



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 to 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.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

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

WORKINGMEN and women 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 lend a helping hand in the struggle for labour's freedom.

J. H. JOHNSON and **W. BLUNDELL.**—May be used later on.

W. TAYLOR.—We may be able to do what is wished in after issues.

KNIGHTS OF LABOR.—For all information as to this order and steps to be taken in organising assemblies, address the General Secretary, Frederick Turner, Lock Box No. 17, Philadelphia, Pa., U.S.A.

C. M. M.—Have not time to send anything more than our good wishes to you in your struggle.

VERITAS.—Canvassing with all its attendant evils, of which not the least is the method of payment of the canvasser, is a necessary part of our miserable commercial system. Join us in the endeavour to get rid, not only of canvassing but of the system.

RECEIVED—*England*: Anarchist—Worker's Friend—Daylight (Norwich)—Christian Socialist—Church Reformer—National Review—Republican—Journal of Vigilance Association—Justice—To-Day—Der Rebell—Freethinker—Practical Socialist—Leicester Co-operative Record. *Belgium*: La Guerre Social (Brussels). *Canada*: L'Union Ouvrière (Montreal). *France*: Paris: Cri du Peuple (daily)—La Revue Socialiste—Le Révolté—Le Socialiste—La Tribune des Peuples—Revue du Mouvement Social, Le Devoir (Guisse)—Le Forçat du Travail (Bordeaux). *Germany*: Neue Zeit (Stuttgart). *Holland*: Recht voor Allen. *Hungary*: Arbeiter-Wochen-Chronik (Budapest). *Italy*: La Question Sociale (Turin)—Il Fascio Operaio (Milan)—*Morocco*: Almoghreb Al-aksa (Tangiers). *New Zealand*: Watchman. *Portugal*: O Campino—Voz do Operario—O Protesto Operario (Lisbon). *Roumania*: Drepturile Omului (daily, Bucharest). *Serbia*: Tchas (Belgrade). *Spain*: El Angel del Hogar—Revista Social—Acracia (Barcelona)—Bandera Social (Madrid)—El Socialismo (Cadiz). *Switzerland*: Sozial Demokrat (Zürich). *U. S. A.*: (New York): Volkszeitung—Der Sozialist—Freiheit—Progress—John Swinton's Paper—Spread the Light—Our Country. (Boston): Liberty—Woman's Journal—Index. Denver (Col.) Labor Inquirer—Chicago (Ill.) Alarm—Detroit (Mich.) Labor Leaf—Muskegon (Mich.) Social Drift—Princeton (Mass.) Word—Cleveland (O.): Carpenter—Chronicle. Cincinnati (O.) Unionist—San Francisco (Cal.) Chronicle—Stockton (Cal.) Mail—Petersburg (Ill.) Voice of Labor—New Haven (Conn.) Workmen's Advocate—St. Louis (Mo.): Die Parole—Altruist. Kansas (Mo.) Sun—Philadelphia (Pa.) Socialist—Pittsburg (Pa.) Labor Herald—Paterson (N. J.) Labor Standard—Baltimore (Md.) Labor Free Press—Valley Falls (Kan.) Lucifer—Atlanta (Ga.) New Working World—Newfoundland (Pa.) La Torpille—Litchfield (Minn.) Radical—Manchester (N. H.) Weekly Budget—Portland (Oregon) Alarm.

Notes on Matters Parliamentary.

Big as the passing days are with hopes of events to come, hard as the times are now, and troublous as the outlook is, there has seldom passed a month in which there is so little to say about the proceedings of that "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 mingled tyranny and impotency, and for the rest has been doing nothing but trying hard to sit on two stools 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 successful resolution. The august assembly was gravely told that though it was its undoubted duty to watch the outgoings of the national purse, it must exercise that duty reasonably—i.e., not at all. Then presently the Government uttered its official "can't be done," and relegated Mr. Labouchere to the making of a funny speech on the subject next year, and every year as long as the farce of Parliamentary Government lasts. This incident is a good measure of the real power of the Radicals in Parliament, and if they are encouraged by its results, they are sanguine men indeed.

While we are on these small matters, we may note the petty piece of tyranny exercised by our popular House in forbidding the people to use the national property on a Sunday. The House of Lords had just discovered that the world would 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 attempted 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. Perhaps after all, then, the Primrose Habitation of Buccleuch,

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 having nearly achieved a second success. The second or third generation of money-bags elevated to seats in an upper house by means of various cajolery and bribery exercised on servility, will be quite "hereditary" enough to be safe men, especially when helped by a good cohort of successful bamboozlers and muddlers 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 practically declared his adherence to the Whigs. I congratulate the Whig Party on their gain of a really able man, and Mr. Bradlaugh on having at last reached his level. He now stands on firm ground after much floundering through sham democratic mud.

To come to matters of more importance. There is Mr. Chamberlain's circular to the Boards of Guardians, which is as complete an exemplification of the helplessness of our present governmental system as could be. We may fairly assume his wish to do all that can be done under the present circumstances. Considering his position, he may be said to admit the existence of hard times to the full, and to be anxious not to say anything offensive to the feelings of the working-men. But, after all, phrases will not feed folk, and it seems to me he gives them little else. I should like to ask Mr. Chamberlain if he really thinks that useful work (and he clearly aims at that) 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 go on if the present distress goes on, or only betters a little? It is after all only playing at finding productive or serviceable work for the unemployed. Surely Mr. Chamberlain knows this. Is he thinking nothing more exalted than, "After me the Deluge"?

Well, at least he is resigning his place, and his motives for doing so are being much canvassed. One can easily imagine them. Perhaps he thinks Mr. Gladstone will not carry his Irish measure, as he probably will not. Perhaps he is not very anxious to see the Irish landlords rather more than compensated for their land, which pleasure Mr. Gladstone's bill will probably do for them. Perhaps also he sees that the arrangements made, the Irish peasants will decline to pay this "compensation" to the landlord, unseen, indeed, but still existing; and that the English taxpayer will have to pay it; and Mr. Chamberlain may well dread the English taxpayer.

But perhaps, again, he sees that Mr. 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 rather undignified rage, and will serve out those politicians 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 find himself the representative of the stupid prejudice of Englishmen against Irishmen, 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 dangers obviously appertaining thereto?" If the Whig-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 it. 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 lair;
 Ye: he and I and my wife were together here and there;
 And at last as my work increased and my den to a dwelling grew,
 He came there often enough, and yet more together we drew.
 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 wont with us.
 And at first I had no inkling 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 flame,
 And he seemed himself for a while; then the brightness would fade away,
 And he gloomed and shrank from my eyes.

Thus passed day after day,
 And grieved I grew, and I pondered: till at last one eve we sat
 In the fire-lit room together, and talked of this and that,
 But chiefly indeed of the war and what would come of it;
 For Paris drew near to its fall, and wild hopes 'gan to flit
 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,
 Betrayers and betrayed in war-worn wasted France.

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 plays
 Round the sword in a battle's beginning and the coming on of strife.
 For I knew though he looked on me, he saw not me, but my wife:
 And he reddened up to the brow, and the tumult of the blood
 Nigh blinded my eyes for a while, that I scarce saw bad or good,
 Till I knew that he was arisen and had gone without a word,
 Then I turned about unto her, and a quivering voice I heard
 Like music without a meaning, and twice I heard my name.
 "O Richard, Richard!" she said, and her arms about me came,
 And her tears and the lips that I loved were on my face once more.
 A while I clung to her body, and longing sweet and sore
 Beguiled my heart of its sorrow; then we sundered and sore she wept,
 While fair pictures of days departed about my sad heart crept,