IRELAND AND ITALY.

A WARNING.

Mr. Parnell has been celebrating his triumphs in the past Parliament, and it may be said also those that are to come in the future one; he and his supporters also fully believe in the complete organisation of the party, which will be strong enough not only to return 56 members this autumn, but also to give the Nationalist movement a title to propose a pledge to submit to party discipline. Doubtless Mr. Parnell is strong, and he and his are quite justified in their cries of victory. The English Whig, to Liberal, to stand firm at last, since now the enemy is really upon them; but all the time they are, like the troopers in 'Old Mortality,' 'looking over their shoulders as if they liked the road behind them better than the road before.' In all probability Mr. Parnell will have his way, and, as he says, this coming Parliament will be the last in which the Irish representatives will sit at Westminster.

And yet a revolutionist rejoices in it on those grounds, and in the blow which it will deal at the great Bourgeois Power—the British Empire: also it may well be that Ireland must become national before she can be international. Yet we must ask ourselves: will it be a real revolution? is it a progressive, revolutionary that is, or reactionary? Will Socialists find their work easier in the Parnellite Ireland than now? Will Michael Davitt be a dangerous rebel then as he is now? This is no doubt as to the answer to those questions; the fact is that far from Mr. Parnell would have us; the fullest realisation of his programme would bring Ireland to pretty much the state of things which Liberal reformers have, ever since the French Revolution, been attempting to achieve; to have an independent Ireland, which, of course, is the same thing as a real republic. They have at last heard of, and are beginning to fear. An improved landlordism founded on a wider basis and therefore consolidated; that would lead, it seems to me, to founding a nation fanatically attached to the soil, which, however different from the Irish, has always, and will always, be a fatal disease to Ireland.

If I ask Irishmen to consider a somewhat parallel case, that of Italy. Italy was as well as Ireland had a chance and might have become independent, which, swallowed up all other aspirations; in the teeth of all difficulty she conquered her independence amidst the best wishes of generous-minded men of all parties. How our hearts burned within us when we heard of the exploits of her patriots; surely revolution for the world was drawing near, thought some of us who did not know what the new revolution was to be, as we followed the heroism of Garibaldi and the lofty motives of his followers.

Italy triumphed and became "free" and united; those noble deeds accomplished that at least. What, then, has been the gain? I will not say nothing, but I will say something very small compared with all the sacrifices of the Italian people. I have no doubt that friend of labour in general and of unionists (in particular), opposed a declaration in favour of Land Nationalisation, urging the Congress to be "practical," and straightforward the meeting proceeded to vote that "a reform was necessary, but the time was not ripe." It is ludicrous yet saddening to see representative working-men advocating a paltry tinkering reform of the land-laws as a solution of the evils we are suffering.

It puts me in mind of the old trick in the pantomime, where clown having stolen a goose, sends the hamboozled shopman in chase of pantolan hobbling away with two or three small fishes. For clown real Capitalist; let the goose stand for Labour-power, origin of surplus-value (the true golden eggs of the fable); whilst the Landlord and his share of the plunder of the hamboozled worker are fity symbolised by pantolan hobbling away with two or three small fishes. The Congress is not the political game at this minute. It is astonishing how long the Free Trade and Fair Trade swindles have served and still serve to dupe the people. Fellow-workers can you not see that mere cheapening of the cost of production will never benefit us. Whether wages be high or low, 6d. or 6s. per day, the result under the present system is to allow the workers on an average only so much of the wealth they create as will enable them to subsist. Land Nationalisation, even, by breaking down the wagesmarket, is the wages-rovers. Its ultimate effect would be to cheapen production, glut the markets, reduce prices all round, and so bring about a crisis similar to that we are now suffering.

In conclusion, let me urge upon my fellow-unionists that it is not by sending delegates once a year to a congress such as that now closed; nor by voting a few working-men to Parliament to sanction by their presence the acts of the capitalists. It is neither is it by spending 6 per cent of our union funds to fight the Capitalists and $.8 per cent in aid of the poor-rates, to relieve the necessities of their victims, that we can achieve any solid advantage for ourselves, much less champion the cause of the people. There is more pitth in the following words spoken by Mr. Bolland the other day at Birmingham to a meeting of the unemployed, than in all the resolutions that have ever been passed at the National Congresses: 'Each man has a right to live and must be determined. If they could not get it by love they must by force.' Fellow-unionists our proper place is shoulder to shoulder with our brothers, fighting, sagaciously, not to let ourselves be taken up by some trifling concession from the men who are the monopolists, but to unite our capital with the Capitalist vampire, the sole cause of the poverty, degradation and misery of the workers in every so-called civilized country today.

T. BIRKING.
condition of things under which what they produced would have been their own to live upon, the Australians and their kingly and grand-ducal deputies were "hommes de mérite" who could govern them against their will; but the places of the Austrian tyrants would not have been taken by the great collective tyrant Capital, which prevents poor people from eating and menchaying themselves. The world is called in Ireland, a tyrant who has no heart to be softened, no soul to be moralised, in spite of Mazzini and the Positivists.

If human nature and the conditions of life have anything to do with this lesson to heart, and make up their minds that even if they have to wait for it, their revolution shall be part of the great international movement; they will then be rid of all the foreigners that they want to be rid of. For my part, I do not hate the English masters, but I hate the English masters, and they hate their English masters, and they hate them; and their English masters are now trying hard to stimulate the race-hated among their English brethren, especially the grand-daughters of their Jewish Empire and so forth. But when once the Irish people have got rid of their masters, Irish and English both, there will, I repeat, be no enemies to hate in Ireland, and she will look back at the present struggle for more nation cause as a nightmare of the charmed sleep in which Landlordism and Capitalism have held her so long, as they have other nations. To the Irish, therefore, as to all other nations, whatever their name and race, we Socialists say: Your revolutionary struggles will be abortive or lead to mere disappointment unless you accept as your watchword, WAGE-WORKERS OF ALL COUNTRIES UNITE!—WILLIAM MORRIS.

AUSTRIAN EXPERIENCES.

The American and Canadian emigration season is now over, and, thanks to the outspoken protests of United Ireland and of certain semi-Socialistic and independent newspapers in America, the Irish and American-English-Atlantic—are alarmed, and with which disappointed adventurers are now able to return—that gigantic bargain under which Ireland has been sold to foreign Capital, will be entirely given up. But, as the inflation of the American bladder losses, that of the Australian will probably increase. The season is now on—this, remember, is the "sowing season"—and the snow of the North, or the snow of the winter will be in full blast. The usual farcical mischievous advice and lying humbugging will be disseminated by interested agents and mistaken philanthropists, and the same abuse by their bellowing CAPITALISTIC PRESS. The voice of blessing alone—not that of cursing—will be heard among the multitudes. The voice of産ion alone—of the産ion of uncontrollable and uncontrollable, will be in after years to regret that they ever listened to the voice of the emigration siren.

It only shows that the prevalence of the true nature of life at the Antipodes, and of the prospects awaiting the latter-day emigrant upon his arrival, is perfectly appalling, and, from the means—or rather want of means—at command of the poor, equally so. As from the "Right of Benin, where few come out though many go in," it is seldom that there is not a large number of deaths; so the voice of産ion, or of産ion to a tale of disastrous failure. Even if one wishes to do so, it is difficult to find a medium for the publication of testimony opposed to the interests of agents, and distasteful to capitalists and philanthropic societies.

I am only aware of one book, out of the mass of matter written upon Australia, that depicts in true colours the clandestine fraud practised upon the way by the emigration agents, and the fate awaiting their victims. This book related to Queensland, and was published some fifteen years ago, when there was a great emigration season, and is entitled "Colonial Adventures," and written by Mr. T. B. John; but I only met with it in the Melbourne Library, and have no doubt that its circulation was studiedly confined to the friends of the author. I refer to it not primarily, but I believe every word there written to be in accordance with the truth, as my precedent for obraving personal, and to some extent private, matters of this kind.

I believe it to be quite impossible in any other way than by record of individual sufferings and experiences of persons of a responsible character, to demonstrate the existence—life is a misnomer. As a rule, those who write about the colonies are either emigration agents and tout shops in putting their potentialities and resources; or else your grands seigneurs—you know, Manchesters, Roseberries, Dilles and Brasseys, whose visits have been all honey, silk and roses. Such men have been feasted, toasted, shown about, and admitted to a full view of the wealth of the surface, while the hidden scars of sorrow, want and misery, fostering undernaught, have been carefully concealed from their senses. The real character of the settler in the English-digging city could be described as "broken down well!"—in that of my quondam aristocratic and middle-class associates, a "black sheep" or "no-or-do-well.

I refer to it primarily, and, for no other reason, but for reason there for, for the reason, for the life of the Antipodes, whereas transportation for life to the Antipodes, whether by the family, the philanthropist, or the emigration agent, has generally proved as effective as that of the law ever was, and I am led to write this paper. After a subscription off and on, for three years, to such trouble, hardship, and misery, as I think no human being, accustomed to better things, has had to be endured and lived to tell the tale, I have hardly escaped from that place of torment with my life and reason. I propose to use both, if I may be permitted to do so, in giving some facts relating to my experience during the 1884 season in Australia, and in criticising some of the utterances and articles on the subject, in the Pall Mall Gazette and other journals, which have appeared since the summer. Personal narrative, interspersed with comments upon men and things, as I have before stated, the only form consistent with brevity, in which I felt at liberty to write, having got back the facts the heavy Charges of the winter. Personal narrative, interspersed with comments upon men and things, as I have before stated, the only form consistent with brevity, in which I felt at liberty to write, having got back the facts the heavy Charges of the winter. I must leave it to them to judge whether I am a likely person to know anything about the matters I propose to trace, or qualified to criticise the tenets and theories of those upon whom I may now, I suppose, describe as, and admit to be, my "better."