



"HAVE YOU NOT HEARD HOW IT HAS GONE WITH MANY A CAUSE BEFORE NOW: FIRST, FEW MEN HEED IT; NEXT, MOST MEN CONTEMN IT; LASTLY, ALL MEN ACCEPT IT—AND THE CAUSE IS WON!"

Communications invited on Social Questions. They should be written on one side of the paper, addressed to the Editors, 13 Farringdon Rd., E.C., and accompanied by the name and address of the writer, not necessarily for publication.

All articles are signed, no special significance attaches to them because of their position in these pages. None to be taken as more than in a general manner expressing the views of the League as a body, except it be so explicitly declared by the Editors.

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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.

Periodicals received during the week ending Wednesday January 19.

ENGLAND Norwich—Daylight Londoner Arbeiter-Zeitung Die Autonomie Worker's Friend	INDIA Ahmedabad—Prajā Mata	CANADA Toronto—Labor Reformer Montreal—L'Union Ouvriere	AUSTRALIA Adelaide—Our Commonwealth Sydney Morning Herald	UNITED STATES New York—Volkszeitung Freiheit Truthseeker Der Sozialist John Swinton's Paper Boston—Woman's Journal Denver (Col.) Labor Inquirer Cincinnati (O.) Unionist	TOLEDO (O.)—Industrial News New Haven (Conn.)—Workmen's Advocate Springfield (Ill.)—Voice of Labor Milwaukee (Wis.)—Volksblatt Portland (Oreg.)—Avant-Courier	FRANCE Paris—Cri du Peuple (daily) Le Socialiste Journal du Peuple L'Action Guise—Le Devoir Lille—Le Travailleur	BELGIUM Liege—L'Avenir Antwerp—De Werker	AUSTRIA Vienna—Gleichheit Brunn—Volksfreund	HOLLAND Hague—Recht voor Allen	ITALY Milan—Il Fascio Operaio Zurich—Sozial Demokrat	SWITZERLAND Zurich—Sozial Demokrat	SPAIN Madrid—El Socialista Barcelona—Acracia Torino—Il Muratore	PORTUGAL Oporto—A Perola	ROUMANIA Jassy—Lupta	DENMARK Social-Demokraten	SWEDEN Stockholm—Social-Demokraten	NORWAY Kristiania—Social-Democraten	GREECE Athens—Ardin
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NOTES.

THE evictions at Glenbeigh and other places during the past week or so, carried out as they were with extreme brutality, have assisted in sapping the foundations of monopoly everywhere. Folk are beginning now to see what we so long have been explaining to them, that it does not condone the possession of an unjust privilege that it is upon the average exercised mildly; that because all landlords are not in the habit of emulating the money-lenders, who are skinning the (dis-)Honourable Roland Winn's estate, there is no guarantee against any of them doing so.

Control over the land, and thereby over all their means of life, gives into the hand of a landlord an enormous power, legal and actual, over his tenants, which is a continual temptation to its use.

When, as in the Glenbeigh case, the exercise of a landlord's power is deputed to a hired scoundrel, brutalised by his previous life, there is no limit to his exactions nor stay to his cruelty.

In Ireland, the homes of honest hard-workers are burnt above their heads, while they themselves are spurned into the bitter winter weather to perish, or be rescued by somebody or another as it may happen. In London, a woman, a type of many, is driven to seek refuge with her child in the workhouse, and in order to satisfy bourgeois justice and duly to protect bourgeois pockets, this woman and her babe are kept outside in the snow, left to moan their miserable lives away unaided, and would infallibly have died were it not for the accident that a humane heart beat in the bosom of a passing policeman, who succoured them. How long shall these things endure and the people die patiently?

"Self-preservation is the first law of life," says *Jus*. Why, then, do our "Individualist" enemies growl at our trying to get the working-classes to combine for "self-preservation" against monopoly?

Will somebody help to explain? Individualists are complaining through their organ that the municipalities have a way of leaving "their" work to individual action. But combined action on the part of the community must necessarily somewhere interfere with the freedom to "do as you darn please" that Individualists claim; and, if compromise be possible, how far should it go? S.

A DREAM OF JOHN BALL.

(Concluded from p. 21).

"Poor man!" said I. "Learn that in those very days when it shall be with the making of things as with the carter in the cart, that there he sitteth and shaketh the reins and the horse draweth and the cart goeth; in those days, I tell thee, many men shall be as poor and wretched always, year by year, as they are with thee when there is famine in the land; nor shall any have plenty and surety of livelihood save those that shall sit by and look on while others labour; and these, I tell thee, shall be a many, so that they shall see to the making of all laws, and in their hands shall be all power, and the labourers shall think that they cannot do without these men that live by robbing them, and shall praise them and wellnigh pray to them as ye pray to the saints, and the best worshipped man in the land shall be he who by forestalling and regrating hath gotten to him the most money."

"Yea," said he, "and shall they who see themselves robbed worship the robber? Then indeed shall men be changed from what they are now, and they shall be sluggards, dolts, and cowards beyond all the earth hath yet borne. Such are not the men I have known in my life-days, and that now I love in my death."

"Nay," I said, "but the robbery shall they not see; for have I not told thee that they shall hold themselves to be free men? And for why? I will tell thee: but first tell me how it fares with men now; may the labouring man become a lord?"

He said: "The thing hath been seen that churls have risen from the dortoir of the monastery to the abbot's chair and the bishop's throne; yet not often; and whiles hath a bold sergeant become a wise captain, and they have made him squire and knight; and yet but very seldom. And now I suppose thou wilt tell me that the Church will open her arms wider to this poor people, and that many through her shall rise into lordship. But what availeth that? Nought were it to me if the Abbot of St. Albans with his golden mitre sitting guarded by his knights and sergeants, or the Prior of Merton with his hawks and his hounds, had once been poor men, if they were now tyrants of poor men; nor would it better the matter if there were ten times as many Houses of Religion in the land than now are, and each with a churl's son for abbot or prior over it."

I smiled and said: "Comfort thyself; for in those days shall there be neither abbey nor priory in the land, nor monks nor friars, nor any religious." (He started as I spoke.) "But thou hast told me that hardly in those days may a poor man rise to be a lord: now I tell thee that in the days to come poor men shall be able to become lords and masters and do-nothings; and oft will it be seen that they shall do so; and it shall be even for that cause that their eyes shall be blinded to the robbing of themselves by others, because they shall hope in their souls that they may each live to rob others: and this shall be the very safeguard of all rule and law in those days."

"Now am I sorrier than thou hast yet made me," said he; "for when once this is established, how then can it be changed? Strong shall be the tyranny of thy latter days. And now meseems, if thou sayest sooth, this time of the conquest of the earth shall not bring heaven down to the earth, as erst I deemed it would, but rather that it shall bring hell up on to the earth. Woe's me, brother, for thy sad and weary foretelling! And yet said'st thou that the men of those days would seek a remedy. Can'st thou yet tell me, brother, what that remedy shall be, lest the sun rise upon me made hopeless by thy tale of what is to be? And, lo you, soon shall she arise upon the earth."

In truth the dawn was widening now, and the colours coming into the pictures on wall and in window; and as well as I could see through the varied glazing of these last (and one window before me had as yet nothing but white glass 'n it), the ruddy glow, which had but so little a while quite died out in the west, was now beginning to gather in the east—the new day was beginning. I looked at the poppy that I still carried in my hand, and it seemed to me to have withered and dwindled. I felt anxious to speak to my companion and tell him much, and withal I felt that I must hasten, or for some reason or other I should be too late; so I spoke at last loud and hurriedly:

"John Ball, be of good cheer; for once more thou knowest as I know that the Fellowship of Men shall endure, however many tribulations it may have to wear through. Look you, a while ago was the light bright about us; but it was because of the moon, and the night was deep notwithstanding, and when the moonlight waned and died and there was but a little glimmer in place of the bright light, yet was the world glad because all things knew that the glimmer was of day and not of night. Lo you, an image of the times to betide the hope of the Fellowship of Men. Yet forsooth, it may well be that this bright day of summer which is now dawning upon us is no image of the beginning of the day that shall be; but rather shall that day-dawn be cold and grey and surly; and yet by its light shall men see things as they verily are, and no longer enchanted by the gleam of the moon and the glamour of the dream-tide. By such grey light shall wise men and valiant souls see the remedy, and deal with it, a real thing that may be touched and handled, and no glory of the heavens to be worshipped from afar off. And what shall it be, as I told thee before, save that men shall be determined to be free; yea, free as thou wouldst have them, when thine hope rises the highest, and thou art thinking not of the king's uncles, and poll-groat bailiffs, and the villainage of Essex, but of the end of all, when men shall have the fruits of the earth and the fruits of their toil thereon, without money and without price. The time shall come, John Ball, when that dream of thine that this shall one day be, shall be a thing that men shall talk of soberly, and as a thing soon to come about, as even with thee they talk of the

villeins becoming tenants paying their lord quit-rent; therefore, hast thou done well to hope it; and, if thou heedest this also, as I suppose thou heedest it little, thy name shall abide by thy hope in those days to come, and thou shalt not be forgotten."

I heard his voice come out of the twilight, scarcely seeing him though now the light was growing fast, as he said:

"Brother, thou givest me heart again; yet since now I wot well that thou art a sending from far-off times and far-off things; tell thou, if thou mayest, to a man who is going to his death how this shall come about."

"Only this may I tell thee," said I; "to thee, when thou didst try to conceive of them, the ways of the days to come seemed follies scarce to be thought of; yet shall they come to be familiar things, and an order by which every man liveth, ill as he liveth, so that men shall deem of them, that thus it hath been since the beginning of the world, and that thus it shall be while the world lasts; and in this wise so shall they be thought of a long while; and the complaint of the poor the rich man shall heed, even as much and no more as he who lieth in pleasure under the lime trees in the summer heedeth the murmur of his toiling bees. Yet in time shall this also grow old, and doubt shall creep in, because men shall scarce be able to live by that order, and the complaint of the poor shall be hearkened, no longer as a tale not utterly grievous, but as a threat of ruin, and a fear. Then shall those things, which to thee seemed follies, and to the men between thee and me mere wisdom and the bond of stability, seem follies once again; yet, whereas men have so long lived by them, they shall cling to them yet from blindness and from fear; and those that see, and that have thus much conquered fear that they are furthering the real time that cometh and not the dream that faileth, these men shall the blind and the fearful mock and mis-say, and torment and murder; and great and grievous shall be the strife in those days, and many the failures of the wise, and too oft sore shall be the despair of the valiant; and back-sliding, and doubt, and contest between friends and fellows lacking time in the hubbub to understand each other, shall grieve many hearts and hinder the Host of the Fellowship; yet shall all bring about the end, till thy deeming of folly and ours shall be one, and thy hope and our hope; and then—the Day will have come."

Once more I heard the voice of John Ball: "Now, brother, I say farewell; for now verily hath the Day of the Earth come, and thou and I are lonely of each other again; thou hast been a dream to me as I to thee, and sorry and glad have we made each other, as tales of old time and the longing of times to come shall ever make men to be. I go to life and to death, and leave thee; and scarce do I know whether to wish thee some dream of the days beyond thine to tell thee what shall be, as thou hast told me, for I know not if that shall help or hinder thee; but since we have been kind and very friends, I will not leave thee without a wish of good-will, so at least I wish thee what thou thyself wishest for thyself, and that is hopeful strife, and blameless peace, which is to say in one word, life. Farewell, friend."

For some little time, although I had known that the daylight was growing and what was around me, I had scarce seen the things I had before noted so keenly; but now in a flash I saw all—the east crimson with sunrise through the white window on my right hand; the richly-carved stalls, and gilded screen-work, the pictures on the walls, the loveliness of the faultless colour of the mosaic window lights, the altar and the red light over it looking strange in the daylight, and the biers with the hidden dead men upon them that lay before the high altar; a great pain filled my heart at the sight of all that beauty, and withal I heard quick steps coming up the paved church path to the porch, and the loud whistle of a sweet old tune therewith; then the footsteps stopped at the door; I heard the latch rattle, and knew that Will Green's hand was on the ring of it.

Then I strove to rise up, but fell back again; a white light, empty of all sights, broke upon me for a moment, and lo! behold, I was lying in my familiar bed, the south-westerly gale rattling the Venetian blinds and making their hold-fasts squeak. I got up presently, and going to the window looked out on the winter morning; the river ran before me broad between outer bank and bank, but it was nearly dead ebb, and there was a wide space of mud on each side of the hurrying stream, driven on the faster as it seemed by the push of the south-west wind. On the other side of the water the few willow-trees left us by the Thames Conservancy looked doubtfully alive against the bleak sky and the row of wretched-looking blue-slated houses, although, by the way, the latter were the backs of a sort of street of "villas" and not a slum; the road in front of the house was sooty and muddy at once, and in the air was that sense of dirty discomfort which one is never quit of in London. The morning was harsh too, and though the wind was from the south-west it was as cold as a north wind; and yet amidst it all, I thought of the corner of the next bight of the river which I could not quite see from where I was, but over which one can see clear of houses and into Richmond Park, looking like the open country; and dirty as the river was, and harsh as was the January wind, they seemed to woo me toward the country side, where away from the miseries of the "Great Wen" I might of my own will carry on a day-dream of the friends I had made in the dream of the night and against my will. But as I turned away shivering and down-hearted, on a sudden came the frightful noise of the "hooters," one after the other, that call the workmen to the factories, this one the after breakfast one, more by token. So I grinned surlily, and dressed and got ready for my day's "work" as I call it, but which many a man besides John Ruskin (though not many in his position) would call "play."

WILLIAM MORRIS.

[THE END.]

CORRESPONDENCE.

T. LEMON AND THE S. D. F.

I see that our ex-comrade, T. Lemon, has met with a well-merited exposure at Poplar. No one deplotes the apostasy of Lemon more than myself, for it has given a severe blow to our agitation in the East End, and caused hundreds of working men to look askance at every movement since made in that neighbourhood. But isn't it a little too much for the anonymous writer of the diverting pars. in the front page of your contemporary *Justice* to assert that Lemon used a reputation and influence that he "could" never have had without the Federation? My memory carries me back to some seven years ago when at Stratford a band of men were associated with Lemon under the name of the Stratford Radical Club, from the loins of which sprang the Labour Emancipation League, which, in conjunction with the West End Socialists, carried on a vigorous propaganda whilst those who now compose "the purely English party" were making up their minds or waiting to see which way the cat would jump. The attempts to destroy the autonomy of the L. E. L. and crush out its representatives upon the council of the S. D. F. are matters well known to the seceders from the august "council."

There is not a single attempt at agitation, from the anti-emigration agitation down to the Lord Mayor's Show business, but what are borrowed ideas from the men who leavened the masses with Socialistic literature and prepared the ground for the present Socialistic revival. And now we have in the field a body of men who, whilst denouncing all monopolies, strive to make a monopoly of Socialistic thought and effort, and allow an anonymous writer to declare that they "never forgive, and never forget" any man who tries to use the cause for his own benefit; and this from those with all the honours of the last general election fresh upon them. "Alas for the rarity of Christian charity." There may exist Socialist organisations who would, in the case of Lemon recanting and mending his ways, let him return to the fold, and thereby put in practice true Socialism. But those whose present prominence is largely due to the foundations he and his associates laid, they will "oh never, no never," forgive. If ever the ramifications of the S. D. F. extend so widely as to include the janitorship of the gates of Paradise, those awaiting beatitude may expect to be refused admission unless they have held a card of membership of the S. D. F. right up from its momentous inauguration and swallowed its programme, stepping-stones and all, and moreover can bring vouchers and witnesses to attest their "purely English Socialism."

I do not wish this letter to be construed as a defence of T. Lemon and his present tactics, but with the knowledge of the tactics that have been employed to destroy and undermine our Branches—notably in Marylebone and in the East End—I can say of Lemon that he is at all events an open enemy and not a sneaking friend professing the same aims as ourselves and yet seeking to injure us.—Yours fraternally,

F. KITZ.

MORE JUBILEE SUGGESTIONS!

OUR comrade, to whose letters in the *Southport Visiter* we have before referred, in the last issue criticises a discussion which took place among the Committee of the fund raised for the families of the men who lost their lives in the late lifeboat disaster, as to an expected surplus. He suggests that, even if a surplus be not fairly forthcoming, a large slice be cut off the fund, in the usual way, by the toad-eaters who administer it, that this slice be labelled "surplus," and sent to the Jubilee Fund, saying:—

"The progress, sir, that we have made during the past fifty years is, as you are doubtless aware, remarkable; by the rapid development of labour-saving, and therefore labour-starving, machinery, we have steadily increased the wealth of this great and free country till it stands at the appalling and enormous sum of nine thousand million pounds, and as steadily displaced the human machine, giving him or her of course the choice between starvation, emigration, crime, or the workhouse to obtain a living or die; but surely these 'hands,' as they are termed—pity 'tis God gave them anything but hands—will vote for my suggestion, and also contribute something handsome themselves? Waken up! waken up! ye thousands who sleep under railway arches, and ye who sleep on the Thames Embankment this pleasant weather wrapped in newspapers; waken up and rejoice, for the Jubilee Year is at hand. You are cold. Ah! warm your heart with the thought of the large fund which will be raised by a 'happy' and 'prosperous' community to celebrate this glorious year. Oh! you pick up one of your warm blankets, the *London Times*, and by the light of the cold frosty moon and a friendly lamp turn to the Local Government Board returns of pauperism. Well, what then? Year 1883, 88,618 paupers; 1884, 89,221; 1885, 90,143; 1886, 90,901. And you sigh. Be happy, man, and remember what glorious institutions we live under. Suicides. What? only 1800 per annum on an average sacrificed to the god of Mammon. 'Oh, don't bother about such trifles. Look at the peaceful and contented condition of Ireland. Look at the Welsh tithe payers, and the Scottish crofters, and again I say rejoice. Look at the morality of the aristocracy, and remember they have the majority of the livings of this glorious Established Church at their disposal, and throw up your battered hat and shout with joy when you hear the 'Lord's anointed' preach that you should not lay up for yourselves treasures in this world. Oh, you are doubtful and cynical, then I leave you to fly on the wings of joy to fresh scenes. Come forth ye dwellers in the slums and cellars of Manchester and Liverpool; get from off your beds of straw, reeking with filth, look at your cheerless grate, empty cupboard, and starving children, but come forth. Lift up your heads, ye everlasting fools, and prepare to join in the Jubilee hymn that no doubt Baron Tennison is busy at. It may be to 'hold your own,' but do not forget the important point, 'you have a penny.' Ah, never mind the coffee-stall at the corner, or the sick child at home, but march straight to the local secretary of this great fund, if your shivering limbs will permit, and pay your coin, and be cheerful, for there will be no surplus arising from that fund. And you men of Southport, especially good Conservative working men, who, having served an apprenticeship to your trades for seven years, are now some of you receiving the price of three decent cigars per day from the tramp ward, on which to support, in 'happiness' and comfort, your families. You will surely vote for my suggestion, and also contribute something yourselves, but, on the other hand, if you think there is a strong tinge of irony running through my letter, it will not very much surprise

A SOCIALIST."