

# THE COMMONWEAL

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### CONTENTS.

	—o—	PAGE.
A Word to the Unemployed .. .. .	D. J. NICOLL	1
The Basis of the Coming Change .. .. .	WM. BAILIE	1
Tucker Misses the Mark ! .. .. .		2
The Glorious Reformation; or, How the English People were Evicted, Robbed, and Murdered by the Ruling Classes.—III. The Fall of Feudalism .. .. .	N.	2
Mr. Auberon Herbert's Refined Sensibilities .. .. .	R. W. B.	3
Some Objectors to Socialism .. .. .	J. M. B.	4
Notes .. .. .	F. K. and N.	5
International Notes .. .. .	R. W. B.	6
The Almighty Dollar .. .. .	ANON.	7
Guarantee Fund .. .. .		7
Executive Announcements, and Lecture Diary .. .. .		7
Statement of Principles, Where to get the "Commonweal," Advertisements, etc.		8

### A WORD TO THE UNEMPLOYED.

THE intense cold of the last few weeks, the heavy snowfalls, and the piercing winds, must have made most men think of the thousands who are without work, and who, therefore, suffer the extremities of hunger and cold in a land which boasts of its Christian philanthropy. It was only a few days ago that a comrade of ours was passing along that part of the Embankment which lies between Blackfriars and Somerset House, when he noticed a policeman who was engaged in "worrying" a poor outcast lying at full length upon one of the benches. "Here, get up!" growled that invaluable officer, "we can't have you lying here; these seats were made to sit upon, and not for lying and sleeping on!" As the policeman spoke he shook the still form roughly, but there was no reply. A small crowd gathered round, and some compassionate gentlemen, who were sufficiently well-dressed to be allowed to remonstrate with a police-officer without running a great risk of being taken into custody, said to the constable, "Don't treat the man so roughly, perhaps he is stupefied with cold and exposure." "Oh, he isn't going to come any of that nonsense with me," was the answer; "get up, will you; now then, move on!" Another shake more forcible than before. A sack which covered the man's face and the upper part of his body now fell to the ground. His features were stony and rigid; he was in the sleep of death. The beneficent State official, who could do nothing for the man who had been starved and frozen to death but order him to "Move on!" now called a cab to take his dead body to the mortuary.

Now this is not an uncommon case. There are some 30 similar cases happening yearly in this wealthy metropolis, cases of death from sheer starvation and exposure, which it is impossible for a doctor to attribute to any other cause. How many deaths spring from diseases which have their origin from insufficient food no one knows! Eminent physicians tell us, however, that most of the diseases of the poor can be traced to this cause; while, on the other hand, the ills which trouble the rich spring in nearly every case from excesses of eating and drinking. The poor starve as this man starved, so that dukes, lords, millionaires, and capitalists may overgorge themselves by feasting on every delicacy at their luxurious banquets.

At the present moment thousands are experiencing the pangs of cold and hunger through no fault of their own. They are willing to work but there is no work for them. Already the commercial crisis, which the City bankers imagined they had staved off by saving Baring Bros. from bankruptcy, is beginning to make its deadening influence felt. Exports and imports show a serious falling off, and

from every market comes the same tale; trade is dull and far from improving, is growing duller.

Meanwhile, General Booth's scheme, which was to save the "submerged tenth," has had one effect, for which probably his middle-class patrons will have little cause to thank him. Tramps, outcasts, and unemployed workmen are all drifting to London. Didn't a Warwickshire police-superintendent declare the other day that the Warwickshire roads were filled with tramps marching to London, under the impression that General Booth will be able to provide them all with work, food, and shelter. As the General, however, only modestly estimates that his scheme, when in full working order, will only "rescue" some 6,000 a-year from a life of poverty and privation to an existence, in which old clothes, steamed crusts, and broken victuals will fill their hearts with joy, we fear that all the unemployed will not find employment at the General's hands. The thousands of men clamouring for work in vain at the dock-gates would tax all his energies for years, and what in the meantime is to become of these others who are now thronging in on every road that leads to the metropolis. The dock-gates, the yards where the sandwich men are taken on, are already blocked by men struggling for work, and the cry is that more are coming. General Booth cannot find work for them, and the Government and the County Council wont. If they would save themselves from the fate of the poor fellow who perished on the Embankment, they must help themselves. Even eminent divines like Cardinal Manning say that the industrious poor have no right to starve in a land of plenty. While there is food to be had these people should have it, and they will take it if it is not given to them. Police Commissioners, like Warren or Bradford, may prevent meetings in Trafalgar Square, but they could not stop a mob from gathering in the slums and bursting forth carrying ruin and devastation along the West End streets. Still less could they stop "wandering bands" from sacking the mansions of the rich in distant suburbs, where policemen are few and far between. The 8th of February was a salutary lesson to the middle-classes; the eagerness with which they subscribed to the relief of the starving poor after they had had their club windows smashed and their shops pillaged, has filled the people with admiration and gratitude. It is time they tried again this excellent method of appealing to the tender hearts of these charitable people. Meanwhile, let every starving man remember that he is a craven coward to perish of hunger, while there is wealth to be taken from the rich robbers who have wrung it from his labour. It is a folly, a crime, to die of hunger in the midst of wealth and plenty; it is a brave deed to take the food which will save you from death.

D. J. NICOLL.

### THE BASIS OF THE COMING CHANGE.

To raise a broad, clearly defined, and easily comprehended issue, is now the duty of the Socialist. Amid the noise and glitter, the clamour and confusion of place-hunting politicians and social nostrum-mongers, the necessity for such a programme—if I may use the term—based upon a principle which is above the passions and prejudices of the hour and the vanities of ambitious leaders, is obvious. Such, no doubt, in a general way, has been the propaganda of the various Socialist bodies in the past. But the centrifugal forces at work among them have in some degree clouded the atmosphere of essential principles by which the pioneers of the New Order should always be surrounded.

To accomplish a change in the mode of producing and distributing the wealth of Society is the pivot of all our teaching, and by such means only, the modification of economic conditions, can a permanent change take place. When, therefore, we set ourselves the task of educating the people on this question, we feel assured that the ground on which we stand is secure, and our house builded on a rock which no storm can shake.

It is a natural law that human society, like the rest of creation, is in eternal change. Nature's movements are often slow and invisible, but at times the change is palpable and swift. We are now in such a period of rapid economic development; were it otherwise the efforts of Socialists would be as water poured into the sea. But when the minds of men, especially of all those who live by their labour, are being driven by irresistible circumstances to note and take part in the great economic movement which is destined to revolutionise modern Society, the preaching of Socialism as the goal to be attained is bound to bear fruit in abundance. Unconsciously, for the most part, the workers are now with wonderful rapidity changing the basis of society and pushing forward towards Socialism; but the success of this movement lies in its universality, in the international character of the industrial struggle.

The motive force appears to be self-interest, a conscious desire to improve the material position of the individual. But this is only possible through united effort. Hence we see large masses of men in every quarter of the globe standing shoulder to shoulder with the interests of the individual sunk in the common welfare of the mass. There is nothing of idealism in the very material demands which form the basis of the union and the warfare. Increased pay and shorter hours, less restraint and the recognition of the rights of the toiler through the mass in trade combination, these are the extent of the present aspirations of the wage-workers. But in their accomplishment is involved a change in the mode of producing and distributing the wealth of Society.

There can be no halting-place on the road to industrial freedom. The appetite will grow by what it feeds on. When Capitalism has fairly begun to disgorge, the producers will not abate their demands till the last piece of raw material and of productive machinery have been appropriated for the use of all. The Socialist programme then must ever keep this point foremost,—to bring industry under the control of the workers whose labour produces all wealth. Only when they possess the means of labour can the results of their toil be their own and can they enjoy its fruits.

Now, this is the main principle, the one on which all Socialists are agreed. Why, then, so much internal conflict on purely theoretical questions, matters which can hardly be decided for generations? The broad principle can and will be grasped by the masses, but the secondary principle and the various methods by which the great central idea may be brought about will never be matters of much concern to the people. They will simply take the line of least resistance, that which will seem nearest their own interests. I am not an Opportunist, and my notions of principles and methods are clear and well defined; nor are they of the mildest tendency. But it seems to me worse than folly to imagine that there is only one method of working for social emancipation, and that all others are futile, and those who pursue them are fools or traitors.

Human nature is consistently inconsistent; so are the institutions which to-day exist as the result of a past so changing and chaotic. Hence it is only natural that the ways in which men endeavour to work out the New Order out of an Old so varied and incoherent, should often lack in consistency and apparent result. As the change we seek is essentially economic, so the most direct means appear to lie in that line of action. The Organisation of Labour, the revolts against Capitalism, the General Strike, are more telling in their effects than any amount of political effort. Economic changes are not brought about by politics. On the contrary, political changes are always preceded by an alteration in economic conditions. It therefore seems to me that to attempt to accomplish social change by parliamentary statute is like getting hold of the wrong end of the stick. No doubt the laws of politicians have often registered changes which had already been practically accomplished. They may be made to do so again, and thus their seeming value. The superstition, which is essentially bourgeois, of believing in Parliament and Statute Laws, has much to do with the wide-spread idea that by such means can new conditions best be produced.

Our duty is plain and our course clear. To find out and pursue the most effective way of bringing home to the workers the truth and practicability of our single-plank programme, viz., to make the means of industry common or collective property, and thus destroy private ownership in land and capital. The sooner the people can be educated to recognise the justice and desirableness of this demand, the more quickly will they use the economic weapons in their hands to obtain their freedom. To me it seems that the efforts of all true Socialists should now be directed to this end alone. All minor differences held in abeyance, and their united energies given to "Educate, Educate, Educate!" The need for it is beyond question, but more especially amongst the workers who are organised. But let us hope we are near the time when these will include them all. Having agreed in the basis of our principle and our action, let us unite hands and step forward to the fight against Capitalism with unity of purpose and the feeling of brotherhood, which the approaching victory of justice and equality will make universal.

WILLIAM BAILIE.

#### Tucker Misses the Mark.

Tucker's *Liberty*, of Boston, an enigmatical print, utters a chuckle over the change of editorship of the *Commonweal*, and states that comrade Morris's disagreement with the policy of the *Commonweal* must be "a bitter pill" for his successor. You are somewhat badly informed, Mr. Tucker; there are two editors, which do you mean? Mr. Tucker, I had almost written comrade, evidently thinks no one can have an honest and straightforward difference of opinion without wishing to scratch each other; due to dyspepsia, perhaps, eh, Tucker?

## THE GLORIOUS REFORMATION:

OR,

HOW THE ENGLISH PEOPLE WERE EVICTED, ROBBED,  
AND MURDERED BY THE RULING CLASSES.

### III.—THE FALL OF FEUDALISM.

HENRY VIII. was a complete contrast to his father, and when he first ascended the throne presented the usual spectacle of the spendthrift heir of a miserly father. In the earlier years of his reign he was inclined to revive the old feudal tradition of war with France; but there was no earnestness in the whole business, and the war and grand tournament that was held afterwards, known as the Field of Cloth, showed plainly that feudalism was tottering to the grave. War was henceforth to become commercial, and battles were to be fought for new markets and not through disputes concerning genealogy. A new spirit was abroad; gunpowder and the printing press was to alter many things, sweeping away feudalism, barons, and Catholic monks. Society was modelling itself on a new basis, and every one felt that it was a period of new birth and revolution. In the words of Green:

"The world was passing through changes more momentous than any it had witnessed since the victory of Christianity and the fall of the Roman Empire. Its physical bounds were suddenly enlarged. The discoveries of Copernicus revealed to man the secrets of the universe; Portuguese mariners doubled the Cape of Good Hope and anchored on the shores of India; Columbus crossed the untraversed ocean to add a new world to the old; Sebastian Cabot, starting from the port of Bristol, threaded his way among icebergs of Labrador. This sudden contact with new lands, new faiths, and new races of men, quickened the slumbering intelligence of Europe into a strange curiosity. This first book of voyages that told of the Western world, the travels of Amerigo Vespucci, were seen in everybody's hands. The Utopia of More, in its wide range of speculation on every subject of human thought and action, tells us how thoroughly and utterly the narrowness and limitation of human life had broken down. At the very hour when the intellectual energy of the Middle Ages had sunk into exhaustion, the capture of Constantinople by the Turks, and the flight of Greek scholars to the shores of Italy, opened anew the science and literature of an older world. The exiled Greek scholars were welcomed in Italy; and Florence, so long the home of Freedom and of Art, became the home of an Intellectual revival. The poetry of Homer, the dramas of Sophocles, the philosophy of Aristotle and of Plato woke to life again beneath the shadow of the mighty dome with which Brunelleschi had just crowned the City on the Arno."

It has been noticed that the latter portions of all the last three centuries have been periods of revolution. It is true also of the last five centuries, since the Peasant Revolt of 1381. Let me give a few dates to prove it. In 1492, Columbus discovered America; in 1487, Bartholomew Diaz discovered the Cape of Good Hope, and it was doubled by Vasa de Gama in 1497. In 1498, Cabot was sent out by our thrifty English king, Henry VII., and discovered Newfoundland. Now see how these dates correspond with others, notably those dates at the end of the century. 1588 witnessed the defeat of the Spanish Armada, a victory of the English middle class over Catholic and feudal Spain; 1688 saw the glorious revolution in England and the final victory of English middle class Protestantism; 1789 the fall of the Bastille and the victory of the middle classes in France; 1792 the fall of the French monarchy and the victory of the people; 1889 the outbreak of a great labour revolt in England, which has since spread over the whole world; 1892 what will that witness? Will the anniversary of the discovery of America discover a new world and new life for the working-people? Let us hope so. The discovery of all these hitherto unknown lands "had quickened the slumbering intelligence of Europe into a strange curiosity," and the revival of Greek learning gave young scholars an opportunity of gratifying that curiosity. The works of the old philosophers and the books of the New Testament could be read in the original, the printing press enabled any one of moderate means to have books, and the whole middle class could at least find out how foolish they had been to take things on trust from the lips of monks and priests, which they now found to be full of errors and lies. The Renaissance, the "New Birth" of the world, had begun. The frenzy among the young for the New Learning, as it was called, was extreme. It was said by an eye-witness in 1520, that "the students rushed to Greek letters; they endure watching, fasting, and toil in pursuit of them." The result was that speculation on every subject being quickened, there was not an idea in religion, property, government, or morals that was not attacked, and had to be defended either by main force or argument.

Sir Thomas More's Utopia, as Green has pointed out, attacked not only the religious abuses, but went deeper still and assailed the social evils of the time. It is true that this was done, as might be expected, from a statesman high in the favour of the English monarch with not quite the same zeal as popular preachers like John Ball or Hugh Latimer. But still, with all More's Conservatism in religion and morality, he does attack unsparingly those who were then driving the poor pitilessly from the land of their fathers, and as he paints with a picturesque pen the hideous social evils of the time, they are contrasted with the happiness of that undiscovered country where want, cruelty, and crime are unknown, and peace, plenty, and happiness prevail among a free and joyous people.

The New Learning paved the way for the Reformation. Its lovers all saw the necessity of reform of the Church and State, but they were moderate men, like the philosophers of the French Revolution and the Fabians of to-day, and desired to glide tranquilly but slowly

into what they dreamed would be a fairer and more righteous society. But in Germany arose a fanatic, a madman, Martin Luther by name, who hated lies and longed for truth. He had not the culture and wide learning of the leaders of the New School, Erasmus Colet and More, but he had what was better—sincerity. And the rough stormy words of the wild monk found their way into the hearts of the people, nay, men arose among his followers who went further than Luther, and struck in real earnest at the very foundations of a society that only existed for the plunder of the poor by the rich. The moderates, More among them, were alarmed at the progress of the doctrines they had preached in their learned speculations. Like our Fabian friends and the philosophers of the French Revolution, they loved "theories" of Social Regeneration, but here were impudent people who proposed to carry them into practice. So the moderates excommunicated them without mercy, and leagued themselves with reaction against the new ideas. But in spite of this the new ideas were destined to be victorious, and in England at least by very strange means.

Henry VIII., who had always been friendly to the "New Learning," at first joined with his friends—More, Colet, and Erasmus—in the attack on Luther. Everyone knows how he wrote a book—or had it written in his name, a thing public men frequently do now-a-days—against the theories of the great Reformer, and received from the Pope in consequence the proud title of "Defender of the Faith." But circumstances made him change his opinions. The worthy king had spent in shameful extravagance all the vast accumulated wealth of his father, and wanted money very bad. The Roman Catholic Church, as reckoned by Professor Thorold Rogers, owned about a third of the land in England, and its riches in gold, silver, and precious stones were fabulous. What a heap of wealth with which to fill the empty royal coffers! There was also a lady in the case. The King was married to Catherine of Aragon, his deceased brother's wife; she had been the King's wife for seventeen years, when all of a sudden he began to have conscientious scruples about his marriage. Though a dispensation had been obtained from the Pope by his father, which made the marriage lawful, yet poor Henry was troubled in his mind. Some wicked people say, however, that a certain beautiful maid of honour at the King's Court, named Anne Boleyn, who would not yield herself to the royal arms without the formality of marriage had something to do with it. The fact also that the Queen's male children had all died young, also doubtless made Henry dissatisfied. At any rate, whether it was conscience, lust, or the desire to perpetuate his race, Henry wanted a divorce, and applied for one to the Pope. This the Pope could not grant as he was in the power of the German Emperor, Catherine's brother, so he put Henry off by cautious delays, and finally refused; the result being that the King, acting on the advice of Thomas Cromwell, a cunning adventurer, who had climbed high in his counsels, determined to have a Pope of his own, and appointed another supple tool, Cranmer, Archbishop of Canterbury. This good man on his appointment opened a divorce court on his own hook at Dunstable, close to Amphill, where Catherine, the real Queen, was living in retirement, and summoned her before his "Court of Justice." She very properly refused to come, and when he had kept his Court open a certain number of days he pronounced sentence against the Queen, declaring her marriage null and void from the very beginning. And this pimp and pander to royal lust was the first Protestant Archbishop of Canterbury.

The King then got married to Anne Boleyn, and then having become a Protestant King, started defending the faith on his own account, thus setting up an opposition shop to the Pope. The feudal nobility had been crushed and plundered by Henry VII., and the time had now come for his son to finish with that remaining feudal institution, the Church. But some pretext was necessary. Well, Thomas Cromwell could assist him in this, and he sent round commissioners to the various abbeys to report concerning the immorality of the monks. As many of the commissioners were the elixir of the scoundrelism of the whole country, they were excellently qualified to report as to "immorality." There can be no doubt that the monks were healthy materialists, and enjoyed life pretty well, but that all the foul stories that the corrupt imagination of Cromwell's scoundrels gave vent to were true I do not believe, any more than our most impartial historians. The monasteries had certainly kept learning alive throughout the Middle Ages; the wealth that was in their hands was used really for relief of the poor who were fed at the abbey gates. Again and again the poor and oppressed had sought refuge within the abbey walls from the tyranny of the Norman baron. All historians agree that the monks were easy landlords, and its a known fact that the abbey lands, owing to the peaceful protection that the church extended over its tenants against any robber baron, were the best tilled even during the period of oppression and tyranny which followed the Norman Conquest; and however bad the monks may have been, it is quite certain that they could not equal in scoundrelism the men who accused and despoiled them.

The reports of the commissioners were "satisfactory," and three hundred and fifty-six monasteries were suppressed, and their estates, real and personal, were granted to the King and his heir and assigns. But directly this valuable property was in the King's hands, he was immediately surrounded by his old and new nobility, who all wanted a share. It did not do to displease them, for the people were now in such a state of misery that they were ready to revolt, and they were furious at the plunder of the monks, whom they loved as their kind friends and easy landlords. The King wanted supporters to prop his tottering throne, and so he had to shell out. In the words of Cobbett, "Before four years had passed over his head, he found himself as

poor as if he had never confiscated a single convent, so sharp set were the pious Reformers and so eager to please God." When complaining to Cromwell of the rapacity of the applicants for grants, he exclaimed, "By our Lady, the cormorants, when they have got the garbage they will devour the dish!" Cromwell reminded him there was much more yet to come. "Tut, man!" said the King, "my whole realm would not stand their maws!"

It appears, however, that even Cromwell's false witnesses had not been enabled to "prove" that the larger monasteries were dens of vice and crime, for the Act of Parliament which abolished the smaller ones stated that in the "great and solemn monasteries religion is right well kept and observed." Even middle-class Protestant historians, with all their faculty for lying, are obliged to admit this. But the King wanted money, and money must be had, therefore from some of the abbots what was playfully termed "a voluntary surrender" was obtained, and if abbots did not "voluntarily surrender" their property, they were hanged, drawn, and quartered for high treason. But this process was too slow, so in a little time an Act was passed handing over the "surrendered" monasteries, and all other monasteries and all hospitals and colleges to the King; and they began a scene of plunder which delighted the hearts of those who shared in it. Cobbett says in his "History of the Protestant Reformation":

"The ruffians of Cromwell entered the convents, they tore down the altars to get away the gold and silver, ransacked the chests and drawers of the monks and nuns, and tore off the covers of the books that were ornamented with precious metals. These books were all in manuscript. Single books which had taken in many cases half a long life-time to compose and copy out fair. Whole libraries, the getting of which together had taken ages upon ages and had cost immense sums of money, were scattered abroad by these hellish ruffians. . . . The tyrant was of course the chief pocketeer of this species of plunder. Cromwell carried or sent it to him in parcels, twenty ounces of gold at one time, fifty ounces at another; now a parcel of precious stones of one sort, then a parcel of another. . . . One of the items runs in these words: Item delivered unto the King's Royal Majesty, the same day of the same stuffe, four chalices of gold, with four patens of gold to the same; and a spoon of gold weighing altogether one hundred and six ounces.—Received Henry Rex. But there were at Canterbury two objects by which the 'Reformation' birds of prey were particularly attracted, namely, the monastery of St. Austen and the tomb of St. Thomas A'Becket. . . . This tomb of Becket was of wood, most exquisitely wrought, inlaid abundantly with precious metals and with precious stones of all sorts. Here was an object for 'Reformation' piety to fix its godly eyes upon. . . . The gold, silver, and jewels filled two chests, each of which required six or seven men of that day (when the labourers used to have plenty of meat) to move to the door of the Cathedral. How the eyes of Hame's high-minded, magnificent, and generous prince must have glistened when the chests were opened. They vied, I daresay, with the diamonds themselves."

Well, the work of pillage went on all over the land, and when it was finished the monasteries were blown up with gunpowder and utterly destroyed, and their beautiful gardens laid waste and trampled down. Henry could now distribute their lands to his creatures, or to his new nobility composed of the rising middle class. The monasteries were heaps of ruins, much as they remain at the present day, as old Cobbett truly says, "The whole country was thus disfigured, it had the appearance of a land recently invaded by the most brutal barbarism." But now let us leave the monasteries, and see how the people fared at the hands of the middle-class aristocracy, of which the tyrant Henry was a fit representative.

D. J. NICOLL.

#### Mr. Auberon Herbert's Refined Sensibilities.

Here is a description of a Social Democratic Utopia, for which we are indebted to *Free Life* (the organ of Mr. Auberon Herbert):

Build the walls of taxes, and build them stout and strong,

And make the chambers spacious to receive the exile throng:

We'll have a fine menagerie (it's not at our expense);

We'll regulate their goings and supply their want of sense.

A thousand rules to vex them, and overseers to spy,

And whips for the recalcitrant who dare these rules defy.

We've got a model principle to make them all they should,

With a patter of morality to please the pseudo-good.

We do not like variety in manners or in dress,

So we'll put them on some ugly clothes that won't their tastes

express;

We'll dress them on a pattern plan like soldiers in a file,

And crop their hair about their ears in puritanic style.

They have not human feelings, they're dumb machines, you know;

So we'll change their names to numbers and fill their lives with woe

We're strictly sanitative, our houses never leak,

Their food is very wholesome, and we wash them once a week!"

The *Commonweal* has shocked Mr. Herbert's refined sensibilities by the violence of its suggested methods and weapons. We will return good for evil by giving his lines the advantage of an extended circulation. We can assure him that, although the "galled jade" Bellamy may wince, our withers are unwrung.—R. W. B.

## SWEATERS!

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.

NEWCASTLE.—On Sunday, Dec. 28th, comrade Hall (Sheffield) addressed in a very effective manner a large meeting of working-men on Newcastle Quay. A large quantity of leaflets were distributed, and much interest manifested. In the evening he advocated anti-Parliamentary methods amongst the Social Democrats. An Anarchist Group has now been formed in Newcastle-on-Tyne.



## NOTICE TO SUBSCRIBERS AND EXCHANGES.

The 'COMMONWEAL' being now the property of the newly-constituted London Socialist League, all communications should be addressed, "The Manager; 273, Hackney Road, London, N.E.," and remittances made payable at Post Office, Hackney Road.

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

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

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

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

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

### TO CORRESPONDENTS.

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

Periodicals received during the month ending Wednesday, December 24, 1890.

<b>ENGLAND</b> Belfast Weekly Star Die Autonomie Justice Labour Tribune People's Press Railway Review Seafaring Worker's Friend Free Russia La Tribune Libre anchester Examiner New South WALES Sydney—Bulletin Sydney—Truth Adelaide—Quiz	<b>NEW YORK—Freiheit</b> Boston—Woman's Journal Boston—Liberty Investigator Chicago—Rights of Labour Vorbote Detroit—Der Arme Teufel Kaweah (Cal) Commonwealth Philadel.—Knights of Labour Paterson Labour Standard S.F.—Coast Seamen's Journal San Francisco Arbeiterzeitung St. Louis (Mo.)—Die Parole	<b>SWITZERLAND</b> Arbeiterstimme Bulletin Continental <b>ITALY</b> Palermo—Avanti <b>SPAIN</b> Madrid—El Socialista Madrid—La Anarquía <b>PORTUGAL</b> Porto—A Revolucao Social <b>GERMANY</b> Berlin—Volks Tribune Halberstadt, Sonntags-Zeitung <b>AUSTRIA</b> Vienna—Arbeiter-Zeitung Brunn—Arbeiterstimme <b>HUNGARY</b> Arbeiter-Weekend-Chronik <b>DENMARK</b> Copenhagen—Arbejderen <b>SWEDEN</b> Malmo—Arbetet <b>ARGENTINE REPUBLIC</b> Buenos Ayres—Vorwarts El Perseguido
<b>QUEENSLAND</b> Brisbane—Boomerang <b>UNITED STATES</b> New York—Truthseeker Volkzeitung Volne Listy Freie Arbeiter Stimme Voice The World	<b>FRANCE</b> Paris—Bourse du Travail Le Parti Ouvrier Le Proletaire Charleville—L'Emancipation Lille—Le Cri du Travailleur Rouen—Le Salarist Lyon—L'Action Sociale <b>HOLLAND</b> Hague—Recht voor Allen <b>BELGIUM</b> Antwerp—De Werker Ghent—Voortuit	

## THE "COMMONWEAL."

Whilst thanking the many friends and comrades who have volunteered their sympathy and help during the present crisis, we wish to assure all that no efforts will be spared to resume the Weekly Issue at the earliest opportunity. We by no means despair of being able to do so if our comrades will but rally round at this juncture. The 'COMMONWEAL' now is entirely dependent upon the support of working-men. The bitter cold weather lessens our sale by stopping all outdoor meetings. The expenses of our removal, and the fitting up of new premises, have been very heavy, and we shall have great difficulty in keeping even the Monthly Issue going through the winter months, unless comrades and friends subscribe liberally to the 'COMMONWEAL' Guarantee Fund. We, therefore, earnestly appeal to all who sympathise with our work to help us to the best of their ability.—EDITORS.

## SOME OBJECTORS TO SOCIALISM.

THE humours of the objections to Socialism are often such as to make the thinnest of mortals "laugh and grow fat." The Socialist is often pulverised with the most startling and inconceivable question, and if he is not ready at a moment's notice to give a detail of the minutest workings of the New Society, he is told to "shut up" and speak no more about it. It does not matter to the half-starved, ill-housed, toil-worn workman that his lot will be much easier and his life more human under Socialism, unless you can tell him what provision will be made for "genius," and also if you will take his precious imaginary £2,000 from him. The poor fellow always takes a strange delight in "supposing" that he has saved this sum. This £2,000 is a sort of "King Charles head" to him, and do what you like it will come up again and play the deuce with him. I have heard the figures going up to £30,000, but the average workman with eighteen or twenty shillings per week puts it at the more modest £2,000—it is only your "skilled" workman that goes for the very high figures! He is ready to lose the last drop of his blood on behalf of the fortune that he supposes he has "saved" out of his "own industry," and he will have nothing to do with Socialists or Socialism unless he can get a *guarantee* that he will get leave to use his fictitious fortune in whatever way he likes. To hear him speak one would think that a glorious life of unlimited freedom had been his, instead of a life of the most abject and cruel slavery. He has been so successfully hypnotised by the clap-trap of the politicians, that he stares with unaffected astonishment at the Socialist when he is told that he is a slave. Yet there is hope for him too, for I have seen many like him taken out of their strange mesmeric state and brought back to the realisation of their miserable lives. When they are at last awakened they show no quarter to the politician, but make good go-a-head practical Revolutionary Socialists.

There is another class of objectors, and wherever one goes he is sure to turn up and put the question that is worrying the very life out of him. He is generally a little rickety and stunted, both in mind and body, and, alas! he will die without even having known what it is to live, supposing the Revolution were to take place tomorrow. He cannot for the life of him see how the "character of the individual" will be developed under Socialism, and is terribly afraid lest we should all lose "initiative" and grow into one mould of mediocrity. "But there would be no Individuality!" he keeps repeating, unconscious that the grey matter in his head can no longer "secrete thought," and that his poor wasted body will never know the pride of lusty physical life.

It is only Mahatmas and Rishis that can deal with this class. The ordinary Socialist feels the utter powerlessness of words, for alas! there is no reason left to appeal to. Karma is indeed hard on them, but who knows that in the next cycle they may be leaders in the next great "revolutionary wave"!

There is another type of objector, and I think he is the meanest of all—barring, of course, the exploiters of Christianity. He is the "skilled artisan," the pride and pet of all the land thieves and water thieves. He has been hypnotised into the belief that both the great political parties exist only for him. He swells with pride when he thinks over the greatness of *his* country, and our wonderful superiority over all the "blasted furriners." He cannot sleep o' nights for thinking over some great landowner's words of praise, and how he has been patted on the back and told that he was the backbone of his country. He knows that the Socialists must be a poor lot indeed, for there is not a great lord or millionaire among them, and he cannot even think of them without a strong feeling of contempt. He works from early morning till night, and is seldom out of work. His pleasures are few, because he has lost the faculty of enjoyment. He spends some of his little savings at the holiday time in a miserable house at the coast with his wife and family, and they wander listlessly about and weary for the end of the week, till the wife gets back to her drudgery and he to his factory or dim workshop. The tall chimneys belching forth their volumes of smoke and dirt are as welcome to him as the sight of the green fields are to the lover of nature. He feels no need for the pure air or the sunlight, and the clouds and the winds have no charm for him. He is "content," and, as he phrases it, he has never known what it was to "want a meal." All the selfishness in his nature is developed, and he has nothing but words of blame and abuse for all the unfortunates of our unsocial society. "It is all their own fault!" he exclaims, and draws his chair closer to the fire.

The middle-class politician who pats him on the back would cut his throat or drink a tubful of strychnine before he would lead such a life. His self-sufficiency is something astonishing, and his whole notion of the "proper thing to do" is to ape the fashions and do nothing that has not the sanction of Respectability. He will not be seen at any meeting that has not the approval of his masters, and he laughs at the ungrammatical speech of someone of his own class who endeavours, at the risk of losing his daily bread, to enlighten his shopmates to the causes of the miseries and poverty of their lives. He splits his sides with laughter at the idea of human beings living together in a state of mutual co-operation, and being strictly "religious" and "moral" he defends usury and all kinds of legalised thieving. His sympathies never travel beyond that of his family, and as a consequence he cannot understand the feeling of Brotherhood that in the New Society will overcome all wrongdoing by Love.

That this last type is by no means dead no one will dispute, for they are yet to be seen "starched to the eyes" at every meeting con-

vened by either of the political parties, and he is ready to damn Socialism or even cheer it, if but the "noble lord" only says the word. His "convictions" are in the hands (or the heads) of his masters, and will in all likelihood remain there until machinery displaces him, or "bad times" throw him into the ranks of "surplus labour."

J. M. B.

## NOTES.

EARL DERBY, owner (beg pardon!), possessor of 63,869 acres of land, and whose rent-roll amounts roughly to £170,000 per annum, is reported to have expressed the opinion at a recent charity snufflet that emigration was the very best thing for a small country like England. We quite agree with you my Lord Derby, and when the wretched rack-rented populace, who have created the wealth enjoyed by yourself and fellow land-thieves, awake from their slothful apathy, you and your ilk will find England far too small to hold you, and your departure from it may be accelerated by a little gentle suasion of the nature recounted in French history.

This man, who talks so glibly in support of the wholesale deportation of poor children and the severance of natural ties, is the inheritor of £250,000. His family have received £300,000 as *compensation* for the use of the foreshore of the Mersey for the erection of the Liverpool Docks. They practically own Liverpool, which has grown through increase of population from a fishing hamlet to its present proportions. Oh for a day of reckoning with these flint-hearted wretches who mouth their insults to the poor!

The *Daily Chronicle* has voided about a yard of gush, in which the following significant admission occurs:

"We feel sure, whatever else may happen, that the next decade will not close in peace unless some honest effort is made to grapple with the problem of poverty, so that when a period of distress suddenly occurs the community will not find itself as it is to-day, unprepared to meet it, and cope with the social disturbance that it creates. Nothing, we are persuaded, will induce Englishmen to remain satisfied with social and industrial arrangements under which the bitter cry for bread goes up periodically from thousands of voices in a community which has been making money abundantly in trade, and where all the necessities of life, with the exception of house-rent and butcher's meat, are cheaper than they have ever been since the Queen's reign began. For the ghastly thing about present-day distress as compared with that which prevailed fifty years ago is that honest workers—not mere casual vagrants—are perishing by the wayside in East London, that half of the men in the Dockers' Union have earned, not half, but only one quarter, wages to feed their families during the past month, while the other half have scarcely earned anything at all. Trade is good. Traders are accumulating wealth. Prices of food are low as compared with those that ruled in the old days, when the loaf cost eightpence. Drunkenness is decreasing. The sanitary conditions of life among the poor are improved—and yet let there but be an extra week's frost to hinder outdoor workers, and then the grim spectre of famine stalks through the East End, leaving behind a track of desolation swept by the moaning wind of revolutionary Socialism. Can it be otherwise at a time when the coffers of savings-banks are bursting with balances, when the country is rich beyond the dreams of avarice, and when bread is to be had for a penny a pound, ninety thousand strong and sturdy workers are dying of slow starvation in industrial London?"

And here follows a lecture to the working-class for their fecundity in "shedding" from their ranks a host of "vagrom" men and "sorners," who are a burden on the community. The idle rich thieves are not considered to be a redundant quantity of the population, only the poor are too many in the land.

After the usual cant about "a quickened sense of responsibility" and "wider sympathy with the poor," both of which phrases are very filling—to the mouth—we come upon the advocacy of schemes with which the air is just now full, from Booth's penal colonies and cant to the horse-bean soup at ¼d. per head for the starving School Board children.

Of course, all this is interlarded with warnings against the probability of undermining the "self-respect and independence of the respectable poor" by indiscriminate charity, and insistence upon a rigid labour test for the idle and vicious. Yes, certainly events are moving quickly in our direction. Keep up your Poor Law brutalities and Pecksniff philanthropy. The stone-yards and oakum-sheds, the punishment-cell and whipping-blocks may yet receive the really idle and vicious. The rich pestilent thieves, who are the cause of the misery around us, may yet have a taste of the horrors and indignities they inflict upon those who are the victims of the system whereby they enjoy their wealth.

Some of our comrades talk of destroying these emblems of our civilisation, but I think that a spirit of revenge may yet be gratified by seeing them utilised as receptacles for the idle robbers of to-day. Perhaps, then, an able editor or two might enjoy the luxury of stone-breaking and skilful.

F. K.

There is one place in the world where General Booth's scheme is not popular, and that is Australia. Of course, it may be doubted whether the said scheme is really popular here, save among that section of the philanthropic middle-classes, who see in it an excellent plan of getting

rid of a "surplus population" that may be very dangerous in a little time. It may also be popular with some "democratic" newspapers controlled by these people, but it may be doubted whether any large number of the workers have much belief in it. But in Australia the disapprobation is unanimous. Trade unions representing every class of workmen, have passed resolutions against flooding the colony with pauper labour. The Miner's Union particularly has issued a circular in which, after quoting from Booth's book, they point out that

"The class the 'General' is going to send out would simply drift into our cities and add to the criminal class, who are already a burden to the workers of the colonies. We recommend that public meetings should be held everywhere, and the Government urged to enter a protest against the proposal. We have already enough unemployed. We have able-bodied men in Australia working as low as 8s. per week, and we do not want the labour market further overdone or wages brought still lower. Australia has suffered enough already from the taint of convictism, and should resist most strenuously this fresh attempt of the old country to get rid of the evils produced by social wrong and the unjust laws of society. Extreme wealth means of necessity extreme poverty, and poverty begets crime. We trust that you will stir the public in your district, and let a strong voice be raised which will teach England that she must not trespass on the rights of a free people."

We wonder if those leaders of the New Unionists, who found so much to praise in Booth's scheme, thought that it would be received in this way by their Australian brethren?

The curious thing is that the Australian capitalists are quite as much against Booth's fresh supply of "free labour" as the workers. Their newspapers, like the *Age* of Melbourne, all attack it, and numerous public bodies have passed resolutions pledging themselves "to resist to the utmost any attempts which might be made to introduce the surplus and pauper population of England into the colony, as in their opinion the labour market of Victoria is at present greatly overstocked." The fact is that the capitalists have quite as many unemployed as they know what to do with. These have already been riotously inclined; they have been burning Cabinet Ministers in effigy, and the possibility of irruption of Trafalgar Square and Bow Street rioters into the colony fills capitalists with terror and alarm.

But some may think that the terrors of the Australian workmen and capitalists are alike unfounded. General Booth is going to form an agricultural colony, where the saved ones will remain toiling upon the land, far away from the din and tumult of the great colonial cities. Therefore they will not compete with the ordinary workers, but will remain in a little world of their own "far from the madding crowd." Yes, but what guarantee have the Australian workers got that these men will stop in Booth's colony? The outcasts of our great cities live in the midst of life and movement. How much life and movement will there be on Booth's farm? The General evidently thinks that the pious can-cans of Hallelujah lasses will be entertainment enough, and that a starvation diet of "steamed crusts" will be so delicious sweetened by "prayer and praise," that the attractions of the great towns will have no charms for the converted. We doubt it, and moreover, we feel quite certain that if a big strike was on, and an agent of the capitalists came and offered the men on Booth's agricultural colony what would seem to them to be high wages, the colony would be deserted the next morning, and the men would throng into the towns eager enough to escape from their dreary prison.

Booth's scheme is simply the old emigration dodge, with a mask of philanthropy and State Socialism. The people who have subscribed to the fund, have done so to get rid of the "dangerous classes," and many of them would have given their money quite as freely if the Booth scheme had been to take these unfortunates out in a ship into the midst of the sea, and to sink it and drown them there.

As to Booth, he wanted money for the Salvation Army—and he has got it. The quarrel with Frank Smith shows this clearly enough. Smith wanted the money subscribed for the Social Reform scheme, and to be applied strictly for that purpose; Booth wanted it to be placed in the general fund of the Salvation Army, an institution in which the fat salaries and good places are all enjoyed by members of the Booth family. By this time the middle-class fools who subscribed the cash must feel uneasy in their minds concerning the destination of the funds. Booth can chuckle, however, the bubble may burst as soon as it likes, his object is attained; "he is all right, for he has got the £ s. d.," and we may depend upon it he will keep it. The Booth Confidence Trick has been a complete success—for Booth.

The heartless evictions of the railway men by the directors of the Caledonian Railway Company, who turned whole families into the street on a bitter cold day like Monday, January 5, followed up by the military firing on the people, who resisted this abominable tyranny, only shows us that the propertied classes are capable of any crime that will enable them to keep the riches they have stolen from the workers. We are progressing; first bludgeons, then bayonets, and now strikers are fired upon. At this rate we shall not have to wait long to see the streets strewn with the bodies of murdered workmen, butchered in cold blood by the hirelings of the rich.

But this is a dangerous game, gentlemen of the middle classes. Your wealth, your property, your lives, lie at the mercy of the people.

If you once begin these lessons in massacre there is no knowing where they will stop, and you may yet see the midnight sky lit up by the flames of your factories and warehouses!

The American Indians are learning that the capitalist classes are as merciless to "inferior races" as they are to workmen of their own blood and colour. The treacherous murder of Sitting Bull, and the bloody massacre of men, women, and children the other day, which was dignified by the name of a "battle," shows that Commercialism is as cruel and murderous as ever. The development of Capitalism has been marked by the extermination of native races by shot and steel, and murder of the working-class by overwork and starvation. The callous cruelty of both processes has been made still more horrible by the unctuous hypocrisy that has been their invariable accompaniment.

Our entire sympathies are with the luckless redskins, who, after being cheated out of their lands and then out of the rations which their tyrants had granted them as "compensation," have risen in hunger and despair to be shot down like dogs by machine guns, and to see their wives and children murdered before their eyes. And yet this is only one of the crimes of our Christian Commercialism. If only all the evils, all the cruelties, all the massacres inflicted on the workers and native races alike, could be gathered in a book, what a black and damning record it would be! But, gentlemen of the middle classes, these crimes have yet to be answered for—and the Day of Judgment is near at hand. N.

## INTERNATIONAL NOTES.

### FRANCE.

*La Révolte* continues its useful career. Its yet more useful coadjutor, *Le Père Peinard* ("Daddy Toil-hard") has been honoured by prosecution at the hands of the Government of the "French Republic." The speech of our comrade Faure for the defence was a capital piece of propaganda, outspoken and "violent" enough in substance, but correct and even "moderate" in form and style. The responsible publisher, our comrade Faugour, was sentenced to two years' imprisonment and £120 fine.

French "justice" has also been concerning itself with M. Labryère and Mme. Duc Quercy, accused of enabling our comrade Padlewski to escape its clutches. One would sympathise more with Labryère if he had not put Padlewski in danger by the theatrical fashion in which he arranged the escape, with a view to make subsequent "copy" out of it. I echo *La Révolte* and say, "Revolutionists, beware of newspaper men!"

At Roanne, too, the lawyers have been busy prosecuting our comrades. In October last, Jahn, Bernaud, and Colas held a meeting in this town, in the course of which they naturally attacked private property and the middle-classes. Unfortunately, they also said a necessary word or two about certain sham Socialists. These latter persons denounced our friends to the police. The result is that our three comrades have been condemned (in their absence happily) to a year's imprisonment apiece, and to £4 fine and the costs. However, the three, we are told, are in a safe place, where neither Social Democrat nor policeman is likely to find them.

There is news of strikes from most parts of France, and everywhere we find police and soldiers turned out to intimidate workers and help bosses, just as under the Empire. The more names are changed, the more things remain the same. In the Ardennes especially, the Prefect of the Department has been particularly anxious to affirm his resolution to "maintain order."

At Lyons, *L'Action Sociale* has ceased to appear, but has been succeeded by *L'Action*, which is conducted upon the same lines.

### BELGIUM.

From Ghent we receive *L'Étudiant Socialiste*, "bi-monthly organ of Socialist students." The Socialist movement (in its Parliamentary form I regret to say) would seem to have taken a firm root among the students of the Belgian universities,—most of them doubtless destined, like their counterparts elsewhere, to swell hereafter the ever-growing ranks of the "intellectual" proletariat. Clubs of Socialist students have been formed at Brussels, Ghent, and Antwerp, and are in course of formation at Liège and at Mons. On Sunday, December 14th, a Congress of Belgian Socialist students was held at Brussels. No less than 200 delegates from the different universities and superior schools were present, and several professors attended. In addition to the delegates there was a large and interested audience. It was determined to federate the various students' organisations, and to call an International Congress of Socialist Students at Brussels on some date between Easter and the 1st of May next. The provisional agenda for this international gathering runs:—1. Social function of students. 2. Popular teaching. 3. International federation of Socialist students' clubs. 4. Regulation of labour. All communications in relation to this Congress are to be sent to comrade Georges Defuisseaux, 517 Avenue Louise, Brussels. It is a pity that the Socialism of these Belgian youths does not seem to be of a very revolutionary character. They are affiliated to the "Workmen's Party." However, they have undertaken to organise a propaganda in support of the impending General Strike. It is true that this "General Strike" has only for its object the securing of Universal Suffrage, but, if once it began, it may easily develop on far more useful lines.

There is a good series of articles in *L'Étudiant Socialiste* on "The Historical Method and the Social Question." I find here the following excellent comment on the "orthodox" political economy: "The Manchester School teaches economic immobility. It has invented a society whose elements are drawn from modern Society only, and has attributed to such society an absolute and immutable character; it has imagined for itself an abstract type of man who acts always under the impulse of certain motives of personal interest, and it believes that this imaginary man is always the same in the past, the present, and the future; it has discovered in the modern social order a certain number of natural laws, to which it claims to submit all societies whatever, whether in time past or time present. Thus the School really juggles with the study of mankind, and sets up an inadmissible negation of the undeniable evolution of society."

### SPAIN.

*La Anarquía* has a note upon a matter which is of pressing importance here, as well as in Madrid. Dr. Koch's discovery is as yet (as the inventor himself confesses) of very uncertain utility (at any rate in consumption), and its exhibition involves assuredly great danger to the patient. Our masters, nevertheless, are making experiments on what they deem the vile bodies of the workers, by trying the "lymph" on sufferers in hospitals. Several toilers have already been murdered in consequence.

Universal Suffrage appears to be estimated at its just value by Spanish toilers. At the recent elections not a tenth part of the voters in Barcelona went to the poll. In the district of Almacellas, Valencia, one elector presented himself, and he was not on the list! One is pleased to think that many at least of these abstentions are due to the spread of anti-Parliamentary views. Many of the Spanish Anarchist groups have published abstentionist manifestoes.

Our comrade Vicente Garcia, who still lies in the prison of San Sebastian, on the score of *El Combate*, of which I have so frequently spoken, sends to the Barcelona *Productor* an article on "Freedom," in which he once more urges preparation for the next First of May. "Dear comrades," says he, "workers of all lands, I will never weary in pressing you to prepare for next May, and in the end it may be that you will not content yourselves with the eight hours' day, but rather will stir up the Social Revolution so as to establish Anarchy, which is the only idea which will enable truth, justice, and freedom to triumph."

### SWITZERLAND.

This "free republic" has finally descended to the level of the other bourgeois republics of France and America. Six of our comrades of various nationalities have been expelled by order of the "Federal Council." I quote the decree of expulsion: "It follows from inquiry held that all these individuals domiciled at Geneva have already been expelled from other countries, or convicted there for Anarchist intrigues, inciting to homicide, arson, and pillage, and that they make a bad use of their stay in Switzerland to continue their propaganda of action by preaching the violent overturn of the established order of things, and pointing out homicide and other crimes as proper means to attain that end." These alleged offences are to us so many titles of honour, making allowance, of course, for the official dialect.

### UNITED STATES.

The New York correspondent of the Barcelona *Productor* gives a good account of the Chicago commemoration meetings in that city and in Newark (New Jersey), meetings which we have only as yet cursorily noted in the *Weal* :—

"On the 6th of November, a commemoration meeting of the terrible drama consummated at Chicago was to have been carried out at Newark. It was announced that Lucy Parsons, Hugh H. Pentecost, and John Most would speak. With eager expectation, one of the largest halls in the city was rented for the occasion and the money paid in advance, so that no difficulty should spoil the meeting. The appointed hour came, and lo! the police also, who (in the name of that Republican Constitution which 'guarantees' free speech to us) took possession of the hall and its surroundings and prevented the meeting. A great number of comrades gathered together in front of the building, and Lucy Parsons determined to address them, but scarcely had she begun speaking when the inspector in command darted towards her with intent to arrest her. However, one of our comrades who was on the watch aimed a terrible blow at the policeman, which struck the latter to the ground. Thereupon a fight followed, in which fourteen were wounded. . . . Lucy Parsons was appointed to speak on the 9th at Brooklyn, on the 10th at Paterson, and on the 11th at New York, and it was not likely that we should leave her to grow old in prison. We have discovered that there are three logical and striking arguments always effective with judicial tribunals and which they never resist,—the first of these is money, the second money, and the third also money. Thereupon we got a thousand dollars hastily together and obtained our comrade's release.

"The (State) Socialists determined to hold a meeting on their own account this year, and, in fact, did meet at the Cooper Union Hall on the 10th of November. . . . We held our meeting on the 11th, despite many rumours which had been spread about that it would not come off. It was imposing and threatening. A police inspector placed himself in the midst of the immense hall, and disposed a hundred of his subalterns around; five hundred more were posted in the cellars to answer the first call. This insult (let us so style it) served only to irritate the audience and the speakers. Moved by this proceeding, the committee of arrangement resolved to place in front of the table a big portrait of Lingg, with the following inscription in gigantic characters, 'If you grape-shot us, we will dynamite you.' The portrait was received with rounds of applause. The police inspector could not of course remain indifferent to so marked a suggestion, and he objected to such a threat remaining on the most prominent part of the platform. 'Captain,' said one of our comrades to him, 'all we who are met together here to-night carry the words uttered by our comrade Lingg graven in our hearts, and we have no need to read them anew; we only desired to remind you and your subordinates that although we may not to-day be in a position to fight the State forces, we shall not on that account cease to meet together, and much less to defend ourselves if you trample on us. For the rest, so that you have read the inscription and will remember it, it matters little whether the portrait remain or not.' The portrait was accordingly taken away, amid deafening applause and cheers for Lingg. Thereupon the orchestra played a grand funeral march, and immediately thereafter a choir of a hundred voices sang a hymn. It was hard work to silence the applause of our comrades when the name of Lucy Parsons was announced and she appeared on the platform. The violence committed at Newark a few days before and the presence of the police in the hall, made us fear that the last spark might cause a disastrous conflagration. Never have I seen Lucy so moved, nor has she seemed so full of eloquence and fire. She had much difficulty in restraining her tears. At length she began, 'I weep, not because I think at this moment of those who are dead (the more because I have the honour to bear the name of one of them); but I weep, comrades, for you and for your children. Your liberties are dead, and those that you in appearance enjoy are at the mercy of a policeman's club; he gives them and he takes them away. The American Constitution gives the right to carry arms. Do you maintain that right? Are you armed? It guarantees the right of peaceful meeting, and the free use of speech. Can we meet? Can we speak? The slaveholders of Virginia hanged John Brown, believing that, after the death of the old man famous in story, they would have peace. But did they gain the end they proposed to themselves? Did they find peace? The capitalists of Chicago murdered our noble and heroic comrades Lingg, Spies, Fischer, Engel, and Parsons, and, after committing that crime, announced to the world that Anarchy was annihilated, and that, Anarchists being terrified by the example which had been made, unchangeable peace now reigned. But do capitalists dwell in peace? (Prolonged applause). They will never live in peace,—never! They may, helped by the immense force at their disposal, erect a gallows upon every square mile of American territory; they may hang and imprison all who lift their voice on behalf of the people; but in the end the irresistible march of the masses will overcome their force, and at last we shall

celebrate the triumph of our Cause upon the tombs of the dead.' . . . John Most next mounted the platform, and gave in German a clear historical account of the events which brought our comrades to the gallows. . . . If Most had been born in France in the last century, he would probably have left Danton, Marat, Desmoulin, and the others who distinguished themselves by their destructive revolutionary eloquence, far behind. 'Who was it who slew our comrades?' he asked, 'not the Judges of the State of Illinois, not the Judges of the Supreme Court of the United States, no, but the Great Beast which has been oppressing us these nineteen centuries,—Capital. And, after all, what has the Beast gained? Only to hasten the hour when the most terrible Revolution Humanity has known shall drive tyranny from the face of the earth.'

R. W. B.

## DO YOU AGREE?

Do you agree with us that the social awakening of the workers is a desirable end? Do you agree with us that we are working in the right way to achieve that end?

You do not? Then oppose us and prove us wrong on every platform and in every paper to which you can gain access!

You do agree? Then work with us and for us; help us to extend our circle of influence; let no day pass in which you have not interested some one in our propaganda!

There is no middle course for an honest man!

## THE ALMIGHTY DOLLAR.

O, ALMIGHTY DOLLAR! be with us, we beseech thee, attended by an inexpressible number of thy ministering angels, made in thine own image, even though they be but Silver Quarters, whose gladdening light shall illumine the vale of penury and want with heavenly radiance, which shall cause the wakened soul to break forth in exclamations of joy.

Almighty Dollar! thou art the awakener of our energies, the guide of our footsteps, and the awakener of our being. Guided by thy silvery light, we hope to reach the "Golden Gate" triumphantly; enter while angel hands harmoniously sweep their golden harps, and we, on the golden streets, in the highest exhilaration of feeling, and with jubilant emotions, strike the Highland fling.

Almighty Dollar, thy shining face  
Bespeaks thy wondrous power;  
In my pocket make thy resting-place;  
I need thee every hour.

And now, Almighty Dollar, in closing this invocation we realise and acknowledge that thou wert the God of our grandfathers, the two-fold God of their children, and the three-fold God of their grand-children. Permit us to possess thee in abundance, and of all thy varied excellencies, is our constant and unwavering Prayer. Amen!  
—ANON.

## "COMMONWEAL" GUARANTEE FUND.

(From Nov. 26th, 1890, to Jan. 1st, 1891.)

	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.
H. R. . . . .	0	1	0	Manchester Branch (4 subs.)	1	0	0
Miss Skerritt . . . . .	0	5	0	K. Launspach . . . . .	0	10	0
P. J. W. (Bryne) . . . . .	0	1	0	Fuller . . . . .	0	0	6
W. Stephen . . . . .	0	1	0	'Commonweal' Branch . . . . .	1	10	0
J. Samson . . . . .	0	1	0	" " from Concert	0	13	0
F. W. Stewart . . . . .	0	0	6	Per W. Blundell . . . . .	0	10	4
J. Bines . . . . .	0	2	6				
C. Saunders . . . . .	0	2	0	Total . . . . .	5	18	10
J. W. (Worcester) . . . . .	0	1	0				

## NEW PREMISES FUND.

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A  
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Will be held at the above Premises  
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## LECTURE DIARY.

### LONDON.

- Commonweal Club.**—273, Hackney Road, N.E. Lectures every Sunday at 11 a.m. and 8 p.m. Admission free. Membership: 1s. entrance fee, and 6d. per month subscription.
- Hammersmith Socialist Society.**—Kelmascott House, Upper Mall, W. Lecture every Sunday at 8. French Class conducted by Mlle. Desroches on Friday evenings at 7.30.
- North Kensington.**—Clarendon Coffee Palace, Clarendon Road. Meets every Wednesday at 8 p.m. Band practice every Tuesday at 8, in the hall at the back of the "Britannia" public-house, Latimer Road—more fifiers wanted.
- North London.**—6 Windmill Street, Tottenham Court Road. Meets every Wednesday evening at 8 o'clock.

### PROVINCES.

- Aberdeen.**—Organiser, J. Leatham, 7 Jamaica Street. Branch meets in Odd-fellows' Small Hall, Crooked Lane, on Sunday evenings at 6.30. Singing practice, etc., Mondays at 8 p.m.
- Glasgow.**—Members are invited to meet on Thursday and Sunday evenings, at 8 o'clock, in the Secretary's house, 250 Crown Street, S.S. All communications to be sent to that address.
- Halifax.**—Socialists meet every Sunday at 6.30 p.m. at Helliwell's Temperance Hotel, Northgate.
- Hull.**—Club Liberty, 1 Beets Court, Blanket Row.
- Leeds.**—Socialist League Club, 1 Clarendon Buildings and Front Row, Victoria Road. Open every evening. Business meeting Saturdays at 8.—International Educational Club, near St. James's Hall, York Street. Open every evening. Lectures every Saturday at 4. All kinds of Socialist literature for sale at both clubs.
- Leicester.**—Room No. 7, Co-operative Hall, High Street. Branch meeting on Thursday at 8 p.m. Lecture in the Spiritualist Hall, Silver Street, every Sunday at 6.30. Nov. 30, J. C. Chambers, "Should Socialists Vote?" Dec. 7, G. Stanley, "Why are the many Poor?" 14th, Clara Warner, "Government." 21st, J. Billson (Fabian Society), "Socialism, and how to get it." 28th, Social Evening.
- Manchester.**—Socialist League Club, 60 Grosvenor Street, All Saints. Open every evening. Branch weekly meeting on Tuesdays at 8. On Sunday, Nov. 30, at 8, lecture by W. Bailie, "The Place of Modern Athens in Industrial Evolution." On Friday, Dec. 5, a discussion will take place at 8 o'clock, opened by W. Bailie—subject, "Difficulties of Communism."
- Nottingham.**—Socialist Club, Woodland Place, Upper Parliament Street. Club contribution, 1d. per week; Dancing every Wednesday, 8 till 10.30—fee 3d.
- Norwich.**—Members' meeting held every Tuesday at 8.30.
- Oxford.**—Temperance Hall, 25½ Pembroke Street. First Friday in every month, at 8.30 p.m.
- Sheffield.**—Socialist Club, 63 Blunk Street. French Class, Tuesday at 8.30. Discussion Class, Wednesday at 8.30.
- Walsall.**—Socialist Club, 18 Goodall Street, Walsall. Meetings every night.
- Yarmouth.**—Socialist League Club, 56 Row, Market Place. Open every evening. Business Meeting, Tuesday at 8. Singing Practice, Wednesday at 8.30. Discussion Class, Thursday at 8.30. Elocution Class, Friday at 8.30.

## OPEN-AIR PROPAGANDA.

(Weather permitting.)

### SUNDAY.

- 11 . . . . . Commercial Road—Union Street . . . . . The Branch
- 11 . . . . . Latimer Road Station . . . . . North Kensington Branch
- 11.30 . . . . . Hammersmith Bridge . . . . . Hammersmith Branch
- 11.30 . . . . . Hoxton Church . . . . . The Branch
- 11.30 . . . . . Regent's Park . . . . . Nicoll
- 3.30 . . . . . Hyde Park—Marble Arch . . . . . Mainwaring and Nicoll
- 3.30 . . . . . Victoria Park . . . . . Commonweal Branch
- 3.30 . . . . . Streatham Common . . . . . The Branch
- 7 . . . . . Hammersmith Bridge . . . . . Hammersmith Branch
- 7 . . . . . Wormwood Scrubs . . . . . North Kensington Branch
- 8 . . . . . Kings Cross—Liverpool Street . . . . . The Branch
- 8 . . . . . Waltham Green—back of Church . . . . . Hammersmith Branch

### FRIDAY.

- 8.15 . . . . . Hoxton Church . . . . . The Branch

### PROVINCES.

- Aberdeen.**—Saturday: Castle Street, at 7.30 p.m.
- Glasgow.**—Sunday: Jail Square at 2 o'clock; Paisley Road at 5 o'clock.
- Leeds.**—Sunday: Market Gates, Kirkgate, at 11.30 a.m. and 7 p.m.
- Leicester.**—Saturday: Old Cross, Belgrave Gate, at 8 p.m. Sunday: Russe Square, at 10.45 a.m.
- Liverpool.**—Landing Stage, Sundays at 11.30 a.m. and 3 p.m.
- Manchester.**—Saturday: Middleton market ground, at 7 p.m. Sunday: Philips Park Gates, at 11; Stevenson Square, at 3. Monday: Market Street, Blackley, at 8.
- Nottingham.**—Sunday: Sneinton Market, at 11 a.m.; Great Market, at 7 p.m.
- Norwich.**—Saturday: Haymarket, at 8. Sunday: Market Place at 11, 3, and 7.30.
- Sheffield.**—Sunday: Monolith, Fargate, at 11.30; West Bar, at 11.30; Newhall Road, Attercliffe, at 11.30; Grimsthorpe, at 11.30; Rotherham, at 3 Woodhouse, at 3; West Bar, at 8; Attercliffe Road, at 8.
- Yarmouth.**—Sunday: Priory Plain, at 11; Fish Wharf, at 3; Hall Quay, at 7.

**To Help the Paper.**—There are several ways in which you can help to spread the 'Weal'. Ask your newsagent to try and sell it. Get those who don't care to buy it month by month to subscribe direct. Arrange for the posting of contents bills anywhere you can. Any number of other plans will suggest themselves if you think about it.

**Postal Propaganda.**—Some who would like to do propaganda but dare not openly, or who cannot spare the time to do it personally, can find many ways in which it can be done quietly. Not the least useful among possible plans would be to order and pay for a number of copies to be sent to persons in whose hands they might do good. We will send six copies to six different addresses for 7d. Write the names and addresses legibly.

**SCOTTISH SOCIALIST FEDERATION.**—EDINBURGH—Labour Hall, 50 South Bridge. Business meeting, Fridays at 8 p.m. Lectures every Sunday, at 6.30 p.m.

## LONDON SOCIALIST LEAGUE PUBLICATIONS.

### Leaflets.

All pamphlets not published by the Socialist League will in future be charged to Branches and Allied Societies at the following rates:—1d. each, 1s. 6d. per quire of 26; 2d. each, 3s. ditto.

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And at all Branch Meeting-Places and Outdoor-Stations  
of the London Socialist League.

## 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.

Late COUNCIL OF THE SOCIALIST LEAGUE.

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