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WEEKLY; ONE PENNY.

NOTES ON NEWS.

CLOTHES again! This time it is an advertisement in a pushing draper's catalogue of "Charity clothes, as supplied to her Majesty." At first sight this appears to emanate from a "boiling-over" Radical Republican, annoyed by the fact that he and his like are paying rather heavily for the pension of royalty which has ceased to earn its money but not ceased to draw it: for surely all "her Majesty's" outfit is "charity." The other interpretation is that the advertiser supposes that the Queen follows the fashion of which an example was mentioned last week of kindly considering the position of the "poor" by taking care not to give them clothes which would compromise them and cause them to be mistaken for persons above them. Is not this over-anxiety? The poor wear a livery of their own not easy to mistake.

Well, well, the poor go on with the strain of luck mentioned in our issue of last week! Here are people again who want to teach them how to cook. If once they learn that, they will so far be ahead of their fellow-countrymen or women. Perhaps the next thing after teaching them how to cook will be to allow them to get hold of something which can be cooked—and eaten.

Lord Salisbury's Nottingham manifesto will be a disappointment to those opportunist semi (or demi-semi) Socialists who look upon the Tories as possible allies in the enterprise for the total abolition of Toryism. His admissions came to no more than this, that the Irish Question had been played out in its function of football to the two "great" parties who are playing the game of political jobbery, and that some other football must be found. For the rest, his speech on "Social Questions" was the usual string of platitudes, contradictions, and falsities which make up the big lie political.

So remarkably stupid it was, that one is tempted at first sight to think that the Marquis was restraining his wisdom and knowledge for the sake of talking down to the comprehension of his Tory audience; but a moment's reflection shows one that whatever intelligence the man once possessed has long ago been drowned in the muddy sea of political dishonesty: he was no whit better than his audience.

For after all, what was the real meaning of his stale sham-economics? It is very simple, and should read thus: "My friends, we are living in ticklish times, in which Socialism (about which we know nothing) is advancing on us rapidly. Some of our party are in favour of recognising the fact and tossing some considerable tub to the whale; I don't see my way to that, for we have no tub to toss that we don't want ourselves; so I am in favour of ignoring the advance of Socialism altogether. So you had better go about and say that the working-man will be no better off for having less work and more pay, and that since the land of England is only half cultivated he had better emigrate at once to countries which produce less wealth at the expense of more labour. And look here! you had better say, also, that the question as to whether the workman is to have more than a bare subsistence (i.e., starvation) wage is a matter of "philanthropy."

Thus much Lord Salisbury, who, it must be said, makes a very halting advance towards the progressive side. But the other party, will they come any further? That seems more than doubtful. The Whig Rag, for instance, in commenting on the marquis's speech, while attacking his political views, is highly satisfied with his social and (save the mark!) economical utterances. The workers had better not trouble themselves in the least as to what such worn-out nullities as Salisbury and Gladstone may say, but look to it not to wait to have things given them, but take them for themselves. The gifts will mean nothing; they will be like the fairy gold in the old tale which turns into dry leaves in the morning light.

W. M.

The *Daily News*, not to be outdone by the advertising draper, of whom comrade Morris speaks, had on Saturday an article dealing with

working-class cookery, and scolding workman's wives for their wastefulness. Now, it is not only true that English working-women are wasteful cooks, but that *all* English women are so—those of the lower middle-class more especially so. Also it is true that a large part of the food not literally thrown away, is virtually so by not being utilised to its full extent, either in the quantity or quality of the sustenance and pleasure got out of it. In either instance this is the result of ignorance, which in the case of the working-woman is complicated by lack of means and leisure.

But, supposing that she could cook like a French woman, or even pinch and scrape like a Chinese, other things remaining as they are, is it conceivable that she could thereby materially improve the position of herself and her family? Not at all. To bare subsistence tends wages always while wage-slavery lasts. Every advantage conferred on the working-classes by education is wrung from them again by the pressure of the labour-market. Teach everybody (not women only!) how to cook, by all means; teach everybody everything that will add to their comfort and happiness. But to teach "cheap cookery" to the "working-classes" is, like the giving them charity-blankets that no one else would use, a sham and a fraud so miserable, so degrading, that only the case-hardened conscience of the ordinary "benevolent" humbug could possibly endure it.

If the *Chronicle-Telegraph* of Pittsburgh may be believed, Herr Krupp is going to move his factory of murder-machines from Essen to some place in Western Pennsylvania. His agent, who has been over to view the ground, gave several reasons for the proposed change. "The first is the fact that Europe may at any moment become the scene of a great war. Of course, in such case, Krupp would *have to* stand by his fatherland, and from *patriotic considerations* he would manufacture guns for Germany alone. Now, as all the world knows, Krupp makes more guns than any other firm in the world. If, therefore, our plant were established in a neutral country, we could furnish our guns to *any Power*." The italics are ours. Modern commercial patriotism is a great thing!

My protest will reach very few Knights of Labour, and would have little effect if it did; but I make it all the same. It is against the alteration proposed to be made in the title of the official organ of the Knights of Labour. If any change is needed, which seems doubtful, *The Journal of United Labour* need only drop the first three words, and keep on as *United Labour*, which has been its familiar name these years past.

S.

THE MEN OF THE REVOLUTION.

II.

DANTON AND MARAT.

WE have glanced at the rebels of the Assembly, now let us see the rebels of the street. Both in their way are better men than either of the heroes of Parliament House. Danton, it is true, is another Mirabeau, curiously like him in feature, power, and eloquence, yet without those vices which perhaps after all belonged to Mirabeau's class rather than the man. Still he has been accused of one vice, which also belonged to Mirabeau, and that is corruption. An accusation generally believed in in the time of the revolution, and which really brought Danton's head beneath the guillotine, but the truth of which modern research has rendered doubtful. A revolutionist should not only be honest, but his honesty, like that of Cæsar's wife, should be above suspicion. Danton was born at Arcis-sur-Aube, a small country town a hundred miles from Paris. Very little indeed is known of his earlier life; his parents were comfortable middle-class people. He passed through the usual round of school and college, where he studied for the law. In 1780 he started for Paris, and entered the office of a notary as a pupil. Nothing very remarkable occurred in his career up till 1787. He became an advocate, and on March 29, 1787, two