has shaved himself. This man confounded a soldier to barracks for some days because he had shaved the down off his face, and the young recruit had not shaved in his life. That does not matter, the soldier has to shave himself even if there is no hair to shave off. No wonder this officer ("Shavo") had a basin thrown from the barrack-room window as high as he could throw it at the guards. There were also several attempts made on his life, and in the time of the war many an officer will be shot by his own men through his past tyranny.

The soldiers must not act as men, they must submit themselves to all their governors, teachers, spiritual pastors, and masters, and order themselves lowly and reverently to all their betters. It is the soldierly duty of a man to obey; and when this is told, the first duty of a soldier is strict obedience ("Obedience is the first duty of a soldier!" is on his account book). He has orders to proceed to some eviction some in Ireland, or to keep some Trade Unionists or Socialists down, and he is to do it as far off as to slaughter Ashburn, Bur- mee, Zuluis, and others. He is told to remember the words, "England (the capitalists and landlords) expects that every man this day will do his duty.

Let the soldier consider that he belongs to the workers, and that it is his duty to fight for those to whom he belongs, for those who are robbed by the plundering classes of the fruits of their labour. It is not his duty to give them, who monopolises the means of life. Remember, soldiers! when the Revolution takes place do your duty, and do it well! Do not fire a shot on the people! Do not murder your own kindred! Do not let the voices of the fatherless children curse you as hired murderers! Do your duty! J. J. CHAPMAN.

NEWS FROM NOWHERE:

ON AN EPOCH OF REST.

BEING SOME CHAPTERS FROM A UTOPIAN ROMANCE.

CHAP. XXX.—THE FINES BEGINNING—THE END.

Dick brought me at once into the little field which, as I had seen from the garden, was covered with gaily-coloured tents arranged in orderly lines, about which were sitting and lying upon the grass some sixty men, women, and children, all of them in the height of good temper and enjoyment—with their holiday mood on, so to say.

"You are thinking that we don't make a great show as to numbers," said Dick, "but that we will have more to-morrow; because in this haymaking work there is room for a great many people who are not over-skilled in country matters: and there are many who lead sedentary lives, whom it would be unlucky to deprive of their pleasure in the hayfield—scientific men and close students generally; so that the skilled workmen, outside those who are wanted as mowers and foremen of the haymaking stand at home, are the best, which is good for them, whether they like it or not: or else they go to other countries, as I am doing here. You see, the scientific men and historians and students generally will not be wanted till we are fairly in the midst of the tedding and harvest when it will be till the day after to-morrow.

With that he brought me out of the little field on to a kind of causeway above the riverside meadow, and thence turning to the left on a path through the mowing grass which was thick and very tall, led on till we came to the river above the weir and its mill. There we had a delightful swim in the broad piece of water above the weir, where the river looked much bigger than its natural size from its being dammed up by the weir.

"Now we are in a fit mood for dinner," said Dick, when we had dressed and were going through the grass again; "and certainly of all the good things in the house, the one of haylage is the choicest—ever not excepting the corn-harvest feast; for then the year is beginning to fail, and one cannot help having a feeling all the gaiety of the coming of the dark days and the short fields and empty gardens; and it is the best way to get used to it. It is, then, in the autumn when one almost believes in death.

"How strangely you talk," said I, "of such a constantly recurring and consequently commonplace matter as the sequence of the seasons. And certainly, when we get involved in such things, and what seemed to me a quite exaggerated interest in the weather, a fine day, a dark night or a brilliant one, and the like.

"'Is it strange to sympathise with the year, and its gains and losses?'

"At any rate," said I, "if you look upon the course of the year as a beautiful and interesting drama, which is what I think you do, you should be less troubled with interminable trouble and pain as with this wonderful summer luxury.

"And am I not," said Dick, rather warmly; "only I can't look upon it as a beautiful and interesting drama, because I feel myself taking part in it. It is difficult," said he, smiling good-humouredly, "for a non-literary man like me to explain myself properly, like that dear girl Ellen would; but I mean that I am part of it all, and feel the pain as well as the pleasure in my own person. It is not done for me by somebody else, merely that I may eat and drink and sleep; but I myself do my share of it."

In his way also, as Ellen in hers, I could see that Dick had that personal share of the event which we connote.
church. It was a man who looked old, but whom I knew from habit, now half-forgotten, was not really much more than fifty. His face was rugged, and grimed rather than dirty; his eyes dull and blessed; his body bent, his calves thin and supple, his feet dragging and lumping. No clothing was a mixture of dirt and rags long over-familiar to me. As I passed him he touched his hat with some real good-will and courtesy.

I was forcibly shocked, I hurried past him and hastened along the road that led to the river and the lower end of the village; but suddenly I saw it as it were a black cloud rolling along to meet me, like a catastrophe. I spent the next three days in a state of perfect terror, believing in nothing else than being in the dark, and whether I was walking, or sitting, or lying down, I could not tell.

I lay in my bed in my house at dingy Hammerninth thinking about it all; and trying to consider if I was overwhelmed with despair at finding I had been dreaming a dream. Or indeed was it a dream? It was a dream that I was really seeing all that new life from the outside, still wrapped up in the prejudices, the anxieties, the distrust of this time of doubt and anxiety.

All along, though those friends were so real to me, I had been feeling as if I had no business amongst them; as though the time would come when they would reject me, and say, as Ellen's last mournful look seemed to say, "No help will do you unless of us; you belong so entirely to the unthinking of the past that even our happiness even would weary us. Go back again, now you have seen us, and your own friends will look in that in spite of our infallible maximum of your day there is yet a time of rest in store for the world, when mastery has changed into fellowship—but not before. Go back again, then, and while you live you will see all round you people engaged in mending the broken, and while they themselves care nothing for their own real lives—men who hate life though they fear death. Go back, and be the happier for having seen us, for having added strength and courage while we were striving, with whatsoever pain and labour needs must, to build up little by little the new day of fellowship, and rest, and happiness.

Yes, surely! And if others can see as I have seen it, then it may be called a vision rather than a dream.

William Morris.

THE END.

LITERARY NOTES.

"Igrdrali!" for October,—the first number of a new volume.—(Price 6d., Geo. Allen, S. Bell Yard, Temple Bar, W.C.), will contain ten or twelve powerful poems dealing with the social question, entitled, "Poor People's Christmas." No. 2 in the series will be "Raksham" dealing with the Irish question; and "The Last Laird of Monkbar and his Daughters" and "The New Model Army," the series of which are written with the almanac an interesting pamphlet on the Socialist poet, Eugene Pottier.

"Fabian Essays on Socialism." Walter Scott, 24, Warwick Lane. "Cheap Ed., price 1s. The "Fabian Essays" have already been reviewed in the Colonies, and it only remains for us to note that this cheap edition is really cheaply printed, and written by a man who has written of a Fabian view before.

It is nicely bound in a paper cover, which is decorated with a cartoon by Walter Crane, represents a capital up a tree, and two workmen trying to pull him down. The design has more physical force about it than a judicious Fabian would appreciate, as the capitalist is provided with two rakes, and the workmen with a capital and a spade, which we fear they may put to use very dangerous to the capitalist if he is not careful with those revolvers. The axe will probably split his head open, and the spade will decently bury him. If the Fabians in this style Sir Edward Bradford will be arresting Sydney Webb as a dangerous character.

October 4, 1890.

THE LABOUR WAR IN AUSTRALIA.

The great Labour battle which is being fought out in Australia is at once one of the most interesting and most momentous of all the struggles that have lately taken place between Labour and its oppressor. The opposing classes are face to face over a whole continent at once, we who are only accustomed to embroiling a town or so at a time have to look on with admiration, almost with wonder. And when it is seen that the question at issue is not in the least one of an advance or reduction in wages, or of a better tramps' pay out, but the right to combine—when it is seen that the labour-class of a continent are defending desperately their very existence, there is a feeling of awe as well as of absorbing interest.

Readers of the West will remember the Jondaryan squatters, who tried to force the land off of that organism of the land, the Labour party, in which the Labour battle had fairly begun. That defeat enraged and organised Australian monopolists; it showed them that in order to maintain and preserve their supremacy they must make a final attack on the Labour party.

The labour party, "pastoralsists," wool-growing landlords, the squatter aristocracy of Australia, were the sorest of all. Before the Shearers' Union began its work they had been able to "do what they liked with their own," and with this when the time comes to exert their strength the last they say, further, that the tremendous efforts were made by the bosses to scrape together enough blotters to carry on the war.

Meanwhile, the Marine Officers' Association had been coming into collision with the shipping companies over the same question—the right of combination. Following the example set them by the seamen, the officers had been working on ordinary lines to establish their position as part of the Labour army. Alarmed at the approach to solidarity between officers and men, the owners, on the other hand, took action, apparently something like that which the Lemon-Peters gang have been trying at here, and attempted to force the officers into it. But the officers were not afraid to bind themselves to their employers, preferring to cast in their lot with the general body of labour. The owners, who would have of nothing until the officers renounced their organisation, and the officers were equally determined to have their organisation and get what they had asked for besides.

Both sides announce that they mean to make the struggle a decisive one; it is a fight to the finish while it lasts, and one will follow up the advantage with relentless vigour. On the side of the men there is much more at stake than even the principle of unionism: they openly know that their existence is dependent on the preservation of their organisation, and were they to lose it they intend it to be the component parts of a vast federation of labour which shall enable the working classes of Australia to move as one man and win the day, by the group's overwhelming victory. The men feel that the employers are fighting to the last, they are fighting for life, and if the employers were defeated it would be the end of the world, and one that must command the help and sympathy of Socialists everywhere.

THE UNEMPLOYED OF 1890.

On Monday afternoons at 3 o'clock a large meeting of the unemployed took place near the Marble Arch, Hyde Park, at which several well-known speakers spoke on behalf of the unemployed, and the following resolutions were carried unanimously.

1st. It was resolved that a meeting of the employed be held on Saturday, October 4th, at 2 o'clock, on the steps of the Royal Exchange, thence to the Town Hall; after that a series of meetings shall be held in all parts of the East and West End of London, with the object of culling together those who are unemployed, to devise means of the unemployed and to compel the various authorities to adopt measures for their employment.

2nd. That we, the unemployed, propose that a deputation of the unemployed shall visit upon the Executive of the Unemployed, the Seamen and Dockers' Union, and other large trade unions, to lay before them the question of the unemployed, and ask them to take solemnly in forcing the local bodies to start municipal workshops: factories for the unemployed, and by that means preventing blotters from working against trade-unions.