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[WEEKLY; ONE PENNY.]

JAMES BEDFORD, SWEATER!

TO THE WORKERS OF NORWICH.—Fellow workers you will it seems play the game of sending men to the House of Commons to "represent" your interests and the muddle-puddle, politicians have been very much bothered to secure a candidate who would fit in the groove of Norwich Liberalism. After Ben Tillet and others had been canvassed as to their suitability and forthwith rejected, we now hear that a real live *working* man has been secured in the person of James Bedford tailor, late of Hackney Road, London, E. and N. present of Bethnal Green, a guardian of the poor, etc., etc. I think as a workman and a tailor especially, that it is my duty to enter the lists against this so-called working-man, not to get into his place, for that I have no wish as Norwich working men themselves know, but in order to prevent if possible a weather-cock politician and pseudo reformer from misleading and disappointing the hopes of men whom I have worked amongst. Before I went to Norwich in 1886 I had the misfortune to work for this parliamentary candidate and almost the last job I had from him, some trousers which were part of the contract for Shoreditch Union, and this man Bedford, the president of the Railway Workers Union, paid the munificent sum of 4½ to 6d. per pair for whole fall trousers, a president of a Trade Union indeed, he ought to have been a president of a sweating den. This man puffs himself as a self made man—and if there be a god he certainly has been relieved of a great responsibility in this case—who believes in trades unions which do not hurt his business. He also asserts that he has and does pay union wages. Will Mr. Bedford please reply to this challenge. I will meet him on any platform either in Norwich (which I prefer) or London. And I will challenge his wages book of 1886 for my proof, that he paid as follows with few exceptions.

Morning coats, bound... .. 7s.	Trade Union Price.
" " double stitched ... 5s. to 7s.	15s. start.
Vests average all round 1s. 6d. to 2s.	13s. "
Trousers, tweed, fly 1s. 6d. to 2s. 6d.	4s. 6d. "
" worsted, bound tops, faced, buttons, etc. 2s. to 2s. 6d.	4s. 6d.
Contract trousers at 4½d. to 6d. per pair	not recognised.

The above gives an average of about 11s. per suit where as the average of a trade union made suit would be about 23s. more as Mr. Bedford seems annoyed at one of his former employees saying he is a swater perhaps he will really tell us now what he is, and I ask working men of Norwich before voting for this man to hesitate and consider well the whole matter a workidg man, to qualify for that term the Trades Unions Congress insists that the delegate shall have worked at his trade during the last year. How long is it since Mr. Bedford worked at anything except scheming how to rob the workers whom with he comes in contact especially as employees. As a member of the Amalgamated Society of Tailors a well as an Anarchist Communist I ask the Railway Workers Union to choose a railway worker as their president if they need one, and send Mr. Bedford back to his sweaters den.

C. W. Mowbray.

THE STRIKE

A DRAMA BY LOUISE MICHEL.

SCENE II.

Gertrude, Vladimir, Zviriki, Nemo, Orloffski, and other Revolutionists. (All the new-comers salute Gertrude.)

A Revolutionist. Vladimir has doubtless told you, Gertrude, what we expect of you. You have not thought of refusing.

Gertrude. You were right.

Zviriki (looking at the hillside and the neighbourhood). 'Tis a foreordained site for what we intend; the whole suburb will see the light. The Grand Duke will be a prisoner with all his men before he is twenty minutes journey from this plan.

Vladimir. The chances on our side are so great that they astonish me.

Gertrude. What will you do with the Grand Duke and his escort? Nemo. Make them hostages or corpses as implacable necessity may ordain. Will the crowd be merciful or vengeful? We know nothing of the line they will take and can no way influence it.

Orloffski. Sometimes the crowd amid all its anguish is yet pitiful; sometimes it remembers all the blood which has been shed by its masters and then, forgetful of all else the crowd does justice.

Nemo. Two of our comrades were hanged yesterday.

Gertrude. You speak gloomily. For my part, I care nothing for causes; results are sufficient for me. Will you want neither arms nor fighters? That is the principal thing.

Orloffski. Fear nothing. Boldness will multiply our resources; the whole town is with us.

Zviriki. Everything can be turned into a weapon when we are determined to conquer,—our corpses themselves if need be. Long live death, if death frees us!

Gertrude. How old are you, Zviriki?

Zviriki. Sixteen, Madame. In such fights as ours, age and sex matter nothing; old men, women, lads will all take part.

Gertrude. I am glad to hear that freedom has such warm defenders. Zviriki. Thank you for that kind word, I will think of you as I think of freedom.

Nemo. The moment is at hand. To our posts, comrades.

All. You are right, Nemo. Good bye, Gertrude.

Zviriki (to Gertrude). You are a brave fighter.

Exelunt all, save Vladimir and Gertrude.

SCENE III.

Gertrude, Vladimir.

Vladimir. Stay a moment. I am in fear for you—ambushes, darkness, cold,—I fear them all. I care nothing for my life, for our comrades' life. We sacrificed them long ago; but I cannot tear you from my heart. Do you know that a moment ago I was jealous of Zviriki? I am mad, am I not?

Gertrude. Go with the others, I beg of you.

Vladimir. And our child,—what is she doing?

Gertrude. She is asleep.

Vladimir. Till I see you again, darling!

Gertrude. Good bye, Vladimir.

Vladimir. No, not good bye! Your words seem ice bound.

Gertrude. Is not the night gloomy and ice bound? Did not friends cry, "Long live Death!" just now? Leave me, I beg.

Vladimir. How many lives depend upon you! (He kisses Gertrude's hand and goes off, but returns after taking a few steps and gazes at her; he joins his hands and at last really goes away.)

SCENE IV.

Gertrude, alone.

Gertrude. I longed to be alone. One day Nemo said that treachery to some people is like the taste for blood in wild beasts. This dreamer, this Vladimir wonders I should hide my life as I do! Am I not tied enough as it is, without closing all ways of escape against myself? I do not wish to drain my pleasant-cups to the dregs,—rather I would break them while they are yet full, break them after merety tasting them. Once, when I was a child, I dreamt of my reading during the day. I thought Lady Macbeth stood before me as a giant like ghost, big as the world itself. She washed her hands in the sea, and the whole Ocean grew red. Is that, then, what I shall become? (She looks dreamily at the horizon.) My life will be like some horrible story,—yet I let it go on as it will, as if I were only reading in a book. I like chat young Zviriki; but I must cease collecting soul-studies. They tried, "Long live Death!" Did they feel death coming, I wonder?

Warsaw will be a very nest of death to night. Warsaw will have death under her wings! The people who trusted in me, the man who adored me, the child that was born of me—all will vanish in torment.—I shall be free, with the world before me.

SCENE V.

Gertrude, Rita.

(Rita is already touched by age, but still beautiful. She carries some roses in a scarf.)

Rita. I come to embrace you as a sister, Gertrude. What you are doing is well done. I have some roses for you and for those over there. (She points to the gibbets in the background. Gertrude looks at her in silence.) You have heard of the two brothers who were hanged together after the great insurrection twenty years ago and of two sisters who were betrothed to them. One of them is dead. I am alone now.

Gertrude. I have been told the story.

Rita. The gibbets were erected on the very same spot as those they put up yesterday.

Gertrude. How did you manage to get roses at this time of the year?

Rita. I have spent all I had in buying them. I shall want nothing now, since I shall soon be which the others. The flowers are red,—red as the blood which has so often bathed the earth.

Gertrude. Why should not you live?

Rita. How can I explain how I feel sure of death? Much in the way in which birds know night is coming. See, there is your nosegay. (Rita gives Gertrude a nosegay of roses.)

Gertrude. Thanks. Good-bye till I see you again.

(Gertrude moves away and lets her nosegay fall by some trees. As Rita pursues her route, she looks back and notices the red spot on the snow caused by Gertrude's roses.)

Rita. Already a spot of blood! No, they are Gertrude's flowers. Why has she thrown her nosegay away? This suggests treason. I will stay and see in what fashion the signal is given. The living must be considered before the dead. Twenty years ago it was a night like this—a night wrapped in snow. The town was on fire; at midnight the crowd was like bees in swarm; but the citadel had been warned and troops arrived from all parts.—There are traitors about to night, just as there were twenty years ago. Gertrude is certainly one,—Gertrude! This time treachery shall be detected.

(Rita hides herself behind a statue. Gertrude, also hidden behind a statue, has been listening to Rita's last words.)

Gertrude (aside). She was watching me as I thought. Happily I come prepared for accidents. (She draws a dagger and feels its point.) Only the dead tell no tales. (She strikes Rita from behind and the latter falls, face downward, to the earth. Gertrude leans over the body.) She is dead. So this is murder, is it? My heart beats no more quickly. 'Tis cold, though! (She shivers as she looks at Rita's roses, which lie scattered around her on the ground.) 'Tis like my dream,—the dream in which I saw Lady Macbeth washing her hands and making Ocean red. (She breaks off some twigs from the fir-trees and scatters them over Rita's corpse.)

(To be continued.)

NOTES.

"Justice" in the City.

On Friday, September 19th, Arthur Newton, a "human beast" was sentenced to six months imprisonment for a corrupting and debauching a mere child. This sentence come from the same judge who on the Monday had passed sentences of six and twelve months on three men, who had shown that they were determined not to starve in a land of plenty, by destroying the property of the capitalist robbers. We ask any rational middle-class man who is the great criminal, the man whom, addened with hunger destroys "property", of the loafing scoundrel, who surfeited with his an essay life upon stolen wealth wrong from the labour of the poor, shrink from nothing that will to gratify his monstrous lusts. But Mr. Newton is a "gentleman" and, therefore Sir Thomas Chambers, the Recorder is quite sympathetic. Naturally! everyone knows that young girls were constantly used to gratify the lusts of worn out rouses, till another vice came into fashion and "Phrynes in frills" of a certain fashionable theatre were succeeded by the "telegraph boys" of another still more fashionable place of entertainment, honored by the patronage of royalty. No doubt the prison authorities will also take care, that Mr. Newton's temporary seclusion is rendered as light as possible. By all means let him have every delicacy in season and out of season, with plenty of champagne to wash them down. Take care that he is provided with every comfort. Why should the poor fellow suffer, when greater criminals are allowed to escape scot free, because they have royal blood in their veins.

More Criminals.

JOHN WEST had the wicked audacity to belong to a Trade Union, and went out on strike to better his conditions. Did ever you hear of such awful wickedness. But he was punished. Thanks to the laudable efforts of the law and the police in maintaining the "freedom of labour"! John West found himself in the streets with a starving wife and three children. And what did John West do. Did he smash windows or sack shops. No he wandered up and down with his wife and children, sleeping at night in doorways, out houses and water-closets, and the family were half starved, only getting such sustenance, as they could beg. "Oh," says the kind hearted police, and the just and noble law of the realm, which previously deprived the father of employment "Here's a man and his wife neglecting their three children

Have em' up before the beak". The beak sends them for trial: And what Mr Bumble would call "a perverse and ill conditioned lot of wretches" on a jury, finds them "Not Guilty". Ought not the poor to love the just and noble laws of this "free country". You must not beg you must not smash windows, you must not steal—and now you are not even allowed to starve quietly. We wonder the rich don't pass an Act of Parliament making it illegal for the poor to live at all.

Poor Mr. de Cobain.

Some people are badly used in this wicked world. Here's poor dear Mr de Cobain trying to clear his character, by getting a troublesome witness out of the way, by a trumped up criminal charge, and the law and Government steps in and spoils his little game. Shameful! Now if Mr Cobain had committed the same offence two years ago, and had had the good fortune to have had certain illustrious personages as his companions, he might even have had the assistance of the Prime Minister of England in hushing up the case. As it is, he ought to be well contented, that he was allowed to escape. We wonder who gave him notice. The Government can't wink at everything, and certain unmentionable offences are getting so common among the middle and upper classes, who, like all snobs, like to imitate their betters, that some of the worst offenders must at least be exiled to foreign parts.

But to send them to prison would be too cruel. Prison is for starving workmen, who wander about without a home, or in despair smash windows. Law and order exists to protect the rich, in their robbery of the poor; it was never intended to act as a whip for the pleasant vices of the Somersets, the Verneys, and de Cobains.

The No Rent Campaign.

OUR readers will remember the case of the tenants of Jubilee Dwellings, who after living for some time in these fever breeding dens and losing three children by diptheria, suddenly had their rent raised by 3d. per week by a kind and benevolent landlord. Thanks to our No Rent Propaganda, the tenants have unanimously refused to pay the increased rent, and for the last four weeks Mr. Sharp has had no rent at all from Jubilee Dwellings. He determined to crush the rising spirit of revolt and put the brokers in upon a workman Edward Miles. Miles chucked the broker's man out, and was summoned in consequence to Worship Street Police Court. We went down to the Court to assist Miles with our testimony, as to the unsanitary condition of the property, and witness the proceedings. The broker's man had a doleful tale to tell. He took possession he said when Miles was not at home, but when he been there a little time Miles returned and naturally inquired, what he was doing in his rooms. On explaining his mission according to this truthful individual, Miles flew at the bailiff like a tiger, nearly strangled him, and threatened to bash his head against the wall and throw him downstairs. Some water was thrown over the broker. "And then" said the broker's man in apologetic tone, "I thought it was not safe to stop any longer, so I left." "I should think so," said the magistrate. Miles had however a different tale to tell. "I come home and found this man sitting down reading the paper, I said to him, what are you doing here?" He says: "I am in possession." "Where is your authority," says I. "I shan't shew it to you," says he. Then I took hold of him and put him out. The broker called Mrs. Saunders, a neighbour, as a witness, and she confirmed Miles account in every particular, "Did Miles throw any water over him." "Yes sir, he did, throw a little water over him." "Very well, if you had merely put him out," said the beak. "I should have said you would have acted quite rightly, as he did not show you his authority, but as you threw some water over him I shall bind you over to keep the peace." We do not think that the proceedings will do much to assist Mr. Sharp in collecting his rent.

An Anti Property Association.

I think it is time that Anarchists and revolutionists did the same as our Sheffield comrades, and formed an association for backing up all attacks upon property. This association might specially take under its care, such cases as those of Bruce, Primmer, and Miles. And if hungry men smash windows, or help themselves to wealth that the capitalists have stolen from the workers, or assault brokers, who try to steal the furniture of the poor who refuse to pay rent to robber landlords, the Anti-Property Association could look after their wives and children, while the men are in prison. It could be a purely Anarchist body, composed of freely federated groups, each preserving its own autonomy, but each group assisting the others with money subscribed or collected by the various members, in the event of a serious outbreak of hostilities. We are convinced that the people would be much more determined in their resistance to landlord and capitalist robbery, if they felt they had an organisation at their back, which would help them in any trouble. What do our comrades think of this proposal?

Some Anarchist Pamphlets.

We have received four Anarchist pamphlets from our comrades of the Freedom Group, which no Anarchist, or enquirer into our ideas, should be without. They are "The Wage System" "The Commune of Paris" "Anarchist Communism" and "A Talk about Anarchist Communism between two workers". The first three are by our comrade Kropotkine, and the last by our comrade Malatesta, who has suffered so much at the hands of the Swiss Government.

Those who want to know, what are the ideas of the Anarchists, are advised to read these pamphlets. We specially recommend the "Talk about Anarchist Communism" to those who wish to have Anarchist

theories put in plain and simple form. But Kropotkin's "Anarchist Communism" is simply overwhelming in its logical strength, and we defy any honest man who reads it throughout carefully, to resist conviction of the truth of the new theories. These pamphlets can be obtained at the Commonweal office, or from the publishers of Freedom 26 Newington Green Road London. The reader is advised to buy them all. Their total cost is 5d.

WHY WE ARE ANARCHISTS.

OUR Comrade Louise Michel has received the following letter from a stranger; we insert the letter and a translation of her answer.

DEAR MISS:—You have been represented in various periodicals and newspapers, (which I have read at various times) as the leader of the school of Anarchists and of all those who wish to undermine the national Governments of civilized countries. I write to ask you whether you have not been misrepresented upon this matter, and if not, how and by what system of reasoning have you come to believe that we shall reach a perfect state of Society by destroying all Government, than by helping or forcing Governments to make laws which shall better the social condition of the people. I apologise very much for troubling you and remain,
Yours Sincerely S. B.

I should have been satisfied with answering by post the question which Mr. S. B. has put in such an open handed manner, if this question was only asked by one man and if my views only were to be expressed.

We are Anarchists because it is absolutely impossible to obtain justice for all in any other way than by destroying institutions founded on force and privilege.

We cannot believe that improvement is possible, if we still keep up the same institutions, now more rotten than in the past, or if we merely replace those whose iniquities are known by new men.

These latter become in their turn what the others were, or else become barren.

After the gradual changes of past centuries the hour has come when evolution cannot be separated from revolution, as in all birth they must be *accomplished* together. You can no more retard the birth of a system than you can that of living being.

In what would you that we should help those who govern their work being only exploitation and wholesale murder—it has never been otherwise: the reason for the existence of a state is nothing but the accomplishment of some crime or other in order to assure the domination of a privileged class.

An equal division of wealth would also be as mad as capitalism is criminal: to expect any amelioration of misery by modifying laws is a piece of stupidity of which we are not capable: we have seen the work of men whose illusions have only been able to perpetuate misery—millions of years being insufficient for the least amelioration of the lot of the workers. We can now see the fin-de-siècle cutthroats and assassins. That is better. We can see power on trial—we can judge it for what it is worth.

The land which belongs to all can no more be decided than the light which also belongs to all.

When free groups of men will use for the *general welfare* machines which reduce the hours of labour to a few, and in many forms of production the toil of rough work will be annihilated, there will remain for the intellect of the time, some time for the pursuit of art and science; and when men are delivered from the struggle for existence, they will also be delivered from crime and grief.

The ideal alone is the truth—it is the measure of our horizon. Time was when the ideal was to live without eating an other up. Is it not so still under another form which exists in the so-called civilized countries where the exploiter eats up the exploited? Do not the people in flocks fertilize the soil by their sweat and blood?

That is what we want to destroy—this annihilation—this eating of man by an other man.

The old bogie of "Society" is dead. It is time that she was buried with the worms burrowing in her vitals, in order that the air may be pure for young Anarchy, which will be order and peace under freedom instead of order kept by the murder of the multitudes.

How did I become an Anarchist? This is how. It was during a four months voyage for New Caledonia while looking at the infinity of the sea and of the sky—feeling how miserable living beings are when taken individually—how great is the ideal when it goes beyond time and beyond the hecatombs as far as the new aurora.

There I deeply felt how each drop of water of the waves was but microscopic, but how powerful it was when joined to the ocean.

So also ought each man to be in humanity. As for the third question I am not the least bit in the world "chief" of the "International school"; the word "directrix" which my comrades have joined to my name is worth nothing either, for each of us gives freely according to his conscience the courses of instruction with which he or she has charged him or her self.

What would you have? Our tongue is poor, the words are old and so they ill express new ideas.

And finally is it not time that our limited tongues should fall into the ocean of speech and of human thought? What will be the language of mankind delivered to the new Aurora—Anarchy?

LOUISE MICHEL.

THE MAHATMAS.

THIS is an age of bubbles and booms. We have had the great Stanley boom, the great Booth boom and now we have the great Mahatma boom. We have found also that booms are very much like the bubbles and the bubbles are very much like the booms. Both are utter frauds, there being more wind and water not to mention gas about them than anything else. Given a large number of wealthy idlers with a great desire for fresh amusement and the supply of booms and quacks to create them is unlimited.

The great Mahatma boom arose in a curious way i.e. because a Free-thought President forgot that the first principle of Secularism, the necessity of free speech and free discussion upon advanced platform. Why should not Mrs. Besant be allowed to lecture on Secular platforms as much as she pleased, the best cure for such fads as Theosophy is argument and ridicule and not suppression. Mr. Foote thought otherwise, and Mrs. Besant utilized the opportunity in very dramatic manner to make propaganda for the new theories she has embraced. And the mere announcement that she had received certain mysterious communications "precipitated" from what Bryant and Mays match girls would call funny old codgers resident in the caves of central Asia was enough to thrill an idle fashionable world in want of new sensation and provide reams of copy for unemployed journalists.

Now we don't question Mrs. Besant's sincerity in this Mahatma business. Mrs. Besant is honest and sincere in all her opinions, but when she talks about letters "precipitated" through space, we are rather inclined to think, that either somebody has been "having larks" with her or else she is the dupe of a clever impostor.

For our part we don't think we should have thought the subject worth discussing, save from the fact of its bearing upon the crisis, which is approaching. Mrs. Besant dealt with this in a very interesting lecture delivered at Brixton September 15th. According to this discourse, it is the Mahatmas, who have been at the bottom of all the great revolutions that have happened in the worlds history. It is to hypnotic suggestions from these masters of magic and mystery that we owe everything from the invention of gunpowder and printing down to the French Revolution and the philosophy of Schopenhauer. Truly the "masters" have much to answer for. As things are at present, it may be doubted, whether the Mahatmas had not better have left the world as they found it. Those who doubt this statement may be advised to read Thorold Roger's "Six Centuries of Work and Wages" and compare the condition of the serf of the middle ages with the slum dweller of the present day. We are pleased to hear that all these great changes were experiments on the part of the "masters" and that the coming revolution is also to be an "experiment". Well in that case we would prefer that the Mahatmas should leave humanity to work out its destinies unaided by their suggestions. We have had enough of experiments. Mrs. Besant talks of "strange figures moving" in the French Revolution. We suppose she refers to Mesmer and Cagliostro, but though these gentlemen appeared some years before that great convulsion, we do not find, that either played a very active part in the actual crisis. It is quite true that in troubled times, quacks political, religious, and mystical come to the front, but that is mainly because the times are troubled and so are men's minds, and it is quite natural that credulous people should flock around, those that profess to be able to tell through superhuman means what is likely to happen. The mere fact that we hear so much of the mystical jargon of Theosophy is a sure sign that we are on the verge of a revolutionary crisis. But if Mrs. Besant claims Cagliostro and Mesmer as messengers from the Mahatmas, perhaps she will also lay claim to Drs. Forman, and Lamb, the conjurers who prepared love potions to ensnare lovers for the amorous dames of the Court of James I. or to go further back, we might take Friar Bungey, or Bolingbroke the conjurer, whose spells and conjurations made some noise in those times of trouble and unrest, which preceded the Wars of the Roses; but all this proves nothing, save that when the minds of the people are highly excited with the expectation of great events, the quack finds a splendid harvest in the pockets of the credulous rich, who want to know the future. This is, perhaps, why the conjurers are usually found mixed up in the scandals, that precede the revolution and not in the actual crisis itself. Thus it would be quite in accordance with history, to find Madame Blavatsky connected with the Baccarat Case. Conjuring and card sharpening seem to be intimately related. But if Bungey, Forman, Cagliostro, & Co. all came from the Mahatma's, why did they not mention it, and how comes it, that we never heard of the Mahatmas before, till Madame Blavatsky appeared, a worthy successor to the quacks, conjurers, and impostors, of the past.

This is all the interest that Theosophy has for Anarchists. Its appearance with all the talk of Mahatmas and miraculous wonders, which cannot stand the test of really judicial and scientific examination, but need for their elaboration, darkened rooms and credulous dupes, is but one of the innumerable signs of an approaching revolutionary crisis. Animal magnetism, the power of a strong will over a weak one, will account for all the wonders of "moving pianos" "precipitated letters" and "showers of roses". Madame Blavatsky like Mesmer, Cagliostro, and innumerable other impostors, was an excellent mesmerist, and by her will power could persuade her friends to believe anything.

As to us, we have not lost faith in the old gods, to bow before these new ones, the Mahatmas: the miraculous hermits, who govern and revolutionise the world, not from the heavens, but from the mountains of Thibet. These new "Mumbo Jumbo's" have little attraction for us, we cannot even be blavatskyed into believing in them; we lack imagination perhaps.

WHEN LABOUR FIRST IN STRENGTH AWOKE.

(Air: Rule Britannia.)

When Labour first in strength awoke,
And smote to break the galling chain,
No self-linked fetters stayed the stroke,
But rebel workers sung this strain—
Rule, O masters, henceforward in your graves!
We will never, never, never more be slaves!

But now to laws they bid us bend,
And bow our will to rulers' word;
O let this smadness find an end,
And once again the cry be heard—
Rule, O masters, henceforward in your graves!
We will never, never, never more be slaves!

Had men not listened to the lie
That traitors, fools, and tyrants urged,
The day for war had now gone by,
For Earth had been of slavery purged!
Rule, O masters, henceforward in your graves!
We will never, never, never more be slaves!

No more for us the foolish prate
Of Freedom propped by any sway!
Of right supported by the State,
That each man's freedom takes away!
Rule, O masters, henceforward in your graves!
We will never, never, never more be slaves!

Our own right hands our weal must make,
And *nothing* now of any kind
From our own liberty shall take
One jot, or thought or action bind.
Rule, O masters, henceforward in your graves!
We will never, never, never more be slaves!

INTERNATIONAL NOTES.

AUSTRIA.

A Congress of Austrian miners will be held in Prague on the 27th and 28th inst.

SWITZERLAND.

The Italian Anarchist Schicchi was conducted to the French frontier on the 13th inst.

Our valiant comrade Malatesta has at last arrived in London.

GERMANY.

A shocking fight between German Marines and Heligolanders took place on the Sedan anniversary at a dancing hall in Heligoland. Ten men were seriously wounded in the fray.

On August 28th the watchmaker Echten and Weissenfels was condemned to three months imprisonment for an offence against the youngest son of the Emperor. As His Imperial Highness is only a few months old, his name is not yet to be found among the crowned heads of the Almanach de Gotha.

Ten charges were brought against Albert Schmidt, Editor of the "Burgstädtter Volkstimme" (Voice of the People), nine for having transgressed the press law and one for a speech held at a meeting.

From October 1st the "Volksfreund" (People's Friend) of Riesa will appear in Meissen.

The Court of Magdeburg sentenced the Socialist Loof to six months imprisonment for having criticised the Bible at a meeting in Suedenburg.

RUSSIA.

It is reported from Odessa that at Byclaya Zerkov near Kieff the Chief Commissary of the rural police has been killed.

A letter has been published in a Moscow paper from a village priest, named Vilimonov, who writes as follows from the village of Mussirma, district of Zivlisk, province of Kazan:

There are persons who have already gone two or three weeks without bread, have barely managed to keep themselves alive on grass and leaves of trees. In one family several children, from seven to fifteen years of age, have been so fearfully weak from hunger, so ghastly pale, and so emaciated that they can no longer keep up on their swollen feet. In the hut is a jar containing a green powder produced by rubbing the dry leaves of lime trees between the hands, which has been the only food of this family for a month past.

Owing to the prevailing misery acts of brigand-age are becoming alarmingly frequent in some of the southern districts, and especially in the Caucasus where large numbers of hungry men infest the woods, awaiting their opportunities for plunder.

The Government proposes to erect a monument to General Muravyev, surnamed the butcher of the Poles, at Vilna, the scene of the worst exploits of that ferocious Governor. The Poles themselves were called upon to subscribe to perpetuate the memory of their most cruel foe. But, as subscriptions are not coming in satisfactory, orders have been given to the Catholic clergy to circulate lists. The entire proceeding is arousing keen indignation throughout Poland.

X. X. X.

NOTICES.

LONDON.

Commonweal Club.—273, Hackney Road, N.E. Lectures every Sunday at 11 a.m. and 8 p.m. Admission free. Membership: 1s. entrance fee, and 6d. per month subscription.

Club Autonomie.—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. Reckie, 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 Hackney Triangle at 11.30; Hyde Park and Victoria Park at 3.30. Saturday: Hyde Park at 7.30.

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: Sneinton 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.

A SOCIAL EVENING, arranged by the Freedom Group, to bid farewell to P. Kropotkin on his departure for the United States, will take place at the ATHENÆUM HALL, 73, Tottenham Court Road, on Saturday September 26th at 8 o'clock. Speeches will be delivered by Kropotkin and other comrades, and will be followed by a Concert and Dance. Admission by program 6d., to be obtained of all London groups. The proceeds to be devoted to the Freedom Pamphlet Fund.

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

USEFUL WORK v. USELESS TOIL. By William Morris. Price One Penny. To be obtained of all Anarchist Groups.

INTERNATIONAL ANARCHIST SCHOOL, 19, Fitzroy Street, Fitzroy Square, W. Conducted by Louise Michel and A. Coulon. Free Education in English, French, and German. Any friend taking an interest in the School can now obtain a portrait group of teachers and scholars on application to A. Coulon, Secretary, at above address.

Remittances to the Secretary should be sent in postal orders or halfpenny stamps.

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*.