



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, 15 Farringdon Rd., E.C., and accompanied by the name and address of the writer, not necessarily for publication.

As 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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COMMUNICATIONS—will be used: R. U. Unsuitable: S. S. ("Success").  
 J. L. (Aberdeen).—Report too late; have managed announcement.  
 M. B. W.—You do not give address of lecture-room.  
 TOM O'C. (Plumstead).—*Ca Ira*, 111 Rue Montmartre, Paris. 8 fr. per annum.  
 R. (Montrose).—We know no pamphlet lately written that will give what you ask for. A good one by Veron, *Les associations co-operatives*, was written about 1866 or 1867. The *Sozialdemokrat* (Zurich) has not been suppressed at all, and goes on the same lines as before. Address, Volksbuchhandlung, Hottingen, Zurich. Subscription 8 fr. a-year.

Periodicals received during the week ending Wednesday June 13.

ENGLAND Leaflet Newspaper London—Ereie Presse Norwich—Daylight Worker's Friend NEW SOUTH WALES Hamilton—Radical INDIA Bankipore—Behar Herald UNITED STATES New York—Jewish Volkzeitung Boston—Woman's Journal Liberty Chicago—Knights of Labor Buffalo—Arbeiter-Zeitung Fort Worth (Tex)—South West Milwaukee (Wis)—Volksblatt San Francisco (Cal) The People	St. Louis (Mo.)—Die Parole Altruist FRANCE Paris—Cri du Peuple (daily) Le Ca Ira Journal du Peuple En Avant Havre—L'Idée Ouvriere HOLLAND Hague—Recht voor Allen Amsterdam—Voorwaarts BELGIUM Ghent—Vooruit Liege—L'Avenir ITALY Milan—Il Fascio Operaio Rome—L'Emancipazione	SWITZERLAND Zurich—Sozial Demokrat SPAIN Madrid—El Socialista Cadiz—El Socialismo Barcelona—Tierra y Libertad PORTUGAL Lisbon—O Protesto Operario GERMANY Berlin—Volks Tribune AUSTRIA Arbeiterstimme Wien—Gleichheit ROMANIA Jassy—Muncitorul SWEDEN Malmo—Arbetet
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THE SKELETON AT THE FEAST.

THE consolation dinner to Mr. Jesse Collings was rather a comical business in so far as it was a party coddling-up of the poor well-intentioned feeble gentleman who got practically turned out of the society which he himself had planted and watered so carefully; and the speeches delivered at this queer celebration would afford amusement enough to a cynical man with a good memory for things not worth remembering—to wit, the politics of the last three years. In days which people who have serious work on hand are forgetting speedily, Mr. Collings manufactured a sort of stage landscape of a happy village, over which, as in other stage landscapes, shone a fatuous moon in the shape of three acres and a cow, a long way off: which (heaven knows why—or perhaps the election agents!) was so enticing to a great many members of parliament that rather than disturb it they gave an adverse vote against the then Tory Government and turned it out, it would seem to the great grief of Lord Hartington.

However, as might be expected, this beautiful scene became of little importance when the Outs had become Ins, and it was carried off to the lumber room—acres, cow and all. But again the Outs became Ins, and the new Ins with commendable prudence remembered that there would be another general election some day, and the votes of the field-labourers would then be of great importance to them; so they got up a new illusion scene, of which all that can be said is that it was somewhat more honest than the other in proclaiming itself an illusion; which, however, was not the reason why the Gladstonian Liberals turned their backs on it. Doubtless Mr. Jesse Collings friends were right in asserting that the Gladstonians treated the whole matter from an electioneering point of view; and also doubtless their own impudence in implying that they were not at that very moment treating it in exactly the same way would be enough to stagger people not used, as unluckily we are, to parliamentary dodgers. Well, to go on with this stupid story, the Gladstonites turned Mr. Collings out of the Allotments Association, and the Rural Labourers League (how many rural labourers are there in it, I wonder?) received him into its bosom, and there he sat the other night hugging his grievance, and drinking in the flattery of the friends of the ejectors of the Irish, and the Scotch crofters, perhaps at that moment the happiest man in Britain; probably not much disturbed at the fact that a French nobleman, turned on for the occasion, told him pretty plainly that his three acres and a cow was all rubbish, and that wholesale emigration was the real remedy

for the diminishing numbers of the English field-labourers, as well as for the discontent of the Irish "rebels"; while Mr. Chamberlain promised him another ally, a Yankee Tory, one Mr. Hurlburt, in his magnanimous hatred of the Irish peasant.

This is a scurvy story; and the worst of it is that I believe Mr. Collings was once in real earnest in wishing to do a good turn to the English field-labourers; but parliament knocked all that out of him and at last has dragged him through the mud, and stuck a fool's cap on his head, while it has been using his poor little foolish scheme, of making the field-labourers work double tides to pay their own poor-rates, for electioneering purposes, not heeding him or anybody else in playing its Bedlamite game.

To think of it, that while this banquetting flavoured with the keen amusement of the game aforesaid is going on, there are the field-labourers actually existing! Rubbing through life toward the work-house and the grave on ten shillings a-week. Go through the lovely country now in this "leafy month of June," and if you turn your thoughts from the mere beauty of the earth or the memories of past history which the external aspect of the old buildings help you to, can you, if you think of it, even if you are not a Socialist (if any one but a Socialist ever thinks about these things at all), help feeling that everything there is padlocked against the use of man—the men who have made it of use. These are the men whose forefathers built our cathedrals, wrote our poems for us, fought for our liberties (such as they are!), kept alive the history which links us to the past: and they themselves if they had had anything approaching to decent treatment would have done as much or more. And then look at them, working in their allotments if you please, pinched and heavy and vacant-looking, too poor to look anxious even; forbidden to think or to hope; losing all the arts of life which used to make their lives endurable; grown to be mere appendages to the great centres of population which will swallow up so many of them. To the parliament gentry at St. Stephens, what are they? Votes,—otherwise inconvenient, and to be emigrated out of the way if possible. And will either of our factions or all of them together do anything to unpadlock the wealth of the land for them? Certainly not; it will not; nay, it cannot. It is they themselves, with their brethren of the towns to help, who must knock off the padlock—or else what will happen? Sir Henry James, at that dismal tragic-farce of a consolation banquet, spoke of "the danger in which our inexperienced democracy [O Lord! inexperienced!] stood at this moment." What is the danger? He would say "disruption of the empire," or some such twaddle; others would say "revolution." Is it not rather "Starvation"? That is the skeleton sitting by the guests at the Whig feast.

WILLIAM MORRIS.

BRAZIL'S FUTURE WITHOUT SLAVERY.

It is, I suppose, an item of the advanced Radical creed that slaves should be freed. Any Radical, however, who will look at an article in the *Pall Mall Gazette* of June 2, might very well be excused for being put in doubt thereby. He might be puzzled to explain in what way the slaves of Brazil will be better off when they are free, that is free in the sense of the M.I.C.E., whose views are expressed in that article. The Pope gives his blessing, it appears, and as has lately been shown elsewhere, the help even of Antichrist is welcomed in preserving our "large stakes." The Member of the Institute of Commercial Enterprise waves his hand graciously at the "humanitarian aspect" of the question. We do not expect a commercial gent to understand any but his own peculiar language, or we might ask him whether this is what is to be done away with "when the serious aspect of slave emancipation is entirely dissipated." The editor of the paper in another article of the same date says, "interest—i.e., family interest—counts for a good deal in our Indian Empire." But there is an interest which comes much more home to us than any "merely sentimental interest," the interest of our loans, which amount in Brazil to something like a hundred millions sterling. "In view of such a tangible fact,"—I must repeat that I cannot be responsible for the language of this *Mens Insana* in *Corpore Edurato*—"In view of such a tangible fact, the question of the transference of labour in Brazil from the condition of serfdom to freedom must naturally affect Englishmen, apart from its humanitarian aspect." I hope he misrepresents Englishmen; but he certainly may claim to be a typical Member of the Interested Classes of Employers, and would not "let go his hold upon the country" on any account. "The future of Brazil may be a matter of moment," but let us leave that to silly people who will persist in looking for something more than "tangible facts." A little consideration will lead "to the conclusion that the abolition of slavery in Brazil can only be a blessing to that country financially,"—our teacher waves his hand graciously, and ends his sentence with "and socially." But we had perhaps better give a little more consideration to this part, particularly as we are not quite sure what "social blessings" may mean in his language.

We are, however, not long left in doubt. The slaves having become free, were apparently about as free to cultivate the ground as ours in England, and "wandered about homeless and foodless," and so in a short time came back to their old masters and "turned to and became sturdy labourers." Dear me! did they indeed? Yes, "and in consequence of the abolition and the increasing immigration, labour became far more plentiful and cheaper." Poor immigrants! "A healthy field hand who was a slave must have cost the planter £45 a-year, allowing for interest on cost, sinking fund, and maintenance; whereas in the