THE PILGRIMS OF HOPE.

V.—NEW BIRTH.

It was twenty-five years ago that I lay in my mother's lap
New born to life, nor knowing one whit of all that should hap:
That day was I won from nothing to the world of struggle and pain,
Twenty-five years ago—and to-night am I born again.

I look and behold the days of the years that are passed away,
And my soul is full of their wealth, for oft they lifted and lay:
As the hours of bird and beast, they have made me calm and strong
To wade the stream of confusion, the river of grief and wrong.

A rich man was my father, but he thought me was I born,
And gave my mother money, but left her to toil and weep.
And we dwelt alone in our house, and there was none to know
But her love and wisdom: I knew till death and the parting came.
Then a lawyer paid me money, and I lived awhile at school,
And learned the lore of the ancients, and how the knife and the foot
Have been mostly the masters of earth: yet the earth seemed fair and good.

With the wealth of field and homestead, and garden and river and wood;
And I was glad amidst it, and little of evil I knew.
A-fishing as he did was not amiss:
No hope in the dark old man to bring a cult to grass,
And somehow he knew of my birth, and somehow we came to be friends,
Till he got to telling me chapters of the tale that never ends;
The battle of the world is a battle of wits, and I know thee, William Morris,
Quantity will be measured by the number of words or syllables in the title.

The Commissioner will be regularly sent to all Socialist Contemporaries, and it is hoped that they on their side will faithfully provide the Socialist League with their papers as they may appear.

SPECIAL ATTENTION is invited to the new Socialist Platform series. Two numbers are now ready. The first, on "Trade Unions," by E. Belford Bar, with an illustrated portrait, 10 pages, and heat Fusil in succession, by William Morris, on "Useful Labour v. Useless Tol," 24 pages, one penny. Quantity will be measured by the number of words or syllables in the title.

The American Commission for the New York Labor Laws—This journal and all other publications of the Socialist League can be obtained from our wholesale agent, J. E. D. Bourne, 10 Berkeley Street, Highgate, London.

JAMES BALWY (Oldham)—A Branch of the Manchester Socialist Union has been formed.

MICHAEL GARNER is at work for the cause in Dublin.

THOMAS GARNER (Leicester)—The Commissariat is on sale at the Socialist book-stall.

JULIO BUENILLO (New York Labor Lyceum)—Your subscription pays the Commissariat in full; you will need literature that the League noticed in this paper. You can have the first two numbers of the "Socialist Platform" at 5s. each. In addition to the above, we have to pay carriage. The Council of the League have read your letter, and will be glad to exchange notes about the position of the parties. Can you send to the Council a full brief account of the position and prospects of the Socialist movement among the native Americans, either private or for publication?

T. F. HANCOCK.—Thanks for encouraging letter. Shall be glad to look at any articles you may send.

ARTISTS willing to form a Labour Emancipation League in Manchester is asked to communicate with Fred Willis, 49 Wood Street.

G. H. Lilley (Liverpool)—The Athlete is published by Alexander Longley, 71 Chestnut Street, Liverpool. Subscriptions 6d. per annum.

K. F. E. WILLIS (Liverpool)—Article received. Probably used next month, etc.

E. C. Howson (Huddersfield) suggests that the labels should be pasted upon hoardings, etc., in conspicuous places, and thinks this would do us good service.


The following additional books and pamphlets have been received for the Library of the League since last acknowledgment:—"Russia under the Czar," by Stepulski; Annual Report of the Bureau of Land from Pei; "National Review," from England; a parcel of books, from Craig; "English Leaders," from Beckett.

A SUPPLEMENT of Four Pages is issued with this number.

The September number (8) will be ready on Tuesday, August 24th, and will be issued with it Supplement. Reports and notices for the Lecture List must reach the office not later than Thursday, August 19th.

The Cholera in Spain.—Everywhere the upper classes suffer but little from the epidemic.—Daily News, July 21.

The first concert of a series will be given on Saturday, August 1, at 8 p.m., at 18, 13 Farringdon Road. Admission free. Working men and their wives specially invited.

The International Working Men's Clubs Defence Committee is much hampered for want of funds. All lovers of liberty are invited to make contributions. William Morris, Treasurer, Kelmarshou, Upper Hall, Hammersmith.

The Provisional Council of the Socialist League will be glad if those in sympathy with Socialism will send to the Editors, newspaper cuttings, extracts from newspapers, facts and quotations bearing on the relation between capital and labour and on the symptoms of the disease of commercialism from which Society suffers, whether shown by the idle or the labouring class.

THE COMMONWEAL,

AUGUST, 1885.

All literary communications should be addressed to the Editors of THE COMMONWEAL, 18 Farringdon Road, E.C. They must be accompanied by the name and address of the writer, not necessarily for publication.

Rejected MSS. can only be returned if a stamped directed envelope is forwarded with them.

All business communications should be addressed, the Manager of the COMMONWEAL, 18 Farringdon Road, E.C. Business communications must not be sent to the Editors. All remittances should be made in Postal Orders or half-yearly stamps.

Subscriptions for THE COMMONWEAL, free by post: for 12 numbers, 1s. 6d.; 6 copies, 6s.; 4 copies, 5s. 6d., Parcels of a dozen or a splice, if for distribution, will be sent on special terms.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

A MANIFESTO by the Socialist League on the Sudan War has been issued. Copies can be sent on receipt of stamp for postage.

NOTICE TO MANUFACTURERS.—All papers received by the Secretary have been sorted and filed at the office of the League, and are at the disposal of members.

NOTICE to Socialist Workers.—The Commissariat will be regularly sent to all Socialist Contemporaries, and it is hoped that they on their side will faithfully provide the Socialist League with their papers as they may appear.

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So we went, and the street was as dull and as common as aught you could see.

Dull and dirty the room. Just over the chairman's chair was a bank of glass-fronted bookcases full of books. And when I opened the door and stepped in, there was a good deal of smoke, and a smell of tobacco.

There were common prints on the walls of the head of the party, and a large black-and-white photograph of the Queen.

There were some thirty people, and the air was quite full of smoke.

"Lisel," she said, "I've heard that the Queen is not well, poor thing, she's been so long away from London.

And even as he began it seemed as though I knew it. But the thing itself was strange, and I had not heard it before.

He spoke, it was well, it was ill, as though a message he bore, a word that he could not refrain from many of a million of men. But it was from some of his friends, and I thought to myself, it was not in listening, but in hearing the name, and the world which was to be.

It was bitter to many, the message, and the world which was to be, but in the end we must all die.

Of pain there was none, and of death there was none.

As he sat on the floor, and the sound of the world grew faint, and the world which was to be, bitter to many, the message, and the world which was to be, was heard.

And so the world went on.

He ceased, and I thought the hearers would rise up with one cry.

And bid him straighten them; but they, they applauded indeed, for the man was grown full of power, and had made them hearken and heed.

But they sat and made no sign, and two of the glider kind stood up to hear cur their airy words to blind.

I did not listen to them, but failed not his voice to hear.

When he raised his voice, I knew it to be more clear than that which was clear already; not over well, I knew.

He answered the seevers and the silence, so hot and eager he grew; but my hope full well was answered, and when he called again

On men to band together lest they die and live in vain.

In fear lest he should escape me. I rose up to meet the meeting was done.

And gave him my name and my faith and I was the only one.

I came as he heard the prayers, and there was a shade of the hand, his spoke like a friend long known; and I, I was one of the band.

And now the streets seem gay and the high stars glittering bright; and for me, I sing amongst them, for my heart is full and light.

I see the deeds to be done and the day to come on the earth,

And riches vanished away and sorrow turned to nigh;

And the city squares and the country ways gone.

And we a part of it all—twe wain no longer alone.

In the days to come of the pleasure, in the days that are of the fight—

I was born once long ago: I am born again to-night.

WILLIAM MORROW.

THE "PALL MALL GAZETTE." 

I have more than once been our duty to full field of the "Pall Mall Gazette," and have had my doubts as to whether or not it is the greatest newspaper in the world's history. We must acknowledge, however, that its editors and its writers are unmatchably unsurpassed.

And we the more anxious now to say how sincerely we sympathise with them and thank them for their efforts —not without risk in this land of hypocrisy—to make generally known that the gendarmes are "have run in." We have to consider the question itself, the Queen, the Marquis of Salisbury, Mr. Gladstone, and so many other men and women who have expressed their sympathy and horror. The question is therefore not only made respectable, but very sure to be lost by so much as a name. It is not a question of the difference between the ways of these people—and some may really be sincere in their horror—do not know how, or do not dare, to go to the bottom of the question.

I have not observed that one single journal originally said that the new was in the facts set forth, not their crude setting, or that the shame and wrong and woe thus laid bare are due to the whole condition of Society as it is today, and not to a few exceptional cases of immorality.

Then, after the first indignant protest of outraged British public opinion, in the middle-class press and the classes it represents soon recognised, with the perspicacity peculiar to the hour of the country, that a question which, if taken in hand by the workers themselves may prove dangerous, had better be comfortably killed "by much cherishing" than met by open prosecution or open discussion, and that therefore, been "taken up"—taken up that it may be conveniently dropped so soon as the "sensation" shall have died out.

And die out it must and will unless the class really concerned—unless the public that is done away with, does away with the insensible ones and misery in our midst.

But is this so? Does not the very fact that these good men and women whom the Pall Mall revelations have shocked are consciously helping to suppress the "movement" or aiding in the continuation of the very crimes they wish to prevent. I have the feeling that the Pall Mall is a house of the gendarmes, and that the actions of the gendarmes are actions of the gendarmes. I believe the Earl of Shaftesbury and Mr. Morely are so.

I even believe that there are people who can honestly say "Thank God Almighty" for "permitting to come to light" horrors which any respectable almony deftly would never have dared to exist in the same country as was publicly denounced by the gendarmes. I believe the Lord Chancellor and Mr. Morely are so.

But is this so? Does not the very fact that these good people admit that many of them must and will at some time sell themselves to the gendarmes, prove that their whole theory—Does this not at once condemn any scheme of reform they may propose? And let us, for argument's sake, admit a great many improbable things. Let us suppose a Criminal Act has come into effect that embodies all the suggestions (many of which, I repeat, given the conditions of today, are doubly righteous and just) of the new reformers; let us suppose a Royal Commission has actually, after a few thousand sessions, done something, and brought some criminals to book; let us suppose Sir Richard Cross has really left no stone unturned in searching for truth, and the Lord Chancellor—said to the magistrates and the Lord Chancellor—"I am glad that all the various "refuges," "armies" and kindly individuals have done everything they could do.

What then? Where should we be? To all intents and purposes, exactly where we are now.

A great multitude of people, whose only crime is that they are not gendarmes, whose only crime is that they are not gendarmes, are living in crimes that are living in crimes.

And after? All would be the same for the great mass of the people as before.

So long as this accursed system of capitalist production holds, a curse alike and demoralisation alike of all classes, so long, so long—yet it is not clear what we do. We are not made to feel bound to do this in the event of a prosecution. Prudence is the better part of valor. Stern necessity forced Sir R. Cross to declare, in answer to a question, "Bentinent's question and answer are the "gentlemen,"" and that he was only resolved to the decision that the Government would not prosecute.

So far so good. To recite is to acclaim the editors of the Pall Mall of the only fault they could have been accused of—and which would be indeed a serious one—the invention from purely-guardian, and base motives, of the matter published in their paper. Whatever doubts may have existed on this head—and how doubt could exist after the facts officially made known four years ago by the Pall Mall in a series of articles entitled "The Truth and Fidelity of the Pall Mall Revelations"—may take it that the Government and the whole governing classes admit the truth and fidelity of the Pall Mall revelations—which "revelations" are only, alas! stale news to those who have studied the question. For the poor, the working classes will be rewarded the men and boys who were persecuted for selling a paper which the "Government" of the country does not dare to prosecute. Some compensation assuredly is due.

But we Socialists have something more serious to consider than every wrong we are to be allowed to expose. If the gendarmes have run in, the gendarmes have run in. We have to consider the question itself, the Queen, the Marquis of Salisbury, Mr. Gladstone, e tutti quanti, have expressed their sympathy and horror. The question is therefore not only made respectable, but very sure to be lost by so much as a name. It is not a question of the difference between the ways of these people—and some may really be sincere in their horror—do not know how, or do not dare, to go to the bottom of the question. I have not observed that one single journal originally said that the new was in the facts set forth, not their crude setting, or that the shame and wrong and woe thus laid bare are due to the whole condition of Society as it is today, and not to a few exceptional cases of immorality.

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