

THE COMMONWEAL

A REVOLUTIONARY JOURNAL OF

Anarchist Communism.

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SATURDAY, JULY 18, 1891.

[WEEKLY; ONE PENNY.]

A Mass Meeting will be held in Victoria Park on Sunday, July 26th, to call upon the Workers to pay No Rent to Robber Landlords. The inhabitants of the slums of the East End are earnestly invited to attend.

"DIAMONDS AND GOLD PLATE."

THE German Emperor has come and gone amid the shouts and applause of the flunkeys of England. Needless to say that these flunkeys have been wholly composed of the wealthy classes. It is these people who have grovelled in the mire before the young despot, and welcomed with "heartiest loyalty" our own princely lovers of baccarat and brothels, waving their hats and handkerchiefs in the public streets when royalty rode by, too happy if they only obtained a smile or a nod from princely scoundrels or the imperial despot. We are glad to say, however, that the working classes, when they have not hooted and groaned, have kept their hats on and their lips closed.

Our newspapers as usual have done their utmost to pump up enthusiasm. Their columns have glowed with affected enthusiasm at so much a line concerning all the details of the costly pageants that have marked the Emperor's visit. For the benefit of those who have not laboured through the endless columns of verbiage with which the newspapers have been filled, we will give some items here. The details which we shall quote may also be of interest to the starving proletarian of Seven Dials or the East End, the docker with his 14s. a week and his banquet of "pieces," and all the many millions who are sweated and starved that royal tables at Windsor may be covered with gold plate, and that wealthy "ladies" may make an opera house blaze with the splendour of the diamonds with which they are laden. Let us take first a description from the *Daily Chronicle* of the gold plate at Windsor Castle:—

"At one end was a buffet stored with cups and salvers of gold plate, and at the other end was a similar buffet, the first ornament of which to arrest the eye was the tiger's head of gold, weighing half a hundred weight, with eyes, teeth, and tusks of purest crystal, which was taken at Seringapatam. Over this was the famous jewelled peacock, which is so precious that it is not put into position until a few minutes before the royal party enter, and the no less striking jewelled umbrella, with the possession of which the Empire of India is in the Orient traditionally associated. The great table, however, was in itself a sight such as few have ever beheld. It was almost inconveniently covered on the snow-white drapery with the wondrous gold plate, the total value of which is said to be three millions sterling, and which since the death of the Prince Consort has scarcely ever seen the light more than by twenty or thirty pieces at a time. Gold candelabras with hundreds of wax lights, gold epergnes that bore myriads of exquisite flowers; gold plaques with plate-glass centres which reflected much of the wealth of royal glass-houses; vases of gold with figures from the chisel of Flaxman; golden tazzas and groups of sculpture in the precious metal, all in perfect order and perfect preservation, represented at least a value of £1,000,000 sterling, and there was more than an equal number of pieces still remaining in the royal plate room."

Now, starving unemployed workman, with a wife and seven children at home without a crust in the cupboard to give them, cannot you rejoice to hear how the tables of royalty are covered with gold plate so priceless in value? Do you know that although you have toiled hard and slavishly for the rich, yet you have never had as much wealth in your possession as is represented in one of those dishes upon which royalty dines? Don't you think you ought to be thankful that you are living in a free country, where you, an honest industrious man, are free—to starve, while royalty and its parasites with all their nameless vices, can feast on the most rich dainties heaped on plates of gold. But here is another picture that should increase your gratitude to God, your Queen, and your masters. On Wednesday, July 8th, His

Imperial Highness was graciously pleased to go to the Opera, and this is what he saw when he got there, says the *Star*:—

"The feature of the night was the diamonds. Every woman in the house wore all she possessed and, presumptively, could borrow. It was the greatest display of jewels that London ever saw. The three tiers of boxes were three tiers of tiaras. Around every woman's hair rose a white frontlet of diamonds, and as the eye went from box to box tiaras became quite as common as lorgnettes. Below each tiara was a necklace and pendants. About each corsage was a semi-circle of gems. Boxes and stalls sparkled in an unceasing blaze. It was diamonds, diamonds, diamonds, wherever the eye rested. An accurate estimate by a West-end jeweller, who seemed to be unable to take his eyes from the strange and dazzling spectacle, placed the average of the value of the precious stones in the boxes at £5,000 per box. This made £200,000 in the tiers. The floor made £200,000 more, and the royal box, which so blazed with rare gems that they almost vied with the electric lights, furnished a value far greater than the two put together. There were many guesses made as to the value of the diamonds on exhibition, and some of the guesses ran into millions, but, however accurate or inaccurate they may have been, there was beyond doubt a million pounds worth of gems all sparkling at once in the brilliantly lighted space."

Further on we are told that "the Empress wore a necklace of diamonds and sapphires as large as pigeon's eggs," and that "the Princess wore a large row of diamonds, with a large round pendant in front, a line of dazzling stones in front of her dress, and in her hair a great shimmering single stone, that sparkled and twinkled like an extra light." And yet a few yards away from these "halls of dazzling light," glittering and blazing with diamonds, are slums as foul, hideous and squalid as any in the East of London. No wonder with the wretched denizens of Clare Market, Drury Lane, and Seven Dials so near at hand, it was necessary to garrison the Opera House with soldiers. The authorities have not forgotten, how, only a year ago, during the Police Strike, some fair "ladies" were stripped of their gems by the starving slum dwellers, and with Anarchist leaflets circulating everywhere it was necessary to take some precautions.

But in spite of "diamonds and gold plate" royalty and society were not happy. Was this because of the "chilling silence" with which the Emperor and Prince were received as they drove to the Opera House; a silence broken only by cries of "Baccarat" and "loud guffaws;" or was there any other reason that the talk at the next day's garden party was so gloomy in its tone. This conversation seems even to have affected the spirits of the *Chronicle's* young man, otherwise so enthusiastic over the royal show. After speaking of the "pessimist" tone of the conversation, he says, "Many sinister rumours are current of worse scandals than the baccarat case, and people of indisputable birth and breeding are undoubtedly impressed with the idea, that there is something so 'rotten in the state of Denmark' as must lead to a very difficult social situation."

Pleasant, this sort of thing to turn up in the midst of glowing paragraphs concerning "dresses, diamonds, and gold plate. The banquet table is richly spread, the opera house glitters with diamonds, but the grim phantom of hunger and wrath is rising, and the smell of the charnel house rises in banquet hall and theatre. Not much longer shall a society endure where wealthy idlers are fed from gold plate, and can cover their Jezebels with diamonds, while the poor workers starve in the gutter, or, in despair, like one poor cabinet maker last week, leap into the Thames. The fateful writing appears in flaming characters upon the wall, and the day of doom and vengeance is near at hand.

N.

FOOD FOR POWDER.

We take from "*La Révolte*" the article for which our comrade Gracé has been imprisoned for six months, to show the English workers how much "freedom" exists in the French "Republic."

"At Fourmies the Lebel rifles have done wonders. The hundreds of millions extorted from the people year by year, for the expenses of

patriotic worship, have produced their fruits, slightly bitter fruits, truly.

But if omelettes cannot be made without breaking eggs, it is still more difficult to make rifles and maintain an army without slaughtering men. That elementary truth which we now affirm for the hundredth time perhaps, has always been confirmed by facts. The events at Fourmies are a further and striking proof of it, which it should not be necessary to insist upon.

However, this is inevitable. We pass over the facts, having already given details. We know that the butchery was complete and that the experience in *anima viti* has fully succeeded. The bourgeois journals have, as usual, all the difficulty in the world to conceal the joy which they feel on such an occasion. But their gratification reflects against themselves. It is lyrical when they write: "The wounds made by the Lebel are frightful! a bullet having killed two young girls, wounded a man in the thigh, &c."

So much for the victims of whom they formally complain, while their sympathy is expressed for the murderous gendarmes and soldiers for whom M. Paul de Cassagnac demands the Cross of the Legion of Honour. We agree that they are in every respect worthy of it. The Legion of Honour which has had the advantage of counting amongst its members, robbers, cheats, captains of industry and debauchees, such as Andlau, Caffarel, Wilson, to say nothing of criminals, could not do better than add to the collection a few more criminals.

But all that is not very important, what is of more consequence is that the working class is indignant. It doubtless goes without saying that it has reason to be so. But the revolting and mean thing above all others is not the massacre in itself, that is only the cause; it is that in our times one still find persons so foolish as to carry arms without knowing why, so weak as to use them at the will and caprice of the intemperate "swell" who commands them. If they reflected a little they would quickly perceive that the massacre was inevitable, and that it is only the prelude of many greater massacres. Hence if one is so stupid as to admit militarism or such a poltroon as to submit to it, what is the good of being angry at a thing that you have accepted, and of which you are yourself directly or indirectly the author? Of no use whatever.

After all whose fault is it if schemers have played tricks? Who pays the piper? Who, after all, played them, if not the people? Who then carries the Lebel rifle and who presses the trigger if it be not still the people? Since the people insist on having Governments who oppress them, employers who starve them, and soldiers who shoot them it is idle to complain. If one is grieved should he seek consolation from the tricksters of the opposition who pretend to protest so warmly against butchery, but who will hasten to do it as soon as they return to office. They have already tried to make capital out of this slaughter, and are truly happy in profiting by this bloodshed to retain their declining popularity. M. Jules Guesde has not failed to use the occasion, nor have the Laurs, the Roches, and the Grangers.

These gentlemen, be they state-socialists or revolutionary Boulangists, do not fail to reproduce the comedy of indignation and protestation which was so successful under the Empire, *apropos* of the affair of Ricamarie, republicans then, fusileers to-morrow. Never, they cry, will we use the army to shoot the people! and there will be persons to believe them. Imbeciles! what then is the army for, and whom should it shoot if not the people? Truly the proletarians are prodigiously simple. Sentimental declamation has the effect of so charming them that a few sonorous tirades are enough to mystify them for about twenty years. These poor wretches are easily hypnotised; for the rest, all the political quacks have done so well that all sense of the true and the positive is totally eclipsed from the people.

The proletariat does not perceive that rifles are made to kill men, women, and children; it never doubts that the army is an institution to massacre it, it no longer remembers that in 1830, 1848, 1850, and 1871 this was so well proved, it does not perceive that they do not hesitate to shoot and in the ignorance of all these things it continues to recruit the regiments by allowing their sons to join them. Thus you desire governments, countries, frontiers, good proletarians? You desire chiefs, soldiers, a fine army, and good workmen? You consent to assemble in troops and allow them to train you to murder, like they train dogs for the chase? Well, be it so, be satisfied. But pray be silent when the moment comes to review the results of your foolish actions. You complain that the army massacres you? But this is madness; you protest against yourselves, since it is your sons who compose the army! since it is yourselves who are the army. You have been, you are, and you will be soldiers. After having played the game of butcher in the army you can well play the game of butcher of the people, and that until you become tired of this homicidal and grotesque comedy which the bourgeois call patriotism.

When one reflects that if Emile Cornaille, Edmond Giloteau, Gustave Pesticaux, and Charles Leroy, had not been assassinated in this affair they would certainly, poor babies, have become assassins in their turn, when the age should have come for them to join the majority of patriots. If the army destroys its nurseries how shall it recruit itself? Will it chance that the magnitude of the evil will bring the remedy? Alas! no, we have not yet come to that. The crowd is far from becoming disabused of patriotic prejudice—since they have thought to disgrace one of the demonstrators (called Culine) who was distinguished by his activity, in accusing him of being an ex-deserter. Deserter! what then? Ah! this is exactly the point for consideration. What do they mean by this word? Do they suppose we are ashamed of the fact, and that we reject the epithet? No, no, we accept both the act

and the word. We pride ourselves of the one as a merit, we adopt the other as a title. Because it is a glory to be a deserter.

Deserter! but it is an act of courage and energy of which sluggards are incapable, who, on the order of a drunken fop, have consented to fire upon women and children. The Deserter! but this is the man who refuses the slavery of discipline, who tears himself away from the horrid corruption of barracks and casts away the clothes of the assassin. The Deserters alone are logically right to be indignant and to protest against butchery, the rest can only plead guilty.

What! has no one yet perceived that if all had been deserters or mutinous, the Fourmies massacre, and so many others which have preceded it, without thinking of those to follow, could not have taken place? But all reasonings do nothing, facts are of more service. Suffering alone can teach the people to know and to hate the causes of their wrongs and how to destroy them. Hence "The Country" and "Authority" will teach them everything. People! food for powder! must we then believe that our arguments will not enter the head until all the bullets of Lebel rifles have passed through it?"

NOTES.

Our comrades succeeded in distributing 12,000 "German Emperor" leaflets during his visit here, with some police interference. Two comrades were arrested in Shoreditch on Friday by two detectives, who were heard afterwards to pathetically lament that they had got the "wrong men." Our comrades were, however, detained for three hours and a quarter, while the police telegraphed to Scotland Yard to know what they should do, and it was not until the procession had passed that our friends were released. We should like to know who was responsible for this outrage upon the rights of "free Englishmen." The people who have been welcoming this Continental despot so effusively seem anxious to take a leaf out of the book of his police. The rest of our friends, after they had distributed their leaflets, went along the route of the procession and uplifted their voices in hoots and groans as the Emperor and all the other royal blacklegs went by, the people everywhere joining heartily in the groaning.

So after all the attempts of the police to stifle the free expression of opinion were not very successful. This is because they were too timid. When next the people are to be gratified with the sight of royalty, the police should previously make a raid on all the Anarchist printing-offices and arrest all "dangerous men." Thus the voice of sedition will be hushed with a gag, and royalty will be able to proceed amid respectful and reverential *silence* of the "common people."

While the Emperor was going to the Opera House to witness the marvellous display of diamonds we have noted in another column, a poor cabinet-maker, Charles Joseph Wellman, unable through lack of work to pay his rent, and starving, threw himself into the Thames. His little home had been sold up by a grinding rack-renter, and with a young wife reduced to the extremity of destitution, poor Wellman in despair threw himself into the river. He had far better have helped himself to some of the wealth of which the workers have been robbed. This act of despair of an honest workman, driven to madness by a system of society that allows landlords and capitalists to grind down the poor, so that the women belonging to these thieves may flaunt their diamonds at the Opera, or dine off gold plate with royalty at Windsor, is a terrible indictment of the present system. When we remember that Wellman's case is only one of thousands we must feel that any action that will help to bring our sham society to the ground is more than justified. Hurrah! then, for the No Rent Campaign, that shall teach some of these thieves a lesson. It may be possible to evict a single workman or sell up his home, but it will not be so easy to carry out this devil's work when all the poor of London revolt against landlord robbery. N.

AFTER THE REVOLUTION.

II.

We have now reached a new phase of the movement, we have explained what it is necessary to destroy, there now remains before us the task of reconstruction.

The first step to be taken is the organisation of work; many may ask how is that to be managed. The Social Democrat replies jauntily "Let us elect a Government, and let that proceed to organise the workers to carry on the necessary work of the community." But still, taking into consideration the immense number of industries varying in almost every respect, it would be impossible for any central authority to regulate them in every detail without causing endless confusion and dissension among the workers, and throwing the whole industrial machine out of gear. Therefore we think that the organisation of industry is best left to the workers themselves, and that at the outbreak of the revolution the people must take possession of the factories, the land, and all other means of production, distribution, and exchange, and proceed to organise their own labour. It must be clear that the workers engaged upon any farm, factory, or other department of industry understand far better how to carry on their work than any body of legislators whatsoever, and that therefore they will be able to settle their hours and conditions of labour by mutual agreement among themselves, than by any laws or rules drawn up in a parliament or a

municipal council and enforced upon the workers whether they like it or not.

But some may ask, is there no need therefore of laws or government during a revolutionary crisis? can the people march directly from their present misery and degradation into a perfectly free society where judges, jailors, rulers, policemen, and masters shall be unknown? Can Anarchy be realised at a single bound? will there be no period of transition between Anarchism and Commercialism? Well, I am not a prophet, and therefore cannot say whether we shall have to go through a course of State Socialism before reaching the New Society, but at least I trust the course will be as short as possible, for there is a danger that if State Socialism could last very long it would crush all power of free initiative out of the people, and make the mass of them the helpless slaves of their governors. State Socialism, we are sure, will tend to the creation of a new master-class composed of the rulers, and we do not think that their rule would be any more tolerable than that of the present-day capitalist. It is true that the workers might not die of starvation under State Socialism, they might, it is true, get enough to eat and drink, they might also be lodged in barracks, very clean and wholesome, like the workhouses and the State prisons of the present day, and be decently clothed in a uniform also provided by the State, but there can be no question that, as regards individual liberty, they would even be worse off than under the capitalist regime; they would be inspected, regimented, regulated as to what they should eat, drink, and wear, till they were worried out of their very existence by the paternal care of their rulers. Therefore we hold that State Socialism is so baneful in its effects, by naturally tending to enervate and destroy every aspiration towards a higher state of Freedom, that it would be our duty to fight against it, so as to sweep it away as soon as possible after its first establishment.

All government, in the usual meaning of government—an administrative body capable of carrying out its decisions by physical force—must be destroyed, for fear it should grow into a worse tyranny than the machine which administered the “law and order” of the capitalist. The need will also vanish for an elaborate code of written law, the people being quite competent to regulate their conduct by the dictates of common sense and public opinion, which even nowadays is frequently called in to correct the crimes of law and legislators. We shall have no need of policemen when the “property” of the rich has vanished, for there will be nothing left for the police to protect. As to cases of violence and brutality, it is notorious that the police do little to prevent them now, being always out of the way when wanted, and in a free society they would be quickly suppressed by the common sense and good feeling that prevails in all communities: that desire to see fair play which makes a street crowd always take the weaker side in a quarrel. It is notorious how utterly inadequate are laws and police to crush out brutality; is it not clear that their whole effect is even now to increase it; the barbarous tortures of the middle ages; the brutal prison system of our own “philanthropic” age; the murderous ruffianism exhibited by these “administrators” of law—the men in blue—when they get an opportunity to go for a crowd of peaceable citizens is an ample proof of this. So far from stopping brutality the law has always encouraged and inculcated it, and it is public opinion that has humanised the law, and not the law public opinion. Even now our legal code is far behind the ideas of the average citizen as to justice and humanity. And we believe that a society, ruled by the ideas of even the man in the street, would be far more humane and kindly than one governed by laws, which frequently represent not alone the ideas of our ruling classes, which would be bad enough, considering that they are the most reactionary class in the whole community, but worse still, the ideas of past generations of our rulers.

We therefore don't think that there will be any need of law or of government as generally understood even in the earlier stages of the revolution, but still I for one firmly believe that an administrative body for doing certain work, which the community cannot do for itself may be necessary, but this is not in any sense of the word a Government, as it will not have an army or police force at its back, no one will be enabled to exercise any coercive power in carrying out its decisions. It will be what Bakounine called it, a “Revolutionary Directory.” The delegates upon it will be removable at a moment's notice, and therefore be the servants and not the masters of the community. But for what will it exist if it does not organise labour, or draw up laws regulating the conduct and morals of the inhabitants? To me it seems that it could be useful in many ways; take for example, getting food for city or town in which it was established, and we imagine that every city or town would have one of these bodies. We may also think that every district in a town or city, would have an assembly of its inhabitants where they would transact their necessary business. Now supposing the food supply to run short, as it frequently has done during a revolutionary period, this assembly would doubtless send delegates into various rural districts to obtain provisions by offering to exchange certain other commodities such as shoes, furniture, clothing, etc., which the district had in its possession, for corn, cattle, and other agricultural produce. Now, without a central body to supply them with information concerning the districts in which provisions were abundant, the agents of the various local assemblies might swarm into certain agricultural districts, whilst others which possessed abundance would be comparatively neglected. Thus endless confusion and loss might be occasioned, which could easily be prevented, by the Revolutionary Directory collecting information from the various district assemblies, as to where they had sent their delegates, and informing the others as to whether the agricultural district they had selected had been already taken up by

another assembly. Thus there would be no danger of what we may call the “commercial travellers” of the new era clashing in their operations. In fact it is mainly as information bureaux, that these revolutionary directories would act, and even after the revolution they would be needed, and could collect and supply statistics concerning the amount of disposable produce in the various communities, in the direction of the distribution of various commodities and the arrangement of the traffic on railways, they would be to my mind absolutely necessary.

As we feel that Government is useless, dangerous, and ought to be abolished, so also we desire to make an end of all oppression of man by man, even though it takes the form of the rule of the majority. We hold that the decision in a district assembly should be unanimous, and that it is far better that a point be left over or made a matter of compromise between the two differing sections, than one party should force it upon the other by the brute force of the majority. There is nothing sacred in mere numbers, nay, all men must recall innumerable instances, in modern and ancient times, in which majorities have been wrong and minorities right. The majority is really the conservative element in society—the greatest amount of average stupidity. All the great changes in the world's history have been the work of minorities. If we had been forced to wait till a majority had sanctioned these changes, we should certainly have at the present day been still wandering in the gloom of the dark ages. When the bold reformers has roused the wrath of reactionists, who have slaughtered, burnt, hanged or crucified him, where was this sacred majority. Why if it did not join in the howl of “crucify him,” it has stood by looking on, sanctioning the slaughter of the best and bravest of men with dumb acquiescence and stupid approval. The real fight in society has always been between two minorities, a minority of privileged idlers the wealth and respectability of the day, and a small body of brave and resolute men who were willing to give up life, happiness, wealth, and ease for what they believed to be the truth. Then when the change has been wrought out by their courage and self-denial, then the majority has graciously accepted it. But the majority have never made the revolution, and it is for this reason, that we Anarchists do not believe in that most miserable sham of modern democracy, the worship of the majority.

One of the first results of the revolution would be the emigration of a large proportion of the town population to deserted villages and hamlets of the country. Those who know any of the country labourers who have been forced to leave their cottage homes by tyrannical exactions of farmer, landlord and parson, for the dingy slums of our smoking towns, know how they long for the green fields and shady woods of the pleasant country side. Knowing this we may feel sure that directly the revolution is victorious and the land thrown open, free to all who are willing to work upon and use it, that they will throng back in crowds to their old homes, too happy to breathe the fresh air and enjoy a life of joyous labour, when they can enjoy the produce of their toil. “Back to the land” will be the universal cry which affect not only those who were born in the country, but many of those who have been bred amid the fever stanches of the slums of the giant cities. Back the people will flock in their thousands in the first years of the revolution, eager for a healthy life, and sick of the fever and unrest which is the curse of existence under the slavery of commercialism.

D. J. NICOLL.

THE PROPAGANDA.

LONDON.—The London Socialist League has carried on active propaganda in London for the last month. Meetings have been held regularly at all our out-door stations, and the people receive the revolutionary gospel with eagerness and enthusiasm. We note that the more revolutionary and “dangerous” speeches the better the sale of the *Weal*. The handbill concerning the German Emperor has roused a strong interest in our propaganda, and last Sunday we had a very large meeting in Regent's Park, between 400 and 500 people listening attentively to Mowbray, Nicoll, Mainwaring, Turner, and Kent. There was an excellent sale of the *Weal*; 5s. 2d. was collected. Big meetings were also held in Victoria Park, and at Larcom Street, South London.

GLASGOW.—Our propaganda goes on swimmingly. Somehow the members seem to be imbued with the idea the Social Revolution will take place in a week or so, and they are busy preparing the people for it. On June 20th half-a-dozen of us invaded Kirkintilloch, a town seven or eight miles distant, and were successful in “spreading the light” to some extent, and when leaving the town we were invited by the audience to return again, which Jim Burgoyne and Jim Robb did on Saturday, July 4th, and were successful in holding two meetings and disposing of literature to the amount of 4s. 2d. On Sunday 28th, after the usual five o'clock meetings had been held at Paisley Road Toll, and St. George's Cross, Glasgow, Joe Burgoyne, McNaughton of the S.D.F., and Haddow of the Christian Socialist Society, met at Nelson's monument on the Green at 7 o'clock, and held a splendid meeting, the audience numbering about six hundred, literature to the amount of 8s 3d. being sold. Next evening we intend starting a Friday evening open-air meeting at Paisley, as they are sadly in want of propaganda down that way. As the Saturday afternoon propaganda in the country cannot be carried on without the almighty dollars, any friends of the Glasgow Socialist League who are in sympathy with our propaganda, might forward the amount of their sympathy to the Secretary, 4, Orchard Street, S.S., which will be acknowledged in the *Weal*. C. F. F.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

SUBSCRIBERS who find that the Retail Agents are unable to obtain the *Commonweal* from their Wholesale Agents, are reminded that R. Forster, 28, Stone-cutter Street, London; W. Reeves, 186, Fleet Street, London; Simpson and Co., Red Lion Court, Fleet Street, London; and Appleyard and Co., of Poppin's Court, Fleet Street, E.C., are Agents for the *Commonweal*.

FROM THE SLUMS.

WHAT care they for the lives we live,
 Styed in a single room?
 What thought, men, do these wealthy give
 To all that is our doom?
 What are the pauper lives to which
 Our wants, our wives, condemn?
 Our children's squalor—to the rich,
 What are these things to them?
 Of their æsthetic art they fuss;
 They'd scorn to wait a thought on us.

Their sickly novel's loves and woes
 May wake their cultured sighs;
 Some spaniel or canary shows
 How much their pets they prize;
 We are but human flesh and blood;
 We want—we starve;—what then?
 We are not of their pack or stud;
 Why should they care for men?
 Of racer, pointer, they may fuss;
 They scorn to waste a thought on us.

So be it; but we read at last;
 To question why we dare
 One life is in an alley past,
 One, in a wealthy square;
 Why they to pampered lives are born,
 We, starved lives to endure;
 And if "God" made us for their scorn,
 Or wills there shall be poor,
 And at our clubs we dare discuss
 Why they must differ so from us.

Why we are low—they are high,
 We reason all we can,
 Yet fail to find the reason why
 Man differs so from man.
 We've plundered somehow into this,
 Men's common rights forgot;
 Now seems it that 'twere not amiss
 That all should share one lot,
 Should know one equal comfort thus,
 Nor rich nor poor be known to us.

W. C. BENNETT.

The Concert and Distribution of Prizes which took place on Wednesday, July 8th, was very successful. Comrades holding tickets numbered as follows will please send them to the Secretary, 273, Hackney Road, N.E., including 2d. for postage, and their prizes will be forwarded.

9	77	135	179	239	302	351	399	429	458	478
11	80	136	182	245	303	352	403	433	459	480
15	83	139	185	257	304	355	406	435	461	481
20	90	140	191	260	310	364	411	438	463	488
29	96	145	217	262	317	369	416	439	465	493
36	101	150	219	268	318	370	418	441	466	496
40	104	155	225	272	319	376	419	443	470	499
42	105	159	226	273	327	381	420	445	471	509
51	117	162	227	275	332	385	421	448	473	511
64	128	163	231	289	335	388	422	449	474	514
73	129	169	234	290	339	396	424	453	476	517
74	134	170	238	291	345	397	425	454	477	519

"COMMONWEAL" GUARANTEE FUND.

Carl Launspach	5	0	D. St.	2	6
Graham	1	6	E. Hall	1	6
Collection in Regent's Park	2	6½	B.	1	0
J. B. G.	2	0			

A Special Meeting of members of the *Commonweal* Club and allied Groups will be held in the hall of the above club on Monday next, July 20th, at 8.30 prompt, to consider the future methods of propaganda.

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

Readers of the *Commonweal* in the United States can obtain it weekly from Comrade Metzkw, P.O.B. 29, Mount Oliver, Alleghany County, Pa.

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.—Comrades willing to help in forming a South London Group of the Socialist League should communicate with G. Atterbury, Clayton House Manor Place, Walworth Road, S.E.

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.
Manchester.—Socialist League Club, 60 Grosvenor Street, All Saints. Open every evening. Weekly meeting on Tuesdays at 8.
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.
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 8.50. Discussion Class, Thursday at 8.30. Elocution Class, Friday at 8.30.

OPEN-AIR PROPAGANDA.

(Weather permitting.)

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.—Saturday: Middleton market ground, at 7 p.m. Sunday: Phillips Park Gates, at 11; Stevenson Square, at 3. Monday: Market Street, Blackley, at 8.
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 CONFERENCE of Anarchist-Communists will be held at the Hall of the London Socialist League, on Sunday, August 2nd, to consider the best methods of revolutionary action. Provincial comrades are specially invited.

STANLEY'S EXPLOITS; or Civilising Africa. Price One Penny. A full account of the fiendish atrocities committed upon the natives of Africa by the "Buccaneer of the Congo." Suitable for circulation at Stanley Meetings; a large stock still on hand. To be had of the Secretary, 273, Hackney Road, N.E.

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 SOCIALIST 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.

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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