



All literary communications should be addressed to the Editors of THE COMMONWEAL, 13 Farringdon Road, E.C. They must be accompanied by the name and address of the writer, not necessarily for publication.

Rejected MSS. can only be returned if a stamped directed envelope is forwarded with them.

All business communications to be addressed, the Manager of the COMMONWEAL, 13 Farringdon Road, E.C. Business communications must NOT be sent to the Editors. All remittances should be made in Postal Orders or halfpenny stamps.

Subscriptions for THE COMMONWEAL, free by post: for 12 numbers, 1 copy, 1s. 6d.; 3 copies, 4s.; 4 copies, 5s. Parcels of a dozen or a quire, if for distribution, will be sent on special terms.

### TO CORRESPONDENTS.

A MANIFESTO by the Socialist League on the Soudan War has been issued. Copies will be sent to anyone on receipt of stamp for postage.

NOTICE TO MEMBERS.—All papers received by the Secretary have been sorted and filed at the office of the League, and are at the disposal of members.

NOTICE TO ALL SOCIALISTIC NEWSPAPERS.—The *Commonweal* will be regularly sent to all Socialistic Contemporaries, and it is hoped that they on their side will regularly provide the Socialist League with their papers as they may appear.

SPECIAL ATTENTION is invited to the new *Socialist Platform* series. Two numbers are now ready. The first, on "Trades' Unions," by E. Belfort Bax, with an interesting appendix, 16 pages, one penny; the second, by William Morris, on "Useful Labour v. Useless Toil," 24 pages, one penny. Quantities will be supplied at a cheaper rate for sale or distribution.

MANCHESTER.—This journal and all other publications of the Socialist League can be obtained from our wholesale agent, J. E. D. Bourne, 10 Herbert Street, Hightown, Cheetham.

JAMES SALWAY (Oldham).—A Branch of the Manchester Socialist Union has been formed.

MICHAEL GABRIEL is at work for the cause in Dublin.

THOS. BARCLAY (Leicester).—The *Commonweal* is on sale at the Secular Hall book-stall.

JULES BORDELLO (New York Labour Lyceum).—Your subscription pays the *Commonweal* for eight months. You will see all literature of the League noticed in this paper. You can have the first two numbers of the "Socialist Platform" at 5s. per 100, or 45s. per 1,000; in addition to this you will have to pay carriage. The Council of the League have read your letter, and will be glad to exchange news about the position of the parties. Can you send to the Council a full brief account of the position and prospects of the Socialist movement among the native Americans, either private or for publication?

T. P. BARCLAY.—Thanks for encouraging letter. Shall be glad to look at any articles you may send.

ANYONE willing to form a Labour Emancipation League in Manchester is asked to communicate with Fred Willis, 49 Wood Street.

G. J. (Liverpool).—The *Altruist* is published by Alcander Longley, 712 Chestnut Street, St. Louis, Mo., U.S.A. Subscription, 50c. per annum.

R. F. E. WILLIS (Liverpool).—Article received. Probably used next month.

E. T. (Southport) suggests that the leaflets should be pasted upon hoardings, etc., in conspicuous places, and thinks this would do us good service.

ANDREAS SCHEU's "What's to be Done?" (Part III.), the "Lessons in Socialism," "East-End Workers," and the review of Grönlund's book stand over for want of space.

RECEIVED.—*Cri du Peuple* (daily)—*Neu Yorker Volkszeitung* (weekly)—*Sozial Demokrat* (weekly)—*Anarchist*—*L'Insurgé*—*Labour Leaf*—*Der Sozialist* (weekly)—*The Alarm*—*La Revue Socialiste*—*Neue Zeit*—*La Question Sociale*—*Le National Belge* (daily)—*Labour Standard*—*Freiheit* (weekly)—*Bebel's "Woman"* (Modern Press)—*Il Paria*—*Recht vor Allen*—*Ni Dieu ni Maitre*—*The Altruist*—*Denver Labour Inquirer*—*Chicago Alarm*—*Norwich Daylight*—*Newcastle Weekly Chronicle*—*Belfast Labour Advocate*—*Oldham Chronicle*.

THE following additional books and pamphlets have been received for the Library of the League since last acknowledgment:—"Russia under the Czars," from Stepniak; Annual Report of the Bureau of Labour, from Pond; "National Review," from English; a parcel of books, from Craig; "English Leaders," from Beckett.

A SUPPLEMENT of Four Pages is issued with this number.

The September number (8) will be ready on Tuesday, August 25th, and will be issued with a Supplement. Reports and notices for the Lecture List must reach the office not later than Thursday, 20th.

THE CHOLERA IN SPAIN.—Everywhere the upper classes suffer but little from the epidemic.—*Daily News*, July 21.

The first concert of a series will be given on Saturday, August 1, at 8 p.m., at our new hall, 13 Farringdon Road. Admission free. Working men and their wives specially invited.

The International Working Men's Clubs Defence Committee is much hampered for want of funds. All lovers of Liberty are invited to contribute. William Morris, Treasurer, Kelmescott House, Upper Mall, Hammersmith.

THE Provisional Council of the Socialist League will be glad if those in sympathy with Socialism will send to the Editors, newspaper cuttings, extracts from books, facts and quotations bearing on the relation between capital and labour and on the symptoms of the disease of commercialism from which Society suffers, whether shown by the idle or the labouring class.

## THE PILGRIMS OF HOPE.

V.—NEW BIRTH.

It was twenty-five years ago that I lay in my mother's lap  
New born to life, nor knowing one whit of all that should hap:  
That day was I won from nothing to the world of struggle and pain,  
Twenty-five years ago—and to-night am I born again.

I look and behold the days of the years that are passed away,  
And my soul is full of their wealth, for oft were they blithe and gay  
As the hours of bird and of beast: they have made me calm and strong  
To wade the stream of confusion, the river of grief and wrong.

A rich man was my father, but he skulked ere I was born,  
And gave my mother money, but left her life to scorn;  
And we dwelt alone in our village: I knew not my mother's "shame,"  
But her love and her wisdom I knew till death and the parting came.  
Then a lawyer paid me money, and I lived awhile at a school,  
And learned the lore of the ancients, and how the knave and the fool  
Have been mostly the masters of earth: yet the earth seemed fair and good

With the wealth of field and homestead, and garden and river and wood;  
And I was glad amidst it, and little of evil I knew  
As I did in sport and pastime such deeds as a youth might do,  
Who deems he shall live for ever. Till at last it befel on a day  
That I came across our Frenchman at the edge of the new-mown hay,  
A-fishing as he was wont, alone as he always was;  
So I helped the dark old man to bring a chub to grass,  
And somehow he knew of my birth, and somehow we came to be friends,  
Till he got to telling me chapters of the tale that never ends;  
The battle of grief and hope with riches and folly and wrong.  
He told how the weak conspire, he told of the fear of the strong;  
He told of dreams' grown deeds, deeds done ere time was ripe,  
Of hope that melted in air like the smoke of his evening pipe;  
Of the fight long after hope in the teeth of all despair;  
Of battle and prison and death, of life stripped naked and bare.  
But to me it all seemed happy, for I gilded all with the gold  
Of youth that believes not in death, nor knoweth of hope grown cold.  
I hearkened and learned, and longed with a longing that had no name,  
Till I went my ways to our village and again departure came.

Wide now the world was grown, and I saw things clear and grim,  
That awhile ago smiled on me from the dream-mist doubtful and dim.  
I knew that the poor were poor, and had no heart or hope;  
And I knew that I was nothing with the least of evils to cope;  
So I thought the thoughts of a man, and I fell into bitter mood,  
Wherein, except as a picture, there was nought on the earth that was good;  
Till I met the woman I love, and she asked, as folk ask of the wise,  
Of the root and meaning of things that she saw in the world of lies.  
I told her all I knew, and the tale told lifted the load  
That made me less than a man; and she set my feet on the road.

So we left our pleasure behind to seek for hope and for life,  
And to London we came, if perchance there smouldered the embers of strife  
Such as our Frenchman had told of; and I wrote to him to ask  
If he would be our master, and set the learners their task.  
But "dead" was the word on the letter when it came back to me,  
And all that we saw henceforward with our own eyes must we see.

So we looked and wondered and sickened; not for ourselves indeed;  
My father by now had died, but he left enough for my need;  
And besides, away in our village the joiner's craft had I learned,  
And I worked as other men work, and money and wisdom I earned.  
Yet little from day to day in street or workshop I met  
To nourish the plant of hope that deep in my heart had been set.  
The life of the poor we learned, and to me there was nothing new  
In their day of little deeds that ever deathward drew.  
But new was the horror of London that went on all the while  
That rich men played at their ease for name and fame to beguile  
The days of their empty lives, and praised the deeds they did,  
As though they had fashioned the earth and found out the sun long hid;  
Though some of them busied themselves from hopeless day to day  
With the lives of the slaves of the rich and the hell wherein they lay.  
They wrought meseems as those who should make a bargain with hell,  
That it grow a little cooler, and thus for ever to dwell.

So passed the world on its ways, and weary with waiting we were.  
Men ate and drank and married; no wild cry smote the air,  
No great crowd ran together to greet the day of doom;  
And ever more and more seemed the town like a monstrous tomb  
To us, the Pilgrims of Hope, until to-night it came,  
And Hope on the stones of the street is written in letters of flame.

This is how it befel: a workmate of mine had heard  
Some bitter speech in my mouth, and he took me up at the word,  
And said: "Come over to-morrow to our Radical spouting-place;  
For there, if we hear nothing new, at least we shall see a new face;  
He is one of those Communist chaps, and 'tis like that you two may agree."

So we went, and the street was as dull and as common as aught you could see.

Dull and dirty the room. Just over the chairman's chair  
Was a bust, a Quaker's face with nose cocked up in the air.  
There were commonprints on the wall of the heads of the party fray,  
And Mazzini dark and lean amidst them gone astray.  
Some thirty men we were of the kind that I knew full well,  
Listless, rubbed down to the type of our easy-going hell.  
My heart sank down as I entered, and wearily there I sat  
While the chairman strove to end his maunder of this and of that.  
And partly shy he seemed, and partly indeed ashamed  
Of the grizzled man beside him as his name to us he named;  
He rose, thickset and short, and dressed in shabby blue,  
And even as he began it seemed as though I knew  
The thing he was going to say, though I never heard it before.  
He spoke, were it well, were it ill, as though a message he bore,  
A word that he could not refrain from many a million of men.  
Nor aught seemed the sordid room and the few that were listening then  
Save the hall of the labouring earth and the world which was to be.  
Bitter to many the message, but sweet indeed unto me,  
Of man without a master, and earth without a strife.  
And every soul rejoicing in the sweet and bitter of life:  
Of peace and good-will he told, and I knew that in faith he spake,  
But his words were my very thoughts, and I saw the battle awake,  
And I followed from end to end; and triumph grew in my heart  
As he called on each that heard him to arise and play his part  
In the tale of the new-told gospel, lest as slaves they should live and die

He ceased, and I thought the hearers would rise up with one cry,  
And bid him straight enroll them; but they, they applauded indeed,  
For the man was grown full eager, and had made them hearken and heed.

But they sat and made no sign, and two of the glibber kind  
Stood up to jeer and to carp his fiery words to blind.  
I did not listen to them, but failed not his voice to hear  
When he rose to answer the carpers, striving to make more clear  
That which was clear already; not overwell, I knew  
He answered the sneers and the silence, so hot and eager he grew;  
But my hope full well he answered, and when he called again  
On men to band together lest they live and die in vain,  
In fear lest he should escape me, I rose ere the meeting was done,  
And gave him my name and my faith—and I was the only one.  
He smiled as he heard the jeers, and there was a shake of the hand,  
He spoke like a friend long known; and lo! I was one of the band.

And now the streets seem gay and the high stars glittering bright;  
And for me, I sing amongst them, for my heart is full and light.  
I see the deeds to be done and the day to come on the earth,  
And riches vanished away and sorrow turned to mirth;  
I see the city squalor and the country stupor gone.  
And we a part of it all—we twain no longer alone  
In the days to come of the pleasure, in the days that are of the fight—  
I was born once long ago: I am born again to-night.

WILLIAM MORRIS.

## THE "PALL MALL GAZETTE."

It has more than once been our duty to fall foul of the *Pall Mall Gazette* in this journal. We have attacked it and its editors unsparingly. And we are the more anxious now to say how sincerely we sympathise with them and thank them for their efforts—not without risk in this land of hypocrisy—to make generally known a condition of things almost too hideous for belief. The Socialist League has already, through the resolution of its Council, expressed the feeling of its members on this subject. Still, while I believe that I am speaking for many of my fellow-workers, I think it only fair to say that I alone am responsible for what follows.

The Government was, by the action of certain of its own adherents—the virtuous Mr. Cavendish Bentinck to wit—placed in a very awkward position. By its orders a few helpless men and little boys had been arrested for selling copies of a paper containing certain "revelations"—(of these revelations anon)—with regard to the "morality" of moral England. It was clear that if these men and boys were to be prosecuted for merely *selling* the paper, those who wrote, edited and published it must be prosecuted too. But this was impossible. It is a *secret de polichinelle* that many "highly respected" and respectable members of our governing classes would be hopelessly compromised if a prosecution were instituted. The *Pall Mall* distinctly announced that, while unwilling to expose individuals or drag certain persons into the matter, its editors would feel bound to do this in the event of a prosecution. Prudence is the better part of valour. Stern necessity forced Sir R. Cross to declare, in answer to Mr. Bentinck's question and amidst cheers from the "gentlemen," who felt evidently relieved by the decision, "that the Government would not prosecute."

So far so good. To recede is to acquit the editors of the *Pall Mall* of the only fault they could have been accused of—and which

would be indeed a serious one—the *invention* from purely prurient and base motives, of the matter published in their paper. Whatever doubts may have existed on this head—and how doubt *could* exist after the facts *officially* made known *four years ago* by the Parliamentary Commission is a mystery—are now set aside. We may take it that the Government and the whole governing classes admit the truth and fidelity of the *Pall Mall* revelations—which "revelations" are only, alas! stale news to those people who have studied the question. I would only here ask what compensation will be awarded the men and boys who were persecuted for selling a paper which the "Government" of the country does not dare to prosecute. Some compensation assuredly is due.

But we Socialists have something more serious to consider than even the wrong done to these few boys and men whom our "bold gendarmes" have "run in." We have to consider the question itself. The Queen, the Marquis of Salisbury, Mr. Gladstone, *e tutti quanti*, have expressed their sympathy and "horror." The question is therefore not only made respectable, but very sure to be shelved like that of the "Bitter Cry." And necessarily. All these people—and some may really be sincere in their horror—do not know how, or do not dare, to go to the bottom of the question. I have not observed that one single journal originally said that the horror was in the facts set forth, not their crude setting, or that the shame and wrong and woe thus laid bare are due to the whole condition of "Society" as it is to-day, and not to a few exceptional cases of immorality.

Then, after the first indignant protest of outraged British respectability, the middle-class press and the classes it represents soon recognised, with the perspicuity peculiar to the *bourgeoisie* of England, that a question which, if taken in hand by the workers themselves may prove dangerous, had better be comfortably killed "by much cherishing" than met by open opposition or downright honest indifference. The matter has, therefore, been "taken up"—taken up that it may be conveniently dropped so soon as the "sensation" shall have died out. And die out it must and will unless the class really concerned—unless the proletariat—take care that it does not.

I have no wish to insinuate that many of the good men and women whom the *Pall Mall* revelations have shocked are consciously helping to suppress "the movement" or aiding in the continuation of the very crimes they wish to prevent. I believe the *Pall Mall* editors and writers are thoroughly sincere. I believe the Earl of Shaftesbury and Mr. Morley are so. I even believe that there are people who can honestly "thank God Almighty" for "permitting to come to light" horrors which any respectable almighty deity would never have allowed to exist. I know many good men and women who are convinced that a new Criminal Act, extending the same penalties to men as to women (a suggestion with which I, too, am heartily in sympathy) and raising the age at which girls are supposed to be able to sell themselves, from 13, as now, to 16, or 18, or 21, would do away with the indescribable crimes and misery in our midst.

But is this so? Does not the very fact that these good people admit that many girls must and will at *some time* sell themselves to wealthy purchasers, demonstrate the rottenness of their whole theory? Does this not at once condemn any scheme of reform they may propose? And let us, for argument's sake, admit a great many improbable things. Let us suppose a Criminal Act has come into effect that embodies all the suggestions (many of which, I repeat, given the conditions of to-day, are no doubt righteous and just) of the new reformers; let us suppose a Royal Commission has actually, after a few thousand sittings, done something, and brought some criminals to book; let us suppose Sir Richard Cross has really left no stone unturned in searching for and punishing the said criminals. Let us suppose this, and that all the various "refuges," "armies" and kindly individuals have done everything they could do. What then? Where should we be? To all intents and purposes, *exactly where we are now*. A few individuals might have been punished, a few others saved. And after? All would be the same for the great mass of the people as before.

So long as this accursed system of capitalistic production holds, a curse alike and a demoralisation alike to all classes, so long *must*—it is no question of individual will—this condition that is just now shocking us all continue also. So long as the producers are the bond-slaves of the capitalist and land-owning classes, so long will these things go on. So long, indeed, as we have two classes face to face, the one literally in a position to buy, and actually buying, the *bodies* of the other, so long will the crimes that necessarily result from such a system continue. The special form of crime just now stirring even the middle-class, is only one result of the whole system. Our lives are unnatural and horrible, and engender sins not due to natural depravity and wickedness but to an artificial and abnormal state of society. We produce not only the victims, the poor helpless girls and