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[WEEKLY; ONE PENNY.]

LIBEL ACTION AGAINST THE "COMMONWEAL"

Bedford tries to send Mowbray to Jail but Fails.

Last week, Comrade Mowbray received a summons, calling upon him to appear before Justice Jeune on Tuesday, to show cause why he should not be criminally prosecuted for libel, for the article entitled "James Bedford Sweater." Mowbray went and shewed cause, and Justice Jeune has decided that the article was not a criminal libel. So Mr. Bedford has failed in his efforts to send a poor workman to jail for showing up the low wages paid by this immaculate "labour candidate."

If Mr. Bedford is not a sweater, why does he not accept Mowbray's challenge, and meet him on a public platform. Is it because he is afraid, for very good reasons, and therefore prefers to gag his accuser, by shutting him in stone walls.

If Mr. Bedford goes on in this style, he won't gain much popularity among the workers, even though the Liberal Four Hundred may accept with rapture such a "Labour Candidate." D. J. NICOLL.

THE STRIKE

A DRAMA BY LOUISE MICHEL.

ACT I.

Songs of the Waves.

(The scene is a wide beautiful bay of the sea. Sky and water as far as the eye can gaze. On the beach are young barefooted girls with baskets on their heads returning from fishing. On one side are some lauts where nets are drying.)

Chorus of Girls.

(Barcarolle.)

Sounding Ocean tumbling moves,
Singing songs of rising waves;
Hasten, men, to wives and loves,—
'Neath the sounding sea lie graves,
Lie graves.

Ever-groaning Ocean's rhyme
Tells the waters' raging way:
Water-drops and globes and time
Roll, and roll, and roll away,
Always.

SCENE II.

Marpha (simply dressed and now 16) crosses the stage. She goes towards the girls who point out to her a sail in the distance. She leans upon a rock, waiting the boats arrival.

Marius and Esther (towards the footlights).

Marius (pointing out Marpha to Esther). Do you see that flower of the waves? She is a gracious vision indeed to console me for the life we lead with that termagant who has taken our mother's place.

Esther. This baroness whom our father picked up no-one knows where is a real she-wolf. She has bent him completely to her will. I know the little girl over there. 'Tis little Marpha, old Nemo's daughter. Don't you notice that this innocent dove is wonderfully like the bird of prey who has swooped down on us?

Marius. Many a time the likeness has made me shiver. There are such phenomena in nature.

Esther. Are you in love with this child?

Marius. I love her madly. Not only has she bewitched me: but she has been a very guiding-star to me. Were it not for her, I should not be among those who long to make their lives epical; I should be still bound to the past, as though to a corpse; I should not understand my own aspirations.

Esther. Explain yourself.

Marius. Last year I asked Nemo for Marpha at first. Nemo refused. His daughter could not be the companion of such a young man as I was then. I then became what you have seen me to be since your return from visiting grandmother. So did that change come about in me which I have seen in yourself.

Esther. As for me, it was impossible for me to avoid arriving at the truth. You know that at grandmother's all goes to the poor. I gave as I would. Well, since charity cannot succour all the wretched, I soon concluded that it is merely (what in truth it is) a pleasure to the giver, and no more. It can only reach a limited circle. I then set about seeking for something that would reach Humanity at large. Reforms seemed to me of little more use than charity. Everything was impotent to save,—power, riches, force, even kindness. At last I was converted to Harmony, to equalising justice, in fact to Anarchy. It was not quite my unassisted thought which brought me to that point; I read much. I was fare as air at grandmother's. Love grandmother! Were she alive still, I would have sought refuge with her when the Baroness descended upon us.

Marius. What should I do without you? I could no more live without you than without seeing Marpha, without Nemo's friendship,—Nemo whose disciple I have become. Since this woman has swayed our father's house, suffering has made my heart more sensitive in all ways. I both love and hate profoundly.

Esther. Poor Marius! What will you do when the cyclone which is brooding shall have swept away one or the other of your objects of affection.

Marius. I believe that I should die if one of you were to fail me,—even if father, despite his madness, were to go.

Esther. Does she love you?

Marius. I have never spoken to her of love; but my feeling for her is so intense that she must be sensible of it. She has been bravely nurtured; she is just the right companion for a rebel. Perhaps now she will deem me worthy of her.

Esther. Nemo's daughter may well be brave. In the heroic times which will soon begin there will be some grand and pure figures,—just as there will be monsters.

Marius. Yes this adorable child belongs to the misty times of the new myths which shall be, just as does that other cursed creature.—But you, yourself, Esther, will you never fall in love?

Esther. Love would kill hate. Our hate must be sharp as an axe's edge. We are only executioners. No, Marius, I will take care not to love.

Marius. Not Zviriki even?

Esther. Not even Zviriki. Yet it would please me to die with him. The red nuptials of death are the fairest, are they not?

Marius. Perhaps those nuptials are in store for both of us. Who knows?

SCENE III.

Marpha still waiting by the rock. Marius. Esther. Zviriki.

Zviriki. Good evening, friends. (He gives them his hand.)

Esther. Well?

Zviriki. The strike idea is spreading—a General Strike which will mean the Revolution. The human chrysalis is tearing off its grave clothes,—aye, and bits of its flesh at the same time. Humanity will conquer Death.

Marius. A little ago I learnt good news at Baroness Eleazar's (to whom I went to have an explanation); I heard of the failure of two banks.

Zviriki. If the letters that I am taking to Nemo agree with our own, the struggle is beginning all over the world. Friends, dear friends, I did not hope for such an awakening. I never dreamt it would be so speedy and so wide spread.

Esther. Surely day must come. But look over there; Nemo is arriving.

(To be continued.)

CONFESSIONS OF A LABOUR CANDIDATE.

Fellow Citizens,

I beg your pardon, Ladies and Gentlemen, I thought I was once again on a Socialist platform. Ladies and Gentlemen, and why do I call you ladies and gentlemen, when those I see before me are the plain, honest, hardworking citizens of Mudbridge, grimed and soot stained from the smoke of the factories, because the British working-man, unlike his hot-headed foreign brother, likes to be considered as a gentleman, and the partner of his joys and sorrows likes the title of lady. Therefore as it is my purpose this evening to solicit the suffrages of the free and independent electors of Mudbridge I naturally set to work in the right way to get them. Unlike the blatant orators at street corners — I was in the line myself once, but it did not pay — I scorn all demagogic tricks, and address you as ladies and gentlemen (loud cheers).

Ladies and Gentlemen I am not a revolutionist — at least not at the present time, for the profession of revolutionary principles is an insuperable bar to getting into parliament — I do not believe in "bread or lead" or "blood and fire" no, I am a constitutional reformer: A voice in the crowd "You are a Sweater". Who is that gentleman who says I am a sweater? What an infamous expression. Really sir you are very rude. Methinks I recognise a wicked Socialist to whom I once gave some work at starvation wages out of kindness. Of course I did not make anything out of the business. O dear no. I'd scorn the action. (Here he winks the other eye.)

The voice "Who drove women on the streets by the low wages he paid."

Police inspector please remove that person I cannot really allow the peace of a public meeting to be disturbed by the mad ravings of crazy Anarchists. As a future member of the House of Commons, it is my duty to uphold as the same time my own dignity and the authority of the law. (Disturber ejected by police after considerable resistance.)

That misguided individual said I was a sweater. It is a base calumny. It is true I did pay wages a little below the trade union rate. But that was an experiment. I desired to show how odious sweating was, and my heart bled for the sufferings of the poor, while I filled my pockets with gold. It was my purpose to thus demonstrate the necessity for a legal eight hours day, and a minimum of wages. Why, ladies and gentlemen, if everybody paid fair wages and did not overwork their employees, where would be the necessity for legislation, and what would become of my chance of getting into parliament. A sweater! Yes, I am proud of the title, who so fitting as sweater to represent working men in Parliament. Who knows more of the sufferings of the poor, and who knows better the cure for their sufferings? Why I took the chair last night at a meeting of sweated tailors to protest against the infamous exactions of other employers. Another voice, "Yes and they owed yer down."

They howled me down. No some agitators did make a disturbance, but the tailors know me too well, and had to much respect for me to howl me down. Gentleman besides being a sweater, I am a Guardian of the poor. In these times of severe popular distress I would particularly impress upon you, the necessity of having gentlemen of my peculiar humanity appointed to important positions like this, I am pleased to say that I was on the list of candidates of an advanced Radical newspaper. A voice in the audience, "Good old Star," "Cheers for the Star." (Roars of popular applause.)

Since I have been on the Bedlam Green Board of Guardians, there have been several deaths from starvation. Yes there have been several deaths from starvation, but we have kept down the rates. The deaths from starvation were an experiment. To show the iniquity of the present system. While the reduction of rates has made me extremely popular with the respectable tradesmen of the neighbourhood. Ladies and gentlemen, this is a period of severe popular distress. Thousands of honest workmen cannot find work to do. Even I cannot employ them all, at low wages, which keep them thrifty and temperate, out of "kindness." In our parish, we feel for the unemployed, in some workhouses, they give them stones to break. A useless and degrading task. We are more considerate in our workhouse, for there the unemployed are usefully and agreeably employed — they pick — Oakum. (Whirlwinds of cheers.) I need scarcely say after this that I am in favour of Municipal Workshops, where the unemployed will produce shoddy furniture, bad bread, and other useful commodities for their own consumption. I have a plan like my friend General Booth, a man after my own heart, for a Salvage Brigade which shall collect mouldy crusts, tainted meat, cold potatoes and other broken victuals, which when stewed or steamed will make an appetising dish upon which these poor creatures may thankfully dine. Gentlemen, I need scarcely say after this, that I am in favour of an advanced labour programme. Eight Hours, Land Nationalisation and all the rest of it. I observed a wild-eyed individual crying "Long live Anarchy" at the end of the hall. Well I am in favour of that too, it is an excellent ideal and I am going to Parliament to get it by strictly constitutional means. But it will take time. All these things will take time. Many years perhaps; you must wait patiently. Meanwhile I shall enjoy many advantages at your expense, a salary of £200 a year and what I can make. Here my experience on the Board of Guardians and as a sweater will be useful. I and my old woman — I like to say "old woman," it is so democratic — as labour members are very popular with the aristocracy — will have our feet under the mahogany of dukes while you may be suffering the pangs of hunger in a garret or a cellar. But never mind, amid all this luxury, I will not forget you. I will never forget the kindhearted people, who have given me such a comfortable berth, and have such a small chance

of being rewarded for their trouble kind good creatures. How I love you. Vote for — and God bless you. Here the labour candidate, over come with emotion, sat down.

NOTE BY EDITOR. The above was picked up in the Hackney Road by a comrade. The gentleman to whom it belongs can have it, by applying at the offices of the "Commonweal."

AN ANARCHIST ON ANARCHY.

By Elisée Réclus.

Yet how vast is the distance that still separates us from the justice invoked by the poet in the very dawn of history! How great is the progress we have still to make before we may rightfully cease comparing ourselves with wild creatures fighting for a morsel of carrion! It is in vain that we pretend to be civilized, if civilisation be that which Mr. Alfred R. Wallace has described as "the harmony of individual liberty with the collective will." It is really too easy to criticise contemporary society, its morals, its conventions, and its laws, and to show how much its practices fall short of the ideal justice formulated by thinkers and desired by peoples. To repeat stale censures is to risk being called mere declaimers, scatterers of voice in the market-place. And yet so long as the truth is not heard, is it not our duty to go on speaking it in season and out of season? A sincere man owes it to himself to expose the frightful barbarity which still prevails in the hidden depths of a society so outwardly well-ordered. Take, for instance, our great cities, the leaders of civilization, especially the most populous, and, in many respects, the first of all — that immense London, which gathers to herself the riches of the world, whose every warehouse is worth a king's ransom; where are to be found enough, and more than enough, of food and clothing for the needs of the teeming millions that throng her streets in greater numbers than the ants which swarm in the never-ending labyrinth of their subterranean galleries. And yet the wretched who cast longing and hungry eyes on those hoards of wealth may be counted by the hundred thousand; by the side of untold splendors, want is consuming the vitals of entire populations, and it is only at times that the fortunate for whom these treasures are amassed hear, as a muffled wailing, the bitter cry which arises eternally from those unseen depths. Below the London of fashion is a London accursed, a London whose only food are dirt-stained fragments, whose only garments are filthy rags, and whose only dwellings are fetid dens. Have the disinherited the consolation of hope? No; they are deprived of all. There are some among them who live and die in dampness and gloom without once raising their eyes to the sun.

But these depositaries of power who are charged, whether by right divine or universal suffrage, with the august mission of dispensing justice, can they be considered as in any way more infallible, or even as impartial? Can it be said that the laws and their interpreters show towards all men the ideal equity as it exists in the popular conception? Are the judges blind when there come before them the wealthy and the poor — Shylock, with his murderous knife, and the unfortunate who has sold beforehand pounds of his flesh or ounces of his blood? Hold they always even scales between the king's son and the beggar's brat? That these magistrates should firmly believe in their own impartiality and think themselves incarnate right in human shape, is quite natural; every one puts on — sometimes without knowing it — the peculiar morality of his calling; yet judges, no more than priests, can withstand the influence of their surroundings. Their sense of what constitutes justice, derived from the average opinion of the age, as insensibly modified by the prejudices of their class. How honest soever they may be, they cannot forget that they belong to the rich and powerful, or to those, less fortunate, who are still on the look-out for preferment and honor. They are moreover blindly attached to precedent, and fancy that practices inherited from their forerunners must needs be right. Yet when we examine official justice without prejudice, how many iniquities do we find in legal procedures! Thus the English are scandalized — and rightly so — by the French fashion of examining prisoners, those sacred beings who, in strict probity, ought to be held innocent until they are proved guilty! while the French are disgusted, and not without reason, to see English justice, through the English government, publicly encourage treachery by offers of impunity and money to the betrayer, thereby deepening the degradation of the debased and provoking acts of shameful meanness which children in their schools, more moral than their elders, regard with unfeigned horror.

Nevertheless, law, like religion, plays only a secondary part in contemporary society. It is invoked but rarely to regulate the relations between the poor and the rich, the powerful and the weak. These relations are the outcome of economic laws and the evolution of a social system based on inequality of conditions.

Laissez faire. Let things alone? have said the judges of the camp. Careers are open; and although the field is covered with corpses, although the conqueror stamps on the bodies of the vanquished, although by supply and demand, and the combinations and monopolies in which they result, the greater part of society becomes enslaved to the few, let things alone — for thus has decreed fair play. It is by virtue of this beautiful system that a *parvenu*, without speaking of the great lord who receives counties as his heritage, is able to conquer with money thousands of acres, expel those who cultivate his domain, and replace men and their dwellings with wild animals and rare trees. It is thus that a tradesman, more cunning or intelligent, or, perhaps, more

favoured by luck than his fellows; is enabled to become master of an army of workers, and as often as not to starve them at his pleasure. In a word, commercial competition, under the paternal ægis of the law, lets the great majority of merchants—the fact is attested by numberless medical inquests—adulterate provisions and drink, sell pernicious substances as wholesome food, and kill by slow poisoning, without for one day neglecting their religious duties, their brothers in Jesus Christ. Let people say what they will, slavery, which abolitionists strove so gallantly to extirpate in America, prevails in another form in every civilized country; for entire populations, placed between the alternatives of death by starvation and toils which they detest, are constrained to choose the latter. And if we would deal frankly with the barbarous society which we belong, we must acknowledge that murder, albeit disguised under a thousand invidious and scientific forms, still, as in the times of primitive savagery, terminates the majority of lives. The economist sees around him but one vast field of carnage, and with the coldness of the statistician he counts the slain as on the evening after a great battle. Judge by these figures. The mean mortality among the well-to-do is, at the utmost, one in sixty. Now the population of Europe being a third of a thousand millions, the average deaths, according to the rate of mortality among the fortunate, should not exceed five millions. They are three times five millions! What have we done with these ten million human beings killed before their time? If it be true that we have duties, one towards the other, are we not responsible for the servitude, the cold, the hunger, the misery of every sort, which doom the unfortunate to untimely deaths? Race of Cains, what have we done with our brothers?

NOTES.

Bankruptcy is coming.

THE Argentine Republic is in difficulties which seem to grow worse instead of better, and we hear now that it has issued a forced paper currency fixing the premium on gold at 150 per cent. It has also authorized the suspension for ten years of all monetary payments. These are ominous signs of impending bankruptcy. But when we further consider, that the creditors of this republic, are great English firms, who came to the rescue of Baring Bros, when on the verge of bankruptcy last November and, that these people have some £7,000,000 of almost worthless Argentine securities on their hands, we may reflect that, when the Argentine Republic goes broke, that some of these great people will probably follow it. But at the present time when we can see wild unrest and social revolt spreading all over the world from Chili to China, we may feel certain that, there will be some more foreign governments going wrong, and it is probable that these usurers in the City, will find themselves generally in the same position as the great house of the Barings a few months ago. The whole fabric of modern commercialism is in a very crazy condition. Its foundations are rotten, and the building itself like the erections of the suburban jerry-builders has been run up to sell. A puff of wind would make this house of cards collapse. And that may come at any moment in the shape of a big war or a revolution in Russia. The greed and avarice of modern bourgeoisie, their haste to get rich, their mania for fifty and a hundred per cent has brought this about, and to-day the middle classes tremble, for they know that at any moment they may be buried in the ruins of modern commercialism.

Dynamite in Austria.

Two dynamite bombs exploded beneath a railway bridge in Austria, the other day, unfortunately this happened a few hours before the train conveying the Imperial despot Francis Joseph passed that way. We are sorry His Majesty was not sent to join the late Czar in heaven. Nowhere in Europe save in Russia is despotism more galling than in the Austrian Empire. It is a despotism tempered by dynamite. And the sooner dynamite gets the best of the conflict the better.

Suicide of Boulanger.

THE would be Dictator has ended his eventful life by blowing his brains out at the tomb of his dead mistress. Boulanger was never dangerous to the revolutionary movement. He was but the imitator of a bad imitation. As Napoleon III. endeavoured to imitate his famous uncle, so did Boulanger model himself on Napoleon III. But he failed even at this, and now, conscious of his failure, he has killed himself. If Boulanger had overturned the sham republic of France, he would have only been overwhelmed in the inevitable revolutionary movement, that would have followed. Embryo Napoleons don't kill themselves like love sick Romeo's.

Eight Hours.

Mr. John Rae has an article in the Contemporary this month, in which he points out that the capitalist dread of the Eight Hours movement is quite unfounded. He quotes a large number of instances in England, Ireland, and the United States which all go to prove that the capitalists can get even more out of the workers under an eight hours system, than by working them ten hours a day. Mr. Rae comes to the conclusion that "the likeliest effect of an eight hours day will be the same as the effect of a ten hours day has already been—that the old rate of daily production will be successfully maintained, and that the situation in consequence will be in

no way changed, whether as respects wages, profits, the unemployed, or, foreign competition." Why then do the capitalists profess to be so much afraid of this agitation if it will make no difference to them. To this we reply that it is not a simple demand for Eight Hours that frightens the capitalists, but the knowledge, that the workers believe that a legal Eight Hours Day will bring the millennium. And they know that, when the workers find that it will do nothing of the kind, but it will leave matters the same as before, they fear that the people may have recourse to more extreme demands, and may end in going to the root of the matter, by taking possession of all the wealth, the rich have stolen from the poor.

Boycott Haile the Sweater.

LAST week we spoke of the revolutionary energy our comrades Turner and Tochetti had thrown into the Early Closing agitation in the Harrow Road. Every Thursday the road is completely blocked, in front of the shop of a refractory sweater, a cheesemonger named Haile, by a dense crowd, and six mounted and fifty foot police have all their work cut out to keep "order." Sweater Haile has lost his temper and A. W. Lillingstone, the secretary of the local branch of the Shop Assistants Union, has had an injunction served on him, because he issued a bill recommending the public to boycott Haile the blackleg tradesman. We think early closing, strike and free speech agitations are just the times when we should do our utmost to spread our ideas among the people, by distribution of leaflets and other literature. When people are highly excited, they take readily to revolutionary ideas. As to boycotting Haile, we can only recommend the public not to buy his stinking bacon, or his mouldy cheese. It is a curious fact that sweating has always a bad effect on the commodities produced and distributed by that system. Therefore those who don't want to be poisoned, ought not to buy their goods at Haile's shop. Boycott Haile the blackleg tradesman and Damn the Court of Chancery and all its injunctions. We wonder if we shall have another action for libel after this? D. J. NICOLL.

LOUISE MICHEL AT NORWICH.

OUR comrade Louise Michel visited Norwich with Dr. Merlino on Sunday September 28th and addressed two large and enthusiastic meetings. One in the Market place in the afternoon and a still more successful gathering in the Anarchist Hall, Pitt Street in the evening. The local papers give good reports of the speeches of both our comrades. A capitalist paper thus describes the scene in the Hall:

"The motto 'Liberty' was exhibited over the platform, and above the entrance was a large blood-red banner bearing an inscription referring to the 'Chicago Martyrs,' and concluding with the words, 'Hurrah for Anarchy.' On the panels of the door was a printed cartoon representing three figures beneath the sentiment 'Vive la Commune.' On the left a workman in a Phrygian cap kneels upon a pile of money and a general assortment of booty, holding aloft a flaming torch. On the opposite side of the picture a man with pickaxe and shovel on his shoulder waved his hat in the air. Between them is a female figure with arms uplifted. LOUISE MICHEL, at the call of the chairman, Mr. Poyntz, ascended the platform amid great applause."

We quote the account of our comrades speech from the same paper. She said:

"There was no doubt about the possibilities of revolution; but if they were not prepared for it they would, after its accomplishment, fall into the same mistakes which had come about after all revolutions. It was in order to prevent this, and to help bring about the new system of society that she and her comrades engaged in the work. They were prepared to advance their cause, which be it remembered was for the good of the people at large, at the risk of their liberty and their lives. (Applause.) It was no good hoping to get the beneficial changes which she advocated through existing government, because that lived only to grind down the people. Their efforts must rather be against government. (Hear, hear.) Every good cause was corrupted by power. But the lessons of the past would be profitable in the future, and if ever there was a time when they ought to make up their minds upon this question it was now. (Applause.) Men's destinies were in their own hands. Anarchism was justice and the overthrow of capital and government. Both had the same end in view—the keeping of the population in slavery. Every slave must strive to end his slavery. Let them also fight against the injustice, poverty, and crime in present society. The two sources of inequality, poverty, and crime were capital and government. (Applause.) Was the destruction of these things impossible? Can a condition of things without them be realised? Look at home. There was no power, no crime, or inequality in a family where each worked for the good of the others. The Anarchist system did not contemplate the equal division of all things, because that would be absurd. Suppose a family of seven lived in a house, was it reasonable to suggest that each should have a seventh division of each room in the house? There was no legal power in the family, no judge, no policeman, none to enforce the law. Now the future society would be freer than the family was to-day, because the injustice of the present constitution was reflected in the family life. In the society to be established people would work because it would be pleasurable and useful to do so, for none would be the slave of another. Inventions of machinery would not be used to crush the labourer, or to fill the pockets of the capitalists, but would be used for the benefit of the community. The incentive to work would be immeasurably greater, because every man would feel that he was receiving the direct results of his labour. The fact was, if they found so many difficulties in the way of the realisation of Anarchy it was because they had not been

accustomed to trust themselves, nor to reason. They sat down under the present evils because they always would exist. (Applause.) The sentiments of Anarchy were, however, spreading amongst the people. It was a good sign that the young men were joining Anarchist societies, for it showed that the spirit of revolt which animated their forefathers was not dead, and would be employed to a more useful end. In France they had been accustomed to see the old workmen taking the lead in revolutionary movements; but to-day their juniors were adopting the principles of Anarchy and joining in the fight. She was forced to advocate revolution because of the present state of things. It was no choice of hers, but she found herself engaged in the work by necessity. If anyone found himself in the presence of a contagious disease he would be bound, if he know how, to kill the germs of infection. The present society and system must go, and all must make up their minds to the change. The question of Anarchy was one of self-defence against the present evils. She did not advocate crime and bloodshed; but, owing to the now state of society, she advocated the employment of force to carry out the principles of revolution. (Applause.) Progress consisted in the increase of intelligence, of intellectual development. In past times intelligent people were few, and the others agreed to work for them and obey them as masters. But now the intelligent people were the most numerous, and refused to be treated like slaves any longer. People tried to humbug the workmen by talking about the superior intelligence of the *bourgeois*, and they said, "Keep quiet; don't strike, but vote your representatives into parliament." If they listened to that they would soon find out they had been deceived. The truly intelligent sought means of making himself and his labour more useful. Anarchy meant no property belonging to individuals, but being possessed by the community to minister to its needs. Anarchy meant more enlightenment, increased education, and freedom. (Applause.) Only by its means would these benefits be obtained, and until its principles were carried out men would remain as slaves. Anarchy meant brotherhood; no more crushed classes. War? Yes; against the master, and not against their brethren. These principles were those of justice. If they did not fight for them they would be kept down. Their very weakness was a crime. Let none make a concession to their enemies. They had no right to compromise their principles, which belonged to the community. If any of their views were mistaken they would be proved so, but she believed they were right, and truth would triumph. (Applause.)

Our comrades visit has been a great success and we are convinced that it will aid us greatly in our propaganda.

WAR AT THE WHARVES.

It seems likely that the present struggle at Hermitage and Carron Wharves will develop into a general strike in the riverside industries. Already the Carmen have refused to carry goods or to receive them from these dens filled with blacklegs. The lightermen have decided to follow their example, and on their side, the federated capitalists have decided to sack any man who refuses to obey their "orders." Now unless the Union leaders cravenly cave in or the capitalists surrender, this will mean in a few days, a general strike along the riverside. And in this struggle, if the men would be victorious, they must not follow the "prudent" advice of Mr. Ben Tillet, who tells them that if blacklegs, attack them they are to "apply for police protection!" but must protect themselves. The blacklegs have revolvers, which they have small scruple in using. Let the dockers get revolvers too, and don't let all the corpses be on one side. "Intimidation" is the game and let us have plenty of it. The capitalists have entered into a conspiracy to crush the workers by starvation. A few pounds of dynamite placed in close proximity to the wharves would "crush" capitalists and blacklegs most effectively.

D. J. NICOLL.

INTERNATIONAL NOTES.

GERMANY.

A "mutiny" has broken out on board the Chilean war steamer "Presidente Pinto," at present lying in Hamburg. The officers have been unable to restore discipline, and the commander has requested the harbour police to quell the disturbance.

The forthcoming estimates for the German Foreign Office will contain a greatly increased demand for secret service money. The Bavarian Government will ask the Chambers on their reassembling for a credit of two million pounds for the construction of "strategical" railroad recommend by the military staff.

A great sensation has been produced by the appearance of an article in the "Fränkische Volksblatt," a Catholic paper published at Würzburg, proposing the disintegration of the German Empire, and the re-establishment of the presidency of Emperor of Austria.

In Germany it was formerly the custom when a soldier or sailor of the standing army or the navy left the country to pronounce a fine of 200 marks or 40 days' imprisonment in contumaciam against him. The "authorities" have now decided upon a more stringent course. The Correctional Tribunal of Dortmund has determined to punish such "offenders" when they return by a fine of 1000 marks, or, in default, imprisonment for four months.

AMERICA.

Americans did not care much about the fifty-eight of Pensilvania who have been shot dead by the Pinkertons within the last few years, without any inquest, investigation, or punishment whatever, the Pinkertons being employed by the coalbarons and great railway companies; but now that these men are employed by private firms at racecourses to knock the people about at their will and pleasure, a good many people are waking up at this

serious mance of public liberty. At the Brooklyn Jockey Club's race-track at Gravesend about a fortnight ago the Pinkertons were very much in evidence. They hustled all the passengers, seized men and women, and beat them with their clubs and tore their clothes half off their backs. Actions will be brought against them, but the result is doubtful.

A general strike of railroad employees and coal miners in the Pittsburg district commenced on the 1st inst. Nearly ten thousand men have left work. They demand an increase of wages.

NOTICES.

LONDON.

Club Autonomic.—6, Windmill Street, Tottenham Court Road. Young Anarchists meet every Wednesday evening at 8 o'clock.

International Club.—40, Berner Street, Commercial Road, E. Discussion Class every Tuesday evening at 8.30.

South London.—Socialist Society, 149, Manor Place, S.E. All communications should be addressed to F. A. Fox, Secretary.

PROVINCES.

Aberdeen.—Revolutionary Socialist Federation. Meetings are held in Oddfellows Small Hall, Crooked Lane, on Tuesday evenings at 8.

Dundee.—Anarchist-Communist Group. For information apply to Wm. Reekie, 15 Ann Street.

Edinburgh.—Scottish Socialist Federation. Club Rooms, 333 High Street, Edinburgh, J. Pearson, Secretary.

Glasgow.—The Socialist League meets every alternate Friday at 20 Adelphi Street, S.S. Lectures and Discussions.

Hull.—Club Liberty, 1 Beets Court, Blanket Row.

Leeds.—Socialist League Club, 1 Clarendon Buildings and Front Row, Victoria Road. Open every evening. Business meeting Fridays at 8.—International Educational Club, near St. James's Hall, York Street. Open every evening. Lectures every Saturday at 4. All kinds of Socialist literature for sale at both clubs.

Leicester.—Room No. 7, Co-operative Hall, High Street. Members meet on Friday at 8 p.m. Lecture in the Spiritualist Hall, Silver Street, every Sunday at 6.30.

Leytonstone.—Anarchist-Communist Group meets at 1, West Street, Harrow Green, every Sunday at 7.30.

Manchester.—International Club, 25, Bury New Road, Strangeways. Open every evening. Weekly meeting on Tuesdays at 8.

Newcastle.—Anarchist-Communist Group. Open-air meetings every Sunday morning on the Quay. Discussion every Monday at 8.30 p.m. in Lockhart's Cocoa Rooms, Bigg Market.

Nottingham.—Socialist Club, Woodland Place, Upper Parliament Street. Club contribution, 1d. per week; Dancing every Wednesday, 8 till 10.30—fee 3d.

Norwich.—Members' meeting held every Tuesday at 8.30, at 65, Pitt Street.

Oxford.—Temperance Hall, 25½ Pembroke Street. First Friday in every month, at 8.30 p.m.

Sheffield.—Socialist Club, 47 Westbar Green. French Class, Tuesday at 8.30. Discussion Class, Wednesday at 8.30.

Walsall.—Socialist Club, 18 Goodall Street, Walsall. Meetings every night.

Yarmouth.—Socialist League Club, 56 Row, Market Place. Open every evening Business Meeting, Tuesday at 8. Singing Practice, Wednesday at 8.30. Discussion Class, Thursday at 8.30. Elocution Class, Friday at 8.30.

OPEN-AIR PROPAGANDA.

London.—Sunday: Regent's Park and Tottenham at 11.30; Hyde Park and Victoria Park at 3.30. Walworth at 7.30 Saturday: Hyde Park at 7.30 Thursdays; Hoxton Church at 8.15

Aberdeen.—Sunday: Castle Street, at 6.45 p.m.

Edinburgh.—Sunday: Leith Links at 2; Meadows at 6.

Glasgow.—Sunday: Paisley Road Toll and St. George's Cross at 5 p.m.

Leeds.—Sunday: Market Gates, Kirkgate, at 11.30 a.m. and 7 p.m.

Leicester.—Sunday: Russell Square, at 10.45 a.m., Market Place at 6.15, and

Humberstone Gate at 8 p.m.

Liverpool.—Landing Stage, Sundays at 11.30 a.m. and 3 p.m.

Manchester.—Sunday: Philips Park Gates, at 11.30; Stevenson Square, at 3.

Nottingham.—Sunday: Smeinton Market, at 11 a.m.; Great Market, at 7 p.m.

Norwich.—Saturday: Haymarket, at 8. Sunday: Market Place at 11, 3, and

7.30.

Sheffield.—Sunday: Monolith, Fargate, at 11.30; West Bar, at 11.30; Newhall

Road, Attercliffe, at 11.30; Grimesthorpe, at 11.30; Rotherham, at 3;

Woodhouse, at 3; West Bar, at 8; Attercliffe Road, at 8.

Yarmouth.—Sunday: Priory Plain, at 11; Fish Wharf, at 3; Hall Quay, at 7.

FOR THE BENEFIT OF THE INTERNATIONAL SCHOOL, 19, Fitzroy Street.—A Concert & Ball will be given in the Athenaeum Hall, 73, Tottenham Court Road, W., on Monday October 12th at 8.30 p. m. The programme will consist of selections by the Liedertafel Verein C. A. B. Club, 49, Tottenham Street, under the direction of Mr. Flik; the Choir of the "Club Autonomic" under the direction of Mr. Steinbach and several artistes who have kindly given their services. An Orchester will also be in attendance. Tickets 1s. may be obtained at the School and at the various Clubs.

SPECIAL NOTICE TO EMANCIPATOR GROUPS in Scotland and England, THE "EMANCIPATOR" (the new holy BIBLE) will shortly be published.

MONOPOLY: or, How Labour is Robbed. By William Morris. 10th Thousand, Price One Penny.

Remittances to the Secretary should be sent in postal orders or halfpenny stamps, care of R. Gundersen, 98 Wardour Street, Soho, W.

Comrades and Sympathisers can each do something to help the Cause, and those unable to help otherwise can subscribe to our Fund for the propagation of Anarchist Communism in the Army and Navy. Subscriptions addressed to the Secretary will be duly acknowledged in the *Commonweal*.

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