

shown by its having a strong "Socialist" article one night, and the very next going in for the following toadyish and reactionary nonsense:

"The dinner to Mr. Broadhurst at the National Liberal Club, and Sir William Harcourt's sincere eulogy, are an appropriate acknowledgment of his services to the better kind of Liberalism. There is no defter trade-unionist member in the House of Commons than Mr. Broadhurst. His tact, his industry, his knowledge of detail, are quite unrivalled in their way. He has done the class to which he belongs a service which they would be the first to recognise. No better pilot of a workman's bill in the House exists; no quicker eye for a dodge; no safer judgment. Mr. Broadhurst is not a great popular tribune, and does not pretend to be; but he does the people's detail work with never-failing-skill."

An unfortunate feature about Mr. Broadhurst, as the *Star* has ample means of knowing, is that he does not confine his "quick eye for a dodge" to its appropriate sphere, the House of Dodgers, but brings it into active operation among the less guileful trades unionists. This they are now finding out, as the recent decisions of the London Compositors and Amalgamated Engineers testify; and one might think it rather impudent in a merely political-party paper rushing in at such a time to defend him against his fellows in this way. But of course the real significance of it is, as we said, that Mr. Broadhurst is now definitely received into the bosom of the Great Liberal Party. S.

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 comment upon. The first is that of the company for promoting the distribution and sale of the Bellite Explosive. Don't be frightened; this company is not started by revolutionists of any description. The board of directors consists of two noble lords, one capitalist, a J.P., and a major-general. So that no doubt can be entertained by even the most incredulous person of its complete respectability.

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 curious being that it will not go off except under very extreme provocation. It cannot be made to explode by friction nor by shock nor 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 like ordinary fuel. The only thing that will explode it is a 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 that bend and guns that burst, the Government will be able to add additional strength to their warlike resources 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 as an inventor the further recommendation of being a member of the Peace Society, 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 *Admiralty and Horse Guards' Gazette*, Feb. 2nd, '89, tells us "that a 20-pounder gun planting a couple of shells into a column of men would kill outright a large number, while those left would be literally paralysed from the awful concussion, and placed *hors de combat*." The prospectus points out that the havoc created by a Snyder projectile in a town, fort, or camp would be "simply incalculable." I have a faint recollection of the yell of horror which arose from the capitalist press when some desperate men exploded dynamite in London—without doing very much harm to anybody. I can also remember the heavy sentences inflicted on these men, and which they are still suffering, for committing these "crimes." It is surely rather comical to find 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 wholesale slaughter to the skies; but the capitalist public rushes to buy 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 will be seen from the following quotations: Noble Explosives Co. £10 shares now fetch £25; New Explosives Co.'s £3 shares, about £4 10s.; E. C. Powder £3 shares, about £5 5s. Really the benevolence of five per-cent. 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 clear their minds of cant, and before shrieking against the desperate deeds of men driven to frenzy by tyrannical injustice, to spare a little of their superfluous indignation for the people who in their greed of unearned increment invest their money in providing explosive infernal machines for the wholesale murder of the human race. D. N.

## THE SOCIETY OF THE FUTURE.

(Concluded from p. 109.)

OR again, in times past, when what is (I suppose as a joke) called the Educational Department at South Kensington was more or less mixed 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 never steadied once on any of these things, but that they brightened 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 devoured little pinches of nothing in particular, with a trusting faith in the analyst which I confess I could not share, as it seemed to me that it would require a quite superhuman honesty in him not to snatch up a few pinches of road-dust or ashes and make them do duty for the recondite substances which his toil 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 "intellectual" critics to a second place at least: to pass by Homer and Beowulf and Chaucer, you will find the "truly intellectual" man elevating mere rhetorical word-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 sure that no special claim need be made for the art and literature of the future: healthy bodily conditions, a sound and all round development of the senses, joined to 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 may prophesy ever so little, I should say that both art and literature, and especially 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 novels relating the troubles of a middle-class couple in their struggle 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 be with us, and will, one might well hope, then be told in a cheerfuller strain than is now possible. Nor for my part can I doubt that art will appeal to the senses of men now grown healthy; which means that architecture and the kindred arts will again flourish amongst us as in the days before civilisation. Civilisation renders these arts impossible, because its politics and ethics force us to live in a grimy disorderly uncomfortable world, a world that offends the senses at every turn: that necessity reacts on the senses again, and forces us unconsciously to blunt their keenness. A man 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 that people will gradually get to be born without this inconvenient sensibility. On the other hand, let this irrational compulsion be removed from us, and the senses will grow again 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 sensuous and human.

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 reborn.

It is a society which does not know the meaning of the words rich and poor, or the rights of property, or law or legality, or nationality: a society which has no consciousness of being governed; in which equality of condition is a matter of course, and in which no man is rewarded for having served the community by having the power given him to injure it.

It is a society conscious of a wish to keep life simple, to forego some of the power over nature won by past ages in order to be more human and less mechanical, and willing to sacrifice something to this end. It would be divided into small communities varying much within the limits allowed by due social ethics, but without rivalry 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 labour would be habitually limited: men (and women too, of course) would do their work and take their pleasure in their own persons, and not vicariously: the social bond would be habitually and instinctively felt, so that there would be no need to be always asserting it by set forms: the family 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 human animal, so far as this did not injure the other individuals of the community and so offend against social unity: no one would be ashamed of humanity 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 civilisation so foolishly try to separate from sensuous life, and to glorify at its expense. Men would follow knowledge and the creation of beauty for their own sakes, and not for the enslavement of their fellows, and they would be rewarded by finding their most necessary work grow interesting and beautiful under their hands without their being conscious of it. The

SOCIALIST CO-OPERATIVE FEDERATION.—A social gathering of members and sympathisers will take place at 28 Grays Inn Road (14 doors from Holborn) on Sunday April 21st, at 6 p.m., to discuss the position and best means of promoting the interests of the Society. Admission free. Tea, coffee, and cake provided.

man who felt keenest the pleasure of lying on the hill-side under a rushen hut among the sheep on a summer night, would be no less fit for the enjoyment of the great communal hall with all its splendours of arch and column, and vault and tracery. Nor would he who took to heart the piping of the wind and washing of the waves as he sat at the helm of the fishing-boat, be deadened to the beauty of art-made music. It is workmen only and not pedants who can produce real vigorous art.

And amidst this pleasing labour, and the rest that went with it, would disappear from the earth's face all the traces of the past slavery. Being no longer driven to death by anxiety and fear, we should have time to avoid disgracing the earth with filth and squalor, and accidental ugliness would disappear along with that which was the mere birth of fantastic perversity. The utterly base doctrine, as Carlyle has it, that this world is a cockney nightmare, would be known no more.

But perhaps you may think that Society being thus happy and at peace, its very success would lead it to corruption once more? Yes, that might be if men were not watchful and valiant; but we have begun by saying that they would be free, and free men are bound to be responsible, and that means that they shall be watchful and valiant. The world will be the world still, I do not deny it; but such men as I have been thinking of will surely be fitter to meet its troubles than the dwellers in our present muddle of authority and unconscious revolt.

Or again, some may say such a condition of things might lead indeed to happiness but also to stagnation. Well, to my mind that would be a contradiction in terms, if indeed we agree that happiness is caused by the pleasurable exercise of our faculties. And yet suppose the worst, and that the world did rest after so many troubles—where would be the harm? I remember, after having been ill once, how pleasant it was to lie on my bed without pain or fever, doing nothing but watching the sunbeams and listening to the sounds of life outside; and might not the great world of men, if it once deliver itself from the delirious struggle for life amidst dishonesty, rest for a little after the long fever and be none the worse for it?

Anyhow, I am sure it would be the better for getting rid of its fever, whatever came of it; and sure also that the simplicity 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 would raise them at once to a higher 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.

Alas! 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 will be worth trying for, whatever may come afterwards.

Take this for the last word of my dream of what is to be—the test of our being fools no longer will be that we shall no longer have masters.

WILLIAM MORRIS.

### BRITISH PLUCK.

THE *Labour Tribune*, "organ of the miners and bolt forgers," after describing an elaborate model dwelling-house fitted up by German coal-masters for their miners, comments in the following strain:—

"This paternal interest in, and oversight of their workpeople is very interesting, and would be admirable were it not that, as every one knows who has studied the Continental relations of Capital and Labour, the manliness of the workpeople is bartered away. Compared with the Englishman, who would probably decline to be catered for in this fashion, the miner on the Continent is a mere slave. The wants of the men are provided for in the same spirit and for the same reason as the colliery-horses are well stalled and well fed. And with a good stall and sufficient food they are expected to be content like any other animal. Resistance to authority or rebellion against grievances is a crime which must be sternly quelled and severely punished, as every Continental strike is sufficient to show. Perhaps we are rather insular in our notions, but of the two we would rather be justly than generously treated, and we have no wish to transplant this feature of German life."

It would be interesting to know whether manliness is an especially English attribute, and of which the British worker has a monopoly. Opposite the paragraph quoted is an account of the cheating and grinding of the Cradley Heath chainmakers, and of the terrible infant mortality amidst them, written presumably by the author of the note about English manliness, and he consoles himself with the reflection that—

"We should hardly be surprised if the Cradley people themselves regard this massacre of the innocents as one of the least of their troubles, seeing that every fresh arrival means one more mouth to be fed and one more difficulty added in the way of getting a living. And when the tiny sufferer pines away and leaves such an inhospitable world, it is hardly to be wondered at if the parents find a much too ready consolation in the thought that the bairn is 'better off,' while the struggle for its parents has become, at least, a trifle lighter."

It is depressing to find a labour paper waving the Union Jack in this fashion, and thanking their stars that they are not as other men, especially unmanly Germans, instead of recognising the international solidarity of Labour.

F. K.

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

### BURIED ALIVE.

THE heady odours o'er the lands  
Make drunk young lovers as they wend;  
I saw a man with horny hands  
Li to a tenebrous hole descend.  
The heavens dazzle; luscious June  
Her sap of gladness doth distil;  
Bees honey make and hum in tune—  
The man is in his black hole still!

How good a thing is idleness!  
The lizards whisper, "Let us sleep!"  
The mellow airs, with a caress,  
Over the languid senses creep.—  
The man's hand did a lantern shield—  
Dermice and rabbits with a will  
Make merry in the clover-field—  
The man is in his black hole still!

Schoolboys should hie 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 the hill,  
The ant-heaps are a pleasant sight!—  
The man is in his black hole still!

The cricket doth his rattle spring,  
Night falls, and all is hushed in rest,  
With head ensconced beneath her wing,  
The sparrow sleeps in her warm nest.  
But is not his long day's work sped?  
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 funereal ground  
Abideth this black man accurst?  
Denser than the shades night casts around  
The solid darkness he has burst.  
O miner! to a graveyard here  
Thy hard lot binds thee, to thy ill;  
Coffined in life or on the bier,  
The man is in his black hole still!

EUGENE POTIER  
(Translated by LAURA LAFARGUE).

### REVOLUTIONARY CALENDAR.

WEEK ENDING APRIL 20, 1889.

14	Sun.	1794. Meeting of the London Corresponding Society at Chalk Farm. 1832. First number of <i>The Crisis: or, the Change from Error to Truth and Happiness</i> , edited by Robert Owen. 1834. Massacres of the rue Transnonain, Paris. 1849. Hungary proclaimed a free State. 1865. Abraham Lincoln assassinated. 1879. Solovieff's attempt upon the Czar.
15	Mon.	1836. George Engel born. 1840. Repeal Association founded. 1881. Murder by law of A. T. Jeliaboff, S. L. Perofskaja, N. Kilbalehich, T. Mikhayloff, N. Rissakoff. 1882. Mine discovered under Moscow Cathedral.
16	Tues.	1790. Benjamin Franklin died. 1871. Hyde Park demonstration of fraternity with the Commune. 1878. Strike of 80,000 cotton operatives in Lancashire. 1836. Karakatoff's attempt upon Alexander III.
17	Wed.	1560. Philip Melancthon died. 1790. John Frith tried for high treason. 1858. Acquittal of Dr. Simon Bernard of conspiring to kill Louis Napoleon. 1876. Fenian prisoners escape in the <i>Catalpa</i> from Western Australia. 1884. Bradlaugh and Hyndman debate on Socialism in St. James's Hall. 1885. Murder of Colombian rebels.
18	Thur.	1775. American War of Independence began. 1817. Trial of James Harrison for sedition. 1824. Byron died.
19	Fri.	1772. Ricardo born. 1775. Battle of Lexington. 1823. Robert Owen's third lecture in the Rotunda, Dublin. 1843. Limerick monster meeting; 120,000 present. 1882. Charles Darwin died.
20	Sat.	1653. Cromwell dissolved the Rump Parliament.

'*The Crisis*.'—The first number of *The Crisis: or, the Change from Error and Misery to Truth and Happiness* was published April 14, 1832. It was edited by Robert Owen until Oct. 27 (No. 34), when Robert Dale Owen was joined with him; they carried it on thus to April 20, 1833. On April 27 that year, the subtitle was changed to "The National Co-operative, Trades Union, and Equitable Labour Exchange Gazette." No editor's name appears, but it is known to have been the Rev. J. G. Smith. On April 12, 1834, the words "Equitable Labour Exchange" have dropped out, and it so continues to the end, August 23, 1834, when *The Crisis* was discontinued, to make way for the *New Moral World*, edited by Robert Owen, and the *Shepherd*, edited by the Rev. J. G. Smith.—S.

THE WOLVES AND THE JACKALS.—The *Detroit Free Press* gives a fable that, reading Landlord and Capitalist for Wolf and Jackal, 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 it seems to me that the Wolves are as much in need of reform as the Jackals." "No doubt of it," said the leader of the pack, "but if we pitch into the failings 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. MORAL.—We see it every day.