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A P L E A

FOR

S O C I A L I S M :

BY

J. L. MAHON.

DELIVERED IN THE COURSE OF A SOCIALIST CAMPAIGN
AMONGST THE MINERS ON STRIKE IN
NORTHUMBERLAND, 1877.

"AS LONG AS OUR CIVILIZATION IS BASED UPON PROPERTY OUR RICHES
WILL LEAVE US SICK, THERE WILL BE BITTERNESS IN OUR LAUGHTER AND
OUR WINE WILL BURN IN OUR MOUTH. ONLY THAT GOOD PROFITS WHICH
WE CAN TASTE WITH ALL DOORS OPEN AND WHICH SERVES ALL MEN."—

EMERSON

PUBLISHED AT THE "COMMONWEAL" OFFICE:
13, FARRINGTON ROAD, LONDON, E.C

Newcastle-on-Tyne :

J. BEALL, PRINTER, STATIONER, &C., ST. ANDREW'S STREET.

1887.

"I ask you to think with me that the worst which can happen to us is to endure tamely the evils which we see, that no trouble or turmoil is so bad as that; that the necessary destruction which reconstruction bears with it must be taken calmly; that everywhere—in State, in Church, in the household—we must be resolute to endure no tyranny, accept no lie, quail before no fear, although they may come before us disguised as piety, duty, or affection, as useful opportunity and good nature, as prudence or kindness."—WILLIAM MORRIS.

"The world in a commercial society belongs to the capitalists, the share of ownership which each man possesses being his capital. In order that wealth may be produced . . . workmen and horses must till the land; the sun must shine and the rain must fall upon the field, when the seed will sprout and grow; bees must perform the operation necessary to the fertilization of the flower, when the fruit will form and swell; birds must join in the work by destroying the noxious insects which would otherwise destroy the harvest; and so on. When all is done some of the agents claim a share of the product; the men and cattle must be fed; the birds make good their right to share the wealth which their labour, as much as that of the men and horses, has produced; and even the earth demands a part as seed for the next crop. After all the deductions are made, which the harshness of nature renders necessary, the balance belongs to the capitalist. To him it is a matter of indifference what natural agents are instrumental in the production of his wealth, and the labour of men does not, in his estimation, differ generically from that of birds or horses, and is more important only because the men are the phenomena over which he has most control. . . . He groups together all the agents (including the workmen) that have co-operated in the production of his wealth as elements of the efficiency of his capital, and measures the result of all their energies by the rate of profit he obtains."—COMMUNAL AND COMMERCIAL ECONOMY.—JOHN CARRUTHERS.

A PLEA FOR SOCIALISM

FELLOW-WORKMEN,

I am sure that an appeal to you for a fair hearing is unnecessary. Socialism no longer meets with the jeers and abuse that assailed it, from workmen as well as others, only a few years ago. Discontent is just now so deep and general amongst the working-class, and the exponents of Socialism have worked so hard and enthusiastically in their cause that a respectful and sympathetic hearing is given them by people of all kinds all over the country. But, having cast off your prejudice see also that you put away all misunderstandings. Socialists are often accused of holding opinions which they are constantly preaching against, of wishing to bring about things which they are even now trying to abolish. It is said they wish to make an equal division of all wealth, bring all men to one dull level, put every man's affairs at the mercy of State officials, make the sober support the drunken and the industrious work for the thriftless, stamp out individuality, abolish all incentive to invention, and to bring about these things by hanging every man with a decent coat on his back. Everything that malignity, jealousy, and sheer stupidity could string together has been said against the Socialists. Well, we don't grumble. We know the way all great reformers since the time of Christ have been received; kicks and cuffs, and good chances of crucifixion or hanging in the end. But we take it all as a compliment to the goodness and usefulness of our principles.

The need for Socialism. The chief cause of the great spread of Socialism of late is the dissatisfaction felt by all classes with things as they are and the evident uselessness of all other proposed remedies. England yearly grows richer, yet her working-men and women are practically as bad off as ever

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they were. Our power of making goods gets greater every year, but we have not yet found a way of supplying the wants of those who make them. Food, clothes, houses and all the needs of life and happiness are here at our hand in abundance, at our hand also is the means of making ten times more than we have, and yet the workers who make these things are living in wretchedness, squalor, and semi-starvation. Many boast of the power, fame, and grandeur of the British Empire, but few notice that in the lowest depths of social life, in the slums and the back streets, is an ever growing mass of people without hope in life, for life to them means a fierce scramble ever getting fiercer; a miserable subsistence ever getting more miserable. These people have no respect for Society, for Society has no respect for them. "Law and order" is to them only a fancy name for the power that keeps them in the mire. They hate the law and they hate society, and their hatred is just. They are too many to be ignored, too strong to be despised, too much wronged to bear good will to those in power. Their ranks are recruited from the working-class every year: and some prolonged depression of trade may see them powerful enough to put Law at defiance; as indeed they were during the early months of 1886. Civilization! Progress! National Greatness!—mockery and humbug while those who make the wealth are ever in want and in fear of want, and those who neither toil nor spin live in luxury. People feel the evil of all this and they see nothing in the ordinary proposals to undo it. The Socialists have, as is generally admitted, brought forward the most consistent and satisfactory criticism of the present system of society, and from the same line of thought the real remedy must likewise come.

Toryism, Liberalism, and Radicalism. Out of all our party fighting we don't seem to get much benefit. The working-class are gradually losing faith in the political parties of all shades. Toryism is a dead horse—not even worth a kick. Liberalism has always meant, and Liberals have always worked for, the interests of trade and commerce, under the idea, no doubt, that the welfare of the people could best be served in that way. But every day makes it plainer that the whole object of modern commerce is to enslave and cheat the people. That trade is carried on solely for the profit of the

capitalists, whose chief aim is to increase profits by decreasing wages. The Liberals have posed as the friends of the people on questions of merely political importance. But on any question affecting the "rights" of property—such as the factory acts, or adulteration acts—some of the best Liberals were the workmen's worst enemies. It is now plain to most workmen that there is nothing to choose between Liberals and Tories, but that the bitter opposition of both may be expected. Then what of the Radical party? But where is it! Wandering about after a dozen leaders, chasing fifty fads, but having no policy to give to the people which will excite their enthusiasm or better their condition. A more hazy, indefinite, muddled-up party never existed than the latter day Radicals. Their chief function has been to blacken the boots of the Whigs, and except that now and then we hear a little murmuring, their function has been well fulfilled. The days of popularity for the Liberal party are now over. They are on the high road to perdition; in going there they will kick the Tories in front of them, and drag most of the Radicals, as usual, at their coat tails. The Socialists spend a good deal of energy in trying to win over the Radical workmen, and this energy is well spent. In the Liberal agitations hitherto the Whig Dukes and cotton Lords have given the money while the Radical workmen have furnished the enthusiasm. The Socialist cause will gain by detaching these enthusiasts from the false friends of the people and using their powers for a better purpose. The reason why I attack Liberalism and Radicalism more than Toryism is because many people believe in them, while no one believes in Toryism at all. The official Tories believe least of all in their own principles, for when in office they masquerade in Liberal garments—which shows at once their duplicity and their depraved taste. In my opinion both political parties are humbugs, and the only difference between the Liberals and the Tories is that the Liberals are the most ingenious humbugs of the two.

Labour Representation. Great things were expected if we got workmen into Parliament but very little has been realized. There are plenty of rich men in the House of Commons who are far more outspoken and independent than the Labour members. We, as workmen, ought to be thoroughly ashamed of the way we are represented. A few limpid lispng weak-

lings, who always truckle to the party chiefs, who never yet distinguished themselves by standing out sturdily for the interests of labour—who indeed have either forgotten or never knew what the interests of labour mean. A poor spiritless lot are they! The best of them seem to have mistaken their business. They are grubbing away at “Employers’ Liability Acts” as if legislation of that kind would by itself achieve much for the workers. In the Parliament of 1886 we had *twelve* Labour M.P.’s. Our twelve apostles! At that time the unemployed were rioting, so keen and widespread was their distress, all over the country. But our apostles did not like to disturb the arrangements of the Liberal Government. Labour was in bad straits: but, for a whole session its apostles sat sucking their thumbs and said never a word. In Northumberland during the strike, which began in February, 1887, the suffering and distress was very keen. The men were trying to resist an attempt to reduce wages which were already at starvation point. Surely the Labour M.P.’s might have used their position as members of Parliament to draw attention to the state of their constituents: had Northumberland been a county in Ireland, the House of Commons would have been ringing with the tale of the miners’ wrongs. No better illustration of the miserable incompetency of the labour M.P.’s could be brought forward. Had they possessed the least spark of vigour and sturdiness, the country would not have been in darkness as to the condition of their constituents. . . . If *Labourers* are to be sent to Parliament why make them middle-class men by paying them from £6 to £10 per week? A workman in Parliament ought to get the wages of a London artisan and be enabled to live in the same standard of comfort. He should go there to work and not be ashamed of the object of his mission. Instead of that his first move is to ape the costume and manners of the cultured drones amongst whom he sits. The whole spirit and object of mere “Labour representation” is mistaken. The notion that having “labourers” in Parliament will do much good is a very silly and artificial one. Working-men are no better than other men, and middle-class men are no worse. It is some definite principle or ideal that must be taken up by the working-class before it can achieve anything. The Labour Representation movement has nothing definite in it. It

simply wants to get workmen into Parliament—not to do anything in particular, just to loaf about, and look dignified, and turn lick-spittles to the Liberal party when occasion demands. This vague, hazy, scatter-brained policy will never do any service or any credit to the working-class. Representatives of this kind will be only half supported by workmen and despised by upper class politicians. Let us resolve on a definite purpose and push that forward. Use Parliament as a platform if you will, but educate the people to a clear understanding of what your aim and their aim should be. When you have cleared away some of the ignorance of the people—and that is the real obstacle to their progress—then a strong fighting party can be organized and there will be every chance of winning: at present with no particular object and no endeavour to find one, with nothing but a muddled-up notion of doing something, sometime, somehow; failure and ignominy are certain.

The root of the difficulty. Now, in my opinion the error of the various political parties I have referred to is that they skim over the surface of these great problems. They are afraid or unable to go to the root of the matter and point out the *cause* of poverty. It is a paltry superficial kind of reasoning which tells us that the industrious are well-to-do, and the idle and thriftless poverty-stricken. I have no wish to gloss over the failings of working people, or to excuse their sins on the plea that the rich sin also and more heavily. But I think there is something mean and hypocritical about those who continually denounce the faults of the poor while they leave the rich man's crimes unassailed. Let us denounce intemperance, idleness, thriftlessness* wherever we may find it; but let us be unsparingly impartial: let neither fame nor rank save the wrong-doer from the reprobation of his fellows. The faults of the rich do not excuse the faults of the poor, but they are often the cause of them. It is luxury that makes penury necessary. It is waste on one hand that entails scrimping and starving on the other. It is the legalised laziness amongst the rich that sets the example of loafing and

* It is strange to see how this term, thrift, is misused. Thrift means making the best use of what you have. It does not mean selfish grabbing of all you can get, nor a crazy hoarding of things you can never use. Still less does it mean (as some sentimental moralists would have us believe) cowardly contentment with less than you are entitled to.

flunkeyism to the poor. It is because the rich man shirks his share of the world's work that the poor man is overworked. And what is the cause of nine-tenths of the vice and callousness of the working-men? The long, dreary, and depressing toil they have to endure when in employment; the feverish anxiety about to-morrow's food, and the future of their children when in the ranks of the unemployed. To most workmen life is an uninteresting past, a joyless present, and a hopeless future. The root of the great social question is that modern society treats the workmen as machines and the capitalists as lords of civilization. In a civilized society the capitalist is master of the land and minerals which no man made; of the machinery which includes within it the toil and skill of countless generations; of the vast stores of wealth which all (except the capitalists) have helped to accumulate; in short all the resources of civilization—which, without exception, are the produce of *work*—belong to one class. The only thing the capitalist, as such, does is to keep a firm grip of these things and never spend five shillings without a reasonable certainty of getting ten, fifteen, or twenty in return. Civilization is a huge arrangement for heaping up profit, and whatsoever will not bring profit to the holder of capital is prohibited by the laws of trade and commerce; it is stigmatized as a thing that "won't pay" (no matter how much good it may do) and banished from the business of life, and the world is thought lucky if some philanthropist or faddist take it up instead.

Are we Slaves? The pet delusion of the British workman is that he is *free*. How he came by this delusion, and why he sticks to it, I don't know. It is interesting to notice that the British workman's "patriotism" and fondness for proclaiming his independence varies with the rate of his wages and the security of his employment. At £2 per week he is sure that he is not a slave, and "never, never" will be; at £1 he is doubtful about the reality of his freedom; at 12s. he curses the British Empire and says, wisely, though not elegantly, that his freedom is a fraud. Now, what is a slave? ONE WHO IS COMPELLED TO WORK FOR SOMEBODY ELSE. In this, the real sense, the working-class of every civilised country are slaves. They work and all the result goes to the capitalist and upper class; they get back a few

shillings to keep them alive, for that is all their wages amount to. They are forced to work for the upper class, while the upper class does nothing for them, and therefore they are slaves. If the miner produces coal for the money-lord, and the money-lord does nothing for the miner, then surely the miner is a slave. Every man who lives without doing useful work is enslaving some other people. It is work that keeps society going. Every man who eats bread, lives in a house, or burns coal is using the fruits of labour. Unless he renders some useful service to the baker, the builder, or the miner he is stealing from them and making them his slaves. A civilised society includes two main classes:—Workers and idlers, producers and thieves, slaves and slave-owners. The workers do everything for themselves, and support the other class besides. The upper class do nothing for themselves, and nothing for any-body else, so they are thieves and slave drivers. Not that they are individually conscious of stealing or oppressing, or should be individually punished for it. But the harm done is the same whether they are conscious or not. Besides, every sensible man ought to think of where his dinner comes from, and to reflect that somebody must have earned it; and that if he did not earn it he must have stolen it.

The old slavery and the new. It is true that one man cannot call another his property as he would a horse or a dog, but does this make any essential difference? The reason why men were once owned like cattle was simply that their labour might be used for their master's benefit. Well, if their labour is still taken from them, even without the institution of private property in human flesh and blood, the result is the same. The capitalist does not to-day own the workman, but he owns the means by which only the workman can live; and he says to him, "You cannot labour without using the land and the capital; these things are under my control, and I shall only allow you to use them on condition that you take a bare living out of the produce of your own labour, and that you hand over to me all the balance over and above that." The capitalist manages to enforce these terms. Nine-tenths of the modern workmen are mere slaves, getting enough each pay-day to keep them in bread till the next. In one respect they are worse off

than the olden slaves. When the employer has no further need for their services, he turns them adrift in the streets to find a crust as best they can; in olden times the slave-owner, out of self-interest, always took care to feed and clothe his human property. In spite of all our boasting of freedom the position of the civilised workman may be summed up thus: He is allowed to earn his own living only when his labour will also yield a profit to supply the middle and upper classes with a living for nothing; he gets only a small part of what he earns; he is dependent upon others for the chance of working at all; and when he cannot be made an instrument of profit-grinding he is cast amongst the unemployed, and from thence too often he drifts to the gaol, the workhouse, or the lunatic asylum.

The Slave Market and the Labour Market. A closer examination of the old and the new slavery will show still stronger points of resemblance. In olden times there was a slave market, to which men were driven in gangs, goaded on by the lash of the slave driver. When they got there, they were sold at auction, like cattle, to the highest bidder. Now there is a labour market, at which human labour is bought and sold like other goods. The people have no alternative but to go and sell their labour, and they go obediently and docilely, and as long as the system lasts they must do so. Brute force is discarded, but the force of circumstances work to the capitalists' interests instead. The slave driver's whip is only to be found in the museum, but the whip of hunger does the same work, and it bites as cruelly. But what is the difference when they get to the market? In olden times they were put up to auction and knocked down to the highest bidder; now they are compelled to compete against each other and are knocked down to the lowest bidder. From this competition for employment a strange and horrid light is thrown on the working of the capitalist system. The master takes advantage of the men's misfortunes, and uses the unemployed to force down the wages of those in work. In short, slavery is still the basis of our social organisation. Our chains used to be ugly black iron; we saw them and abhorred them. Now they are finely polished and painted, and we think them ornaments and hug them; but they are as strong as ever, and when the times of distress come we

feel them gnawing and chafing us. We cannot be free while able, useful, and willing workmen starve in a land made wealthy by their own labour. Our freedom is an elaborate and ingenious hypocrisy while thousands are denied the chance to earn their bread in their own country; and while the whole working-class is only allowed to labour on condition that it will hand over the largest part of the result to the idle, useless, and vicious upper class.

Conquer the Cupboard. The power lies in the hands of the moneyed class, because they have the land and the capital completely in their control. The workers dare not till the soil of their own country, although thousands of acres of it are lying waste, unless they can produce a heavy rent for the landlord as well as a living for themselves. The factories also are closed and the machinery stopped in many districts. Here comes the narrow selfishness of the present system. The men who own the land and capital do not wish to use it themselves, and indeed could not. They simply have the power to prevent others from using these things, and they use that power to extort enormous profits from the workers. Let us compare society to an ordinary household. Imagine a family in which the father and several sons were the bread-winners, and the mother and several daughters housekeepers. Suppose they have a cupboard in which the food and other means of life are stored. This cupboard should be under the care of the housewife. But let us imagine that a stranger, who has done nothing to help in the work of the household, forces his way in, fixes a patent lock to the cupboard, and says to the household, "In future this part of the house shall be under my charge. I shall always be ready to open it when you have anything to put in, but when you want any supplies I shall dole out just as much as I think is good for you. While you are filling the cupboard you shall get enough to keep you, and enable you to go on working, but no more. When the cupboard is full you must stop working, and eating too, and you will be known as 'tramps' and the 'unemployed.'" Now, this family might fancy itself free; it might meet in the back-parlour and sing pæans in praise of the grand system it lived under; it might also pass Bills and give each of its members a vote, or a dozen votes; but as long as the

stranger held the key of that cupboard he would be master of the situation, and the inmates one and all would be mere slaves of his. This is a fair simile of what England and every other civilised land is to-day. The workmen are filling the cupboard of the country, but the key is held by men who do none of the labour. While filling it they get a subsistence wage—seldom more—and when it is filled to overflowing there is a glut (a trade depression), and the men who filled the cupboard must go hungry and homeless *because* it is too full. Yes, this is why we starve in the midst of abundance, and the first duty of the working-class is to make good its claim to the fruits of its labour: it must conquer the cupboard.

The Socialist proposal is to take the land and capital from the private individuals who now unrighteously own them, and put them under the control of the community, and use them for the benefit of the workers. Capital must be the handmaid of labour, not its master. The resources of civilization must be used to benefit the people, not to grind profit out of them, as now. The aim of society must be to so dispose of the labour and resources of the community as to secure a fair living to all who labour for it. Socialism is based on the principle that as all society is maintained by labour, all should do a fair share of it. The bread we eat, the houses we live in, and the coals we burn are all produced by labour. If we use these things, we ought to produce them, or do some useful service to those who do. If we use these things, and live in idleness, we are stealing them. All we eat and drink and wear is made by labour, and if we eat without labouring we are stealing from some one else who has laboured. We should all do our fair share of the world's work! No man is too good to toil for his living; no man is so bad that he should be cheated out of his living when he has toiled for it.

The Defence of Property. Whenever this doctrine of Socialism is stated a certain class of people cry out "Confiscation!" "You want to take men's savings from them!" "You want the drunken and thrtftless kept at the expense of the industrious and careful!" All these parrot cries totally ignore the fact that to-day the thriftless are living on the

industrious, and that the whole string of evils they charge us with trying to bring about are here already, and we are trying to abolish them. When we attack the capitalists our opponents never defend the proper culprit: they bring up the workman with £100 saved, and try to turn prejudice against us by alledging that this would be confiscated. But the difference between a large capitalist and a workman with a savings bank account is very great and quite clear. The workman has *earned* his small capital; the other has not. Of course the taking of interest is wrong, no matter to what extent it may be carried. It must, also, be borne in mind that in dispossessing the landlord and capitalist we are not taking from them anything that they wish to *use*. We simply deprive them of the power of making others work for them. It is curious to notice how strong the blind greed for property is in the minds of those who have only a little. It is not the Baring or the Rothschild who is most bitter against Socialism. The kind of man who is fiercest in defence of the rights of property is the small shopkeeper who, perhaps, is £100 in debt. The silly scramble of modern days has frightfully narrowed mens' notions of the real aim and pleasures of life. If the rich were to-morrow deprived of all the property they wrongfully hold, and set to work under decent circumstances for their living, it would be the best thing that ever happened to them. The true nobility a man can attain is by making himself useful to his fellows, and this distinction would be placed within reach of everybody by Socialism.

The Co-operative Movement. The easiest line of thought towards Socialism is by considering what the Co-operative movement has done. Had anyone suggested thirty years ago that this movement would accomplish the revolution that it has in such a space of time, and by such humble agents, he would have been laughed at as a fool, or jeered at as an Utopian—just as Socialists are laughed and jeered at now. But by steady patient work a great change has been brought about, the petty shopkeeping class has been greatly lessened, an enormous amount of labour saved, and the process of distribution greatly simplified. But still the biggest part of the work has been left untouched. Distributive co-operation shows the workman the best and wisest way to spend his wages—once he has got them. Important as this is, the

question of how to get a just wage, or any wage at all, is still more important; but co-operation at present cannot touch this question. Here Socialism steps in to finish what Co-operation began. Indeed Socialism is but the full and genuine development of co-operation. We have introduced Co-operation to the shop and the store; now we must extend it to the mine, the factory, and the farm.

Is it practicable? Great difficulties lie in the way of Socialism, and much hard earnest work will be needed to bring it about. These difficulties are not due to Socialism being very Utopian, or very incomprehensible. Socialism is merely the application of common sense and justice to social order, but justice and common sense are strange and unknown in these days, when veiled fraud and oppression reign supreme. Socialism would be simpler and easier to work, so far as the mere industrial arrangements are concerned, than the present system. Indeed we should try to make society as simple in its mechanism and our own lives as unpretentious as may be. The greatest curse of the present system is its unnecessary complexity of organisation, and the conflicting interests which Economists pretend are in harmony. The first step towards Socialism is to make Socialists; to get together a great organisation of all who accept the principle. Different schools of Socialists may suggest different ways of realising the new society, but their differing in that respect is a hopeful sign, as it shows diversity and even some originality of thought. All Socialists agree that the principles of competition and monopoly now holding sway should be done away with, and superseded by a general and thorough-going co-operation. In fact we want a nation in which there are neither *masters* nor *servants*, but where all are *fellow-workers*. A solid combination of the Socialist movement could bring a tremendous power to bear on the politics of this country. That power should be used, not so much in bringing to pass petty measures, as in forcing the hand of the upper class.

The futility of compromise. There is a class of well-intentioned reformers who are puzzling themselves to find a way of benefiting the poor without interfering with the rich. It is self-evident that this is a fruitless endeavour.

The robbery of the poor by the rich is the first aim of capitalist production. It may be wrong for the poor to rob the rich; it may nearly be as wrong for the rich to rob each other; but for the rich to rob the poor is the most abominable of all systems. There can be no peace between the two classes. The poor must cast off the leeches which are draining the life's blood from them. The rich are really parasites on the workers. The distinctions of class must be abolished, for they only mean the right of the rich to rob and the duty of the poor to submit. But, although no peace can be between them, a peaceable settlement might be effected. The rich should be told by the toilers, "Now, you have lived a long time at our expense, and we find that it is bad for both of us—it wears you with elegant and enforced idleness, and it burdens us with overwork. We don't want to hurt you for your past misdeeds, because for the most part you were unconscious of the evil you were doing, but you must do different in future. Those of you who are entirely useless, and most of you are, so we fear, we will keep in moderate comfort. We will give work to those of you who are able and willing to do it (and that is more than you gave us); a training to those who are willing and not able; and the gaol or the lunatic asylum to those who are able and not willing." These are the only terms on which this antagonism can be settled. It is nearly 2,000 years since St. Paul said, "He that will not work, neither shall he eat;" and surely it is time we put the principle into operation.

The future of the Socialist party. Everything points to the rapid growth of the Socialist party in this country. It lays definite principles before the people, and though these, as they require some independent thought and enthusiasm, may take some time to win acceptance, they make a deep and lasting impression where they do take hold. As time goes on and the difficulty and hardships which the present system imposes on the workers are more keenly felt, they will find out how shallow and ineffective is the hand-to-mouth policy of the ordinary politician. Times are coming when plain honest words and upright action will be needed to save the country from the horrors of a revolt of miserable and desperate people.

That revolution will come upon us, there can be no doubt. Its shadow is already cast over us. Socialists do not wish to *make* or to *cause* a revolution: they only wish to point out that revolution, bred of the misery and inherent injustice of the present system, is inevitable. If the people are left unorganised and ignorant, revolution may well seem a terror to all men. But we look to the coming change. We are preparing to meet it with a combined and intelligent people, a people wise enough to know their rights, strong enough to enforce them, and disciplined enough to guard them. We are carrying a message of hope to the poor, of comfort to the outcast, of joy to the desolate. We bid them lay aside despair, to take courage, and gather strength, for the time is at hand when, with enlightenment and determination, they may end for ever the folly, and crime, and misery in which their lives are now spent, and realise a noble, fraternal, social life, with labour, leisure, and liberty for all; a life in which we shall have

"Man without a master, and earth without a strife,
And every soul rejoicing in the sweet and bitter of life."

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