



OFFICES: 24 GREAT QUEEN STREET, LONDON, W.C.

HAVE YOU NOT HEARD HOW IT HAS GONE WITH MANY A CAUSE BEFORE NOW: FIRST, FEW MEN HEED IT; NEXT, MOST MEN CONTEMN IT; LASTLY, ALL MEN ACCEPT IT—AND THE CAUSE IS WON

The COMMONWEAL is the official organ of the Socialist League; but, unless definitely so announced by the Editors, no article is to be taken as expressing in more than a general way the views of the League as a body. In accordance with the Manifesto and Statement of Principles of the League, the COMMONWEAL is an exponent of International Revolutionary Socialism. On minor differences of opinion the widest freedom of discussion is maintained. As all articles are signed, no special significance attaches to their position in the paper.

Articles and letters dealing with any phase of the social problem are invited and will meet with earnest consideration. They must be written on one side of the paper only, and accompanied by the name and address of the writer, not necessarily for publication. MSS. can only be returned if a stamped directed envelope accompanies them.

Advertisements can only be inserted if unobjectionable in all particulars. Scale of charges and special quotations may be obtained from the Manager.

SUBSCRIPTIONS, including postage:—For British Islands, Europe, United States, and Canada, a year, 6s.; six months, 3s.; three months, 1s. 6d. For Australia, New Zealand, Cape of Good Hope, Natal, Transvaal, and the Argentine Republic, a year, 8s.; six months, 4s.; three months, 2s. For India, Ceylon, China, Hong Kong, and the Straits Settlements, a year, 10s.; six months, 5s.; three months, 2s. 6d.

Subscribers who receive a RED WRAPPER are thereby reminded that their subscriptions have expired and must be renewed immediately if they wish to continue to receive COMMONWEAL.

SPECIAL RECRUIT SUBSCRIPTIONS.—To aid in spreading our principles, the following largely reduced terms are offered to those who obtain new subscribers: Two new yearly subscriptions for British Islands, etc., 10s. 6d.; for Australia, etc., 15s.; for India, etc., 10s. Five new subscriptions: For British Islands, etc., 25s.; for Australia, etc., 37s. 6d.; for India, etc., 47s. 6d. Specimen copies will be sent on receipt of postage.

Remittances from abroad must be made by International Money Order.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

CORRESPONDENTS who order literature should prepay postage, or state if they wish their parcels to be sent per rail or carrier, "carriage forward."

CONTENTS.

	PAGE.
A Revolutionary Policy	D. J. NICOLL 217
The Great Land Thieves	F. KRIZ 217
The Revolt at Bow Street	NICOLL 218
Sweaters!	EDITORS 219
Correspondence	219
Socialism in London and the Provinces	W. W., S., and A. C. 219
News from Nowhere; or, an Epoch of Rest (continued)	WILLIAM MORRIS 220
International Notes	N. 221
Notes on News	N. 221
The Labour Revolt	H. S. and N. 222
In Australia	CORNSTALK 223
Executive Announcements, Reports, Lecture Diary, and Notices of Meetings	223
New Publications, Advertisements, etc., etc.	224

Periodicals received during the week ending Wednesday July 9.

ENGLAND Die Autonomie Justice Labour Tribune Norwich—Daylight People's Press Railway Review Sozial Demokrat Safaring Unity Worker's Friend	S.F. Coast Seamen's Journal San Francisco Arbeiterzeitung St. Louis (Mo.)—Die Parole Anarchist Philadel.—Knights of Labour Paterson Labour Standard	SWITZERLAND Arbeiterstimme Schweizer Textil Arbeiter
UNITED STATES New York—Freiheit Twentieth Century Bakers' Journal Workmen's Advocate New York—Der Sozialist Boston—Woman's Journal Boston—Liberty Buffalo—Arbeiter-Zeitung Chicago (Ill)—Vorboten Detroit—Der Arme Teufel	FRANCE Paris—Bourse du Travail Le Parti ouvrier La Revue Europeenne Charleville—L'Emancipation Lyon—L'Action Sociale Amiens—Le Peuple Picard	SPAIN Madrid—El Socialista
	HOLLAND Hague—Recht voor Allen Middelburg, Licht en Waarheid	GERMANY Berlin—Volks Tribune
	GERMANY Antwerp—De Werker Ghent—Vooruit	AUSTRIA Vienna—Arbeiter-Zeitung
	ITALY Rome—L'Emancipazione	HUNGARY Arbeiter-Wochen-Chronik
		DENMARK Social-Demokraten Copenhagen—Arbejderens Ravnen
		WEST INDIES Cuba—El Productor
		ARGENTINE REPUBLIC Buenos Aytes—Vorwarts

NEWS FROM NOWHERE:

OR,

AN EPOCH OF REST.

BEING SOME CHAPTERS FROM A UTOPIAN ROMANCE.

CHAP. XXII.—HAMPTON COURT. AND A PRAISER OF PAST TIMES.

So on we went, Dick rowing in an easy tireless way, and Clara sitting by my side admiring his manly beauty and heartily good-natured face, and thinking, I fancy, of nothing else. As we went higher up the river, there was less difference between the Thames of that day and Thames as I remembered it; for setting aside the hideous vulgarity of the cockney villas of the well-to-do, stockbrokers and other such, which in older time marred the beauty of the bough-hung banks, even this

beginning of the country Thames was always beautiful; and as we slipped between the lovely summer greenery, I almost felt my youth come back to me, and as if I were on one of those water excursions which I used to enjoy so much in days when I was too happy to think that there could be much amiss anywhere.

At last we came to a reach of the river where on the left hand a very pretty little village with some old houses in it came down to the edge of the water, over which was a ferry; and beyond these houses the elm-beset meadows ended in a fringe of tall willows, while on the right hand went the tow-path and a space nearly clear of trees, which rose up behind huge and ancient, the ornaments of a great park: but these drew back still further from the river at the end of the reach to make way for a little town of quaint and pretty houses, some new, some old, dominated by the long walls and sharp gables of a great red-brick pile of building, partly of the latest Gothic, partly of the Court-style of Dutch William, but so blended together by the bright sun and beautiful surroundings, including the bright blue river, that it looked down upon, that even amidst the beautiful buildings of that new happy time it had a strange charm about it. A great wave of fragrance, amidst which the lime-tree blossom was clearly to be distinguished, came down to us from its unseen gardens, as Clara sat up in her place, and said:

"O Dick, dear, couldn't we stop at Hampton Court for to-day, and take the guest about the park a little and show him those sweet old buildings? Somehow, I suppose because you have lived so near it, you have seldom taken me to Hampton Court."

Dick rested on his oars a little, and said: "Well, well, Clara, you are lazy to-day. I didn't feel like stopping short of Shepperton to-day: suppose we just go and have our dinner at the Court, and go on again about five o'clock?"

"Well," she said, "so be it; but I should like the guest to have spent an hour or two in the Park."

"The Park!" said Dick; "why, the whole Thames-side is a park this time of the year; and for my part, I had rather lie under an elm-tree on the borders of a wheat-field, with the bees humming about me and the corn-crake crying from furrow to furrow, than in any park in England. Besides——"

"Besides," said she, "you want to get on to your dearly-loved upper Thames, and show your prowess down the heavy swathes of the mowing grass."

She looked at him fondly, and I could tell that she was seeing him in her mind's eye showing his splendid form at its best amidst the rhymed strokes of the scythes; and she looked down at her own pretty feet with a half sigh, as though she were contrasting her slight woman's beauty with his man's beauty; as women will when they are really in love, and are not spoiled with conventional sentiment.

As for Dick, he looked at her admiringly a while, and then said at last: "Well, Clara, I do wish we were there! But, hilloa! we are getting back way." And he set to work sculling again, and in two minutes we were all standing on the gravelly strand below the bridge, which, as you may imagine, was no longer the old hideous iron abortion, but a handsome piece of very solid oak framing.

We went into the Court and straight into the great hall, so well remembered, where there were tables spread for dinner, and everything arranged much as in the Hammersmith Guest-hall. Dinner over, we sauntered through the ancient rooms, where the pictures and tapestry were still preserved, and nothing was much changed, except that the people whom we met there had an indefinable kind of look of being at home and at ease, which communicated itself to me, so that I felt that the beautiful old place was mine in the best sense of the word; and my pleasure of past days seemed to add itself to that of to-day, and filled my whole soul with content.

Dick (who, in spite of Clara's gibe, knew the place very well) told me that the beautiful old Tudor rooms, which I remembered were the dwellings of the lesser fry of Court flunkies, were much used by people coming and going; for, beautiful as architecture had now become, and although the whole face of the country had quite recovered its beauty, there was still a sort of tradition of pleasure and beauty which clung to that group of buildings, and people thought going to Hampton Court a necessary summer outing, as they did in the days when London was so grimy and miserable. We went into some of the rooms looking into the old garden, and were well received by the people in them, who got speedily into talk with us, and looked with politely half-concealed wonder at my strange face. Besides these birds of passage, and a few regular dwellers in the place, we saw out in the meadows near the garden, down "the Long Water," as it used to be called, many gay tents with men, women, and children round about them. As it seemed, this pleasure-loving people were fond of tent-life, with all its inconveniences, which, indeed, they turned into pleasures also.

We left this old friend by the time appointed, and I made some feeble show of taking the sculls; but Dick repulsed me, not much to my grief, I must say, as I found I had quite enough to do between the enjoyment of the beautiful time and my own lazily blended thoughts.

As to Dick, it was quite right to let him pull, for he was as strong as a horse, and had the greatest delight in bodily exercise, whatever it was. We really had some difficulty in getting him to stop when it was getting rather more than dusk, and the moon was brightening just as we were off Runnymede. We landed there, and were looking about for a place whereon to pitch our tents (for we had brought two with us), when an old man came up to us, bade us good evening, and asked if we were housed for that night; and finding that we were not, bade us home to his house. Nothing loth, we went with him, and Clara took his hand in a coaxing way which I noticed she used with old men; and as we

went on our way, made some commonplace remark about the beauty of the day. The old man stopped short, and looked at her and said: "You really like it then?"

"Yes," she said, looking very much astonished. "Don't you?"

"Well," said he, "perhaps I do. I did, at any rate, when I was younger; but now I think I should like it cooler."

She said nothing, and went on, the night growing about as dark as it would be; till just at the rise of the hill we came to a hedge with a gate in it, which the old man unlatched and led us into a garden, at the end of which we could see a little house, one of whose little windows was already yellow with candle-light. We could see even under the doubtful light of the moon and the last of the western glow that the garden was stuffed full of flowers; and the fragrance it gave out in the gathering coolness was so wonderfully sweet, that it seemed the very heart of the delight of the June dusk; so that we three stopped instinctively, and Clara gave forth a little sweet "O!" like a bird beginning to sing.

"What's the matter?" said the old man, a little testily, and pulling at her hand. "There's no dog; or have you trodden on a thorn and hurt your foot?"

"No, no, neighbour," she said; "but how sweet, how sweet it is!"

"Of course it is," said he, "but do you care so much for that?"

She laughed out musically, and we followed suit in our gruffer voices; and then she said: "Of course I do, neighbour; don't you?"

"Well, I don't know," quoth the old fellow; then he added, as if somewhat ashamed of himself: "Besides, you know, when the waters are out and all Runnymede is flooded it's none so pleasant."

"I should like it," quoth Dick. "What a jolly sail one would get about here on the floods on a bright frosty January morning!"

"Would you like it?" said our host. "Well, I won't argue with you, neighbour; it isn't worth while. Come in and have some supper."

WILLIAM MORRIS.

TO BE CONTINUED.]

(This Story began in No. 209, January 11, 1890. A few sets of Back Numbers can still be had.)

INTERNATIONAL NOTES.

GERMANY.

The close similarity between the English trade-unionist and the German and Austrian Social-Democratic movements is illustrated by the fact that both have undergone of late the same successes, difficulties, and trials, and neither of them manages to get better out of the difficulty than the other. In England the great success was the dockers' strike, in Germany the elections of February, and in Austria the May Day demonstrations. They were all followed by a period of shallow optimism, during which some believed they had found the remedy, and then by capitalist reaction, when these saw the workers congratulating themselves on their love of law and order. This was followed by defeats of the workers and a great deal of unpleasant quarrelling, and disillusion, etc. Only here, Socialists worthy their name kept aloof from these ephemeral events, and the people now return to those who kept up unflinchingly the revolutionary propaganda. In Germany and Austria the foremost Social-Democrats stand in the midst of all these quarrels and squabbles, and much quarrelling and intriguing goes on at present, however much the official mouthpieces of the leaders may deny this or hush it up. These leaders showed themselves utterly incapable of managing the 1st of May affair, as some persons nearer home about the general strike last year. They got frightened at the decisive moment, and "proclaimed" the holiday-making on May Day. Their ukase created much discontent, for the masses are already more advanced than their pretended "leaders." A part, however, stuck to the holiday; the result was lamentable half measures, which only encouraged the bourgeois to revenge themselves on the few who were cowardly deserted by the great mass. Hamburg was foremost in this, and now great distress prevails there among the Socialists, great numbers of them having been sacked, strikes being lost, etc. In Berlin, to give another example, during the brewers' strike scab breweries were boycotted, as the local Socialists had decided; but the official clique who still hold the local daily paper did all they could to discourage this boycott, and so it fell through. Much ill-feeling is provoked by this, and at a large representative meeting even Bebel did not succeed in lulling the growing feeling of independence of the workers, who are angry at being humbugged by their leaders. In the same way, the chief Austrian organ of the Social-Democrats thinks that there has now been enough of strikes. Of course, the workers should content themselves for a time by living on the recollection of the "glorious May Day promenades." Here also an opposition is rising. It is certain that the approaching depression of trade, the breaking up of trade organisations, and the confused demagogic escapades of the Emperor, will all combine to bring about a crisis in the German movement, which will open the eyes of many to the truth of the Revolutionary and Anarchist ideas.

JAPAN.

It appears that Socialist and Anarchist ideas begin to spread among the natives of Japan. Some information on this subject has been published by Dr. J. Hoffmann, of New York, a collaborator of the *Freiheit*, who visited Japan last year. Some time ago a secret radical society was organised by Talui Tokitchi, who was imprisoned for this for three years. This society is dead, but its adherents have since adopted Socialist ideas. They must be very careful and moderate in their propaganda, owing to the despotism they live under, but their ulterior aim is Anarchist-Communism. A paper called *The XIXth Century* was published for one and three-quarter years, and then prohibited. Since then *Tyū* (Freedom) was started (since December 13, 1889), published in San Francisco, and for the time being hectographed until the funds will allow to buy type. This movement seems to be more under the influence of European Socialist ideas than under that of the native Socialist traditions of Eastern Asia, which are especially vigorous in China. We hail this movement as a new link in the world-wide chain of the Socialist brotherhood.

* *

NOTES ON NEWS.

POLICE and Guards in revolt! Surely the whole Governmental machine is going to pieces. Even the practical middle-class man is beginning to ask, "Are we on the verge of a Revolution?" The middle-class may indeed shake in their shoes when their crack regiments are in mutiny. They always thought they could depend upon the Guards, though they could trust no other regiment in London. They have now found they were mistaken.

There is a lull in the trouble for a moment, but there can be very little doubt it will break out again; and the respectable classes must shudder when they think that the *Daily News* the other day said that a financial crisis is very probable in the autumn. What will become of the middle-classes when that crash comes? I think it is likely there may be an extensive "emigration" of the "surplus population" to a much warmer climate.

Bravo Leeds! Your people have shown that the men of the North have not lost their manhood in the enervating atmosphere of a commercial civilisation. Nor has the "peace at any price" cant of the hucksters of the Manchester school influenced the men, in whose veins runs the blood of the wild Norse sea rovers, who made danger a pastime, and sought in battle the pleasure which all the cheating knaves who lie and adulterate can never find in the smartest bargain. The men of Leeds have gained a victory. But how? Not by listening to the "law-'n'-order" appeals of Tay Pay O'Connor, who has the strongest objection to "violence" outside Ireland, or even by paying much attention to the mild platitudes of sentimental and political Socialists.

It is true that a juvenile contemporary of ours, with that sweet simplicity peculiar to innocent youth, says that "the gas workers have accomplished more by peaceful means than they could ever have hoped to do by recourse to violence." This is really too innocent; so innocent that we fear it can hardly be real.

Last winter, in South London, the gas-workers fought their battle in a strictly "legal and constitutional manner." They only tried the "peaceable means" of mild persuasion. How did they succeed? The gas company got more blacklegs than they wanted, and the men were shamefully defeated. Livesey's slave dens are now manned with blacklegs, and the gas-stokers are starving outside. At Leeds a huge mob assembles, armed with "formidable sticks, many of them with hooks, spikes, and nails attached," and blacklegs and police are attacked with savage bravery. With what result? The blacklegs who are in the works come out again, in consequence of the "peaceable means" employed by the crowd. Rioting continues for two nights, police, military, and town councillors are stoned; an attempt is made to force the works. There is suddenly a great scarcity of blacklegs; they cannot be had at any price; and the Town Council gives way, and it is the blacklegs who have to clear out and the men who take their places.

What is the moral of this? We fear the moral would not commend itself to the Fabian Society, or to any other body of kid-gloved pedants, with whom Socialism is a kind of high-class amusement—something to talk about, to vary the monotonous ease of their lives. But to workmen the moral is this—all means are justifiable against traitors and tyrants. "Death to blackleg! death to sweater!" must be the war cry of the working class. As they show no mercy to us, we will show none to them. This is what the people will not forget in future.

There is still another moral, and that is the futility of political reform. The Municipality of Leeds is a freely elected body, it is even a Fabian body. There are Municipal gas-works and Municipal police in that town. What more can Sidney Webb want? Yet this body does not mind sweating its employes; and when they resist, it brings its Municipal police to bludgeon them, and summons soldiers to shoot them down. And yet we are told by our Fabian friends that if the County Council had control over the London police, bludgeoning the people would be a thing of the past, and to quote the mad gentleman in 'Nicholas Nickleby,' "all would be gas and gaiters." I fear it will not be much consolation to a discontented London workman, when that happy time arrives, to remember, when his head is broken by a policeman's truncheon, that that valuable officer is not under the control of a tyrannical government, but is the servant of the London County Council. We wonder if that will make the workman feel quite serene and comfortable: we doubt it.

The leaders of last Saturday's procession are very jubilant over their "victory." According to Mr. Conybeare, M.P., it is all owing to the Gladstonian victory at Barrow. A more probable explanation is that the Government could not trust even their beloved police to bludgeon an unarmed crowd, and so as not to risk an almost certain "mutiny" they preferred to let the procession go by, especially as "it was only a little one."

The most amusing incident on Saturday was the eager way in which the mounted police accepted some copies of the *Commonweal* from a young comrade. We hope they liked the article on the front page. Let them read, mark, learn, and inwardly digest it. Then perhaps they may repent and be saved while there is yet time.

N.