The Labour movement is a world wide movement. It is limited neither by oceans, races, nor creeds. It is not one organisation, or two or ten; it is a combination of all organisations, Knights of Labour and Traders' Unions who seek to effect the economic emancipation of the wage-slave. The man whose view of the labour movement is limited by any one organisation is a victim of prejudice, ignorance, and intolerance. The abolition in the world and the national of the system of slavery is of itself the be-all and end-all, and all the selfish, ill-natured, and fraternal efforts of all organisations of wage labourers throughout this country and throughout the world of modern industry...—Peterson (N.J.) Labour Standard.

Toadying to Royalty.—At a meeting of the American Section of the Socialist Labour Party of America, of Providence, R.I., held Sunday evening, June 5, the following resolution was unanimously adopted: The Liberation of the Bondage of the People of the United States is to be held June 21 in this country, we, the American Section of the Socialist Labour Party of America, hereby express our sympathy and sincere hope that the celebrating of the anniversary of the Independence Day of the United States will be attended by toadying and engaging in ceremonialism. While it is true that the celebration of this day, the 145th anniversary of the Declaration of Independence, should be a matter of national honor, yet it is also a matter of national shame. Four views of Lincoln, the statesman and statesman of the people...—Peterson (N.J.) Labour Standard.

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London (although the coolness with which her duties are neglected is from time to time noticed by the public and the press) is on the whole considered as a satisfactory representative of what she does represent; so satisfactory that we are called upon to take part in a set of antics in her honour compared with which a coroberry of Australan black-fellows is a decent and dignified performance.

An old superstition—A new disgrace.

Is it then that this central figure does represent? Not the feudal hierarchy, dead centuries ago; not the queer pedantic divine-right-of-kings, whose struggle with the bourgeois divine-right of parliamentary majority played such an important part in developing the consciousness of the bourgeoisie. No, it does not represent them, though it is a union of superstitions, but, superstition as it is itself, it represents commercial realities rather: to wit, jobbery official and commercial, and its foundation the Privilege of Capital, set on a background of the due performance of the conventional domestic duties; in short, the representation of the anti-social spirit in its fulness is what is required of it.

That is the reason why the career of the present representative is, in spite of those few grumbilings aforesaid, so eminently satisfactory. It has been the life of a respectable official who has always been careful to give the minimum of work for the maximum of pay, to keep the public well at arm's length, and to abstain from any fantastic act of generosity, which might have been taken as a precedent in the future.

All this has been expected of it and it has performed it in a way which has duly earned the shouts of the holiday-makers, the upholsterers, fire-works makers, gasfitters and others who may gain some temporary advantage from the Royal (but shabby) Jubilee Circus, as well as the deeper-seated applause of those whose be-all and end-all is the continuance of respectable robbery.

For us Revolutionists it is clear that the gist of the matter, whatever is to be done in the future, is such a spirit that is of the utmost interest in it would have been; so that we have nothing to complain of. The more reaction is stripped of the better for us.

One word before this lastaforesaid subject of the Jubilee is consigned to its due dust-hoop. Fifty years ago the country was yet in the throes of that unorganised but formidable insurrection which followed on the industrial revolution, and the reckless greed of those benefited by it—the capitalists, to wit. That insurrection was damped down by the commercial successes which so much increased the numbers and power of the definitely middle classes, so that twenty-five years ago a survivor of the discontent 1837 might well have thought that all was over, and that unbridled competition has forced the pace more than any one could have guessed it would; fifty years is gone, and once more we have "discontent" amongst us, if not wider spread than before, yet at least deeper seated, and with no apparent staving-off remedy before it except Mr. Chamberlain's feeble attempts at peasant-proprietorialism. And even this vulgar Royal Upholstery procession, trumpey as it is, may deepen the discontent a little, when the newspaper proprietors buy it, or when people wake up in a narrow of a disgraceful orgie, to find dull trade all the diller for it, and have to face according to their position the wearisome struggle for riches, for place, for respectability, for decent livelihood, for bare subsistence, in the teeth of growing competition in a society now at last showing its rottenness openly. —William Morris.