

fashioned points of biblical controversy. I had a deal of trouble in persuading him to give up the orthodox notion of eternal torment. We stood—I remember, some two hours under the moonlight one night arguing the point, and as I bade him "Good morning!" he pressed my hand warmly, and with emotion told me that a new light had dawned upon his soul, and that I had made him a happy man; he then pulled a flask from his hip-pocket, and we drank affectionately and separated.

He was removed to another district shortly afterwards, because a local pawnbroker, who was also a Justice of the Peace, had taken a set against him for discovering some valuable stolen property on his shelves. He was much hurt at this, for, as he explained to me, he was forced to make the discovery against his inclination, and he had befriended the pawnbroker many a time at great risk to himself. Before leaving he assured me that if the Socialists could have given him a salary to go round the country denouncing the police system—as the Irish National party had done in the case of several Irish constables—he would most readily have resigned; and he begged of me that should a favourable opportunity occur, to mention the matter to Morris or Hyndman.

My acquaintance with policemen in their ordinary-mortal capacity led me in the early stages of my propagandist career to regard them as not unfavourable material for operating upon, and for a time I had great ideas of converting them to Socialism wholesale, as the Spaniards converted the Moors to Christianity. I conjured visions of the ranks of the constabulary becoming honeycombed with our proselytes, who would refuse to act in case of a strike or popular revolt. I used, therefore, to direct my remarks so that the policemen who decorated the fringe of the crowd might be conciliated and attracted towards our principles. Oftentimes I was certain that I observed beneath their affected indifference or disdain, a glimmer of sympathy twinkle in their lordly souls. When I had occasion to pass near them I looked kindly in their faces, and if perchance I received a nod of friendly recognition my heart bounded within me. I contrived sometimes to get into conversation with them, and esteemed the vaguest expression of sympathy from one of them as of more importance than an avowal of full acceptance from twenty common citizens.

But it was all a hallucination! Ere long I discovered that their sympathy was without substance—that they were mostly incapable of an honest opinion upon any subject—and that I was only making an ass of myself. All my subsequent experience of them confirms this notion, and convinces me that it is as hard for a policeman to be a Socialist as for a bishop to be a Christian or a politician a patriot.

I never attempt to convert policemen now—I have, I hope, become a wiser man. I have reasoned the matter impartially, and have concluded that even if we could convert a few here and there—and we could not hope to do more—it would serve no useful purpose. If, after being converted, they remained in the force, they would not be men worth converting, and if they left the force others would take their place, and our proselytes being then no longer policemen, we would only have gained a few additional ordinary members—and not likely very good ones either. Besides, I think the fact of policemen becoming Socialists would tend to lower the moral and intellectual status of the movement. They may do all very well for the Salvation Army and other Christian bodies, where the acquisition of heathens and sinners adds lustre to their names and money to their treasuries; but in the Socialist movement we find that the acquisition of honest and intelligent men serves and pays best. We can look at things from a business point of view as well as our neighbours!

So much, indeed have my sentiments changed, that I now feel quite uncomfortable when I think my speeches are making a favourable impression upon any of them. The thought suggests issues that are perplexing. It seems unfair to enlist a policeman's sympathy towards us to-day and perhaps have to heave bricks at him to-morrow. It mars the field and spoils the fight. Of course, if a policeman insists upon becoming a Socialist we cannot prevent him; but it would be better if he didn't. Not that I have any animosity against them personally—none in the least. Although I regard them as destroyers of the public peace, devourers of public rights, maltreaters of the poor, and hired hacks of the privileged class; although I regard them as being mostly ignorant, lazy, bullying, cowardly, conceited rascals; and although at the beginning of this paper I expressed delight in witnessing their public execution,—yet I bear them no malice. Why should I? Are they not victims of civilisation like the rest of us? They are bad, but why should we thirst for their gore? Nay, I regard them rather as Stanley regards Congo niggers—as obstacles in the path of progress: and may not I delight in seeing policemen annihilated in the abstract for freedom's sake, just as Stanley delights to kill Congo niggers in the concrete for civilisation's sake,—without bearing any ill-will against them? Thank heaven! I have enough philosophy in me to enable me to fight and even kill a man without hating him in the least!

When the revolution is accomplished we shall be glad to open our doors to "all that is left of them"; meanwhile let them keep at a respectable fighting distance. If they don't meddle with us we won't meddle with them; if they do meddle with us, then heaven help their poor widows and orphans!

J. BRUCE GLASIER.

EAST LONDON AND SOUTHWARK.—Good meeting was held last Sunday at Union Street, Commercial Road, addressed by Leggatt, who spoke for one hour and a-half; 42 'Weals sold; enthusiastic audience and no opposition. We were quite as successful on Mile End Waste at 7.30; 27 'Weals sold, and a meeting announced for next Sunday. Saturday night at Bermondsey Square, a good meeting by Leggatt, who spoke for Leather Trade strikers; 'Weals sold out.—L.

NEWS FROM NOWHERE:

OR,

AN EPOCH OF REST.

BEING SOME CHAPTERS FROM A UTOPIAN ROMANCE.

CHAP. XXVI. (continued).—THE UPPER WATERS.

WE all stopped to receive her. Dick rose in the boat and cried out a genial good-morrow; I tried to be as genial as Dick, but failed; Clara waved a delicate hand to her; and Morsom nodded and looked on with interest. As to Ellen, the beautiful brown of her face was deepened by a flush as she brought the gunwale of her boat alongside ours, and said:

"You see, neighbours, I had some doubt if you would all three come back past Runnymede, or if you did, whether you would stop there; and besides, I am not sure whether we—my father and I—shall not be away in a week or two, for he wants to see a brother of his in the north country, and I should not like him to go without me. So I thought I might never see you again, and that seemed uncomfortable to me, and—and so I came after you."

"Well," said Dick, "I am sure we are all very glad of that; although you may be sure that as for Clara and me, we should have made a point of coming to see you, and of coming the second time if we had found you away the first time. But, dear neighbour, there you are alone in the boat, and you have been sculling pretty hard, I should think, and might find a little quiet sitting pleasant; so we had better part our company into two."

"Yes," said Ellen, "I thought you would do that, so I have brought a rudder for my boat: will you help me to ship it, please?"

And she went aft in her boat and pushed along our side till she had brought the stern close to Dick's hand. He knelt down in our boat and she in hers, and the usual fumbling took place over hanging the rudder on its hooks; for, as you may imagine, no change had taken place in the arrangement of such an unimportant matter as the rudder of a pleasure-boat. As the two beautiful young faces bent over the rudder, they seemed to me to be very close together, and though it only lasted a moment, a sort of pang shot through me as I looked on. Clara sat in her place and did not look round, but presently she said, with just the least stiffness in her tone:

"How shall we divide? Won't you go into Ellen's boat, Dick, since, without offence to our guest, you are the better sculler?"

Dick stood up and laid his hand on her shoulder, and said: "No, no; let Guest try what he can do—he ought to be getting into training now. Besides, we are in no hurry; we are not going far above Oxford; and even if we are benighted, we shall have the moon, which will give us nothing worse of a night than a greyer day."

"Besides," said I, "I may manage to do a little more with my sculling than merely keeping the boat from drifting down stream."

They all laughed at this, as if it had been a very good joke; and I thought that Ellen's laugh even amongst the others was one of the pleasantest sounds I had ever heard.

To be short, I got into the new-come boat, not a little elated, and taking the sculls, set to work to show off a little. For—must I say it?—I felt as if even that happy world were made the happier for my being so near this strange girl; although I must say of all the persons I had seen in that world renewed, she was the most unfamiliar to me, the most unlike what I could have thought of. Clara, for instance, beautiful and bright as she was, was not unlike a *very* pleasant and unaffected young lady; and the other girls also seemed nothing more than specimens of very much improved types which I had known in other times. But this girl was not only beautiful with a beauty quite different from that of "a young lady," but was in all ways so strangely interesting; so that I kept wondering what she would say or do next to surprise and please me. Not, indeed, that there was anything startling in what she actually said or did; but it was all done in a new way, and always with that indefinable interest and pleasure of life, which I had noticed more or less in everybody, but which in her was more marked and more charming than in anyone else that I had seen.

We were soon under way and going at a fair pace through the beautiful reaches of the river between Bensington and Dorchester. It was now about the middle of the afternoon, warm rather than hot, and quite windless; the clouds high up and light, pearly white, and gleaming, softened the sun's burning, but did not hide the pale blue in most places, though they seemed to give it height and consistency; the sky, in short, looked really like a vault, as poets have sometimes called it, and not like mere limitless air, but a vault so vast and full of light that it did not anyway oppress the spirits. It was the sort of afternoon that Tennyson must have been thinking about, when he said of the Lotos-Eaters' land that it was a land where it was always afternoon.

Ellen leaned back in the stern and seemed to enjoy herself thoroughly. I could see that she was really looking at things and let nothing escape her, and as I watched her, an uncomfortable feeling that she had been a little touched by love of the deft, ready, and handsome Dick, and that she had been constrained to follow us because of it, faded out of my mind; since if it had been so, she surely could not have been so excitedly pleased, even with the beautiful scenes we were passing through. For some time she did not say much, but at last, as we had passed under Shillingford Bridge (new built, but somewhat on its old lines), she bade me hold the boat while she had a good look at the landscape through the graceful arch. Then she turned about to me and said:

"I do not know whether to be sorry or glad that this is the first time that I have been in these reaches. It is true that it is a great pleasure to see all this for the first time; but if I had had a year or two of memory of it, how sweetly it would all have mingled with my life, waking or dreaming! I am so glad Dick has been pulling slowly, so as to linger out the time here. How do you feel about your first visit to these waters?"

I do not suppose she meant a trap for me, but anyhow I fell into it, and said: "My first visit! It is not my first visit by many time. I know these reaches well; indeed, I may say that I know every yard of the Thames from Hammersmith to Cricklade."

I saw the complications that might follow, as her eyes fixed mine with a curious look in them, that I had seen before at Runnymede when I had said something which made it difficult for others to understand my present position amongst these people. I reddened, and said, in order to cover my mistake: "I wonder you have never been up so high as this, since you live on the Thames, and moreover row so well that it would be no great labour to you. Let alone," quoth I, insinuatingly, "that anybody would be glad to row you."

She laughed, clearly not at my compliment (as I am sure she need not have done, as it was a very commonplace fact), but at something which was stirring in her mind; and she still looked at me kindly but with the above-said keen look in her eyes, and then she said:

"Well, perhaps it is strange, though I have a good deal to do at home, what with looking after my father, and dealing with two or three young men who have taken a special liking to me, and all of whom I cannot please at once. But you, dear neighbour; it seems to me stranger that you should know the upper river, than that I should not know it; for, as I understand, you have only been in England a few days. But perhaps you mean that you have read about it in books, and seen pictures of it?—though that don't come to much, either."

"Truly," said I. "Besides, I have not read any books about the Thames: it was one of the minor stupidities of our time that no one thought fit to write a decent book about what may fairly be called our only English river."

The words were no sooner out of my mouth than I saw that I had made another mistake; and I felt really annoyed with myself, as I did not want to go into a long explanation just then, or begin another series of Odyssean lies. Somehow, Ellen seemed to see this, and she took no advantage of my slip; her piercing look changed into one of mere frank kindness, and she said:

"Well, anyhow I am glad that I am travelling these waters with you, since you know our river so well, and I know little of it past Pangbourne, for you can tell me all I want to know about it." She paused a minute, and then said: "Yet you must understand that the part I do know, I know as thoroughly as you do. I should be sorry for you to think that I am careless of a thing so beautiful and interesting as the Thames."

She said this quite earnestly, and with an air of affectionate appeal to me which pleased me very much; but I could see that she was only keeping her doubts about me for another time. WILLIAM MORRIS.

TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE ST. LUKE'S EVICTIONS.

WE preserve the following taken from the *Star*, which should teach our Radical friends that cruel and merciless evictions are quite as common in London as Ireland:

"The drama of Golden Lane is working itself out. While the evictor and his emergency men were exulting over their victory at Clerkenwell Police-court, there was a scene of a different character going on in the filthy little court over which the dispute has taken place. Amongst the evicted was an old man, 84 years of age. He has for many years occupied one of the tumbledown rooms in this awful slum, and has weekly paid over 2s. 6d. to Mr. Marmaduke Matthews for the privilege of being poisoned with foul air and squalor. His total weekly income was 3s. 6d., a pension from a cabinet-making firm in Hackney for which he used to work in his younger days. To this he added about 1s. 3d. a month by making book-slides in his feeble old way. He has been moved twice during these cruel evictions, but he will not trouble the house jobber again. He will offer no resistance to being taken out next time, for he died after the worry and anxiety of being driven like a dog from one wretched kennel to another. Shortly after the old man died, having expressed on his death-bed a wish not to have a pauper's funeral, Marmaduke Matthews, the recipient of that weekly 2s. 6d. for rent, came along, and graciously contributed sixpence—a whole sixpence, mind you—towards the cost of a burial not at the expense of the parish. When a *Star* man visited the poor fellow a few days ago in his wretched room, whose only furniture was a broken bed propped up with a box, two chairs, and a table saved from falling by leaning against the wall, he found Johnson cooking his meal of rice and water, and feeding with a few grains a little linnet, which was his only companion in the world. He complained then of the cruelty with which he was being moved on, and told our man how, out of his scanty income, he had regularly paid over two-thirds for rent, and yet they were evicting him. People who imagine that good samaritanism is confined to respectable well-to-do folk ought to have seen how, even in this frightful slum, with all its horde of rough inhabitants, this old man owed many a real addition to his means to the kindness of neighbours who could ill afford the gift."

When are the English people going to be men enough to stop these brutalities by greeting the bailiff with bricks, stones, and hot water after the Irish fashion? Liberal ministers may then remember that landlord tyranny is not confined to Ireland! Don't forget Johnson was a "Free Englishman," and he lived in a place not fit for a dog and on Chinese diet—rice and water! But we all know the English workman is so much better off than the foreigner, and so superior in every way!

SOCIALISM IN LONDON AND THE PROVINCES.

WEST-CENTRAL LONDON ('COMMONWEAL').

THE 'Commonweal' Branch have been very active during this month with propaganda work, such as the pushing of the paper, distribution of leaflets, and general dissemination of anti-Parliamentarian tactics. Indoor work has proved very successful, good audiences having been addressed in our hall on Sunday evenings. The singing class practices have not been so well attended, and your secretary suggests that as it is but a step from the class to the street corner, comrades might turn up; the singing of our revolutionary songs helps to draw large audiences, relieves the speakers, and tends to sell our paper and song-books. Outdoor meetings have been held regularly at Hoxton on Friday evenings and Sunday mornings. On Friday, August 15, we took large red flag with us, and were taken for the time being as apostles of the Salvation Army, in some instances receiving groans and hisses, but this suddenly disappeared when we began speaking. A large audience was addressed by Leggatt, Kitz, Mrs. Lahr, and Blundell; at one point of the meeting some miserable half-hearted opposition on the foreign bogey came from some half-starved and pinch-faced women, who were all hat and feathers and no boots, but they were more to be pitied than blamed; our comrade Kitz let them down very gently, and the meeting at last expressed evident signs of satisfaction at what had been said by our comrades. At same place on the following Sunday morning, comrades Burnie, Mrs. Lahr, and Blundell addressed very good meeting, the flag this time proving a good attraction. The No-Rent Crusade was advocated pretty plainly by the speakers, and altogether seemed to be received with approbation. Several of our comrades attended the Docker's Demonstration in the afternoon, and distributed several thousand leaflets and pushed the *Commonweal*. At this meeting we had a strange experience. A meeting was started by us, and some reference made to the fact that the New Unionism was due to the work of the Socialists, but that now those who have benefited by their work shrink from the name of Socialist, and would wear anything but red as a badge, the dockers intolerantly refused to hear this lecture and broke up the meeting. It was, however, reformed further on, and a large amount of *Commonweals* disposed of. On Friday, August 22, at Hoxton, a large and enthusiastic meeting was addressed for three hours and a-half by Leggatt, Burnie, Kitz, Mainwaring, and Blundell, also White (S.D.F.). The usual drunken fool turned up, but disappeared after some kindly treatment of his special case. Some opposition came from a "good Christian young man," who thought our doctrines were erroneous, and would only lead to bloodshed and disorder, and further exhorted the people not to listen to us because we only made working-people more miserable and discontented than they were before, and that no good could come out of it. He also expressed regret that we should criticise the police, because in his case on one occasion, when he was on tramp, and in the town of Hastings, cold and weary, some good and kind policeman there gave him a pot of nice hot tea. He agreed with a good deal that had been said by our speakers, but as a Christian he had more faith in charity, the giving away of soup, blankets, and other little dodges which are resorted to by the mission-hall hypocrites to delude the workers. Kitz replied, and informed the good young man that the police had killed and cruelly beaten and injured many of our comrades, and that there should be no surprise at our expressions of bitterness. We think if this good Christian will read our paper, and attend some more of our meetings, it will not be long before even he will see eye to eye with us. On Sunday morning, August 24, good audience addressed by Mrs. Lahr, Kitz, and Blundell; very sympathetic and no opposition. Our meetings have closed with an endeavour to get names of the Hoxton men and women as members, and we think it will not be long before a good strong branch will be established here. Branch comrades have sold at the different meetings some 157 'Weals, besides distributing some thousands of leaflets.

W. B.

SHEFFIELD AND MANCHESTER.

LEAVING Leicester on Monday week, I went to Sheffield and at once began spreading discontent by holding meetings on Monday at the Pump, West Bar, Tuesday at Bramall Lane and Monolith, Wednesday at Wicker, going on Thursday out into the country to Eckington with comrade Cores, distributing 'Weals and leaflets from house to house, and preparing the way for a meeting which we held in the same town on Friday. The doctrine goes very well among the miners, who seemed only too eager to listen, and were sorry when we had to leave to catch a train back to Sheffield. These meetings will now be kept up by the comrades here. Comrade Bulas and myself went to Woodhouse on Saturday, but owing to all the available ground being taken up by the annual fair, etc., we were unable to hold a meeting. I went to Manchester on Sunday morning, and began by addressing a very large meeting of strikers in the water-proof trade, whose chief speakers were the official clique of the Trades' Council here, and who were so shocked at my utterances that they hastily left the platform. I will give them some more during the week. At night I addressed a very large meeting indeed at the spot where our comrades have been prosecuted. The police did not interfere, nay, what is more they never turned up; and though our Social Democratic friends of Salford promised to turn up and help, yet they failed to put in an appearance. Free speech for Social Democrats is their cry, but down with Anarchists is their action. I am going to stir up Manchester and Salford this week, and shall show our somewhat friends that "We're not asleep!" Good meetings and good sale of literature have been the result of all our meetings.

C. W. M.

NORTH LONDON.—On Saturday, our meeting was addressed by Cantwell, Nicoll, and Edwards; good discussion. Sunday morning an excellent meeting gathered to hear Miss Lupton, Stone, Edwards, and Nicoll; some discussion was replied to by Miss Lupton and Nicoll; collection, 7s. 3d. In Hyde Park, Cantwell, Miss Lupton, Emerson, Coulon, and Furlong spoke; a man of bourgeois appearance, describing himself as a working-man, a well-known leader of workmen's societies in the East-end, etc., but who refused his name, offered some opposition. He proved to be a Guardian of the Poor Law, and on being fixed with a couple of questions he declined to answer and skulked off; collection was 1s. 4d. We also held a meeting at King's Cross on Sunday evening, where Miss Lupton, Edwards, and Nicoll spoke. We have sold 7 quires of 'Weal this week and 3s. worth of literature.

LEEDS.—On Sunday last a very successful meeting was held on Hunslet Moor, speakers Allworthy, Cores, Sollit, Sweeney, and Samuels. Good sale of *Commonweal* and pamphlets, and 3s. 3d. collected. Afternoon, at 3, we held a good meeting and opened up a fresh station at New Wortley recreation ground, Cores, Samuels, and Wormald speaking; good sale of *Commonweal*. At 6.30, in the "Croft," another very good meeting was held, speakers Cores and Samuels, when 2s. more was collected and the last of our 3½ quires *Commonweal* sold; good sale of "Monopoly."—H. S.

Socialist Delegates to the Trades Congress.—The Liverpool Socialist Society will be glad to welcome, at 1 Stanley Street, Dale Street, Socialists who are delegates to the Trades Congress to be held in Liverpool next week.