shown by its having a strong "Socialist" article one night, and the very next going in for the following toadyish and reactionary nonsense: Disillusioned Liberal, the Socialist, and Mr. Harcourt's sincere apology, are an appropriate acknowledgment of his services to the better kind of Liberalism. There is no dearer trade-unionist member in the House than Mr. Brodrich, and to his industry, knowledge of detail, are quite unrivalled in their way. He has done the class to which he belongs the greatest possible good. No one has ever written a workman's bill in the House exists; no quicker eye for a dodge; no safer judgment of the development of the sense of progress. Mr. Brodrich is not pretend but he does the people's work with never-failing skill.

An unfortunate feature about Mr. Brodrich, as the Star has ample means of knowing, is that he does not confuse his "quick eye for a dodge" to its appropriate sphere, the House of Dodos, but brings it in actively among the less intelligent tradesmen. They are now finding of great favor for its laborious decisions of the London Composers and Ama gamated Engineers testify; and one might think it rather impudent in a merely political-party paper rushing in at such a time as this, to say that he is not in the habit in this way. But of course the real significance of it is, as we said, that Mr. Brodrich is now definitely received into the bosom of the Great Liberal Party.

The philanthropic capitalist is busy with his schemes for elevating mankind. Those who doubt this statement are respectfully referred to two prospectuses, which I have before me, and which I intend to circulate among the less intelligent tradesmen. They are now finding of great favor for its laborious decisions of the London Composers and Ama gamated Engineers testify; and one might think it rather impudent in a merely political-party paper rushing in at such a time as this, to say that he is not in the habit in this way. But of course the real significance of it is, as we said, that Mr. Brodrich is now definitely received into the bosom of the Great Liberal Party.

This explosive is, according to the prospectus, of a remarkable and even unique description. While it is more powerful than dynamite, it possesses other qualities which give it a high reputation, the most conspicuous of which is that it is very extreme provocation. It cannot be made to explode by friction, or by the slightest pressure. You may expose it to the electric spark or to the lightning flash, but it won't go off. You may put it in fire, and it will burn away, but you can take the only thing which will explode it, the detonating cap, and it is therefore absolutely safe. Then bellite can be used in shells, which may be fired without any risk. So to bayonets this explosive gives no trouble, and the Government will be able to add additional strength to their warlike purposes by shells that won't go off.

But the Bellite Company is likely to find a formidable rival, from the warlike standpoint, in the Snyder Dynamite Projectile Company, Limited. Mr. F. H. Snyder, a supreme genius, who adds to his skill and ingenuity another secret of perfecting a mechanism of peace, has discovered a method of using dynamite in shells. With the prospectus is sent a number of press notices which laud the new projectile to the skies for its many admirable qualities. The Times declares that "a single shell of this description, striking the side of the most solid ironclad in existence, would send her to the bottom."

The "Ironclad and Horse Guards Gazette," Feb. 2nd, 29, tells us that "a 20-pounder projectile, the charge of which is divided equally between a column of ten men would wreck a large body, while those left would be literally paralyzed from the awful concussion, and placed hors de combat."

It is also said that the newly discovered projectile of Snyder is a small trifle, and that "forthwith we shall have a revolutionary force that will enable the Government to attack a town, fort, or camp without being "simply in-calculable."

I have a faint recollection of the yell of horror which arose from the population when some desperate men exploded dynamite in London—and without doing them very much harm to anybody. We can also remember the heavy sentences inflicted on these men, and that they are still suffering, for committing these "crimes."

It is rather curious to see these very papers speculating with complacent serenity upon the probable slaughter, often of non-combatants, which would follow the advent of one of these projectiles in "town, fort, or camp." Truly middle-class morality and humanity would be funny, if it were not so hideously hypocritical.

Not only does the capitalist press praise these new methods of war, but the capitalist tissue ready-made lessons, the indices of the shares of the principal explosive companies, which pay a dividend of 15 per cent. These shares in all cases are at a high premium, as we have seen, but the gain accumulates as money spent, and the "New Explosives Co." shares now fetch £25; New Explosives Co.'s £3 shares, about £14 10s.; E.C. Powder £3 shares, about £5 5s. Really the benevolence of the capitalist, philanthropists who invest their savings in model dwellings for the poor must be a subject for wonder, when we consider what high dividends they are renouncing by not investing their cash in some explosive company. Still we must ask our capitalist friends to consider this, and before they come down against the desperate deeds of men driven to frenzy by tyrannical injustice, to spare a thought for their superlous indignation in their grief of unearned increment invest their money in providing explosive infernal machines for the wholesale murder of the human race.

On again, in times past, when what is (I suppose as a joke) called the "Commonweal" and "Society of the Future," and not for the first time dug up with the Art Department, I have followed up a group through the wonders of the drift of the art of past days, and perceived that their eyes were never steady on anything but the past. They would come up steered, but out of control, against a cask at once of old whisky, and allowed to beled up at once when they came across a glass case in which the constituent parts of an analysed beef-steak were neatly arranged and labelled, and that their eyes disavowed little pinches of nothing in particular, but that a straying faith in the identity of the thing as not not share, as it seemed to me that it would require a superhuman honesty in him not to snatch up a few pinches of road-dust or ashes from a heap of coal, to make these crystals of duty for the public. The thing had brought to light in that familiar object. In literature you will find the same thing going on, and that those authors who appeal to our eyes to take in mental impressions are relegated by our most "progressive" critics, to a second-rate position, to a second-rate Hesiod or Beowulf and Chaucer. You will find the "truly intellectual" man elevating mere rhetorical word-swap and spinners and hunters of introspection above such masters of life as Scott and Dickens, who tell their tales to our senses and leave them alone to moralise the tale so told.

Now I have dwelt at some length on this matter of the eyesight, because to my mind it is the most obvious sign of the march of civilisation towards the intellectual-paunch stage of existence which I have deprecated already; and also because I feel that no special claim need be made for the art and literature of the future: healthy bodily conditions, a sound and rational development of the sense of the due social ethics which the destruction of all slavery will give us, will, I am convinced, as a matter of course give us the due art and literature, whatever that due may turn out to be. Only, if I should have spoken so little, the art and especially the art, will appeal to the senses directly, just as the art of the past has done. You see you will no longer be able to have a relation to the race of the past; you will not be able to relate towards social uselessness, because the material for such literary treasures will have passed away. On the other hand the genuine tales of history will still lie with us, and will, one might well hope, then be told as a new form of the pulse-strain is now. The thing which I confess I can doubt that art will appeal to the senses of men now grown healthy; which means that architecture and the kindred arts will again flourish, that we shall have to go to cities as we do to the church; Civilisation renders these arts impossible, because its politics and ethics force us to live in a grizzly discomforter world, a world that offers the senses at every turn: that necessity reacts on the senses and forms, and that we are unconscious of our senses, of which we know nothing, the formers to which we are unconscious. For who notices the external forms of things much nowadays must suffer in South Lancashire or London, must live in a state of perpetual combat and anger; and he really must try to blunt his sensibility, or he will go mad, or kill some obnoxious person and be hanged for it; and this of course means of which people will gradually get to be born without this inconvenient sensibility. On the other hand, let this irrational sensation be evoked from us, they have witnessed, and to their due and normal fulness and demand expression of the pleasure which their exercise gives us, which in short means art and literature at once glorious and useful.

Well now, I will try to draw these discursive remarks to a head, and give you a more concise and complete idea of the society into which I would like to be born.

It is a society conscious of a wish to keep life simple, to forego some of the power of nature won by past ages in order to be more human and less mechanical, and willing to sacrifice everything to this end. It would be divided into small communities varying much within the limits allowed, but the social ethos would be between each other, looking with abhorrence at the idea of a holy race.

Being determined to be free, and therefore contented with a life not only simpler but even rougher than the life of slave-owners, division of the community would be abolished, and the city would do their work and take their pleasure in their own persons, and not vicariously: the social bond would be habitually and instinctively seen, so that there would be no need to be always anointing it by set forms: the faculty of blood-relationship would melt into that of the community and of humanity. The pleasures of such a society would be founded on the free exercise of the senses and passions of a healthy and well-fed animal. The community would be as far as possible the community and so offend against social unity: no one would be ashamed of human nature or ask for anything better than its due development.

But from this healthy freedom would spring up the pleasures of intellectual development, which the men of civilization so foolishly try to separate from sensuous life, and to glorify at its expense. Men would follow the guides and the leaders and the law and not for the enslavement of their fellows, and they would be rewarded by finding their most necessary work growing interesting and beautiful under their hands without their being conscious of it. The
REVOLUTIONARY CALENDAR.

Week ending April 20, 1889.

14 Sun. 1794. Meeting of the London Corresponding Society at Chalk Farm. 1832. First number of The Crisis; or, the Change from Error to Truth and Happiness, edited by Robert Owen. 1834. Manasseh of the two Transylvania. Paris. 1849. No. 17. It would be better to get rid of its use, furthermore was the first to:—that the health of life I have spoken of, which some would call stagnation, would give real life to the great mass of mankind, and to them at least would be a well-spring of happiness. It is true, the word is much used, but the meaning has changed. For example, it is used for a more elevated level of life, until the world began to be peopled, not with commonplace people, but with honest folk not sharply conscious of their superiority as "intellectual" persons now are, but self-respecting and respecting the personality of others, because they would feel themselves useful and happy, that is alive.

And as for the superior people, if such a world were not good enough for them, I am sorry, but am driven to ask them how they manage to get on with the present one, which is worse. I am afraid they would have to answer, we like it better because it is worse, and, therefore, relatively we are better.

Also my friends, these are the fools who are our masters now. The masters of fools, then, you say! Yes, so it is; let us cease to be fools then, and they will be our masters no longer. Believe me, that we are worth trying for, of the best of the being fools no longer will be that we shall no longer have masters.

WILLIAM MORRIS.


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BURIED ALIVE.

The heady scents of the gardens

Make drunk young lovers as they walk;

I saw a man with homely hands

To a tenebrous hole descend.

The heavens dazzle; lunatic June

Her sap of gladness doth run.

Bee honey make and hush in tune—

The man is in his black hole still.

How good a thing is idleness?

The mellow airs, with a cares,

Over the languid senses creep.

The man's hand did a butt-hole—

Dermice and rabbits with a will

Make merry in the cellar.

The man is in his black hole still!

Schoolboys should shine on such a day

To gambol 'neath the forest trees;

The workshop windows all the way

Stand open to the summer breeze.

What does he, hidden from the light?

Oh, in the sun, upon his hill?

The ant-heaps are a pleasant sight—

The man is in his black hole still.

The cricket doth his rattle springs,

Now falls, and all to rest it.

With head encompassed beneath her wing,

The sparrow sleeps in her warm nest.

But oh this darkling face, doth rise;

The stars of eve come forth until

Heaven's vault is all irradiated—

The man is in his black hole still.

He comes;—On what funeral ground

Abideth this black man accursed?

Denser than the shades might cast around

The darkling face he is; on earth.

O miner! to a graveyard I

Thy hard bent finds, to thy ill;

Coffined in life or on the hill.

The man is in his black hole still.

EUGENE POTTER

(Translated by LAURA LAFARGE.)

THE CRISIS.—The first number of The Crisis; or, the Change from Error to Truth and Happiness was published April 14, 1832. It was edited by Robert Owen until Oct. 27, 1834, when he was joined with Pottier and Jeliaboff; they carried it on until April 20, 1833. On April 27 that year, the subtitle was changed to "The National Co-operative, Traders, and Equitable Exchange Guide," which was dropped in 1838. From September 1837, the Crisis was discontinued, to make way for the New Moral World, edited by Robert Owen, and the Phalanger, edited by the Rev. J. G. Smith. —S.

The Wolves and the Jackals.—The Detroit Free Press gives a fable that, reading Language-Used, and Fakal, just about hits the mark: A pack of Wolves having assembled to take action in the matter of reforming the morals of the Jackals, the Lion was asked to preside. "I'll do anything to accommodate," he replied, "but I won't consent to the Wolves as much in need of reform as the Jackals." "No doubt of it," said the leader of the pack, "but if we failed in the fall of others we distract attention from our own." And it was therefore Resolved, That the Jackals must reform, or the power of the law be invoked. Morals.—We see it every day.

He that will not have new remedies will have new evils.—Lord Brough.