To Correspondents.

Notice to all Socialist Newspapers. — The Commonweal will be regularly sent to all Socialist Contemporaries (see below) and, it is hoped that they on their side will regularly provide the general Circuit with their views as they may appear.

Workmen who are not in factories, workshops, stores or mills, are requested to go around among their comrades and get up a list of subscribers for the Commonweal, and send a helping hand in the struggle for labour's freedom.

J. H. Johnson and W. BLENDWELL. — May be used later on.

R. T. L. — We may be able to do what is wished in after time.

C. M. M. — Have not time to send anything more than our good wishes to you in the shape of this note.

VESPAS. — Crowning with all its attendant evils, of which not the least is the method of payment of the paymaster's cheque, is a necessary part of our miserable commercial system. Join in the endeavour to get rid of it, not only of canvassing but of the system itself.


Notes on Matters Parliamentary.

As the passing days are with hopes of events to come, hard as the times are now, and trobulous as the outlook is, there has seldom passed a month in which there is so little to say about the proceedings of this representative body called Parliament, which according to the views of some worthy persons is the only instrument by means of which the reconstruction of Society can be carried out. It has as usual manifested its unlimited dyscrasia and impotency, and for the rest has been doing nothing but trying hard to sit on two sides at once, with apparently little fear of the consequences, which however duly follow in the shape of a more peremptory dismissal than the ordinary " dissolution "—a final one, to wit.

Its impotency was well shown in the matter of the £50,000 lopped off the estimates by Mr. Labouchere's assuasive resolution. The august assembly was duly told to the face, but it was U. 3. A.

While we are on these small matters, we may note the petty piece of thieving which has been committed by the Christian Socialists, at least as regards the national property on a Sunday. The House of Lords had just discovered that tarts could not come to an end if the museums and picture galleries paid for by the people could be seen by the people. When it is attempting to endorse this opinion in the Commons, the attempt will probably be defeated by an opposition led by the pious Broadhurst and the still more pious Arch. After all then, the Primrose Habituation of Beechleat, who petitioned the House of Lords to abolish the Commons' House, were democrats in disguise, who wished to get rid of the Hereditary House by beginning first on its only support, the House of Commons. For indeed Society need not tremble at Mr. Labouchere's avowal nearly yearly after by a second assuasive resolution, that the ornamentation of money-bags elevated to seats in an upper house by means of various cajolery and bribery on the part of the Office of Works, will be quite "handsome" and "handsome," not especially when helped by a good cohort of successful banqueters and mud- diers up of facts, under the name of lawyers.

One thing has happened in Parliament of some importance to the party faction-fight, though of little otherwise : Mr. Bradlaugh has invited the Liberal League to hold their annual Party on the gain of a really able man, and Mr. Bradlaugh on having at last reached his goal this new stand on firm ground after much floundering through shams democratic mud.

To come to matters of more importance. There is Mr. Chamberlain's circular to the Boarders of Guardians, which is as complete an exemplification of the helplessness of our present governmental machinery as can be. If we may fairly assume his wish that the reform be "as little as can be done under the present circumstances," considering his position, he may be said to admit the existence of a "real evil" and to be "as little" as can be done under the present circumstances. Considering his position, he may be said to admit the existence of a "real evil" and to be "as little" as can be done under the present circumstances. According to his own language of "as little as can be done", the Liberal Party can be given to the unemployed "without competing with that of other labourers now employed." And also how long such hybrid work as he proposes can be continued, and the measure of the press goes on, or only betters a little? It is all only playing at finding productive or serviceable work for the unemployed.

Mr. Chamberlain and his followers think (or think they think) that this will do. But, as Mr. Gladstone says "The Englishman will do any office that is done in Europe." Oh, do let us hope that the Englishman will do this office, and do it well.

But perhaps, again, he seems to say that Gladstone's scheme means separation simply, in the long run, and that when this is found out, the "great heart of the English people," of which we sometimes hear, will be ready to burst with grief at the separation of lands who brought matters to this pass, and Mr. Chamberlain naturally does not want to be served out. Yet it would scarcely answer his purpose to admit himself the slave of England against Irishman, which is quite as strong among Liberals and Radicals as it is with the other side.

But of course he has a good opportunity for sitting on two stools. If the democratic side and Home Rule win he can say, "How could I consent to buying out the landlords on their own terms, with all the desires obviously approximating thereto?" If the Whip-Radical integrity of the empire wins, he can say, "How could I consent to the injury done to the great Anglo- Saxon race and its future — by admitting that a nation of Celts don't belong to that race?" The temptation towards shuffling is great; but it might be better not to yield to temptation. For after all, the question for England really is, "Shall Ireland separate with civil war or without it?" And for Ireland: "Shall we be allowed to deal with the land as we think good?"

William Morris.

The Pilgrims of Hope.

X.—Ready to Depart.

I said of my friend new-found that at first he saw not my fair; Yes he and I and my wife were together there and; And at last by my work increased and my den to a dwelling grew, He came there often and, and, and, and, and, and; Then came a change in the man; for a month he kept away, Then came again and was with us for a fortnight every day. But often he sat there silent, which was little his work was with us. And at first we had no looking of what constrained him thus; I might have thought that he faltered, but now and again there came. When we spoke of the Cause and its doings, a flash of his eager flames, And he seemed himself for a while; then the brightness would fade away, And he gloomed as if he was in his eyes.

Thus passed day after day, And grievèd I grew, and I ponderèd: till fear of the evil came, And I sat, and I sat, and I sat, And I sat, and I sat. In the fire-side room together, and talked of that and this, But chiefly indeed of the war and what would come of it; Paris drew near, and the fall, and the night, and the dawn, and the day, And Amidst us Communist folk; and we talked of what might be done. When the Germans had gone their ways and the two were left alone, He brooded and betrayed and betrayed. As I spoke the word "betrayed," my eyes met his in a glance, And swiftly he turned away; then back with a steady gaze He turned on me; and it seemed as when a sword-point played Around the sword of the Bearded man, and the devil's Nymph and the Van Dyke, For I knew that he looked on me, he saw not me, but my wife; And he redosed up to the blue daylight. Then he stood by a window, and made a rush, i.e., a leap that was too good. A while I clung to his body, and longing sweet and sore Regarded his heart and eyes, and then we pondered and ere she went, While fair pictures of days departed about my sad heart crept.

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