' and 500 other leaflets. We are arranging for a course of Anarchist-Communist open-air lectures at Short Street on the next four Sundays: *Freedom* and *Commonweal* sell well at our meetings. Since we have started the red flag at our meetings the gospel-punchers now come out with a magnificent red silk flag for the purpose of making the people go to their meeting instead of ours, but this has not come off yet. The following comrades have addressed our meetings—Cores, Wright, Holloway, Stevens, Casey, Turner, Buckeridge, Miss Lupton, and Smith. We have issued 1,000 handbills announcing our lectures for next month. The comrades also decided to have as their motto, "Away with Authority and Monopoly; Free Access to the Means of Life."

W. W.

NORWICH.

THE propaganda here is moving along successfully. On the 1st of June, comrades A. Moore and Poynts spoke at Crostwick in the morning; at Horstead in the afternoon, they were joined by Houghton, Morley, and Darley, and held a meeting. At both places the audiences consisted of agricultural labourers, who listened attentively. June 15th, Mrs. Lahr and W. Moore spoke in the morning at the Market Place; in afternoon, a large meeting was held by one of the local unions in aid of the strikers, when Mrs. Lahr spoke. In the evening, Mrs. Lahr and Poynts addressed a large open-air meeting. On the following day a meeting was convened for the evening at the Market Place by the Gas Workers' Union. Mrs. Lahr spoke at some length, upholding the principles she believed in, and was followed by a Mr. Watkinson, of the London Gas Workers' Union, who has been here several days holding meetings. During his remarks that evening he pointed out the blessings of returning working-men to Parliament, and advised working-men to use their efforts in this direction, and also take part in municipal affairs, etc. At the close he called for opposition, and Mrs. Lahr and Poynts were ready; comrade Poynts opened, and denounced the action that had been advised to the audience. Watkinson here lost his temper, and there was some slight disturbance, which ended in Mr. Watkinson beating a hasty retreat. Mrs. Lahr left here on the Tuesday, her visit having proved very successful. The same day she left three comrades had to answer a summons before the magistrates; one, however, did not turn up and could not be found. The "serious" charge against these comrades was stencilling on the pavement as follows, "Mrs. Lahr, Market, Sunday, June 15th." This resulted in a fine of 2s. and 8s. costs each, or three days imprisonment. The fine was paid for one comrade owing to his position, the second one took the three days, and the third is still at liberty in spite of the constable who brought the charge attending our meetings in private clothes. The following Sunday in the afternoon a meeting was held, at which Darley and Fred Henderson spoke; in the evening, Poynts and Morley spoke. On Saturday last, Mowbray lectured in one of the Board Schools on "Reform or Revolution;" Poynts took the chair. The next day Mowbray spoke at the Market Place in the morning and afternoon, and addressed large open-air meetings assisted by comrade Swash. Mowbray had to leave for London before the usual time of our evening meeting. We have sold during the month 493 *Commonweals* and collected £1 3s. 9d.; we have lost two or three collections owing to the strike here. *Freedom* has sold well, and a large quantity of strike leaflets and Anarchist 'Labour Leaf' have been distributed.

S.

NOTTINGHAM.

A CONFERENCE of delegates from various Midland Socialist bodies was held at Nottingham on Sunday, and was an unqualified success. In the morning the party had a ramble to Stoke Ferry by the Trent, and in the afternoon returned to the Socialist Hall, Woodland Place, Parliament Street. About 30 delegates were present, besides a number of Nottingham comrades. Sheffield, Leicester, Chesterfield, Derby, Newark, Long Eaton, were among the towns represented. Peacock, of Nottingham, presided; and Proctor, on behalf of the Nottingham Socialist Club, proposed the formation of a Midland Socialist Federation for the better organisation of the lecture-lists and the missioning of new ground. In the discussion which followed, it was cordially agreed that no control could be exerted over the various branches by the Federation, and that no executive council or other governing body would be necessary. A general secretary would keep a list of speakers and arrange with various branches for a constant supply of speakers for districts,—in fact, as comrade Charles put it, it would be a sort of "post office." The Conference, which included parliamentary and anti-parliamentary Socialists, agreed unanimously to the Nottingham resolution, and Clifton, of Nottingham, was appointed secretary of the new Federation; a collection being at once taken for postage and other small expenses which will be necessary. It was resolved, on the motion of Gorrie, of Leicester, to extend the campaign to towns in which there is no Socialist organisation; and delegates from Newark, Derby, and Long Eaton addressed the Conference on the prospects of the Cause in their respective localities. It was decided to call another Conference at Sheffield on the last Sunday in June 1891; and the meeting closed with a hearty vote of thanks to the Nottingham comrades for their hospitable entertainment of the delegates who had arrived on the previous evening.

After tea, a demonstration was held in the Great Market Place, where between 3,000 and 4,000 persons assembled. There were two platforms, presided over by J. Peacock and T. Proctor respectively. The speeches were short and sharp, the speakers being A. Hall and Furniss (Chesterfield), Bingham, Bullas, Mrs. Usher, Cores, and Charles (Sheffield), Knight and Whalley (Nottingham S.D.F.), Watkinson (London S.D.F.), Chambers (Leicester), Deakin (Walsall), Purcell (Derby), Stephenson (Newark). A resolution welcoming the delegates to Nottingham, and demanding the complete emancipation of the workers, was agreed to unanimously, and the meeting closed with Socialist songs by Peacock and Cores. The gathering excited the greatest interest in Nottingham, was reported at length in the local papers, and was the occasion of much fraternal interchange of greetings on the part of Socialists of the Midlands. Collection at the Conference, 13s. 7d.; in Market Place, 26s. 2d.; literature sold, 14s. 6d.

A. C.

BOOKS RECEIVED.—"A Refutation of the Single Tax Theories of Henry George." By A. Genen. International Publishing Company, Sydney.

A correspondent writes to the *Twentieth Century*: "I hope that you will keep on harping upon the suggestion that landless men occupy vacant land, without saying by your leave or with your leave. It is the biggest thing yet. Add to it that they stop paying interest and taxes."



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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NEWS FROM NOWHERE:

OR,

AN EPOCH OF REST.

BEING SOME CHAPTERS FROM A UTOPIAN ROMANCE.

CHAP. XXII.—HAMPTON COURT. AND A PRaiser OF PAST TIMES.

So on we went, Dick rowing in an easy tireless way, and Clara sitting by my side admiring his manly beauty and heartily good-natured face, and thinking, I fancy, of nothing else. As we went higher up the river, there was less difference between the Thames of that day and Thames as I remembered it; for setting aside the hideous vulgarity of the cockney villas of the well-to-do, stockbrokers and other such, which in older time marred the beauty of the bough-hung banks, even this

beginning of the country Thames was always beautiful; and as we slipped between the lovely summer greenery, I almost felt my youth come back to me, and as if I were on one of those water excursions which I used to enjoy so much in days when I was too happy to think that there could be much amiss anywhere.

At last we came to a reach of the river where on the left hand a very pretty little village with some old houses in it came down to the edge of the water, over which was a ferry; and beyond these houses the elm-beset meadows ended in a fringe of tall willows, while on the right hand went the tow-path and a space nearly clear of trees, which rose up behind huge and ancient, the ornaments of a great park: but these drew back still further from the river at the end of the reach to make way for a little town of quaint and pretty houses, some new, some old, dominated by the long walls and sharp gables of a great red-brick pile of building, partly of the latest Gothic, partly of the Court-style of Dutch William, but so blended together by the bright sun and beautiful surroundings, including the bright blue river, that it looked down upon, that even amidst the beautiful buildings of that new happy time it had a strange charm about it. A great wave of fragrance, amidst which the lime-tree blossom was clearly to be distinguished, came down to us from its unseen gardens, as Clara sat up in her place, and said:

"O Dick, dear, couldn't we stop at Hampton Court for to-day, and take the guest about the park a little and show him those sweet old buildings? Somehow, I suppose because you have lived so near it, you have seldom taken me to Hampton Court."

Dick rested on his oars a little, and said: "Well, well, Clara, you are lazy to-day. I didn't feel like stopping short of Shepperton to-day: suppose we just go and have our dinner at the Court, and go on again about five o'clock?"

"Well," she said, "so be it; but I should like the guest to have spent an hour or two in the Park."

"The Park!" said Dick; "why, the whole Thames-side is a park this time of the year; and for my part, I had rather lie under an elm-tree on the borders of a wheat-field, with the bees humming about me and the corn-crake crying from furrow to furrow, than in any park in England. Besides—"

"Besides," said she, "you want to get on to your dearly-loved upper Thames, and show your prowess down the heavy swathes of the mowing grass."

She looked at him fondly, and I could tell that she was seeing him in her mind's eye showing his splendid form at its best amidst the rhymed strokes of the scythes; and she looked down at her own pretty feet with a half sigh, as though she were contrasting her slight woman's beauty with his man's beauty; as women will when they are really in love, and are not spoiled with conventional sentiment.

As for Dick, he looked at her admiringly a while, and then said at last: "Well, Clara, I do wish we were there! But, hilloa! we are getting back way." And he set to work sculling again, and in two minutes we were all standing on the gravelly strand below the bridge, which, as you may imagine, was no longer the old hideous iron abortion, but a handsome piece of very solid oak framing.

We went into the Court and straight into the great hall, so well remembered, where there were tables spread for dinner, and everything arranged much as in the Hammersmith Guest-hall. Dinner over, we sauntered through the ancient rooms, where the pictures and tapestry were still preserved, and nothing was much changed, except that the people whom we met there had an indefinable kind of look of being at home and at ease, which communicated itself to me, so that I felt that the beautiful old place was mine in the best sense of the word; and my pleasure of past days seemed to add itself to that of to-day, and filled my whole soul with content.

Dick (who, in spite of Clara's gibe, knew the place very well) told me that the beautiful old Tudor rooms, which I remembered were the dwellings of the lesser fry of Court flunkies, were much used by people coming and going; for, beautiful as architecture had now become, and although the whole face of the country had quite recovered its beauty, there was still a sort of tradition of pleasure and beauty which clung to that group of buildings, and people thought going to Hampton Court a necessary summer outing, as they did in the days when London was so grimy and miserable. We went into some of the rooms looking into the old garden, and were well received by the people in them, who got speedily into talk with us, and looked with politely half-concealed wonder at my strange face. Besides these birds of passage, and a few regular dwellers in the place, we saw out in the meadows near the garden, down "the Long Water," as it used to be called, many gay tents with men, women, and children round about them. As it seemed, this pleasure-loving people were fond of tent-life, with all its inconveniences, which, indeed, they turned into pleasures also.

We left this old friend by the time appointed, and I made some feeble show of taking the sculls; but Dick repulsed me, not much to my grief, I must say, as I found I had quite enough to do between the enjoyment of the beautiful time and my own lazily blended thoughts.

As Dick, it was quite right to let him pull, for he was as strong as a horse, and had the greatest delight in bodily exercise, whatever it was. We really had some difficulty in getting him to stop when it was getting rather more than dusk, and the moon was brightening just as we were off Runnymede. We landed there, and were looking about for a place whereon to pitch our tents (for we had brought two with us), when an old man came up to us, bade us good evening, and asked if we were housed for that night; and finding that we were not, bade us home to his house. Nothing loth, we went with him, and Clara took his hand in a coaxing way which I noticed she used with old men; and as we

went on our way, made some commonplace remark about the beauty of the day. The old man stopped short, and looked at her and said: "You really like it then?"

"Yes," she said, looking very much astonished. "Don't you?"

"Well," said he, "perhaps I do. I did, at any rate, when I was younger; but now I think I should like it cooler."

She said nothing, and went on, the night growing about as dark as it would be; till just at the rise of the hill we came to a hedge with a gate in it, which the old man unlatched and led us into a garden, at the end of which we could see a little house, one of whose little windows was already yellow with candle-light. We could see even under the doubtful light of the moon and the last of the western glow that the garden was stuffed full of flowers; and the fragrance it gave out in the gathering coolness was so wonderfully sweet, that it seemed the very heart of the delight of the June dusk; so that we three stopped instinctively, and Clara gave forth a little sweet "O!" like a bird beginning to sing.

"What's the matter?" said the old man, a little testily, and pulling at her hand. "There's no dog; or have you trodden on a thorn and hurt your foot?"

"No, no, neighbour," she said; "but how sweet, how sweet it is!"

"Of course it is," said he, "but do you care so much for that?"

She laughed out musically, and we followed suit in our gruffer voices; and then she said: "Of course I do, neighbour; don't you?"

"Well, I don't know," quoth the old fellow; then he added, as if somewhat ashamed of himself: "Besides, you know, when the waters are out and all Runnymede is flooded it's none so pleasant."

"I should like it," quoth Dick. "What a jolly sail one would get about here on the floods on a bright frosty January morning!"

"Would you like it?" said our host. "Well, I won't argue with you, neighbour; it isn't worth while. Come in and have some supper."

WILLIAM MORRIS.

TO BE CONTINUED.]

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

INTERNATIONAL NOTES.

GERMANY.

The close similarity between the English trade-unionist and the German and Austrian Social-Democratic movements is illustrated by the fact that both have undergone of late the same successes, difficulties, and trials, and neither of them manages to get better out of the difficulty than the other. In England the great success was the dockers' strike, in Germany the elections of February, and in Austria the May Day demonstrations. They were all followed by a period of shallow optimism, during which some believed they had found the remedy, and then by capitalist reaction, when these saw the workers congratulating themselves on their love of law and order. This was followed by defeats of the workers and a great deal of unpleasant quarrelling, and disillusion, etc. Only here, Socialists worthy their name kept aloof from these ephemeral events, and the people now return to those who kept up unflinchingly the revolutionary propaganda. In Germany and Austria the foremost Social-Democrats stand in the midst of all these quarrels and squabbles, and much quarrelling and intriguing goes on at present, however much the official mouthpieces of the leaders may deny this or hush it up. These leaders showed themselves utterly incapable of managing the 1st of May affair, as some persons nearer home about the general strike last year. They got frightened at the decisive moment, and "proclaimed" the holiday-making on May Day. Their ukase created much discontent, for the masses are already more advanced than their pretended "leaders." A part, however, stuck to the holiday; the result was lamentable half measures, which only encouraged the bourgeois to revenge themselves on the few who were cowardly deserted by the great mass. Hamburg was foremost in this, and now great distress prevails there among the Socialists, great numbers of them having been sacked, strikes being lost, etc. In Berlin, to give another example, during the brewers' strike scab breweries were boycotted, as the local Socialists had decided; but the official clique who still hold the local daily paper did all they could to discourage this boycott, and so it fell through. Much ill-feeling is provoked by this, and at a large representative meeting even Bebel did not succeed in lulling the growing feeling of independence of the workers, who are angry at being humbugged by their leaders. In the same way, the chief Austrian organ of the Social-Democrats thinks that there has now been enough of strikes. Of course, the workers should content themselves for a time by living on the recollection of the "glorious May Day promenades." Here also an opposition is rising. It is certain that the approaching depression of trade, the breaking up of trade organisations, and the confused demagogic escapades of the Emperor, will all combine to bring about a crisis in the German movement, which will open the eyes of many to the truth of the Revolutionary and Anarchist ideas.

JAPAN.

It appears that Socialist and Anarchist ideas begin to spread among the natives of Japan. Some information on this subject has been published by Dr. J. Hoffmann, of New York, a collaborator of the *Freiheit*, who visited Japan last year. Some time ago a secret radical society was organised by Talui Tokitchi, who was imprisoned for this for three years. This society is dead, but its adherents have since adopted Socialist ideas. They must be very careful and moderate in their propaganda, owing to the despotism they live under, but their ulterior aim is Anarchist-Communism. A paper called *The XIXth Century* was published for one and three-quarter years, and then prohibited. Since then *Tyū* (Freedom) was started (since December 13, 1889), published in San Francisco, and for the time being hectographed until the funds will allow to buy type. This movement seems to be more under the influence of European Socialist ideas than under that of the native Socialist traditions of Eastern Asia, which are especially vigorous in China. We hail this movement as a new link in the world-wide chain of the Socialist brotherhood.

* *

NOTES ON NEWS.

POLICE and Guards in revolt! Surely the whole Governmental machine is going to pieces. Even the practical middle-class man is beginning to ask, "Are we on the verge of a Revolution?" The middle-class may indeed shake in their shoes when their crack regiments are in mutiny. They always thought they could depend upon the Guards, though they could trust no other regiment in London. They have now found they were mistaken.

There is a lull in the trouble for a moment, but there can be very little doubt it will break out again; and the respectable classes must shudder when they think that the *Daily News* the other day said that a financial crisis is very probable in the autumn. What will become of the middle-classes when that crash comes? I think it is likely there may be an extensive "emigration" of the "surplus population" to a much warmer climate.

Bravo Leeds! Your people have shown that the men of the North have not lost their manhood in the enervating atmosphere of a commercial civilisation. Nor has the "peace at any price" cant of the hucksters of the Manchester school influenced the men, in whose veins runs the blood of the wild Norse sea rovers, who made danger a pastime, and sought in battle the pleasure which all the cheating knaves who lie and adulterate can never find in the smartest bargain. The men of Leeds have gained a victory. But how? Not by listening to the "law-n-order" appeals of Tay Pay O'Connor, who has the strongest objection to "violence" outside Ireland, or even by paying much attention to the mild platitudes of sentimental and political Socialists.

It is true that a juvenile contemporary of ours, with that sweet simplicity peculiar to innocent youth, says that "the gas workers have accomplished more by peaceful means than they could ever have hoped to do by recourse to violence." This is really too innocent; so innocent that we fear it can hardly be real.

Last winter, in South London, the gas-workers fought their battle in a strictly "legal and constitutional manner." They only tried the "peaceable means" of mild persuasion. How did they succeed? The gas company got more blacklegs than they wanted, and the men were shamefully defeated. Livesey's slave dens are now manned with blacklegs, and the gas-stokers are starving outside. At Leeds a huge mob assembles, armed with "formidable sticks, many of them with hooks, spikes, and nails attached," and blacklegs and police are attacked with savage bravery. With what result? The blacklegs who are in the works come out again, in consequence of the "peaceable means" employed by the crowd. Rioting continues for two nights, police, military, and town councillors are stoned; an attempt is made to force the works. There is suddenly a great scarcity of blacklegs; they cannot be had at any price; and the Town Council gives way, and it is the blacklegs who have to clear out and the men who take their places.

What is the moral of this? We fear the moral would not commend itself to the Fabian Society, or to any other body of kid-gloved pedants, with whom Socialism is a kind of high-class amusement—something to talk about, to vary the monotonous ease of their lives. But to workmen the moral is this—all means are justifiable against traitors and tyrants. "Death to blackleg! death to sweater!" must be the war cry of the working class. As they show no mercy to us, we will show none to them. This is what the people will not forget in future.

There is still another moral, and that is the futility of political reform. The Municipality of Leeds is a freely elected body, it is even a Fabian body. There are Municipal gas-works and Municipal police in that town. What more can Sidney Webb want? Yet this body does not mind sweating its employes; and when they resist, it brings its Municipal police to bludgeon them, and summons soldiers to shoot them down. And yet we are told by our Fabian friends that if the County Council had control over the London police, bludgeoning the people would be a thing of the past, and to quote the mad gentleman in 'Nicholas Nickleby,' "all would be gas and gaiters." I fear it will not be much consolation to a discontented London workman, when that happy time arrives, to remember, when his head is broken by a policeman's truncheon, that that valuable officer is not under the control of a tyrannical government, but is the servant of the London County Council. We wonder if that will make the workman feel quite serene and comfortable: we doubt it.

The leaders of last Saturday's procession are very jubilant over their "victory." According to Mr. Conybeare, M.P., it is all owing to the Gladstonian victory at Barrow. A more probable explanation is that the Government could not trust even their beloved police to bludgeon an unarmed crowd, and so as not to risk an almost certain "mutiny" they preferred to let the procession go by, especially as "it was only a little one."

The most amusing incident on Saturday was the eager way in which the mounted police accepted some copies of the *Commonweal* from a young comrade. We hope they liked the article on the front page. Let them read, mark, learn, and inwardly digest it. Then perhaps they may repent and be saved while there is yet time.

N.

THE LABOUR REVOLT.

The Leeds Gas-workers.

Up to October, 1889, the Municipal gas-workers were working twelve hours a-day. Then, after being agitated and organised by the Leeds Socialist League, they threatened a strike unless their demands were granted. The authorities, not caring about putting the town in darkness, gave the men the eight hours' day and 2s. 6d. more wages weekly. The consumers were, in consequence, charged 4d. a 1,000 feet more for their gas. About three weeks ago the Gas Committee posted notices up at all the works, informing the men that on and after July 1 they would have to sign an agreement binding them for four months to do a certain amount of work (about 20 per cent. more) in the eight hours. The men refused to sign, and most of them hrew down their tools a day or two before the time for signing. Agents were now dispatched by the authorities to London, Manchester, and other places for blacklegs. The locked-out men were quite determined to prevent them reaching the works, and on Sunday, June 30th, Thorne, the general secretary, and Cockayne and Paylor, the local secretaries, advised the men to try their utmost to prevent the scabs getting into the works. Pickets were doubled, and through the night and all day Monday the entrances to the several gas-works were strongly guarded. The adjacent streets were blocked with people who had been obliged to stop work, on account of the failure of their gas-engines and stoves for heating in the many clothing factories, about 20,000 people being idle according to the local press. The feeling, of course, was very bitter against the Gas Committee by all sections of the general public.

On Monday night the word passed along that a gang of knobsticks had left London and Manchester, and would arrive about 4 a.m. Had it not have rained so incessantly, and thus damped the ardour of the men and women, there would have been some exhilarating scenes to record for that night. The air itself seemed charged with a nervous excitement, which seemed to fill the crowds with rage and boldness, and urge them nearer and closer to the gates and guards. The whole town was in darkness, and in the railway stations, post-office, the different hotels and large shops, a few candles and paraffin lamps were all that could be had to light up the darkness. The names of Gilston and Joseph Henry (who won't be soon forgotten) were freely bandied about, with expressions of regret that they could not be got hold of. These two "representatives" are Radical Home Rulers. Gilston, who is an alderman, went over to Ireland and was photographed in a group of similar "friends of the working classes," then came back here and lectured, and pretended to weep at the heartrending eviction scenes and cruelties under Balfourism. But this thing called "Henry" is a much more horrible example, for he is a trade unionist. He is also a teetotaller, and one who has "worked his way up" on the toil and sweat of the men he has been able to employ on municipal jobbing. The Tory press is going for the whole crew in a slashing manner, and threatens them all with extermination at the next November elections. It seems that the politicians can suggest nothing else except passing resolutions and howling round. But the men and their supporters did something and were not wasting time in mere talk. All through the wet miserable night they waited and watched, getting information as to the starting, journeying, and arrival of the scabs just as soon as the authorities.

At about 5 a.m. on Tuesday, the scabs to the number of 150 were seen coming down the Victoria Road from the Midland Railway, under a strong escort of police, with the chief constable and other chiefs. When near the bottom, and within 150 yards of the Meadow Lane Works, the people present with many Socialist comrades made a determined attack on this body. After a fierce fight they were at last repulsed, but not before many of the police were *hors de combat*. Several mounted men, including Chief Webb (whose arm got broken), were disabled and bleeding. The wounded on the other side were also numerous. The scabs having got into the works, the men retired for rest and deliberation.

In the morning about 11, comrade Sweeney, who was backed by thousands, got on the wall and called out to the scabs to be men and throw down their tools. About sixty then and there clambered over and joined in the shouts of exultation. They related how they had been deceived as to the position, and as to the pay also. It now leaked out that 600 scabs from Manchester and surrounding districts had been run into the Town Hall during the previous night, as it was thought too risky to venture a mile tramp through the town to the other works. A march now began with the sixty deserters and many thousands of people through the streets to Victoria Square, where stands the Town Hall and other municipal buildings. Here Sweeney and Samuels spoke to about 20,000 from the Wellington Statue, advising the people to get their wives, daughters, sisters, and female friends along, and not to leave the square until the 600 scabs came out, and then by fair means or foul to prevent them getting to the works. The authorities evidently funked, for about 5 o'clock placards were being posted up all over the town warning the people against obstruction, disorder, and unlawful assembly, the Meadow Lane Works meanwhile being strongly picketed.

At 7.30 about 300 extra carbiners from York and Strensall arrived with about 300 extra police from Halifax, Bradford, Huddersfield, etc., as well as several gold-laced idiots mounted, who galloped around and gave orders. The streets by this time were filling with working people, old and young, who were leaving work. At 8, the 600 scabs (who had been feasting in one of the halls of the building) prepared to start on their perilous march. Here they were lectured by Town Councillors, and played to by the organist, a Mr. Spark. After a time they were led out, formed into a solid square, surrounded by a strong force of police and soldiers. They started on the march, accompanied by the mayor (Emsley), magistrates, clerks—in fact, the whole gang of law'n'-order humbugs. They were hooted, jeered, spit upon, kicked, and appealed to; but in vain, for they were hemmed in by the soldiery, and the afternoon's blow-out of beef, bacca, tea, and patriotism (they had sang "Rule Britannia" to the grand organ) had hardened them, and many of them used very bad language indeed to the people. But their time was coming, and they didn't have long to wait either.

All seemed comparatively fair sailing up to the railway bridge in Wellington Road, where thousands of people clambered up the mountains of ashes and refuse on to the bridge, under which the procession had to pass. On the bridge were three buckets full of coals, but they were not quite so full a few minutes after. Just as the procession was well under the bridge, down

came planks and logs of wood, iron sleepers, great lumps of coal, bottles, clinkers, and all sorts of missiles, on to the horse and foot soldiers, police, scabs, mayor, and magistrates. The consternation and confusion baffles description; and if the people had only the knowledge (they had the pluck) the whole cursed lot would have been wiped out. As the horses and men picked themselves up, it was seen that many were bruised and bleeding, but, alas! no corpses to be seen. The party on the bridge got off without trouble or hurt.

From here to the gates of the New Wortley Works (Leeds) was only some thirty or forty yards, so they got over that distance very soon. But there was a fresh surprise in store for the authorities here, as just as the scabs were got in at the front gates, about 150 scaled the inside walls and ran away for their lives (without their bundles) at the back. The ungrateful varmin'ts! After being fed and fetted, and promised and protected! But there—frailty, thy name is blackleg! A strong force of pickets and sympathisers stayed behind to get the remainder out, and about an hour later the Meadow Lane Works were again surrounded by excited crowds, although it was raining hard. Darkness had again set in, and there was no gas at all.

At 10 p.m. Tuesday, July 1, a sudden, determined attack was made on these works; and although the police offered a most stubborn resistance, much damage was done and a few of the men got inside the gate; but they were ultimately beaten off, so they were not able to expel or set free the scabs. Many a skull was cracked that night, and many a vow was made that filled one with hope as to the action of the masses when the time comes. The 145 police had got something to think about; and it was noticed how brutally the strange policemen behaved, especially the Bradford lot. Now, this attack was quite a spontaneous affair, unorganised, unordered, and unexpected. During Tuesday night fresh troops were sent for, and early Wednesday morning about 250 hussars galloped up to the Town Hall. I heard on good authority that the volunteers were sent to individually and asked if they were willing to come out on duty, so that the regulars could be kept out of sight. They were offered 7s. 6d. for the day, but they declined.

On Wednesday afternoon the Riot Act was read, the people gradually leaving the streets; but at night the town looked as if it was in a state of siege. No gas, sky dark, air misty, streets blocked by soldiers, police, and people. On Wellington Road, leading up to the memorable railway bridge, it was very dangerous for pedestrians, who had to run the gauntlet of a demoralised police and meet the volleys of stones from the crowd. In the morning nearly all the street lamps in the vicinity were found to be smashed, and the roads strewn with all kinds of missiles. At this time two local "gentlemen" approached the gas-men and the Gas Committee with talk of conciliation. After a lot of palaver, a kind of compromise was at last settled, although the men claim to be better off now than before. They agreed to do 60 cwt. a-day instead of 55 as before, and to get paid for last Good Friday and get four days off in the year and pay. There was still the scabs to be considered, and here the men were firm. "We won't have them under any circumstances," and they had to go. Some had been engaged for three, six, and twelve months, and they naturally wanted compensation. Some got as much as £7 10s and some £5. The total cost to the ratepayers will come up to about £20,000, and the Liberals and Radicals on the Committee are doomed to defeat at the next election. The authorities will doubtless be more firm on the next occasion, so the workers must put their trust in themselves, and keep their powder dry. On Sunday last a monster procession and band marched to Hunslet Moor, where speeches were made, and all our *Commonweal* were sold, as well as a quantity of pamphlets. I think that we shan't be sorry when the next rising takes place. "And the Cause goes marching on."
H. S.

The Police.

The trouble with the police came to a crisis on Saturday. At Bow Street the men refused to turn out on duty because Thomas Beevers, P.C., had been transferred to the X division as a punishment for issuing and distributing the following circular:

"Metropolitan Police, Bow Street, 4 July, 1890.
"Dear Sir,—Please make known to your men that Mr. Matthews last night said: 'The police have a perfect right to petition.' Also ask your sub-divisions to do likewise; it is for their mutual benefit, and the betterment of the whole force. The petition has gone in from Bow Street, and has met our respected Commissioner's approval. For further particulars, etc., apply to your obedient servant,
THOS. BEEVERS, P.C. 134E."

An inspector succeeded in persuading some of the men to go on duty, and on Sunday forty men were suspended. A comical incident occurred on Sunday night. About 100 of the Bow Street force who were not on duty attempted to hold a meeting in the billiard-room at the station. The meeting would have been quiet enough had not an inspector discovered that Beevers was in the building. That he might not be found, the men had hidden him under a table. But the inspector found him, and advised him to leave the building. Beevers refused to do so, and invited the inspector to leave the room. The business ended by the men rushing the inspector out, after which they held their meeting in peace and quietness. A full account of the riot at Bow Street will be found on page 218.

The Postmen.

It must surely be a symptom of extreme discontent when the telegraph clerks, who are what the middle class call "a most respectable body of men," salute the name of that very fat old woman Mrs. Guelph with hoots and groans. If in France the name of M. Carnot was saluted with groans it would have been thought a very revolutionary symptom, but as it happened in England, we are assured that the men have "no feeling whatever of disloyalty to her majesty." No doubt if the postmen cheived Mr. Raikes as they did some of his spies the other Sunday, the officials would state that the men had no feeling of disloyalty to their "respected" chief. This amiable gentleman, however, has now succeeded in bringing matters to a crisis with the postmen. On Friday, July 4, nine men were suspended for attending the "disgraceful meeting" in Hyde Park, when Mr. Raikes's spies were "maltreated." One of the men who has been "suspended" has been in the service twenty-five years, and was one of those who lost their stripes for attending the meeting on Clerkenwell Green.

Despite this cruel tyranny, it was decided on Monday night at the postmen's meeting at Holborn Town Hall not to strike till the London Trades Council had "interviewed" the Postmaster-General. The men, however, succeeded in extorting a promise from their "leaders" (!) that if Raikes sacked any more men for attending that meeting, they would give the order to "come out."
N.

IN AUSTRALIA.

A TEST case is being tried now between Labour and Capital up in Queensland, that will very probably bring on a fight in London as well. The Darling Downs squatters and the Australian Labour Federation are preparing for battle; and as in your strike of the dockers, the fight began over a very downtrodden and unorganised branch of unskilled labour, but has spread and is still spreading, until it involves the whole question of organised labour against organised capital.

The "rouseabout," the unskilled labourer who picks up wool on the shearing-shed floors, waits on the comparatively skilled shearers, digs dams, makes fences, and does odd jobs, is being paid by the squatters, wool-producing monopolists, of Darling Downs any weekly wage he will take, ranging from, at the highest, 25s. down to 20s., and still oftener to 15s. Now the rouseabouts are claiming 30s. a-week and a little recognition as men. Although the squatters have been compelled to pay union wages to their shearers, they won't have union men, yet these non-union shearers are supporting the rouseabouts. The Sheep-shearers' Union has taken the matter up, has been backed by the Australian Labour Federation, and by so many unions throughout the continent, that to give their names would be to furnish a regular Australian trades-union directory.

The actual fight was brought about by the squatters on purpose to have an opportunity of squashing the unions. Messrs. Kent and Weinhold, of Jondaryan, were selected to begin, and they had a lot of wool shorn and made ready for market by blackleg labour throughout, making the rat character of the affair as aggressive as they could. Every division of labour concerned in the preparation or transport of wool took up the challenge, and the test consignment now lies on the wharf at Brisbane, having been got so far by blackleg labour. It is intended for shipment in the *Jumna*, but the Wharf Labourers', Lightermen's, and Seamen and Firemen's unions have notified the B. I. S. N. Company that if the wool is shipped in one of their steamers it will implicate them in the quarrel. It is threatened that it shall be shipped in a sailing vessel; if so, and it gets safely into a London Dock, it would be too much to hope, I suppose, that it should meet with the same fate that befell the tea in Boston Harbour a hundred and more years ago? Anyway, the London unions have been notified of the affair, and will take their own measures.

There are only four words wanted from about a dozen men, and the whole thing is over. The squatters, who number about that, have only to wire: "We acknowledge the union." But having chosen their own time to begin, they won't like to give in so soon, and the fight will go on. And it will be one of the very biggest and bitterest struggles between Labour and the Sweater that has ever taken place. If a general strike is found necessary throughout the back blocks, the Amalgamated Shearers will draw a cordon right round the border of Queensland to keep out blacklegs crossing from New South Wales or South Australia. The other preparations are equally tremendous; the Brisbane press has been notified that if it doesn't treat the matter impartially there will be a new paper on the streets at under two hours' notice; the strike manifesto was written, printed, and several thousand copies mailed in little over an hour; delegates have gone up and down the coast, and in every town the trades are ready to down tools at any moment.

The government has been taken by the beard, notified of the impending unprecedented strike, and the demand made that in no way shall it or any of its officials take sides in the dispute in any way. Further, it has been requested to instruct the law-'n'-order lambs to behave at any strike meeting or procession as if they were at a governor's reception; to close the public-houses so as to stop one fertile means of helping the blacklegs to make trouble; to put an end to employers sitting as justices of the peace on their own cases; and to forbid any hiring at immigration depots, where the sweaters catch the "new chums" before they have had time to get acquainted with what is going on. In short, government has been sternly requested to confine itself entirely to keeping the ropes and letting the strongest win. If it does anything else you will hear of some fur flying before long.

As in your dock strike, if this great fight begins in earnest it will lead to a good many more before it is over. Among others the Townsville wharf labourers have some accounts of their own to settle, which they will see to presently when they have helped the others through.

Lots of other things are happening, but they are all of less importance than the foregoing, and may stand for next time. Our meetings continue to be large and enthusiastic, and our principles are spreading in a way that a little while ago we should have thought miraculous.

Sydney, N.S.W., May 10, 1890.

CORNSTALK.

[Since the above was put in type, telegraphic advices have reached us that the bosses have collapsed all round and surrendered every point. We congratulate our comrades.—Eds.]

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.

Notice.—The Branches and Allied Societies willing to share in the convocation of the Conference of August 3rd, are requested to answer the convening circulars at once.

Branch Subscriptions Paid.—1890:—Leicester and North Kensington, to end of April. Glasgow, Oxford, Hammersmith, North London, East London, 'Commonweal' Branch, Manchester, and Norwich, to end of May. Streatham, to end of December.

(Branch Secretaries will please send with remittances for Capitations the number of their membership.)

REPORTS.

ABERDEEN.—At our meeting on Sunday 6th, a comrade who is a declared Anarchist, lectured on "Anarchy" to a large audience. There was a brisk discussion, opinion being about equally divided between Anarchy and State Socialism; comrade Aitken declared that no hard-and-fast line could be drawn between Anarchy and the Socialism of the League.—G. C.

GLASGOW.—On Friday evening we held a second meeting at our new station—Bridgeton Cross. The audience, which was entirely a working-class one, listened to Joe Burgoyne and Glasier most attentively. On Sunday evening, comrade D. Stewart, and David McCulloch of the S.D.F., spoke at our Paisley Road Toll meeting, taking the place of our own speakers, who had gone on a holiday.

LECTURE DIARY.

LONDON.

- Battersea*.—All communications to E. Buteux, 45, Inwith Street, Battersea Park Road.
- Commonweal Branch*.—24 Great Queen Street, Holborn, W.C. Tuesdays, Singing Practice. Thursdays, Business meeting. Saturdays, Social Gathering.
- East London*.—12 Basing Place, Kingsland Road.
- Hammersmith*.—Kelmocott House, Upper Mall, W. Sunday July 13, at 8 p.m., a Lecture. French Class conducted by Mde. Desroches on Friday evenings at 7.30.
- Mitcham*.—"Lord Napier," Fair Green. Meets every Sunday at 12.30, to enroll members, etc.
- North Kensington*.—Clarendon Coffee Palace, Clarendon Road. Meets every Wednesday at 8 p.m. The branch Band meets every Friday at 8 p.m. for practice. Comrades wishing to join to give in their names to the instructor at the above address.
- North London*.—6 Windmill Street, Tottenham Court Road. Meets every Wednesday evening at 8 o'clock.
- Streatham*.—Address secretary, R. Smith, 1 Natal Road, Streatham, Whitechapel and St. Georges-in-the-East.—Branch meetings at International Club, 40 Berner Street, Commercial Road. J. Turner, organising secretary.

PROVINCES.

- Aberdeen*.—Organiser, J. Leatham, 7 Jamaica Street. Branch meets in Hall, 9 Harriet Street, on Sunday evenings at 6.30. Singing practice, etc., in Odd-fellows' Small Hall, Crooked Lane, Mondays at 8 p.m.
- Braintree*.—Meetings held alternate Saturdays, at 8 p.m., and Sundays, 11 and 2.30, at the fountain, Market Place. Business meetings, Wednesdays at 8. All communications to W. Fuller, 74 Manor Street.
- Glasgow*.—Members are invited to meet on Thursday and Sunday evenings, at 8 o'clock, in the Secretary's house, 250 Crown Street, S.S. All communications to be sent to that address.
- Halifax*.—Socialists meet every Sunday at 6.30 p.m. at Helliwell's Temperance Hotel, Northgate.
- Leeds*.—Clarendon Buildings, Victoria Road, School Close. Open every evening. Business meeting Saturdays at 8 p.m.
- Leicester*.—Exchange Buildings, Rutland Street. Branch meets on Monday, Thursday, and Saturday at 8 p.m.
- Manchester*.—Socialist League Club, 60 Grovesnor Street, All Saints. Open every evening. Branch weekly meeting on Tuesdays at 8.
- Norwich*.—Members' meeting held every Tuesday at 8.30.
- Oxford*.—Temperance Hall, 25½ Pembroke Street. First Friday in every month, at 8.30 p.m.
- Sheffield*.—Socialist Club, 63 Blonk Street. French Class, Tuesday at 8.30. Discussion Class, Wednesday at 8.30. Open-air meetings are held as follows:—Sunday: Monolith, at 11.30; College Yard, Rotherham, at 3; Westbar Pump, at 8. Monday: The Cross, at 7; Handsworth Woodhouse, at 7. Wednesday: Corner of Nursery Street, at 7.30. Thursday: Corner of Bramall Lane and Hereford Street, at 7.30.
- Walsall*.—Socialist Club, 18 Goodall Street, Walsall. Meetings every night.
- Yarmouth*.—Socialist League Club, 56 Row, Market Place. Open every evening. Business Meeting Tuesdays at 8 p.m. Elocution Class Friday at 8.30 p.m. Discussion Class Sunday 3 p.m.

OPEN-AIR PROPAGANDA.

- | | | |
|--------------|------------------------------------|------------------------------------|
| SATURDAY 12. | | |
| 7 | Hyde Park | Mrs. Lahr and Cantwell |
| 7 | Mile-end Waste | Brookes |
| SUNDAY 13. | | |
| 11 | Commercial Road—Union Street | Mrs. Lahr and Moore |
| 11 | Latimer Road Station | North Kensington Branch |
| 11.30 | Hammersmith Bridge | Hammersmith Branch |
| 11.30 | Hoxton Church | Davis and Darley |
| 11.30 | Kilburn—"Old Plough," Kilburn Lane | Mainwaring |
| 11.30 | New Cut—Short Street | Casey, Miss Lupton, and Buckeridge |
| 11.30 | Regent's Park | Nicoll and Edwards |
| 3.30 | Hyde Park—Marble Arch | Miss Lupton |
| 3.30 | Victoria Park | Mrs. Lahr |
| 7 | Hammersmith Bridge | Hammersmith Branch |
| 7 | Wormwood Scrubs | North Kensington Branch |
| 8 | Walham Green—back of Church | Hammersmith Branch |

WEDNESDAY 16.

- | | | |
|---|----------------------|----------------------|
| 8 | New Cut—Short Street | Wright and Presbury |
| 8 | Newport Market | Blundell and Mowbray |

FRIDAY 18.

- | | | |
|------|---------------|------|
| 8.15 | Hoxton Church | Kitz |
|------|---------------|------|

PROVINCES.

- Aberdeen*.—Saturday: Castle Street, at 8 p.m.
- Glasgow*.—Sunday: Jail Square at 2 o'clock; Paisley Road at 5 o'clock.
- Leeds*.—Sunday: Hunslet Moor, at 11 a.m.; Vicar's Croft, at 7 p.m.
- Leicester*.—Sunday: Russell Square at 11 a.m.; Humberstone Gate, at 8 p.m.
- Liverpool*.—Landing Stage, Sundays at 11.30 a.m. and 3 p.m.
- Manchester*.—Saturday: Middleton market ground, at 7 p.m. Sunday: Phillips Park Gates, at 11; Stevenson Square, at 3. Monday: Market Street, Blackley, at 8.
- Norwich*.—Saturday: Haymarket, at 8. Sunday: Market Place at 11, 3, and 7.30.
- Yarmouth*.—Sunday: Priory Plain, at 11; Bradwell, 11.30; Colman's Granary Quay, at 7.

NORTH KENSINGTON BAND FUND.—Bell, Inabwearmouth, 1s. FREEDOM GROUP.—Open-air meeting at Ossulton Street, Friday at 8.30—Pearson, Davis, and Morton.

ANARCHIST ALLIANCE.—Sunday, Victoria Park, 11.30; Hyde Park, 4.30—speakers, Withington, Attersoll, and Tarn. AUTONOMIE CLUB, 6 Windmill Street, Tottenham Court Road, W.—Sunday July 13, at 8.30, lecture—"Towards Anarchy."

THE ANNUAL EXCURSION of United Socialist Bodies of London to Epping Forest (Starlings' Hill, High Beech) will take place on Sunday, July 20.

SOUTH LONDON.—All Revolutionary Socialists in South London willing to form a Branch of the S. L. are requested to give their names to W. Wright at the meetings at Short Street, New Cut, on Sunday mornings and Wednesday evenings.

FABIAN SOCIETY.—A course of seven lectures on SOCIALISM IN CONTEMPORARY LITERATURE will be given in the French Chamber, St. James's Restaurant, W. (entrance from Piccadilly), on Friday evenings, at 8 o'clock. July 18. (last lecture), G. Bernard Shaw, "Henrik Ibsen."

NORWICH.—A great Socialist Demonstration will be held in Norwich about the end of July. The comrades already invited are W. Morris, Kropotkin, C. W. Mowbray, Mrs. Lahr, Edward Carpenter, Mrs. Schack, Wess, and Ogden (Oxford). Any comrade in London or the provinces willing to take part is asked to communicate with A. Sutton, 23 Rose Yard, St. Augustines.

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