



HAVE YOU NOT HEARD HOW IT HAS GONE WITH MANY A CAUSE BEFORE NOW: FIRST, FEW MEN HATED 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, 13 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. Rejected MSS. only returned if a stamped directed envelope is forwarded with them. Subscriptions.—For Europe and United States, including postage, per year, 6s. six months, 3s.; three months, 1s. 6d.

Business communications to be addressed to Manager of the COMMONWEAL, 13 Farringdon Road, E.C. Remittances in Postal Orders or halfpenny stamps.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

J. B.—Thanks, but unsuitable.

T. R.—The *Pall Mall* was established 1865 by George Smith, of Smith, Elder, and Co., as a Conservative organ; transferred in 1880 to Henry Yates Thompson, his son-in-law, who changed its politics to Liberal, and is still the proprietor. Editors, Frederick Greenwood (1865-1880), John Morley (1880-1883), and W. T. Stead. Published at 2d. till Jan. 1st, 1882, when it was first sold at 1d. On the 1st of this month it changed its shape from its familiar 16 small pages to the ordinary 8 large.

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Periodicals received during the week ending Wednesday January 9.

ENGLAND	Alarm	SPAIN
Church Reformer	Workmen's Advocate	Barcelona—El Productor
Christian Commonwealth	Boston—Woman's Journal	Seville—La Solidaridad
Justice	Chicago (Ill)—Vorbote	Barcelona—Tierra y Libertad
Labour Tribune	Detroit—Der Arme Teufel	Madrid—El Socialista
Labour Leader	Fort Worth (Tex)—South West	PORTUGAL
London—Freie Presse	Milwaukee—National Reformer	Lisbon—O Protesto Operario
Norwich—Daylight	FRANCE	GERMANY
Personal Rights Journal	Paris—Cri du Peuple (daily)	Berlin—Volks Tribune
Railway Review	Le Parti Ouvrier (daily)	AUSTRIA
Telegraph Service Gazette	Le Proletariat	Wien—Gleichheit
To-Day	La Revolte	Brunn—Arbeiterstimme
Worker's Friend	Le Coup de Feu	HUNGARY
NEW SOUTH WALES	L'Union Socialiste	Arbeiter-Wochen-Chronik
Hamilton—Radical	HOLLAND	ROUMANIA
INDIA	Hague—Recht voor Allen	Jassy—Municipiorul
Bankipore—Behar Herald	BELGIUM	SWEDEN
Madras—People's Friend	Ghent—Vooruit	Malmö—Arbetet
UNITED STATES	Antwerp—De Werker	WEST INDIES
New York—Der Sozialist	Liege—L'Avenir	Cuba—El Productor
Truthseeker Annual	ITALY	MEXICO
Freiheit	Rome—L'Emancipazione	Sinaloa—Credit Foncier
Truthseeker	Cremona—L'Eco del Popolo	

NOTES ON NEWS.

THE *Pall Mall Gazette* has been handselling its new and very disagreeable format by turning on its jingo stop most vigorously, though it is true that this is nothing new to it, as it is often smitten with a very acute form of the disease of loyalty to the British Empire. This time its old boss, Mr. Morley, comes in for it; and what seems a little ominous is that Admiral Maxse, a very hard-shell Coercionist, is turned loose on him and not rebuked for his snarl. Mr. Morley is compared, much to his disadvantage, to the Whig turfite, Lord Rosebery, and in short the ex-editor is well whipped for one of his merits, perhaps his only one, an instinctive dislike to Jingoism.

It is difficult to see how all this can go on along with the advocacy of Home Rule; for what it means really is "our empire, right or wrong!" And no reasonable man who looks at the thing with other eyes than those of an election agent, doubts that the establishment of Home Rule would be a serious blow to that elaborate machinery of

violence and fraud called the British Empire. Mr. Morley has the grace to see that it is a preposterous insult to logic to protest against coercion in Ireland when you are advocating coercion in Egypt and the Soudan, and therefore he certainly is guilty of the crime of anti-Jingoism.

It is a pity he cannot be a little more logical, and learn to see that our buccaneering wars and Christian heroes are just incidents in the huge commercial war that has made England so "great" and so unhappy, and that those whose mission it is to "civilise" barbarism by the introduction of wage-slavery cannot be nice about their means. One day it is rum-and-bible, another sword-and-bible, but cheap wares and sweating are what both these instruments are used for alike; and horrible as the slaughter of the bullet is, it is not more horrible than the slower process of the sweater if we could only see the latter as plainly. Mr. Morley can never answer Admiral Maxse and the *Pall Mall* effectively till he sees clearly that nothing can save the barbarians of Africa from the dreadful life which civilisation is preparing for them, but the speedy realisation of Socialism.

The papers which have been commenting on the last new Yankee joke, the electric sugar fraud, are astounded that people were taken in by an inventor who promised them to remove the dross from a pound of raw sugar without decreasing its weight. But this is a very mild form of a modern commercial miracle. Here is a much stronger one. You send a pound of thrown silk to the dyer, and he first takes from it something less than a quarter of a pound of gum which the worm has put on it, and then sends it back to you dyed black and weighing two pounds and a quarter; and you have no difficulty in convincing the public that the additional weight is all the work of the long dead silk-worm, instead of being, as it really is, made up of coarse materials and what-not of secret.

I call the Yankee inventor a very uninventive and timid person for not promising at least three pounds of sugar instead of one, without doing anything to it. It would only have been a parable of the present monopolist society.

W. M.

Motto for *The Star* for 1889—"Go on! Die going on!"—*Browning*.

On Saturday the readers of the *Star* saw the foregoing at the head of the editorial notes, and many wondered what it could mean. Is the *Star* going to stop, and is this a gentle warning of the dread event? As for the applicability of the motto, that is another matter, during its brief existence the *Star* has done more of "strategic movement to the rear" than any other paper of its size.

If it keeps up (or down) to its record in that regard as well as in general character, the only motto entirely appropriate will be found in the well known word of command of the colonel of the historic North Cork Militia: "Advance two steps backward, and dress by the gutter!"

S.

TO THE HAMMERSMITH CHOIR.

SWEET voices broke my sleep on Christmas morn:  
Clear through the moonlit air their anthem rung  
Of human hope and fellowship that sung—  
A mass for souls, not dead, but yet new born:  
A herald blast on Freedom's silver horn  
As dayspring on the brooding darkness flung,  
With tidings of new joy on tuneful tongue—  
The marching songs of Labour travel-worn.

As one in dreams I heard, and wondering rose,  
E'en as the shepherds marvelling of old  
To hear the angels quiring; and my blood  
Quickened to catch at last their stirring close;  
And to my heart took hope and courage good  
In thought of days to be, in time untold.

Christmas, 1888.

WALTER CRANE.

CORRESPONDENCE.

DEAR SIR,—I read *Commonweal* every week with much pleasure, and am with you in thought and aim in your efforts—the social regeneration of humanity. I read with much pleasure your notes in reply to that gospel-grinder McCree. If London is in need of a few more such men, Bristol can well spare at least a hundred. They tell us to keep our eyes heavenward, to hate all Socialists, to be thankful for what we have, what we haven't got let us hope would render us miserable if we had it. Such men as McCree tell me that *Commonweal* is a very wicked paper to read. One of McCree's class told me that since reading your paper I had got very discontented. If he never spoke the truth before, he did then. Discontented I am, for it is the great preliminary to all progress. The amount of poverty here in Bristol is very great; work is very slack. I send you a few newspaper cuttings; perhaps they may be interesting.—Yours fraternally,  
Bristol, January 7th, 1889.

W. J. BLACKMORE.

[The cuttings include a column of the *Bristol Mercury* filled with the fulsome "charitable" appeals of the advertising parson, each anxious to impress the public that "Codlin's the friend, not Short"; a report of the "Happy New Year" speech delivered by the mayor to the Town Council, in which he took a roseate view of everything; and a discussion which followed on granting holidays to the workmen employed by the Corporation. This last we shall comment on in our next issue.—Ed.]