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EMIGRATION AND COLONISATION.

THE minds of the upper classes are still more and more turned towards emigration. It is true that they have not any wish to emigrate themselves, as one might suppose they would have, since they are always talking about their diminished incomes, and are never tired of dinning into people's ears the splendid career that lies before the emigrant. They are after all tolerably contented to live in the British Islands (Ireland excepted, where there are extra risks). But they have at last got to understand that there is a great mass of "our poorer brethren" who have abundant reasons for not being contented with life in Great Britain and Ireland. The upper classes would dearly like to see the backs of these; for even in these early days they are sick of them and their troubles.

Enlightenment is, however, growing. Lord Salisbury at Derby had something to say on this emigration subject which, as coming from a Tory minister, was new. He would like to send a few more people out of Ireland, conveniently forgetting for the moment that the condition of the five millions now inhabiting Ireland was not so much better than that of the eight millions who once inhabited it. He said Mr. Tuke the Quaker Liberal told him that in large tracts of Ireland the people could not live upon the land. Exactly; because other large tracts have been stolen by the landlords and rack-rented to the tenants by them, just as the starveling larger tracts are.

However, this is not my lord's new idea. It is true that he seemed chiefly thinking about Ireland, because the Irish are better rebels than the English, but he was speaking of emigration in general; and thereon he said what certainly was remarkable for him. Quoth he: "I am aware that emigration . . . happens not to be popular. . . . You will hear people say, Why should not emigration come from the upper classes? Well, I entirely agree with the people who make that contention. My idea of emigration is that it should involve all classes of the community." And he went on to say that he thought it would be disastrous if only the unsuccessful and desperate took to emigration. It must be noted that these are the groups that the philanthropists of all kinds want to send away, and then we can give Lord Salisbury credit for a certain amount of enlightenment—for, in fact, recurring for the occasion to the older and more human Tory ideas of paternal government, which are assuredly far better than the new commercial absolutist ideas that have taken their place, whether their supporters be called Tory, Whig-Liberal, or philanthropist.

However, it must be pointed out that Lord Salisbury didn't understand the popular cry he quoted, "Why don't the upper classes emigrate?" or rather, didn't choose to understand it. His idea presupposes the sacredness of the present three-class society—nobles, tradesmen, and workmen—just as the Roman idea of colonisation did. The popular cry means "Why don't the upper classes turn workmen?" And the answer clearly is, "Because you, the workmen, don't make them do so."

After all, the difference between Lord Salisbury's grandiose, old Tory idea of the natural leaders of the people leading out a colony like the Romans of old, would mean in practice (if it could be put in practice, which it cannot) going out with ready-made somewhat old British bosses instead of stumbling on new-made colonial ones, or gradually evolving them from the rough and tumble of the early colonial gambling struggle for riches and position. There is little to choose between the two methods—the happy-go-lucky, and the paternal: all the more as the dignified paternal bosses would soon lose their dignity in the general scramble above-said. As things go, emigration must be a

miserable, degraded scramble, a mess and a muddle that makes one sick to think of.

But our younger Socialist readers must not suppose that Socialists object to persons or groups changing their country, or fertilising the waste places of the earth. Granted that society really were the sacred thing that it should be, instead of the mass of anomalies and wrongs that it is, the Roman idea of leading a colony is right and good, and it will surely be one of the solemn duties of the society of the future for a community to send out some band of its best and hardiest people to socialise some hitherto neglected spot of earth for the service of man. At present that cannot be done; all we can now do when pushed by our necessities is to waste and spoil some land which should be kept unwasted for the better days. As things go, we are as great a curse to the lands we overrun as were the Mogul hordes of the early Middle Ages—or worse, may be.

Meantime the "remedy" of emigration is receiving rude blows. Lord Salisbury says the rich (perhaps the House of Lords) should lead our colonies. Others looking about them on the waste of the land in England itself, ask very naturally why it should not be cultivated. To set aside the direct answer which Socialists have to make, here is a scheme for Home Colonisation about which a few words should be said. It has been set on foot by Mr. Herbert V. Mills, who has noted with interest the Beggar Colonies of Holland, and being himself both by nature and profession an ascetic, has not been shocked at the slavishness and despair of the future of humanity which such schemes involve. The essentials of his scheme come to this: that charitable persons should subscribe a vast sum of money to buy land, which can be had cheap in England to-day and apparently will be cheap in times to come (unless Mr. Mills's scheme grows vastly and so raises the price), and that on this land certain families and persons are to be planted, having been chosen by the Charity Organisation Society (!). This community will feed, clothe, and house itself, consuming its own productions, and only sell to the outside world the surplus of what it produces. The colonists will be bound to work three hours a-day in return for subsistence (as I gather, at a low standard), and will also be allowed each to cultivate a plot of land for his own benefit. The first experiment is to be made on 500 persons, and £25,000 will have to be collected in order to set it on foot.

Now with all respect to Mr. Mills, who is undoubtedly a kind, disinterested, and devoted man, it must be pointed out, that while his idea of getting the people back on the land is a right one, and while it must be admitted that the members of such a community will be infinitely better off than their workhouse or slum-dwelling brethren, yet his scheme will not lead to any solution of the question between capital and labour. Not to make any carping objections, let it be admitted that the experiment gets over the natural difficulties and succeeds, *i.e.*, that *granted the land given by charity*, the community supports itself; yet the colonists after all are slaves unless they succeed in producing more than a bare subsistence; and if they do so they then become capitalists also; and furthermore it must be asked what is the number of persons to be so benefited, and if that number is what it should be, where is the "charity" to come from?

Clearly the answer must be that the "charity" must be universal, in other words that *all* the land in the country must be given up to gain the end Mr. Mills aims at, due livelihood for the people, and along with the land all the other means of production. If "charity" will do this, well and good; but it is not a matter of fear but of certainty that if Mr. Mill's scheme is taken up, it will be as an evasion of the demand of the Socialists that monopoly in the means of production should cease. And it is quite as certain, as has been said over and over again,

in these columns, that this demand will only be yielded on compulsion. A proprietary class neither will nor can yield its privileges voluntarily.

A word with Lord Salisbury again; I must quote him. He says, apropos of emigration: "Every year between three and four hundred thousand souls are added to your community. Do you believe that the means of supplying them grows, increasing as rapidly?" The answer is "Certainly not, so long as labour is organised first to make profits for the idle rich, and next to supply them with luxuries, so long as it is organised wastefully: if labour were not so organised, or disorganised, then we should see."

Meantime Lord Salisbury makes one admission of importance enough, and which if statesmen ever think, which is doubtful, must have made him feel how empty and hollow his suggestions of remedies were. Said he: "We are in the most perplexing and anomalous condition—we are ruined because everything is cheaper than it was before—but of course you would at first sight imagine that when everything is cheaper everybody ought to be better off. Somehow everybody is not: everybody feels that his industry is checked and his income straightened, and we look round in vain to see some solution for our difficulties, some mitigation for our sufferings."

In vain indeed, my lord! Possibly because when you speak about our sufferings, you are using rather an extravagant figure of speech. Oh, if only those whose sufferings are but too real would only "look round" them, surely it would not be in vain!

WILLIAM MORRIS.

A VOICE FROM AMERICA.

(Concluded from page 413.)

On the last night the relatives of Fischer, Engel, and Spies took leave of these men. Mrs. Parsons was, however, refused even this last favour. "But I must go to see my husband!" she exclaimed. "You cannot," was the cruel reply. She fell down fainting, and had eventually to be carried away. Next morning she again tried to get admittance, but was simply locked up by the authorities during the strangulation of her husband.

On the day of execution the excitement in the States was at fever heat. New York had the appearance a city bears on the day of a great battle. Speeches were issued every minute; the people were mobbing the newspaper boys. In fact the headings of the newspapers, the thirst of the populace for sensational news, indicate that they were not to be content short of gladiator scenes. The capitalist class recognise they have to meet a most determined foe, and the working-men see clearly how brutally they are treated. It cannot last long, but the struggle will be severe. No quarter will be given either side.

The Socialists, 10,000 strong, marched through the streets of New York with black flags and muffled drums, as if attending a funeral. Few of us could sleep, eat, or even think. A spirit of restlessness had overpowered us completely. To think that four of our best men were going to be done to death; to think this and also to think of the inability to do something to prevent it was horrible and unspeakable!

THE LAST NIGHT.

All hope was lost now. The Governor absolutely refused to interfere, and the men had but little time to prepare themselves.

The men passed the night quietly. At 4 a.m. one of the reporters made a tour of the lower corridor, where Spies, Parsons, Fischer, and Engel were confined. Spies lay on one side, his head on his arm, and slept as peacefully as a babe. Fischer had turned over on his back; Engel lay motionless, as did Parsons, except that at times the latter started uneasily as if dreaming.

Between 1 and 2 o'clock the Sheriff and his assistants tested the gallows. Heavy bags of sand were attached to the ropes, and the traps were sprung. The horrible machine worked but too well. A few minutes after 2 o'clock Spies stood at the door of his cell smoking and talking through the bars with his guard. The rumble of wheels was heard outside about 4 a.m., and a wagon drove up and unloaded four coffins. At about 7 o'clock the men awoke and dressed themselves. They stepped over to the plain iron sink and took a good wash.

Breakfast was served in the jail at 7.30. The men ate heartily. They bore up well. At 8 o'clock the Rev. Dr. Bolton arrived, but was plainly told he was not wanted. Spies exclaimed, "Pray for yourself, you need it more than I."

THE LAST HOURS.

Then all was quiet again in the jail. Suddenly the voice of a man was heard in song. He began in low sweet tones. Gradually the voice rose higher and higher; each note was clear. It was Parsons; he sang the last greetings to his wife. He was standing in his cell with his head up and shoulders thrown back, singing as if he were a

lark in the meadows instead of a man upon whom the black cap was to be placed in a few hours. This was the song:—

"Maxwelton braes are bonnie, where early fa's the dew;
And it's there that Annie Laurie gie'd me her promise true,
Gie'd me her promise true,
Which ne'er forgot will be;
And for bonnie Annie Laurie I'd lay me down and dee."

It was a sweet pure voice, and the singer sang as if he were the happiest man in the world.

At the very moment that Parsons was singing, Mrs. Parsons was at the jail door pleading to see her husband but once more. This was refused and she rebelled. The cowardly law-outragers arrested her and put her in a cell.

The hour of death is nigh. All are waiting for the moment when the sheriff shall lead the way to the gallows. Then all at once another voice is heard. A more familiar air; an air that makes the heart beat faster. It is the "Marsellaise." This time Fischer is singing. All join in the chorus, and for the second time the jail is filled with music. The death warrant was read first to Spies, then Fischer, then Engel, and at 11.43 a.m. the Sheriff read it for the last time to Parsons. White shrouds were then adjusted upon each of the prisoners, and they were led out upon the scaffold. The caps, also of white, were at once placed upon their heads and the nooses slipped over them.

THE STRANGULATION.

They were then put on the trap. The great drop swung back, four bodies swayed free, turned half around, and then shot down. Fischer died very hard, as did Spies and Parsons, the last struggling and kicking fearfully. But it was soon all over. All of the men died of strangulation, none of their necks were broken.

The last words of each were as follows:

Spies: "There will come a time when our silence will be more powerful than the voices they are strangling to death now."

Engel: Long live Anarchism."

Fischer: Long live Anarchism. This is the happiest moment of my life."

Parsons: "May I be allowed to speak? Will you let me speak, Sheriff Matson? Let the voice of the people be heard."

During the last hour or two before the hanging, the nerves of every person in the jail were at their greatest tension, and the police themselves shared the subdued but intense feeling of excitement which pervaded the building; the four men alone were quiet and collected.

The *Mail and Express*, one of the vilest capitalistic sheets, which has constantly clamoured for the blood of the men, said the same night:

"It is all over. The Anarchists are dead. The drop fell at 11.50 o'clock. There was no trouble anywhere. The men met their fate bravely. They seemed to have hearts like lions."

The strangulation was witnessed by nearly 250 reporters, deputy sheriffs, and local politicians.

Such is the fate of the teachers of humanity.

HENRY F. CHARLES.

"BROKEN CISTERNS."

(Concluded from p. 237.)

But there is one feature about such a change which we must not lose sight of, and that is, that of its very nature it cannot be done gradually. A change of basis must be a sudden change. But it makes all the difference whether this sudden change has been prepared for or whether it is hurried on by violent revolution, and change and preparation have to go on simultaneously. Many Socialists aim at getting a parliamentary party to force on the gradual change. Personally, I think they are mistaken. A parliamentary party might be useful for propaganda purposes; but the kind of preparation which could alone be of much good can only be made by a substantial majority elected for the definite purpose of making preparations for the complete change of basis. I prefer to hope that the change may thus come through the conversion of the majority to our views—instead of coming violently—and I will therefore indicate what I mean by preparatory measures for such a peaceable transformation, leaving to others more able than myself the more difficult task of dealing with a sudden change. Assuming, then, that we have appointed a government backed by a strong majority to definitely prepare for the change, I imagine they would first set about raising a national store by taking the larger part of all rents and all incomes over a fixed amount. They would then organise a system of local self management, which would have to begin by organising in each locality a system of communal distribution of the chief goods in common use. They would for this purpose have the right to appropriate any shops, buildings, etc., which were suitable for the purpose, retaining as far as possible the present owners, managers, and assistants to manage and work the affairs at fixed salaries. They would also have to organise a commission in each district to hear any cases of hardship or actual want caused by the disturbance of relations necessary during the transitional period; and this commission would have to use the national store above referred to for the purpose of compensating such people, not on a basis of property lost, but simply on a basis of providing them reasonably with the means of living, those compensated, of course, being liable to be called upon to do some work as soon as suitable work was found. Having