



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

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#### TO CORRESPONDENTS.

WILL Branch Secretaries please write Reports and Orders for Literature on separate pieces of paper.

J. S.—We propose at an early date to have a course of articles such as you mention. Meanwhile, a discussion might be raised by a criticism of Kropotkin's "Revolutionary Government."

#### Periodicals received during the week ending Wednesday September 3.

|                          |                               |                               |
|--------------------------|-------------------------------|-------------------------------|
| <b>ENGLAND</b>           | Boston—Woman's Journal        | <b>BELGIUM</b>                |
| Belfast Weekly Star      | Boston—Liberty                | Antwerp—De Werker             |
| Church Reformer          | Investigator                  | Ghent—Vooruit                 |
| Free Life                | Buffalo—Arbeiter-Zeitung      | <b>ITALY</b>                  |
| The Journeyman           | Chicago (Ill)—Vorbote         | Milan—Il Fascio Operaio       |
| Justice                  | Detroit—Der Arme Teufel       | Palermo—Avanti                |
| Labour Tribune           | Milwaukee—Die Wahrheit        | <b>SPAIN</b>                  |
| Magazine and Book Review | Philadel.—Knights of Labour   | Madrid—El Socialista          |
| People's Press           | San Francisco Arbeiterzeitung | Barcelona—El Productor        |
| Postman's Gazette        | Pacific Union                 | Madrid—La Anarquía            |
| Railway Review           | St. Louis (Mo.)—Die Parole    | <b>GERMANY</b>                |
| Scots Observer           | Anarchist                     | Berlin—Volks Tribune          |
| Sozial Demokrat          | Valley Falls (Kan.)—Lucifer   | Halberstadt, Sonntags-Zeitung |
| Seafaring                | <b>FRANCE</b>                 | <b>AUSTRIA</b>                |
| Unity                    | Paris—Bourse du Travail       | Vienna—Arbeiter-Zeitung       |
| Worker's Friend          | Paris—La Revolte              | Brunn—Volksfreund             |
| <b>QUEENSLAND</b>        | Le Parti ouvrier              | Reichenberg—Freigeist         |
| Brisbane—Boomerang       | Charleville—L'Emancipation    | <b>HUNGARY</b>                |
| <b>INDIA</b>             | Lyon—L'Action Sociale         | Arbeiter-Wochen-Chronik       |
| Bankipore—Behar Herald   | Lille—Le Cri du Travailleur   | <b>DENMARK</b>                |
| <b>UNITED STATES</b>     | Rouen—Le Salarié              | Copenhagen—Arbejdere          |
| New York—Truthseeker     | <b>HOLLAND</b>                | <b>SWEDEN</b>                 |
| New York—Freiheit        | Hague—Recht voor Allen        | Stockholm, Social-Demokraten  |
| Twentieth Century        | Anarchist                     | Malmö—Arbetet                 |
| Volkszeitung             | <b>SWITZERLAND</b>            | ARGENTINE REPUBLIC            |
| Bakers' Journal          | Arbeiterstimme                | Buenos Ayres—Vorwärts         |
| Volne Listy              |                               |                               |

## NEWS FROM NOWHERE:

OR,

## AN EPOCH OF REST.

BEING SOME CHAPTERS FROM A UTOPIAN ROMANCE.

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

PRESENTLY we came to Day's Lock, where Dick and his two sitters had waited for us. He would have me go ashore, as if to show me something which I had never seen before; and nothing loth I followed him, Ellen by my side, to the well-remembered Dykes, and the long church beyond them, which was still used for various purposes by the good folk of Dorchester; where, by the way, the village guest-house still had the sign of the Fleur-de-luce which it used to bear in the days when hospitality had to be bought and sold. This time, however, I made no sign of all this being familiar to me; though as we sat for a while on the mound of the Dykes looking up at Sinodun and its clear-cut trench, and its sister manelon of Whittenham, I felt somewhat uncomfortable under Ellen's serious attentive look, which almost drew from me the cry, "How little anything is changed here!"

We stopped again at Abingdon, which, like Wallingford, was in a way both old and new to me, since it had been lifted out of its nineteenth century degradation, and otherwise was as little altered as might be.

Sunset was in the sky as we skirted Oxford by Osney. It was a

matter of course that so far as they could be seen from the river, I missed none of the towers and spires of that once don-beridden city; but the meadows all round, which, when I had last passed through them, were getting daily more and more squalid, more and more impressed with the seal of the "stir and intellectual life of the nineteenth century," were no longer intellectual, but had once again become as beautiful as they should be, and the little hill of Hinksey, with two or three very pretty stone houses new-grown on it (I use the word advisedly; for they seemed to belong to it) looked down happily on the full streams and waving grass, grey now, but for the sunset, with its fast-ripening seeds.

The railway having disappeared, and therewith the various level bridges over the streams of Thames, we were soon through Medley Lock and in the wide water that washes Port Meadow, with its numerous population of geese nowise diminished; and I thought with interest how its name and use had survived from the older imperfect communal period, through the time of the confused struggle and tyranny of the rights of property, into the present rest and happiness of complete Communism.

I was taken ashore again at Godstow, to see the remains of the old nunnery, pretty nearly in the same condition as I had remembered them; and from the high bridge over the cut close by I could see, even in the twilight, how beautiful the little village with its grey stone houses had become; for we had now come into the stone-country, in which every house must be either built, walls and roof, of grey stone or be a blot on the landscape.

We still rowed on after this, Ellen taking the sculls in my boat; passed a weir a little higher up, and about three miles beyond it came by moonlight again to a little town, where we slept at a house thinly inhabited, as its folk were mostly tented in the hay-fields. We started before six o'clock the next morning, as we were still twenty-five miles from our resting place, and Dick wanted to be there before dusk. The journey was pleasant, though to those who do not know the upper Thames there is little to say about it. Ellen and I were once more in her boat, though Dick, for fairness' sake, was for having me in his, and letting the two women scull the green toy. Ellen, however, would not allow this, but claimed me as the interesting person of the company. "After having come so far," said she, "I will not be put off with a companion who will be always thinking of somebody else than me: the guest is the only person who can amuse me properly. I mean that really," said she, turning to me, "and have not said it merely as a pretty saying."

Clara blushed and looked very happy at all this; for I think up to this time she had been rather frightened of Ellen.

As we passed through the short and winding reaches of the now quickly lessening stream, Ellen said: "How pleasant this little river is to me, who am used to a great wide wash of water; it almost seems as if we shall have to stop at every reach-end. I expect before I get home this evening I shall have realised what a little country England is, since we can so soon get to the end of its biggest river."

"It is not big," said I, "but it is pretty."

"Yes," she said, "and don't you find it difficult to imagine the times when this little pretty country was treated by its folk as if it had been an ugly characterless waste, with no delicate beauty to be guarded, with no heed taken of the ever fresh pleasure of the recurring seasons, and changeful weather, and diverse quality of the soil, and so forth? How could people be so cruel to themselves?"

"And to each other," said I. "Dear neighbour, I may as well tell you at once that I find it easier to imagine all that ugly past than you do, because I myself have been part of it. I see both that you have divined something of this in me; and also I think you will believe me when I tell you of it, so that I am going to hide nothing from you at all."

She was silent a little, and then she said: "My friend, you have guessed right about me; and to tell you the truth I have followed you up from Runnymede in order that I might ask you many questions, and because I saw that you were not one of us; and that interested and pleased me, and I wanted to make you as happy as you could be. To say the truth, there was a risk in it," said she, blushing—"I mean as to Dick and Clara; for I must tell you, since we are going to be such close friends, that even amongst us, where there are so many beautiful women, I have often troubled men's minds disastrously. That is one reason why I was living alone with my father in the cottage at Runnymede. But it did not answer on that score; for of course people came there, as the place is not a desert, and they seemed to find me all the more interesting for living alone like that, and fell to making stories of me to themselves—like I know you did, my friend. Well, let that pass. This evening or to-morrow morning I shall make a proposal to you to do something which would please me very much, and I think would not hurt you."

I broke in eagerly, saying that I would do anything in the world for her; for indeed, in spite of my years and the too obvious signs of them (though, indeed, I felt much younger already than when I first woke up in that new world)—in spite of my years, I say, I felt altogether too happy in the company of this delightful girl, and was prepared to take her confidences for more than they meant perhaps.

She laughed now. "Well," she said, "meantime for the present we will let it be; for I must look at this new country that we are passing through. See how the river has changed character again: it is broad now, and the reaches are long and very slow-running. And look, there is a ferry!"

I told her the name of it, as I slowed off to put the ferry-chain over our heads; and on we went till the stream narrowed again and

deepened, and we passed through walls of tall reeds, whose population of reed-sparrows and warblers were delightfully restless, twittering and chuckling as the wash of the boats stirred the reeds from the water upwards in the still, hot morning.

She smiled with pleasure, and her lazy enjoyment of the new scene seemed to bring out her beauty doubly as she leaned back amidst the cushions, though she was far from languid; her idleness being the idleness of a person, strong and well-knit both in body and mind, deliberately resting.

"Look!" she said, springing up suddenly from her place without any obvious effort, and balancing herself with exquisite grace and ease; "look at the beautiful old bridge ahead!"

"I need scarcely look at that," said I, not turning my head away from her beauty. "I know what it is; though" (with a smile) "we used not to call it the Old Bridge time ago."

She looked down upon me kindly, and said, "How well we get on now you are no longer on your guard against me."

And she stood looking thoughtfully at me still, till she had to sit down as we passed under the middle one of the row of little pointed arches of the oldest bridge across the Thames.

"O the beautiful fields!" she said; "I had no idea of the charm of a very small river like this. The smallness of the scale of everything, the short reaches, and the speedy change of the banks, give one a feeling of going somewhere, of coming to something strange, a feeling of adventure which I have not felt in bigger waters."

I looked up at her delightedly; for her voice, saying the very thing which I was thinking, was like a caress to me. She caught my eye and her cheeks reddened under their tan, and she said simply:

"I must tell you, my friend, that when my father leaves the Thames this summer he will take me away to a place near the Roman wall in Cumberland; so that this voyage of mine is farewell to the south, of course with my goodwill in a way; and yet I am sorry for it. I hadn't the heart to tell Dick yesterday that we were as good as gone from the Thames-side; but somehow to you I must needs tell it."

She stopped and seemed very thoughtful for awhile, and then said smiling:

"I must say that I don't like moving about from one home to another; one gets so pleasantly used to all the detail of the life about one, it fits so harmoniously and happily into one's own life, that beginning again, even in a small way, is a kind of pain to one. But I daresay in the country which you come from you would think this petty and unadventurous, and would think the worse of me for it."

She smiled at me caressingly as she spoke, and I made haste to answer: "O, no, indeed; again you echo my very thoughts. But I hardly expected to hear you speak so. I gathered from all I have heard that there was a great deal of changing of abode amongst you in this country."

"Well," she said, "of course people are free to move about; but except for pleasure-parties, especially in harvest and hay-time, like this of ours, I don't think they do so much. I admit that I also have other moods than that of stay-at-home, as I hinted just now, and I should like to go with you all through the west-country—thinking of nothing," concluded she, smiling.

"I should have plenty to think of," said I.

WILLIAM MORRIS.

TO BE CONTINUED.

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

### Religious Humbug.

Multifarious are the forms and numerous are the devices through which young intellects are swindled out of their rights and power by the zealous piety and charity of religious teachers (alack for the perversion of words!), who cunningly aim at impressing the way while it is too soft to resist, and sagely imagine that the hypocrisy and falsehood indented there will grow indelible hardness, so to be applied to their use as stepping-stones to mind and soul domination; for intrenching the intellectual slavery they inculcate, and for building up walls that shall securely enclose their usurpations. A few of their victims may continue through life too cowardly indolent, too bigotedly depraved, too hypocritically dissolute to make an independent effort towards ascertaining in their riper years whether those tales were true; but the many, the majority will read, and will find other interpretations of scripture than those which were imposed by the fraudulent tyranny of an established domination, the craft of a creed, or the selfishness of a priestly greediness of lucre. The man will remember—and he will have all the scenic getting up of the gorge-heaving mummery strongly placed before his mental retina—how when he was a poor child in one of their fens of cant, craft, and catechism—the National Schools—he and his little comrades were examined on texts of scripture, in order to prove to the pious patronesses present how religious was their training. He will remember his quoting, or rather gabbling like a parrot, "Render unto Cæsar the things which are Cæsar's, and to God the things which are God's"—and he will again see the pious and condescending smile on the face of the begowned parson; again hear the said parson's "Well, my child, and what does that text of scripture teach you?" and he will feel sick at the recollection of the answer which said parson had taught him to squeak—"to pay taxes and tithes cheerfully"; and his face will burn with shame and self-scorn at the remembrance of the delighted vanity (under which he blushed, even to the tips of his fingers) with which he received said parson's "Right, my good child." And the bitterness of pity will swell in his heart for those clever women, and those bright-minded men, who then and there lauded the success of their scheme and prophesied the important and fruitful results to "true religion." "Train up a child in the way he should go, and when he is old he will not depart from it."—From *'The History of Ivel Verjuice,'* 1853.

## CORRESPONDENCE.

JOHN BURNS.

COMRADES,—I notice that Burns complains in last week's *Commonweal*, not only of a leaderette on certain alleged statements of his concerning foreign competition, but also of a "Note on News" written by me. I may, perhaps, say that in speaking of "County Council tomfoolery" I was obviously sneering not at Burns but at the London County Council—an institution which, as an Anarchist, I cannot be expected to hold in reverence. The main point in the note, however, Burns leaves quite unanswered. I invited him to repudiate the indiscreet zeal of his friends in asking for an unconditional life-endowment of him. As he has condescended to notice the paragraph at all, it would surely have been easy for him to supply the asked for repudiation. Are we, then, to infer that he approves of the monstrous suggestion that he should receive an annuity for life in consideration of his past services? It is a sad illustration of the evils of "leadership" to note the truculent tone of his whole communication. "I am, Sir Oracle," he seems to say, "and when I ope my lips, let no dog bark." Anarchists at any rate, are not to be either conciliated or terrified by his bad temper.—Fraternally yours,  
R. W. BURNIE.

### THE COSMOPOLITAN RESEARCH ASSOCIATION.

Sir,—This Association has been started by a number of working-men with the sole object of getting their fellow-workers to take an interest in the discussion of all questions which affect their interest. Meetings will be held every Wednesday evening at 8.30, at the Temperance Bar, 46, Wharfedale Road, King's Cross, and discussion on the question of the evening will be cordially invited. It is to be hoped that working-men of the district will rally up and help to make this venture a success. All inquiries concerning condition of membership, management, etc., should be addressed as above, or to Yours fraternally,  
C. GRASON, *Secretary*.  
22, Middlesex Street, Euston Road, London.

## NOTES ON NEWS.

ALL the plagues of Egypt seem to be descending upon us. Cyclones, tornados, tempests, storms of rain and hail, showers of frogs, blight, famine, influenza, and cholera are among the pleasant things which the "power that stands behind evolution," or whoever it may be that presides over the affairs of this terrestrial globe, is now inflicting upon suffering humanity. The "world is out of joint"; very much so, and the poor old planet is in some danger of going to pieces. Nature is in travail; what will she bring forth?

Man is the child of Nature, and when she is feverish and excited he gives way also to the prevailing influence. Therefore we hear of big strikes and boycotting, and revolt once more seems likely to break out among all sections of Labour. But we have another epidemic lately, which is also worth noticing, as it perhaps may be ascribed to the agency of man—an epidemic of big fires breaking out in every part of this immense city. Let us remember that all these fires break out in warehouses, wharves, and factories, and in every case the cause was "unknown." What was this "unknown" cause?

Possibly in some cases the fire was really accidental; in others perhaps the "owners" could tell us more about it than any one else. An "accidental" fire is an excellent way of avoiding bankruptcy, especially when an approaching trade depression threatens to throw you into that unhappy condition, but you first must take care to be heavily insured. But we are firmly convinced this will not account for all the "big blazes" we have seen in London recently.

Some time ago there were several big fires at Mr. Whiteley's establishment, and both these theories were brought forward by many people to account for these remarkable occurrences. But it came out that Mr. Whiteley was not insured against the last fire, so the latter theory fell through. The *Pall Mall Gazette* then started a new one; it said that a shameful system of tyranny prevailed in Mr. Whiteley's establishment, and it believed that some one driven to desperation had set fire to the place. Whether this was correct or not, the employes of that firm have been treated better since the last fire, and the public have not been startled by the announcement on the press placards, "Another Great Fire at Whiteley's" since that period. It would be interesting to inquire if sweating prevails in any of the establishments that have been in flames recently.

This might form a good subject for study to employers who talk so glibly of "smashing unions." Men in whom the spark of divine discontent has been aroused, will not be driven back into their old slavery like whipped curs. Capitalists who hate the unions should remember that the time of the middle-classes has come. "Gentlemen, you have got to be shaved, and if you wriggle you will get cut." Unions may be "smashed." Smash away, gentlemen of the middle-classes, but you haven't got rid of the discontent, you have only made it more fierce and dangerous. Woe to the commercial classes who are driving the people into a corner, at a time when matches are so cheap and factories so inflammable. It might be well for these commercial autocrats to pause, and reflect whether they had not better allow themselves to be "peacefully" improved out of existence. It is not pleasant, but it is much more comfortable than the other process.  
N.