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[WEEKLY; ONE PENNY.]

THE STRIKE

A DRAMA BY LOUISE MICHEL.

CHARACTERS IN THE PROLOGUE :

Gertrude. (Secretly married to Vladimir.)
Mache,
Reita, } Sisters, betrothed to two brothers who have been hanged.
Vladimir.
Neme,
Zwirski, } Revolutionists.
Orloffski,
The People of Warsaw.
The Grand Duke and his suite.

CHARACTERS IN THE PLAY :

Eleazar, a Financier.
Gertrude, wife to Eleazar.
Marius,
Eothen, } children of Eleazar by a former wife.
Nicaise.
Silvester, styled Baron Ulysses.
Madame de Bleuze, a sick woman.
Madame de Roseray.
Blanche,
Marguerite, } daughters of Madame de Roseray.
Fischermen; Miners; Crowds; Soldiers; Foolish old Women; Musers; etc.

PROLOGUE.

(*The Rose Legend.*)

(The Scene is outside a villa near Warsaw. Clumps of trees and statues are disposed about the stage. The villa is sheltered by a hillside which hides the Modlin road from view and which faces a suburb. It is a bright moonlight night and the ground is covered with snow. In the background two gallows are dimly seen, with corpses hanging from them.)

ACT I.

SCENE I.

Gertrude, Vladimir, before the villa (*Gertrude* is in mourning and both characters are in Russian dress).

Vladimir. Are you not cold, *Gertrude*?

Gertrude. No.

Vladimir. It is brave of you to come (*Gertrude* smiles). I am proud of you. You yourself will give the signal so soon as the Grand Duke has passed.

Gertrude. 'Tis what I was looking forward to doing. The situation of this place near the Modlin road along which he is to pass, the solitude in which I live since my father's death makes it natural that I should be chosen.

Vladimir. Don't think that; we have chosen the one most to be trusted. This signal means our lives, — nay more than our lives, a people's freedom, — more than that perhaps. Warsaw this time may be as the spark to fire the world.

Gertrude. Do you believe that mere love of freedom can fire men's hearts?

Vladimir. Certainly. The slavish mob of men only become free Humanity by means of an ever growing yearning of vast multitudes after truth and a true ideal,—a yearning which is like the attraction of steel to a magnet.

Gertrude. Ah, there are things stronger than the ideal, our desires and lusts. Evil is stronger than good; or rather there is no evil and no good; each one follows his bent.

Vladimir. *Gertrude*, dearest, the artificial laws of violent men have caused these fatal inclinations of which you speak. True harmony will only be established upon the ruins of the old world.

Gertrude. Dreams! You, for example, follow your own bent,—towards Utopia.

Vladimir. Is not the Utopia of one age ever the reality of the next? Only the ideal is true. What is law but the ideal? What is death for freedom but the ideal? Are we not happy because all depends on you this fearful night? Again an ideal!

Gertrude. Yes, truly!

Vladimir. How oddly you say that! Everything about you is strange; 'tis the reason I love you. Why are you so cold at this moment, which may be our last?

Gertrude. Why do you wrap yourself up in these misty dreams of yours?

Vladimir. Is it my fault if in your presence my thoughts take too wild a flight?

Gertrude. Explain to me the signal.

Vladimir. It is impossible to make a mistake. You see that rock halfway along the hill. From that rock so soon as the Grand Duke and his escort has passed, you must raise the torch in your hand,—the torch which is to be our guiding-star. Ah, why can not I remain near you?

Gertrude. I had rather be alone. Be calm, *Vladimir*.

Vladimir. How can I be calm when I am about to gain all that I love,—freedom and you. After our victory, will you still refuse to acknowledge yourself my mate before all of them? Will you not then cease to make a mystery of our union, of our love, of our child?

Gertrude. You speak of victory. Is not victory quite uncertain?

Vladimir. 'Tis impossible that we should be beaten this time. Do you remember how sad you made your father and me by insisting that our marriage should be kept secret, that the birth of Marpha should be concealed. You are like your own sphinx-like smile; 'tis your unknown depths which trouble me and attract me to you. I adore you, adore you to death,—as the Hindoos used to worship their gods.

Gertrude (coldly). Here are your friends.

(*To be continued.*)

WHY CREAGHE WON'T PAY POOR RATES!

Comrade Creaghe is doing some more practical propaganda, by refusing to pay poor-rates. He has taken the opportunity to explain his views on the subject, in the *Sheffield Independent*. His letter is so good and interesting that we reprint the whole of it:—

TO THE EDITOR.—I have been summoned to the Town Hall, to show cause why I have not paid and refuse to pay poor rate levied on me. My answer is in the first place that I do not wish to do anything that I ought not to do, and I think it is wrong to continue paying such demands. It is wrong because the whole system is wrong which is supported by these payments, and to pay to support an evil institution, to pay to support anything or any system which is wrong, is plainly immoral. Suppose, for instance, a law was made to support brothels, if such a thing could be done; would not all here cry against it, and advise every one to resist payment of taxes levied for the purpose? And yet that would not, in my mind, be nearly so immoral as payment to support poor houses.

Why have we poor houses? I may be answered because we have poor—but that is not the real reason, for poor houses have been established, not because there are so many poor, but because those people whose selfish interest makes other people poor, fear that these should revindicate their right to live upon the earth, which is the inalienable right of all, and should claim the share that is due to them of the production which results from the labour of the workers. Poor houses have been established because the monopolisers of the means of life, while trying, in the reign of Henry VIII. and the "Good" Queen Bess, to put down vagrancy by hanging beggars by the thousand, found them increasing in such numbers that they began to plunder the rich, and so these rich, for their own sakes, and not at all for the sake of the poor, reluctantly established this prison system, which they call poor relief, and, instead of hanging the poor, shut them up in houses which are practically jails, and most grudgingly gave them food, in order to prevent them taking it by force.

Now, I am totally opposed to any plan or any system which has for its object merely the keeping of the poor alive, instead of doing justice to them;

for I know that if justice were done there would be no poor, as there would be not rich either. "Maa was not made", as has been said by Oscar Wilde, "to live like a badly fed animal", no, nor even like a well-fed animal, and even if the poor were well treated in workhouses, which they are not, but on the contrary, are treated like criminals or human rubbish, still they would feel the degradation of being shut up and fed in such places. Besides, it is most immoral and degrading to men to accept as a boon, whether from the so-called ratepayer or from the pious charity giver, that which they should demand as a right. As a right they will one day demand all that shall make poverty impossible, and I am one of those whose chief object in life is to induce the poor to make this demand as soon as possible, and, therefore, it is clear that I hate poor-feeding systems of any kind, be they poor-law systems or charity organisations.

The poor, instead of accepting any dole from the hands of their masters, must some day or another fight for their rights, and the sooner the better. The poor are the people who, when they are allowed to work, produce all the wealth of the community. While they are allowed to work by the class that owns all the means of production they are allowed to live—they are allowed to feed and clothe themselves. But as soon as any of them are feeble through age or sickness their places are taken by others more robust, and the enfeebled ones, who require really more care than before, are cast aside as human rubbish, or walled up in the Workhouse jail. Then, again, when the owners of the products of labour—the masters, the capitalists—find that the workers have supplied them with more things than are in demand, they then dismiss them to wander about and starve, though they are as well able to work as before, and most willing to do so, in order to support themselves and their families.

Shall I pay rates, the only object of which is to make this system bearable—for this is really the object of your Poor-law system; it is nothing more than a safety-valve for the benefit of the rich. But I don't want the system to be made bearable, and I think it most immoral to do anything to make injustice bearable for a time, or to endeavour to prolong it in the interest of a class.

But there is something more worth saying, and it is this, and it will serve to show the injustice of present day society. It is well-known that there would be no need whatever for poor rates, if in the so-called workhouses the inmates were allowed to work. Workhouses could be made self-supporting, and a good deal more, if in the rural districts the inmates were put to till the soil, and in other districts were put to other useful employments—yes, and the poor paupers would be much happier. But though people in the newspapers and out of them are always talking as if the more we could produce the better for us all, as it certainly ought to be, yet they soon find out, your shrewd business men do at least, that abundance when only secured with the object of profit for a few is not a desirable thing beyond a certain point. Your profit-mongers have seen that if paupers were allowed to support themselves by their own labour there would no longer be anything to make out of them by contracts, jobs, and trade swindles, and so that profit may be made—quite useless profit except to those who get it—the paupers must be condemned to idleness!

Let me tell you here that it is the same thing all round. If the people of England were allowed to make what they wanted for themselves, and exchange their products among themselves, there would be no room any longer for the profit-monger—the landlord, the capitalist, and all the greedy harpies that hang on to them, would have to go to work like the rest.

On principle, then, I refuse to pay poor rate, and if the law with its usual brutality says to me you will have to violate your principles, you must do what you believe it wrong to do, for we who represent the law will force you to do so, then all I have to say to the law is, come and take your pound of flesh wherever you can find it. Thanks to the law itself I have been left in that position that I can defy the law.

I had a practice which enabled me to live, but did not permit of my paying rent, but the brutal law sent its minions, and because I could not submit to be robbed, put it out of my power to earn a livelihood.

J. CREAGHE.

THE COMING STORM.

It is apparent on every hand, that the great social storm is already looming in the distance, and in spite of all the precautions that will be taken by the capitalists, parsons, and other people who have not the cause of suffering humanity at heart, the disaster which will follow in its train, is as yet incalculable. But one thing it certainly will do. It will blow down privileges which have existed for centuries; it will purge from our midst the drones who at present live upon the workers, and suck vampire-like, the best blood of our sons and daughters. The storm will cleanse the sinks of corruption and infamy of the aristocratic class; the class which speaks of the worker as belonging to the "great unwashed, the vulgar class, etc." and when the storm has expended itself, out of the ruins caused by it, will be built a new society where all are equals, where the wolf of want is not continually at our door.

Already the distant rumblings of this terrible storm are to be heard. Ask those men standing at the corners of our streets and alleys, why they are forcing this storm on, and you will receive, perhaps, the following answer: "Why do we force it on? Why, because we are out of work and hungry and covered in rags, yet on every hand we see plenty, good food, good clothing, good homes. What have we done, that we have not these necessaries likewise? Why should we tramp through the streets for weeks and months, and yet not obtain work? Is not something wrong somewhere, that we are forced to go on like this, year after year, and ultimately perhaps, have to seek a home, when we are old and decrepid, in a workhouse?" Yes, these men will rise like a mighty avalanche, and bury all obstacles in their mighty embrace. When they know the power that they possess, then and only then will the storm break.

It is a great wonder that society has lasted as long as it has, considering the wretchedness and poverty that stares us every where in the face. Its crimes are so glaring, its hypocrisies so transparent that it is a matter for astonishment that it has not long ago ceased to exist on

account of its own rottenness. One man may own millions of pounds, grand palaces to live in, thousands of acres of land on which he can enjoy himself, while the toiler, slaves throughout his whole life, and when he comes to die, he finds that he is as poor—or poorer—as the day when he first started to work. His wife and children are clothed in shoddy garments, his food is of the adulterated class, his children are bundled off to earn a few shillings as early as possible. But what about the man who is weeks or months out of work. His clothes wear out, he begins to look dilapidated. Work he can not get, and if he begs, he is imprisoned for being without any visible means of subsistence. If he sleeps under some shed or door-way, he is locked up for being a vagrant! What is a man to do when he finds himself in this plight? Is he to meekly lay himself down and starve? Or shall he trust to Providence and wait till "it" seems fit to fill his empty stomach? Or shall he take that which appeases his hunger and keeps life within him? There is a question which is so plain, which ought to be carefully considered by every worker viz: "Shall I starve or steal?" If he has any brains in his head, he will certainly arrive at the conclusion that it is cowardly to beg or starve therefore he "takes", and no sensible person will blame him. It is useless blinking the fact, that the Social Revolution is close at hand. Whatever may be the results that follow in its train, it can not make matters any worse for the workers than they are at present. One thing it will do, yea more! It will make a clean sweep of kings, bishops, priests, land- and money-grabbers and usurers. It will crush out the drones and other parasites who at present feed upon the workman's labor. It will leave the worker a man, and not a mere slave. The Social Revolution will give to man the right to live and enjoy life, and have the fruits of his labor to better his own condition. In the new society (which will rise, Phoenix-like out of the ashes of our present society) it will be recognized that all men are equal, and that all men have an equal right to life and its pleasures. There will be no workhouses nor palaces, no princes nor beggars, no masters nor slaves. All will be brothers for all are equal. May the day of the Revolution soon be at hand, is the cry of every sensible man. Men of to-day ought to toil without ceasing to bring this "day" nearer to us. Each can do their iota, each man ought, to be a teacher to him, that has not yet seen the light. And when the day of Revolution comes, we will be ready to strike the blow which will give us Liberty, Equality and Fraternity.

VICTORIOUS SOCIAL DEMOCRACY.

THE Trade Union Congress was not a revolutionary assembly this year. No one expected it, the surprise has been that it has not been frankly reactionary even from a New Trade Union standpoint. It was notorious that the old school had endeavoured to pack the Congress, and had also tried to shut out the New Unions, by increasing the amount of the fees to be paid to the Parliamentary Committee for admission. Both schemes failed however, and the Congress has practically stuck to its resolution of last year regarding a Legal Eight Hours, with a slight qualification, that it shall not be introduced in any trade where a majority of the organised members protest by a ballot vote against it.

The Trade Unionists are therefore in advance of the members of the Fabian Society on the Eight Hours question, a matter which it might be well for these "moderate Socialists" to consider. Social Democracy is victorious all along the line, and in the gloomy years of trade depression, that are now upon us, there can be no question, that its power will increase, and Social Democrats of all schools will become the successors of Broadhurst, Slipton, and Co. and rule despotically in their stead.

But there is nothing in this to discourage Anarchists:

Social Democracy will run its course. Its leaders will only have the same power as their brethren in Germany, the movement will have its rise and fall, and as Republican Individualism of the Bradlaugh, Auberon Herbert school has given place to Social Democracy, so will Social Democracy fall before Anarchist-Communism. Perhaps one of the best proofs that we are in a revolutionary period, is the complete revolution in thought, that has taken place even among such reactionary gentlemen as Trade Union delegates in the short space of five years.

Five years ago the great Broadhurst ruled, and seemed so powerful that nought could overthrow him. Where were the leaders of the New Unionism? John Burns was a revolutionary orator, a leader of "riotous mobs" a "blatant agitator at street corners", Cunningham Graham was comparatively unknown, he had only just entered parliament, Tom Mann was lecturing to crowds of unemployed, on the Eight Hours question, and Keir Hardie was treated as a "presumptuous young man" for daring to lift his voice against the great Mr Broadhurst. In those days, it would not have been possible to have got more than 10 or 12 votes for a legal Eight Hours Day in a Trade Union Congress.

Now an Eight Hours resolution by Keir Hardie, who was once so contemptuously snubbed, is carried by an overwhelming majority. But look what has happened in the meantime to lift these leaders into popularity. The 8th of February, the breaking of club windows, the sacking of shops by starving and desperate men, the 13th of November, the Great Dock Strike, and the almost universal uprising of the sweated against their oppressors. What vast movements may lie in the future, which shall do for Anarchism, what these events have done for Social Democracy.

The phantom of the General Strike appeared its head in the Congress. Even mild Mr Burt admitted, though with sorrow, that a general

cessation of labour *might* be necessary in the future; just as he declared that the pauper and the millionaire were monstrosities that must disappear with advancing civilization. And sooner or later the General Strike must come to the front, whether Social Democratic labour leaders like it or not. They demand a Legal Eight Hours Day. What chance have they of getting it? Will either great political party give it them.

They admit the impossibility of this themselves, and moreover one of them, Mr Threlfall, declares that election pledges given by Liberal, Tory, or Radical, candidates are worthless. Are they going to send a majority of labour candidates to the House of Commons, to get it for them? They also admit that they are not likely to get more than 20 there in the next parliament, and it's hardly possible for these to force this measure through, against the combined opposition of both capitalist parties. But thanks to the Social Democratic propaganda, many workmen believe that an Eight Hours Day would prove their salvation.

And when these men are starving by thousands, they will not be inclined to wait till a capitalist Parliament gives them what they demand. There remains then but on method to take it. Partial strike are useless for this purpose as has been demonstrated by the Scottish Railwaymen and the Carpenters and Joiners.

The only method likely to succeed is a General Strike, a complete cessation of work in all trades and industries. Two millions men were represented at the Congress, if these alone ceased work on a given day, they could paralyse every branch of capitalist production. And sooner or later this will come about. When the day of action arrives, let the Anarchists go among the people and urge then not only to strike, but to seize on all the accumulated wealth, the produce of their labour, and all the means of production, distribution and exchange: land, capital, mines, railways, factories, machinery, etc. By this action we will make an end not only of long hours of labour, but of capitalism and landlordism, and sweep away completely all poverty and misery, all the oppression of the poor by the rich. "Down with the idlers and thieves! Wealth, freedom and happiness for all!" must be the battle cry of the people.

THE SOCIAL DEMOCRATIC POLICEMAN.

SHORTLY after the formation of the first Socialist Society in Aberdeen we were favoured with a visit from Comrade Morris, reviewing that visit our Comrade said that he did not think the Socialist movement likely to make great progress here, because of the strong radical element existing in our midst. This enraged Comrade Leatham and a war of words ensued; whatever may have been our opinion then, as to whether, or not, the radical element was calculated to interfere with our progress, there can not now remain any "possible, probable, shadow of doubt", and we can now see that Comrade Morris spoke with his characteristic wisdom.

The following may serve to illustrate the above assertions.

Quite recently we were informed that several members of the Aberdeen Socialist Society were to stand for election to the Town Council. We have recently been favoured with their programme, which contains the following "revolutionary" measures; a complete inspection of the Gas Works, and an 8 hours day for municipal employees. The Community to take over the liquor traffic, the profit to be devoted to the building of artisans dwellings.

Doubtless our late Comrades can deal with the two last mentioned parts of their programme effectively. But we fail to see what claim any propagating such ideas can have to be called Socialist. However we may leave for the meantime, their miserable tinkering to the tender mercies of the "majority".

Additional proof of the reactionary policy being pursued by this Society was witnessed recently by their organisation of a demonstration on the Land Question. The following is a copy of the resolution put to the meeting.

"That this meeting, believing that the land of every country should belong to the whole people of that country, demands as immediate steps towards the complete restoration of the soil to its rightful owners (1) that statutory power be extended to County Councils to acquire such land as is at present out of cultivation, and that they be empowered to a farm it in the interest of the community; and (2) that a tax be imposed on all land values, to be gradually increased until it amounts to 20s. in the £1."

It was expected that this moderate proposal would secure the support of the Trade Council, and accordingly James Leatham asked the Town Clerk for the use of the Gordon College Grounds, for the procession to assemble in. This was done on behalf of Trades Council and the Socialist Society, and was done a day previous to asking that Councils co-operation. The Council now became enraged at this undue liberty with their good name, they refused by a vote of 49 to 13 to accept Mr. Leatham's apology, and would not give their support. Thus their prostitution of principle was rewarded.

An invitation to take part in the demonstration was received by the Aberdeen Revolutionary Socialist Federation. We agreed to attend on condition that we were allowed a platform of our own from which we were to speak on the land question from a "Socialist" point of view. This was granted, and we immediately set to work, making all preparations necessary for a good display. The result of our work was that we had a beautiful banner bearing the inscriptions "Revolutionary Socialism" on one side and "No Master" on the other. There was also an excellently executed picture, illustrative of "the real secret of England's greatness".

There was also a Cart on which was erected a gibbet and from which there hung a figure representative of Capitalism, by some unforeseen occurrence, it bore a striking resemblance to the G. O. M. On the figure there was a card bearing the words "His soul to hell may fly", other mottoes on the Cart were "Dynamite the social sore", "Speed the Revolution", "Vive la Commune", "Damn the British Constitution", etc. This was the means of attracting a deal of attention while the audience was assembling, however this was not to last long, murmurs were heard that the two cards "His soul etc." and "Damn the British Constitution" should be taken down. Mr. Leatham then appeared on the scene; he said that they were giving offence, and that Hyndman would not speak if they were to be carried in the procession. He said they would have to come down, which we refused. He then said that he would go on the cart and take them down, for his brave rutterance he was awarded a beauty cheer, from the Democratic Trades Unionists, and others of that ilk, however this apostle of "Liberty, Equality and Fraternity" thought discretion the better part of valour, and walked away for two Policemen. They also were set at defiance, and for some time things looked rather like the initiatory stages of the revolution; ultimately we agreed to take them down, but only under the most stern protest. The procession then marched off, Capitalism dangled most beautifully from the gibbet, and must have made many of the onlookers take the shivers. This will serve as a specimen of the doings of the Social Democrats in Aberdeen, it shows how men will betray the cause because of the hope of getting into Town Councils etc., and certainly shows that Social Democracy means "the Coming Slavery", we will therefore continue to show that it is far from being "The only thing that will do".

As some of our Social Democratic friends may perhaps think that Comrade Duncan exaggerates, it may be as well to quote the account in a capitalist paper, the Northern Daily News of August 31st. The reporter of this paper thus describes emblems carried by the Revolutionary Socialist Federation:

"The chief feature of their share in the procession was a fish cart—unwashed. On the front of the cart was erected a gibbet, from which, suspended by the neck, was the effigy of a man in full dress with tall hat, and provided with an eyeglass. Around the hat was a placard printed in red with the word "Capitalism" upon it. On front of the gibbet was a placard with the words "Dynamite the social cure" and behind that was another placard with the words "We'll have our land or die". On the back of the effigy was a large card containing the words "His soul to hell may fly", and affixed to the cart were other placards containing these words: "Vive la Commune", "All wealth to labour doth belong", "We'll turn things upside down", and "Speed the social revolution". On the cart itself were seated two young men, one clad in a red vest and the other with a red cap and a black mask. In addition to the cart the only other emblems carried by the revolutionary party were a hideous picture, representing a poverty stricken room, with a female figure stretched dead upon the floor, weeping children, and the words beneath, "The real secret of England's greatness", and a banner having on one side the words "Revolutionary Socialism", and on the other "No master".

Some of the respectable Trade Unionists objected to the revolutionary sentiments on the placards and to quote the report of the Northern Daily News:

A request was made to the men in the cart to pull down the placards containing the words "His Soul to Hell May Fly" and "Dynamite the Social Cure", but they refused to do so. The officials of the Seamen's and Firemen's Union and of the Shipwrights' and Shore Labourers' Societies then approached Mr. Leatham, the leader of the Aberdeen Socialist Society, and protested against the objectionable banners and sentiments; and as it was evident the demonstration would be a failure unless something were done, the Revolutionists were again urged to agree to the wishes of the majority. This they continued strongly to object to, one of the young men on the cart making an excited harangue, in which he endeavoured to show that the figure on the gibbet was not meant to represent any individual, but simply a principle. That explanation, however, did not satisfy the objectors, and very unwillingly at last the young man, amid protests from his confrere on the cart, began to take down the placard with the words "Dynamite the social cure". As he was doing so, Mr. Leatham advanced with an inspector of police and a constable, and demanded that the objectionable sentiments should be removed. The occupant of the cart, however, resented this instruction, and said he did not remove the cards because the police were there. Some one in the crowd shouted out, "By what authority do you do it?" to which the emphatic reply came—"There's no authority here".

Therefore it stands upon record even in the capitalist press, that the Social Democrats have now become such lovers of law and order, that they call in the assistance of police! then to crush the Anarchists. The less we hear about Revolutionary Socialist Democracy in future, the better. Is this not a clear proof that a Social Democratic state would be a worse tyranny, than the rule of the capitalist. The effigy and placards have made excellent revolutionary propaganda in Aberdeen. They even attracted more attention than the great Mr. Hyndman. Cannot our comrades every where do more of this propaganda, it is a fine method of advertizing our principles, especially when Social Democrats try to suppress it by the help of police. "Mr." Leatham should apply to the "Scotland Yard" of Aberdeen, he would make a splendid police inspector. "Police Inspector Leatham", it sounds very well; an admirable title for this sham Socialist. Ed.

SHAMEFUL SENTENCES.

Six months imprisonment for the two starving men, Bruce and Primmé, who broke Bensons windows. Another poor devil Robert Wood, who broke the windows of the Mansion House, and besides attacking property insulted "law and authority" at the same time, got twelve. Who shall say that the propertied classes are not frightened. And they have reason. In the same paper in which appears the account of these brutal sentences, we read under their now familiar heading of "Shocking Destitution in the East End" that in one of the worst of the foul slums—Knott Street, Mile End—in which the poor are forced to live, a baby six weeks old has died because its starving mother could not feed it. Readers of "No Rent and Pillage" will note that this is the second child murdered in Knott Street within the last few weeks. The father earned 8 shillings a week and had to pay 4s. 6d. out of it for rent! Seven children were dependent on what was left of his earnings. Do turtle-fed city dignitaries gorged with the plunder of the poor think, that they can crush the social discontent, that arises from misery like this by sentences of six or twelve months imprisonment. Thank you, gentlemen, for putting the match to the powder magazine, which will soon blow you to—

Don't break windows starving workmen. Sack the City from end to end. Show the same courage as the Russian peasant who prefers jail to starvation.

CORRESPONDENCE.

THE BRUSSELS CONGRESS.

Dear Comrades

You ask me to write for the Commonweal, a short account of the doings of the Brussels Congress. I am afraid that the following will not prove very satisfactory to many of your readers.

There were practically five subjects for discussion before the Congress Labour Legislation, Party Organisation, Piece Work, 1st. of May Demonstration, The name to be taken by the party.

The Congress did find, on the 1st. point, that the Labour Legislation is really not worth the paper on which it is, or will be written: nevertheless decided to still work for it.

On the 2nd. point, it was decided to organise a Labour Federation with secretaries in each country "if possible"

On the 3rd. point, it was decided to strive for the abolition of piece-work "if possible"

On the 4th. point, it was decided to organise a 1st. of May Demonstration "if possible"

At this moment, the Congress had apparently exhausted its wonderful energy, and stopped with amazement before the question, How are we to style ourselves? are we Socialists, or Unionists, or what?

This last question proved too arduous for an "if possible" Congress and it was resolved to postpone it to 1893. So we shall have to wait until 1893, to know if these people are or are not Socialists; I had better say that we shall wait until 1893, to learn from their own lips, that they are no longer Socialists,

Yours fraternally

S. Merlino.

TO THE EDITOR. Comrade.—With respect to Hunter Watt's letter in your last, where in he declares that the English Nationality Committee accepted the mandate of the delegate from the Autonomie Club, a statement in which you—no doubt erroneously—concur, I wish to call your attention to the proceeding of the English Section respecting the same as reported in the *Daily Chronicle* of Tuesday 18th Aug. which runs thus: "The English section meet this morning, Mr. Charles Hobson in the chair, to discuss certain questions *within its own province*, the first of these being the admission of Mr. Lambert-Howe, delegate of the London Club Autonomie. It is true that yesterday (Sunday) the delegate's credentials were accepted; but the attitude of the Congress was so decided on the subject of eliminating Anarchists of other nations that it was looked upon as a presumption on the part of the English section to pass the credentials of an avowed Anarchist within its own ranks. In the end it was decided that the difficulty should be *submitted to the Congress* through the Standing Orders Committee". Now according to Hunter Watt's in *Justice the Chronicle's* reports were "full and fair". And in the face of this it is only necessary to point out that our Comrade Dr. Merlino, notwithstanding his being an avowed Anarchist was admitted to the Congress *because he was accepted by the Italian delegation*. Well I think that we can well understand what the English delegates "reluctantly bowed to the decision of the whole congress on the matter" meant; especially when the same is supplemented by a declaration of Herbert Burrows (see report of his speech on the Congress in *Chronicle* of Monday 14th) that "he did not know what they (the Anarchists) wanted there at all" and "why Anarchists ever went where there was organisation".

Yours fraternally

W. WESS.

NOTICE TO SUBSCRIBERS AND EXCHANGES.

The 'COMMONWEAL' being now the property of the newly-constituted London Socialist League, all communications should be addressed, "The Secretary, 273, Hackney Road, London, N.E.," and remittances made payable at Post Office, Hackney Road.

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; Grimsthorpe, 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 ATENÆUM 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 6 d., 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 Victoria, 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.

TO LET, for Trade Union Meetings, Lectures, &c., three nights a week, the Large Hall of the London Socialist League, 273, Hackney Road. For particulars apply to the Secretary.

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*.