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.

NOTE TO MEMBERS.—All papers received by the Secretary must be marked and filed at the office of the League, and are at the disposal of members.

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

MACFARLANE FRIENDS can purchase the journal and other Socialistic literature at the Democratic Publishing Co., 37 Triniti Street.

In New York, in a temperate letter, but too long for publication, finds faults with our Irish correspondent's "taking up of old bygones." He should remember, however, that the general impression in England is that our rule has been on the whole beneficial— at any rate since the Middle Ages—and that Emancipation wants a little information on that point. But quite apart from that, the main fact in the question is that the English are foreigners there, and our rulers are not wanted there at all. Barbarities committed by the entered people prove quite as strong as those committed by the emigrants.

HE ALARM.—Copies of number containing report of the Socialist League Manifesto received by each of the Council.


THE PILGRIMS OF HOPE. III.—SENDING TO THE WAR.

It was down in our far-off village that we heard of the war begun,

But none of the neighbours were it in the squire's thick-lipped son,

A young and a fool and a captain, who came and went away,

And left me glad of his going. There was little for us to say.

Of the war and its why and wherefore—and we said it often enough;

The papers gave us our wisdom, and we used it up in the rough.

But held my peace and wondered; for I thought of the folly of men,

The fair lives ruined and broken; that we could be mended again;

And the tale by lies bewildered, and no cause for a man to choose;

Nothing to curse or to bless—just a game to win or to lose.

But here were the streets of London—strife stalkling wide in the world;

And the flag of an ancient people to the battle- breeze unfurled.

And who was helping or forcing? The ground shops displayed;

The toys of rich men's folly, by blinded labour made;

And still from nought to nothing the bright-skinned horses drew.

Dull men, and dull-faced women with never a deed to do;

While all about and around them the street-flood ebbed and flowed,

Worn feet, grey anxious faces, grey backs bowed 'neath the load.

Lo the sons of an ancient people! And for this they fought and fell.

In the jaws by fame made glorious, in the tale that singers tell.

We two stood in the street in the midst of a mighty crowd,

The sound of the stepping mule in the thoroughfares above was loud.

And earth was foul with its equal—that stream of every day,

The hurrying feet of labour, the faces worn and grey.

Were a sore and grievous sight, and enough and to spare had I

Of hand and posting went midst our quiet fields and green;

But all was nothing to this, the London holiday throng.

While the stench from the biers they had lain in last night went up in the wind,

And poisoned the sunlit spring: no story men can find.

Is fit for the tales of their lives; no woe that man hath made

Can tell the hue of their faces, or their rags by filth o'er laid:

For this hath our age invented—these are the sons of the free,

Who shall bear our name triumphant o'er every land and sea.

Read ye their souls in their faces, and what shall help you there?

Joyless, hopeless, shameless, ungerless, set is their state;

This is the thing we have made, and what shall help us now,

For the field hath been covered and folded, and the teeth of the
dragon shall grow.

But why are they gathered together? what is this crowd in the street?

This is a holiday morning, though here and there we meet

The hurrying tradesman's broadcloth, or the workman's basket of tools.

Men say that at last we are rending the snares of knives and fools;

That a cry from the heart of the nation against the foe is hurled,

And the flag of an ancient people to the battle- breeze unfurled.

The soldiers are off to the war, we are here to see the sight,

And all our griefs shall be hidden by the thought of our country's might.

'Tis the ordered anger of England and her hope for the good of the Earth

That we to-day are speeding, and many a gift of worth

Shall follow the brand and the bullet, and our wrath shall be no more,

But a blessing of life to the helpless—unless we are lies and worse—

And these that we see are the senders; these are they that speed

The dread and the blessing of England to help the world at its need.

Sick unto death was my hope, and I turned and looked on my dear,

And beheld her frightened wonder, and her grief without a tear,

And knew how her thought was mine—when, stark! o'er the hubbub and noise,

Faint and a long way off, the music's measured voice,

And the crowd was swaying and swaying, and somehow, I knew not why,

A dream came into my heart of deliverance drawing anigh.

Then with roll and thunder of drums grew the music louder and louder,

And the whole street tumbling and surged, and cleft was the holiday crowd,

Till two walls of faces and rags lined either side of the way.

Then clamour of shouts rose upward, as bright and glittering gay

Came the voiceful brass of the band, and my heart beat fast and fast,

For the river of steel came on, and the wrath of England passed,

Through the steel and the woe of the town, and strange and wild was my thought,

And my clenched hands wandered about as though a weapon they sought.

Hubbub and din was behind them, and the shuffling haggard throng,

Wandering aimless about, tangled the street for long;

But the shouts and the rhythmic noise we still heard afar away,

And my dream was become a picture of the deeds of another day.

Far and far was I borne, away o'er the years to come,

And again was the ordered march, and the thunder of the drum,

And the buckering points of steel, and the horses shifting about

'Neath their flashing swords of the captains—then silence the shouting.

Sun and wind in the street, familiar things made clear,

Made strange by the breathless waiting for the deeds that are drawing nigh.

For we had grown into will, and wrath was hared of its sheath,

And stark in the streets of London stood the crop of the dragon's teeth,

Where then in my dream were the poor and the wall of faces wan?

Here and here by my side, shoulder to shoulder of man,

Hope in the simple folk, hope in the hearts of the wise.

For the happy life to follow, or death and the ending of lies.

Hope is awed in the faces angerless long no more,

Till the new peace dawn on the world, the fruit of the people's war.

In the war the world abroad a thousand leagues away,

While nature's wheel goes round and day devoureth day.

Peace at home yea what peace, while the rich man's milk is stiffe.

And the poor in this giant that be grindeth, and life's wretched life!

WILLIAM MORRIS.