

conferred upon the union movement. The reference to political economy was shaky and uncertain. On the whole, the address was remarkably advanced for a trades-unionist, and remarkably backward for a Socialist. Mr. Maddison is neither an ordinary trades-unionist nor a Socialist as yet, and time only can affirm whether he will continue his advance to the one or retreat again to the other. After the address, G. J. Marks of the London Compositors got up, and astonished his audience by suggesting that Socialism would abolish all the evils and include all the cures referred to by the president. At this point Marks was ruled out of order, and his interesting speech was nipped in the bud. The bud promised well, but being prevented from flowering, only brought looks askance at the dangerously advanced man from London. Discussion on the parliamentary report was disallowed by a small majority, and the Congress placed in the ridiculous position of not allowing a large minority of its members to discuss the past action of their chief committee, and this in spite of the fact that one of the delegates (Mr. Hughes) expressed his dissatisfaction. Some important Factory Acts were then discussed, and a windy resolution of regret at Samuel Morley's death. Then ensued a discussion on labour representation, with nothing fresh or interesting in it; and after passing about a dozen votes of thanks the Congress adjourned.

On Wednesday the discussion on labour representation was resumed. C. L. Biggins commented on the silence of the labour M.P.s at the time of the February riots, pointing out that the significant thing about them was that after the London disturbances riots occurred in many provincial towns where there was no provocation by Socialists, and that therefore this showed the thorough and widespread destitution which existed and which surely had some claim on the labour representatives. Mr. Joseph Arch answered this in a curious way: "If the labour candidates were silent, millionaires were silent, and if they were not silent it was his humble opinion that they found some of the money to kick up some of the rows." From which it is plain that labour representatives will not do their duty unless millionaires are honest and above board in their political dealings. Or perhaps Mr. Arch meant that he and the rest of the twelve apostles were justified in their cowardly silence by a suspicion that the originators of the meeting from which the riots ensued were in the pay of a political party. Whatever Mr. Arch meant he got very badly out of the corner in which the question put him, and he would not have escaped criticism had the delegates been less of blind followers. In raising this most important point Mr. Biggins was ruled out of order for, like Mr. Marks, alluding to the social question. Indeed, people began to think that in the labour parliament all reference to the social question was strictly prohibited.

On this day Mr. Hughes of Liverpool started a somewhat heated discussion about the distribution of pamphlets giving a one-sided view of Socialism and opposed to trades-unionism, as he erroneously put it. Evidently this gentleman thought that the delegates were not to be trusted to read and form their own opinions upon Socialism, and that a paternal supervision should be exercised on the literature put within their reach. Happily his efforts were futile, and he only managed to give the local Branch of the Socialist League a useful advertisement. The facts are simply these. The Socialist League issued a pamphlet this year, as they did last, specially for the Trades' Congress. It is entitled "Organised Labour," and was written by a member who is a trades-unionist as well as a Socialist. The Hull Branch of the League undertook its distribution, and addressed a copy under cover to each delegate by name. Thus it was the business of the officials of the Congress to see that these were delivered to the persons addressed just as if they had been private letters. Communications from the temperance party were sent in this way and promptly taken round to the delegates; but the missives sent by the Socialists were detained for more than a whole day, and then were not all delivered. The officials of the Congress showed unwarrantable meddlesomeness by enquiring into the nature of enclosures sent to delegates by name, and it should not have been necessary for the president to give a formal ruling that communications sent under cover would be delivered.

The discussion on land nationalisation was brief, and the division close, resulting first in a tie, and on a second division in 42 votes for and 47 against. During the discussion the speeches were of the most paltry character, and it seemed as if the land nationalisers were afraid or ashamed to speak out the whole question. In short, it looks as if the land nationalisation party had gradually divided, one part going back to practical land-law reform and hypothetical nationalisation, while the other part have gone forward to Socialism.

J. L. MATHON.

(To be concluded.)

Civilisation and enlightenment! Why both have been monopolised by the greedy and insatiable idling classes; and art and science are forbidden to ameliorate the condition of the working-classes.—*W. Harrison Riley.*

EVOLUTION AND REVOLUTION.—These two words, Evolution and Revolution, closely resemble one another, and yet they are constantly used in their social and political sense as though their meaning were absolutely antagonistic. The word Evolution, synonymous with gradual and continuous development in morals and ideas, is brought forward in certain circles as though it were the antithesis of that fearful word, Revolution, which implies changes more or less sudden in their action, and entailing some sort of catastrophe. And yet it is possible that a transformation can take place in ideas without bringing about some abrupt displacements in the equilibrium of life? Must not Revolution necessarily follow Evolution, as action follows the desire to act? They are fundamentally one and the same thing, differing only according to the time of their appearance. If, on the one hand, we believe in the normal progress of ideas, and, on the other, effect opposition, then, of necessity, we believe in external shocks which change the form of Society.—*Elisæ Reclus.*

## AN OLD STORY RETOLD.

It is told of Matthias Corvinus, King of Hungary—the Alfred the Great of his time and people—that he once heard (once *only*?) that some (only *some*, my lad!) of his peasants were over-worked and under-fed. He took the matter to heart, being, as kings go, a just man, besides being more valiant than they mostly were, even in the old feudal days. So he called together such lords and councillors as he deemed fittest, and bade busk them for a ride; and when they were ready he and they set out, over rough and smooth, decked out in all the glory of attire which was the wont of those days. Thus they rode till they came to some village or thorp of the peasant folk, and through it to the vineyards where men were working on the sunny southern slopes that went up from the river: my tale does not say whether that were Theiss, or Donau, or what river. Well, I judge it was late spring or early summer, and the vines but just beginning to show their grapes; for the vintage is late in those lands, and some of the grapes are not gathered till the first frosts have touched them, whereby the wine made from them is the stronger and sweeter. Anyhow there were the peasants, men and women, boys and young maidens, toiling and swinking; some hoeing between the vine-rows, some bearing baskets of dung up the steep slopes, some in one way, some in another, labouring for the fruit they should never eat, and the wine they should never drink. Thereto turned the King and got off his horse and began to climb up the stony ridges of the vineyard, and his lords in like manner followed him, wondering in their hearts what was toward; but to the one who was following next after him he turned about and said with a smile, "Yea, lords, this is a new game we are playing to-day, and a new knowledge will come from it." And the lord smiled, but somewhat sourly.

As for the peasants, great was their fear of those gay and golden lords. I judge that they did not know the King, since it was little likely that any one of them had seen his face; and they knew of him but as the Great Father, the mighty warrior who kept the Turk from harrying their thorp. Though, forsooth, little matter was it to any man there whether Turk or Magyar was their over-lord, since to one master or another they had to pay the due tale of labouring days in the year, and hard was the livelihood that they earned for themselves on the days when they worked for themselves and their wives and children. Well, belike they knew not the King; but amidst those rich lords they saw and knew their own lord, and of him they were sore afraid. But nought it availed them to flee away from those strong men and strong horses—they who had been toiling from before the rising of the sun, and now it wanted little more than an hour of noon: besides, with the King and lords was a guard of crossbowmen, who were left the other side of the vineyard wall,—keen-eyed Italians of the mountains, straight shooters of the bolt. So the poor folk fled not; nay, they made as if all this were none of their business, and went on with their work. For indeed each man said to himself, "If I be the one that is not slain, to-morrow I shall lack bread if I do not work my hardest to-day; and maybe I shall be headman if some of these be slain and I live."

Now comes the King amongst them and says: "Good fellows, which of you is the headman?"

Spake a man sturdy and sunburnt, well on in years and grizzled: "I am the headman, lord."

"Give me thy hoe, then," says the King; "for now shall I order this matter myself, since these lords desire a new game, and are fain to work under me at vine-dressing. But do thou stand by me and set me right if I order them wrong: but the rest of you, go play!"

The carle knew not what to think, and let the King stand with his hand stretched out, while he looked askance at his own lord and baron, who wagged his head at him grimly, as one who says "Do it, dog!"

Then the carle lets the hoe come into the King's hand; and the King falls to, and orders his lords for vine-dressing, to each his due share of the work: and whiles the carle said yea and whiles nay to his ordering. And then ye should have seen velvet cloaks cast off, and mantles of fine Flemish scarlet go to the dusty earth, as the lords and knights busked them to the work! So they buckled to; and to most of them it seemed good game to play at vine-dressing. But one there was who, when his scarlet cloak was off, stood up in doublet of glorious Persian web of gold and silk, such as men make not now, worth a hundred florins the Bremen ell. Unto him the King with no smile on his face gave the job of toing and froing up and down the hill with the biggest and the frailest dung-basket that there was; and thereat the silken lord screwed up a grin, that was sport to see, and all the lords laughed; and as he turned away he said, yet so that none heard him, "Do I serve this son's son of a whore that he should bid me carry dung?" For you must know that the King's father, John Hunyad, one of the great warriors of the world, the Hammer of the Turks, was not gotten in wedlock, though he were a king's son.

Well, they sped the work bravely for a while, and loud was the laughter as the hoes smote the earth and the flint stones tinkled and the cloud of dust rose up; the brocaded dung-bearer went up and down, cursing and swearing by the White God and the Black; and one would say to another, "See ye how gentle blood outgoes churls' blood, even when the gentle does the churl's work: these lazy loons smote but one stroke to our three." But the King, who worked no worse than any, laughed not at all; and meanwhile the poor folk stood by, not daring to speak a word one to the other; for they were still sore afraid, not now of being slain on the spot, but this rather was it their hearts: "These great and strong lords and knights have come to see what work a man may do without dying: if we are to have to

more days added to our year's tale of lords' labour, then are we lost without remedy." And their hearts sank within them.

So sped the work; and the sun rose yet higher in the heavens, and it was noon and more. And now there was no more laughter among those toiling lords, and the strokes of the hoe and mattock came far slower, while the dung-bearer sat down at the bottom of the hill and looked out on the river; but the King yet worked on doggedly, so for shame the other lords yet kept at it. Till at last the next man to the King let his hoe drop with a clatter, and swore a great oath. Now he was a strong black-bearded man in the prime of life, a valiant captain of that famous Black Band that had so often rent the Turkish array; and the King loved him for his sturdy valour; so he says to him, "Is aught wrong, Captain?"

"Nay, lord," says he, "ask the headman carle yonder what ails us."

"Headman," says the King, "what ails these strong knights? Have I ordered them wrongly?"

"Nay, but shirking ails them, lord," says he, "for they are weary; and no wonder, for they have been playing hard, and are of gentle blood."

"Is that so, lords," says the King, "that ye are weary already?"

Then the rest hung their heads and said nought, all save that captain of war; and he said, being a bold man and no liar: "King, I see what thou would'st be at; thou hast brought us here to preach us a sermon from that Plato of thine; and to say sooth, so that I may swink no more, and go eat my dinner, now preach thy worst! Nay, if thou wilt be priest I will be thy deacon. Wilt thou that I ask this labouring Carle a thing or two?"

"Yea," said the King. And there came, as it were, a cloud of thought over his face.

Then the captain straddled his legs and looked big, and said to the Carle: "Good fellow, how long have we been working here?"

"Two hours or thereabout, by the sun above us," says he.

"And how much of thy work have we done in that while?" says the captain, and winks his eye at him withal.

"Lord," says the Carle, grinning a little despite himself, "be not wrath with my word. In the first half-hour ye did five-and-forty minutes' work of ours, and in the next half-hour scant a thirty minutes' work, and the third half-hour a fifteen minutes' work, and in the fourth half-hour two minutes' work." The grin now had faded from his face, but a gleam came into his eyes as he said: "And now, as I suppose, your day's work is done, and ye will go to your dinner and eat the sweet and drink the strong; and we shall eat a little rye-bread, and then be working here till after the sun has set and the moon has begun to cast shadows. Now for you, I wot not how ye shall sleep nor where; nor what white body ye shall hold in your arms while the night flits and the stars shine; but for us, while the stars yet shine, shall we be at it again, and bethink ye for what! I know not what game and play ye shall be devising for to-morrow as ye ride back home; but for us when we come back here to-morrow, it shall be as if there had been no yesterday and nothing done therein, and that day's work shall be nought to us also, for we shall win no respite from our toil thereby, and the morrow of to-morrow will all be to begin again once more. Therefore, if ye are thinking to lay some new tax or tale upon us, think twice of it, for we may not bear it. And all this I say with the less fear, because I perceive this man here beside me, in the black velvet jerkin and the gold chain on his neck, is the King; nor do I think he will slay me for my word since he hath so many a Turk before him and his mighty sword!"

Then said the captain: "Shall I smite the man, O king? or hath he preached thy sermon for thee?"

"Smite not, for he hath preached it," said the King. "Yet when another hath spoken our thought, other thoughts are born therefrom, and now have I another sermon to preach; but I will refrain me as now. Let us down and to our dinner."

So they went, the King and his gentles, and sat down by the river under the rustle of the poplars, and they ate and drank and were merry. And the King bade bear up the broken meats to the vine-dressers, and a good draught of the archer's wine, and to the headman he gave a broad gold piece. But when the poor folk had all that under their hands, it was to them as though the kingdom of heaven had come down to earth.

In the cool of the evening home rode the king and his lords. The king was distraught and silent; but at last the captain, who rode beside him, said to him: "Preach me now thine after sermon, O king!"

"I think thou knowest it already," said the king, "else hadst thou not spoken in such wise to the Carle; but tell me, what is thy craft and the craft of all these whereby ye live, as the potter by making pots and so forth?"

Said the captain: "As the potter lives by making pots, so we live by robbing the poor."

Again said the king: "And my trade?"

Said he "Thy trade is to be a king of such thieves, yet no worse than the rest."

¶ The king laughed.

"Bear that in mind," said he, "and then shall I tell thee my thought while yonder Carle spake. 'Carle,' I thought, 'were I thou or such as thou, then would I take in my hand a sword or a spear, or were it only a hedge-stake, and bid others do the like, and forth would we go; and since we would be so many, and with nought to lose save a miserable life, we would do battle and prevail, and make an end of the craft of kings and of lords and of usurers, and there should be but one

craft in the world, to wit, to work merrily for ourselves and to live merrily thereby."

Said the captain: "This, then, is thy sermon. Who will heed it if thou preach it?"

Said the King: "They who will take the mad king and put him in a king's mad-house, therefore do I forbear to preach it. Yet it shall be preached."

"And not heeded," said the Captain, "save by those who head and hang the setters forth of new things that are good for the world. Our trade is safe for many and many a generation."

And therewith they came to the king's palace, and they ate and drank and slept, and the world went on its ways.

WILLIAM MORRIS.

## CORRESPONDENCE.

"MARSHALL & CO."

Mr. J. L. Mahou misunderstands my short statement. I do not at all "complain" of the article for which he is responsible; nor do I "come forward to defend a system or champion a class." Neither do I "wish to discuss" any matter with any one who uses such language as Mr. Mahou's. I only claimed, as the article in question referred to personal matters, to warn any one who may have read it not to believe an absurd compilation of falsehood. You have given me the opportunity of doing this, and there I will leave the matter.

JOHN MARSHALL.

VEGETARIAN DIET.

Let not the progress of humanity be stayed, not by a floating straw; but stay, will vegetarianism help or hinder? Admitting all that can be said of employers' greed, and, in fact, being in a position to prove the keenness of that greed in this matter, yet I am hopeful that the shark has not much bite here.

Truly the cost of meal is small, but meal does not make a tolerable food alone, "groceries" of various kinds have to be substituted largely for butchers' goods, and the cost of fuel to cook farinaceous foods is larger; the cooking utensils are also a very considerable item of cost. I would suggest that any Socialist who hears a capitalist recommend vegetarianism, should ask him to supply a suitable cooking range so that it may have one fair trial, and I think the ingenious capitalist will climb down.

But I think vegetarianism is a very powerful agent for us; the teeming millions cannot have vegetarian diet, and live, until the land is municipalised, for the present cultivation is too stupid to produce what is wanted to sustain life. Take the example of celery, a hardy plant if you know how to handle it; and a bolted and barred iron door against rheumatism, lumbago, and sciatica, if you know how to eat it; it can be grown for a halfpenny a "head," but the stupid way of doing everything brings the price up to two or three pence in towns. A cultivator growing such crops as celery gets his rent raised by the perfumed seigneur who calls himself landowner, which has two effects, first it restricts cultivation, and second it increases the price. Again, a grower of this class of food is helped by having a greenhouse: if he builds one it becomes the property of the landlord from the simple fact of being built upon his ground! Be these thy gods, O Israel!

Vegetarianism may help Socialism, but it cannot be generally adopted until the capitalist (want-of) system has been swept away. It is desirable in itself, for, beyond the circumstance of prohibiting gout, it keeps the young children from restlessness and other troubles.

CHARLES WALKDEN.

SIGNS OF THE TIMES.

I took a good long walk to-day, and met with various small adventures. 1. A boy of seven or eight, with whom I talked. He was close to the cottage where he lived, on the top of Barbury Hill, where is a British camp. As I had walked a good way I asked him if his mother could give me a drink of milk. He said "No, he never had milk to drink." After some talk he said they only drank tea, and then with a gleam in his eye he added: "I had a cup of milk a month since at the farm!"

2. Salvation Army at Chiselton. I was talking with a man after the sermon was over (I happened to get to the village as the service was ending), and after a few words he volunteered that he didn't know which were worst, Liberals or Tories, and that he wished all of them turned out.

3. Labourer in train. He began to pitch into Arch, so I asked him what he would do, and after a bit of grumbling against the masters, I further asked him why he and his pals didn't put the masters into the poor-houses and keep them there, and then set to work and till the ground for themselves. To which he responded readily that if they had any one to lead them they would set about it to-morrow.

These things show in a curious way how widely ideas of revolution are spreading. This village of Chiselton is deep in the country, far away from towns, and yet the only two countrymen I talk to are ready for anything, if "anyone will lead them."

Marlborough (Wilts).

C. J. FAULKNER.

THE FREEMAN'S JOURNAL ON THE LATE TRADES' UNION CONGRESS IN PARIS.

The *Freeman's Journal*, referring to the International Trades' Union Congress lately held in Paris, takes occasion to ridicule its "Socialism of a very red hue indeed," and states "foreign artisans would make the State a kind of fairy god-mother to the children of toil. Yet with all the visionary schemes of which the Congress gravely approved, some practical and commendable proposals were mingled. For instance, the prevention of the employment of children under fourteen years in factories, the liability of employers for accidents, the independent inspection of all workshops, and making the same thoroughly sanitary for the workers. All these," it adds, "have been recognised by British law."

As regards the employing of children, the law is quietly passed over by getting the children to declare they are fourteen years of age. This was