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[WEEKLY; ONE PENNY.]

WHO ARE THE ANARCHISTS?

FELLOW workmen. We who are addressing you to day, are Anarchists, Don't be alarmed at our name, and throw this leaflet from you, but hear what we have to say for ourselves. We are Anarchists, because we believe in Anarchy. And what is Anarchy? Chaos, confusion, disorder say our enemies. We answer that Anarchy has another meaning and that is "No Government," "No Government," what would we do without Government you say; Let us ask you another question, what does Government do for you; For instance if you go out on strike for an increase of wage or to shorten your hours. What happens, then Government sends its police and its soldiers to bludgeon and shoot you down. Has not this been at Leeds, Southampton, Motherwell and Bradford? If on the other hand you wish to hold a public meeting to voice your grievances what does Government do? It arrests the speakers, throws them into prison and if the people resist, bludgeons and shoots them down in free England, coerced Ireland, republican France and democratic America, we find everywhere that Government exists mainly to protect the property of the rich and to keep the poor in their present state of slavery and misery. This is why we Anarchists are enemies of Government. But why are you Anarchists always in rebellion against the law, why are you always appearing in police courts for resisting and obstructing the law and its guardians? We answer because law is simply legalized injustice, because law is made not to secure justice to the poor,—whenever did a poor man get his rights, in their court of "justice"—but to legalize every act of robbery and oppression, committed by the rich. If a poor man is starving and takes a loaf of bread, this is a crime against property and must be put down. The law awards him three months imprisonment. A rich man steals some article of luxury, he is too mean to pay for; "Kleptomania" says the law and restores him to the bosom of his afflicted family. The law is the rich man's law and lets him go scatheless, while it falls with brutal force upon the poor. Law and Government what good do they do you? If they are such good things, how is it, that their supporters and creators are such scoundrels? Where is there a greater humbug and trickster than the member of parliament, the lying politician who promises you wonders if you will send him to the House of Commons, and does nothing when he once gets there. And yet this comedy is played again and again at every general election, and you always allow yourself to be tricked and cheated by these smooth spoken rascals. Then we have the judge, or magistrate who sends poor men to jail for taking bread when they are hungry, or for "intimidating" the mean spirited wretch, who takes the food out of your mouth and starves your wife and children, if you strike against the tyranny and injustice of your capitalist master. Then we have the lying, crafty, and knavish lawyer, whose whole life is spent in cheating and robbing the poor in the interest of the rich. Then the perjured and brutal policeman, who bludgeons if you go on strike or attend a public meeting, and arrests your daughters on false charges of prostitution. And what protection does the law give you against the outrages, the brutality and oppression of these people, we find that it supports and backs them up in every way. Therefore we Anarchists say: Down with the law! Away with Government! Government and law only exist to support the rich in robbing the workman of three fourths of what he produces by his labour. If there was no government and no law, the people would take possession not only of the wealth, they have been robbed of, but of all means of producing it to morrow. Therefore we say, don't trust to Government to help you. Help yourselves, Pay No Rent to the landlords who rob and murder you in their rotten dens in the slums, Take a leaf out of the book of the Irishman and refuse to pay rent any longer for these horrible hovels in which you are forced to exist, and which are so unhealthy that the average age of the working people is only 29 years while capitalists and landlords despite all their debauchery, drunkenness and gluttony live on an average to 55. Thanks to these stinking holes your children die at the rate of 30 in a hundred in the first year of their innocent lives, while only 8 per cent of the children of the rich die in the same time. Refuse in your thousands to pay rent, and who can force

you. If the brokers come receive them as the Irish have done with sticks, stones, pokers, and hot water. Against this resistance the police will be powerless, and the middle class cannot trust the soldiers, as recent mutinies in the army have shown.

Last year 30 persons died of sheer starvation in the streets of London, in the midst of boundless riches. Don't let this happen again. Help yourselves to the wealth you have created. The law can only send you to prison, and it is better to go to prison than to die of hunger in the street. It is better to go to prison than the workhouse, for you will get more food and better treatment in jail.

They are the first steps in the social revolution that we Anarchists are working for. That revolution will be complete, when the people not only universally refuse to pay Rent, and seize upon the wealth they have been robbed of, but when they sweep away all government, make a bonfire of the laws, and find M. Ps., judges, lawyers, policemen and all other legal and governmental functionaries a more honest occupation. The people must also take not only wealth they have been robbed of, but seize upon the land, the mines, the factories, the railways and all other means of production, distribution and exchange. They will then be able to organize their labour in co-operative associations, freely federated together, which will produce and exchange their products one with another. In these associations the people will manage their own affairs without any interference from rulers and governors, wealth will be enjoyed by all, and misery and hunger will be unknown. This is what we Anarchists are working for, will you join us and help us to attain it.

THE STRIKE

A DRAMA BY LOUISE MICHEL.

SCENE VI.

Gertrude, the Grand Duke and his Escort (on horseback). (Two men also on horseback and with lighted torches precede the Grand Duke.)

Gertrude (seizing the Grand Duke's horse by the bridle). My lord, Warsaw is in revolt. A signal for the outbreak will be given so soon as you have entered the Modlin road.

(Several officers of the escort dismount and detain Gertrude.)

The Grand Duke. You are dreaming, my girl!

Gertrude. Go on to your death, then.

The Grand Duke. How did you come to know of these things?

Gertrude. 'Twas I who was to give the signal.

The Grand Duke. How come you to betray your associates?

Gertrude. Betray! The word is harsh, my lord. You will learn my motive later.

An Officer (perceiving Rita's dead body). My lord, there are corpses here.

Gertrude. The woman was watching me, my lord. I took her life to save yours.

The Grand Duke. What reward would you have?

Gertrude. Have I deserved to be trusted?

The Grand Duke. We shall see presently. Do not give the signal for an hour yet. This delay is all I ask of you.

An Officer. Must we leave this woman at liberty, my lord.

The Grand Duke. Yes, leave her perfectly free. (To Gertrude.) Remember, in an hour's time. (Aside.) Is this treachery the result of love? The woman is very beautiful.

Gertrude. Trust to me.

(The Grand Duke and his escort disappear behind the hill.)

SCENE VII.

Gertrude. Rita stretched beneath the fir-twigs.

Gertrude (who speaks in detached phrases). So this is treachery. I feel no more remorse for treason than I did for murder. I follow my

way through life as easily as if I were gliding downstream. Vladimir and the others are about to die. My child is pitilessly abandoned. Am I a monster? I am thus. There is no more to wait for. (She enters the villa.)

SCENE VIII.

Rita (who raises herself with difficulty). If I could only drag myself to them, I would warn them. Death nails me to the earth.

SCENE IX.

Rita again stretched on the ground. Gertrude with a sleeping child wrapped in a cloak in her arms.

Gertrude (placing the child on the ground before a statue). A she-wolf would not leave her cub in such a place. The child sleeps on this winding-sheet of snow as in her cradle—sleeps between the corpse and the hecatomb of corpses that is to come. Perhaps she will sleep for ever now. (Gertrude looks at the cloak.) Her name is embroidered on it,—Marpha. That tells nothing. I am no more of the mother than of the sweetheart. I shall love the Grand Duke no better than I have loved Vladimir, Vladimir whom I sacrifice. The time has come.

(Gertrude takes a torch and lights it, ascending the hillside mean while. At the top she raises the torch above her head, so as to throw the light towards the suburb.)

SCENE X.

Gertrude, with the torch. Nemo.

(Upon seeing Nemo, Gertrude throws down the torch and disappears, the half extinguished torch shows up Rita's body and the sleeping child.)

Nemo (believing Gertrude still present). Gertrude, the Grand Duke was seen to leave the citadel long ago. When did he pass here? Gertrude! Where are you?

Rita (in a feeble voice). Nemo, Nemo, listen.

Nemo (perceiving Rita and the child). Oh!

Rita. Nemo, Gertrude has betrayed the city to the Grand Duke.

Nemo. Is it you, Rita. Come with me; we will fight to the end. (Rita raises herself from the ground and falls back dead.)

Nemo. Ah, there is no longer time even to warn them. Poor Rita, poor Rita! The child too! We are about to die; I had better leave it here. I won't leave it. (The noise of the crowd is heard outside. Nemo takes the child in his arms.)

SCENE XI.

Nemo, with the child in his cloak. The Crowd

Nemo (giving the child to a woman). Save this child. It is mine. It is the child of vengeance.

(The woman takes the child in her arms and disappears in the mob.)

(Trumpets sound and there are distant cries of "Long live Order; Long live the Grand Duke.")

The Crowd. Long live freedom!

Vladimir (entering, to Nemo). Who has betrayed us?

Nemo. Gertrude!

Vladimir. Oh, it is impossible.

(Cannon without.)

Nemo. Fire shall be our rampart.

(He picks up the torch and sets fire to the villa. The flame shows the crowd surrounded by soldiers.)

END OF THE PROLOGUE.

(To be continued.)

(This play commenced in No. 281, all back Nos. kept in stock.)

THE GOD IDEA.

Nothing is more natural than that the belief in God, the creator, regulator, judge, master curser, saviour, and benefactor of the world, should still prevail among the people, especially in the rural districts, where it is even more widespread than among the proletariat of the cities. The people unfortunately are still very ignorant, and kept in ignorance by the systematic efforts of all the governments, who consider them, not without good reason, as one of the essential conditions of their own power. Weighed down by their daily labor, deprived of leisure, of intellectual intercourse, of reading, in short, of all the means of a good portion of the stimulants that develop thought in men, the people generally accept religious traditions without criticism and in a lump. These traditions surround them from infancy in all the situations of life, and, artificially sustained in their minds by a multitude of official poisoners of all sorts, priests and laymen, are transformed therein into a sort of mental habit, too often more powerful than even their natural good sense.

There is another reason which explains and in some sort justifies the absurd beliefs of the people,—namely, the wretched situation to which they find themselves fatally condemned by the economic organization of society in the most civilized countries of Europe. Reduced, intellectually and morally as well as materially, to the minimum of human existence, confined in their life like a prisoner in his prison, without horizon, without outlet, without even a future if we may believe the economists, the people would have the singularly narrow souls and blunted instincts of the bourgeoisie if they did not feel a desire to escape: but of escape there are but three methods,—two chimerical and a third real. The first two are the dram-shop and the church, debauchery of the body or debauchery of the mind; the third is social revolution. This last will be much more potent than all the theological propagandism of the freethinkers to destroy the religious beliefs and dissolute habits of the people, beliefs and habits much more intimately connected than is generally supposed. In substituting for the at once illusory and brutal enjoyments of bodily and spiritual licentiousness the enjoyments,

as refined as they are abundant, of humanity developed in each and all, the social revolution alone will have the power to close at the same time all the dram-shops and all the churches.

Till then the people, taken as a whole, will believe; and, if they have no reason to believe, they will have at least the right.

There is a class of people who, if they do not believe, must at least make a semblance of believing. This class comprises all the tormentors, all the oppressors, and all the exploiters of humanity: priests, monarchs, statesmen, soldiers, public and private financiers, officials of all sorts, policemen, gendarmes, jailers and executioners, monopolists, capitalists, tax-leeches, contractors and proprietors, lawyers, economists, politicians of all shades, down to the smallest vender of sweetmeats, all will repeat in unison these words of Voltaire:

"If God did not exist, it would be necessary to invent him."

For, you understand, "the people must have a religion." That is the safety-valve.

There exists, finally, a somewhat numerous class of honest but timid souls who, too intelligent to take the Christian dogmas seriously, reject them in detail, but have neither the courage nor the strength nor the necessary resolution to summarily renounce them altogether. They abandon to your criticism all the special absurdities of religion, they turn up their noses at all the miracles, but they cling desperately to the principal absurdity, the source of all the others, to the miracle that explains and justifies all the other miracles, the existence of God. Their God is not the vigorous and powerful Being, the wholly positive God of theology. It is a nebulous, diaphanous, illusory Being that vanishes into nothing at the first attempt to grasp it; it is a mirage, an *ignis fatuus* that neither warms nor illuminates. And yet they hold fast to it, and believe that, were it to disappear, all would disappear with it. They are uncertain, sickly souls, who have lost their reckoning in the present civilization, belonging to neither the present nor the future, pale phantoms eternally suspended between the politics of the bourgeoisie and the socialism of the proletariat. They have neither the power nor the wish nor the determination to follow out their thought, and they waste their time and pains in constantly endeavoring to reconcile the irreconcilable.

MICHAEL BAKOUNINE.

(The above pithy paragraphs are from Michael Bakounine's "God and the State" of which we have a few copies for sale.)

NOTES.

TWO ANARCHISTS SENT TO PRISON.

THE Stratford "Injustices" are doing their little best to stamp out Anarchy. They will find that they have undertaken a stiff job. The cause which was not killed by the murder of our comrades at Chicago, or by imprisoning and persecuting Anarchists in every quarter of the globe is not like to fall before the petty malice of the Nupkinses of Stratford. Our comrades Jane and Goulding have been sent to prison; Jane for two months, and Goulding for one. We thank the Stratford "Injustices" for drawing the attention of the public to the "pernicious nonsense" which Mr. Forrest Fulton M. P. was so severe upon. Yet strange to say Mr. Fulton and his wealthy friends the beaks seem very much alarmed at the possible effects of the "pernicious nonsense," or why are they not content to leave it to the sober judgement of an enlightened public. Is it possible that Mr. Forrest Fulton and his friends have uneasy consciences. That they know in their hearts, that this "pernicious nonsense" is the truth and that they are indeed thieves robbers and sweaters who live upon the plunder of the poor. It would seem so, and therefore they try to crush the people, who speak these unpleasant truths. They try to stifle "free speech" and free discussion. With what result? It is like pouring oil upon the flames of popular discontent, and the new theories and new ideas reach people who would never have heard of them, had not the law with its magistrates, police, and lawyers combined in an endeavour to crush them out.

Mr. Forrest Fulton on Anarchy.

Mr. Forrest Fulton M. P. we suppose is a good specimen of the average lawyer and politician. Yet this "well educated" gentleman was content to display his ignorance. During the trial of our comrade Jane, he said he did not know what defendant was, but he believed he called himself an Anarchist; he then proceeded to inform the court that he did not know what an Anarchist was; but he supposed it was something that covered mischievous opinions. Later on, although he had confessed he was ignorant of the opinions of our comrades, he talked about the "pernicious nonsense they persisted in spouting". Now if Mr. Fulton did not know, what the opinions of our comrades were. If he was so ignorant as all this; how did he know that it was "pernicious nonsense" they were "spouting". Really Mr. Fulton's "genius" is something remarkable. He licks the Mahatmas into fits. But if he does not know what an Anarchist is, we will hasten to inform him.

An Anarchist is a person who holds very "mischievous opinions". He believes that the world would be free and happy without masters or rulers, and that it would greatly add to the general felicity, if we could get rid of such pompous idiots and blatant asses as Mr. Forrest Fulton M.P. As a lawyer and M.P. he is a startling example of the truth of the proverb "How small is the wisdom with which the world is governed."

FABIANS ON ANARCHY

THE spread of Anarchist ideas has even alarmed the Fabians, and several of these gentlemen are to lecture on Anarchy at St. James Hall Restaurant. On October 2nd. Sydney Olivier will lecture in the French Chamber on "Socialist Individualism." And on October 16th Bernard Shaw lectures in the Banqueting Hall on "The Difficulties of Anarchism." Those comrades of ours, who live in the West End will probably attend.

James Bedford Sweater.

Pity the sorrows of a poor Capitalist; seems to pervade the whole of the piteous howl sent up in the columns of the Evening News and Post on Monday last by Mr Bedford, he had not courage enough to answer through the columns of this paper. Full of bunkum and brag, Mr Bedford has been (sic) dying to meet yours truly on some platform; but strange to say, I have had to follow him, not he follow me. I went to Hampstead last Sunday to meet this Gentleman, Sailor, Tailor, Railway man, [what price one man one ticket] but lo and behold! no Mr. Bedford was there; pressing business had detained him elsewhere.

By the by, what a funny compound this gentleman seems to be. James Bedford used to be an enthusiastic advocate of thrift and temperance. He was fond of telling working men, how necessary it was to leave off drinking, and take to teetotalism. We have heard it said that he was fond of recommending the study of that interesting little work "How to live on sixpence a day". As a Guardian of the Poor, this was an excellent little manual from which to deliver lectures to those who applied for outdoor relief, or to "perverse paupers" who did not consider the workhouse fare good enough. Still, after the disclosures by comrade Mowbray, it may be doubted whether Mr Bedford was quite disinterested in his advocacy of temperance and thrift. Perhaps he thought that these excellent virtues might in time produce him workmen who would be content to "labour and live" upon nothing at all.

Boycott Haile the Sweater

Our comrades Turner and Tochatti, in connection with the Shop Assistants Union, have been carrying on a vigorous boycotting agitation against a cheesemonger named Haile, in Harrow Road. The Early Closing agitation is generally a tame enough affair, but our friends have managed to put some revolutionary energy even into that. The result is that the Harrow Road is blocked every Thursday night, by a dense crowd of some three or four thousand people.

A MOURNFUL FATE.

"WHAT DOS'T THOU, LABORER?"

"I rise at dawn, when the cocks are crowing their last watches; when the horizon has hardly tinged the slopes. I join my big red oxen, and go to till the soil which is hardened by a torrid summer. My hard feet are cut and blood-stained from the sharp stubble, into the furrows so painfully traced, and at the bottom of which sleeps the scattered and hidden manure, I pitch the wheat, the oats, the barley, and the rye. When winter comes, the north wind bites, and my hands chap till they are as knotty as the trunk of an old maple, while I trim the vine for ever in the fields; from winter which strips hill and plain, to summer which covers them with harvest. From summer to winter, from early dawn till night sets in, I work almost without intermission. I eat black bread and salt pork. Sometimes—very rarely—on holidays, I taste a little fresh meat."

"And whither goest thou?"

"To ruin. The phylloxera has devoured my vines, and the wheat which I am obliged to sell at a low price, I must buy back at a high price. My land is mortgaged. I am tracked by creditors, sometimes as unfortunate as myself; and by the tax-collector who demands that which I cannot pay him. I am going to destitution and to ruin after having laboured hard all my life."

"What dost thou, slum-dweller?"

"What do I do? I am astir with the light. I shuffle hastily into my poor duds, and with tired frames, the wife and myself set out for the body of the town, confounded by the multitude of early risers swinging along with heavy tread, rushing to be engulfed in the factories from which shriek the whistles of the greasy, well-fed, well-cared-for engines. From morning to night I toil hard and fast for a mere pittance, and these times of toil are my happiest. When the stoppage throws me on the streets, I suffer hunger; and hear the wife and little ones asking for bread."

"And whither goest thou?"

"To miserable old age. My wages hardly suffice for daily sustenance. In times of crisis, I pawn my watch, the counterpane, everything. Sometimes also, I go with bursting heart to lay in the cemetery a child dead from famine-fever. I am going where all the other workers like me, go to misery, after having toiled continually."

"What dost thou, little workwoman, frail darling seamstress with the large eyes whose pupils are dilated by anemia, with the frizzy golden locks that make an aureole round the pale chlorotic face?"

"What do I do? The same as my companion, the sweetheart, my brother, and my father; I hasten to the centre of Paris—Paris, which laughs, and shouts, and dazzles. Shortly after day-break I draw on my down-at-heel boots, put on coquettishly my old dress, which is nevertheless always in the latest fashion. I confine my rebellious ringlets in the hat trimmed during the spare hours of Sunday. Then I trot off to the workshop. Where, from twelve to fourteen hours, without sun or fresh air, my little hands ply the needle; sewing costly stuffs, making artificial flowers into brilliant wreaths, burnishing gold and silver, helping to turn the fly-wheel of the machinery that is slowly killing me. At midday there is a poor and hurried meal that does not make rich blood."

"Where am I going? When the hard day's work is done, home with my companions through the streets and boulevards sparkling with light; and merry or sad, I am pursued and beset by young and old who make me tempting offers. I hurry towards the faubourg, towards my garret. My companions, alas! are separated from me. In times of stoppage, some go to the hospital to cough away their lungs and sleep upon the dissecting-table; others go to furnished mansions..... Who can say where?"

"Where am I going? Where do we daughters of the workers go to? Some to the streets!..... the majority, where their fellows go: to work, to suffer, to listen in bad times to the wailing of little children."

"Where am I going? Where do poor wretches like me go to, but to misery, after having laboured and suffered?"

"What dost thou, soldier?"

"I live in the barracks and hear the rude words of the officer, I perform my exercise and like a passive machine, I must obey, I think low and I speak still lower, I have no money and gloomily I tramp the streets of the garrison towns, I handle the tools that kill, and I regret the tools that give life. Every bugle-call reminds me that my will is dead."

"Whither go you?"

"Whither? Whithersoever they drive me, to exercise, to drudgery, to a military march. At a signal, to the frontier. Perhaps some evening I shall lie stretched on a plain moaning with fever; or it may be, stiff, my face imbedded in a pool of blood. Whither am I going? If I escape, to the workshop, to the fields, where my brothers are; and like them, to misery, after having worked and suffered."

"Whither go ye—all ye who have neither land nor houses, nor money, nor tools?"

"Whither go we? Whence we came; to labour and to misery! We are the immense multitude who have created everything—produced all; yet possess nothing, and reap only misfortune, though we cry but for a little less fatigue and a little more bread. JEAN MAUBOURG.

(Translated from "La Révolte.")

THE SOCIAL DEMOCRATS AND ANARCHY.

THE article on Scotch matters in last week's 'Weal has given much amusement to many who do not call themselves Anarchists, but who do not like the bossing tendency of our State Socialist leaders and especially the tendency they show to be respectable in view of the coming general election. I give a case in point to show what I am driving at. When Bruce and Primmer broke Benson's wires, *Justice* said such conduct was reprehensible. Now *Justice* is the private property of H. M. Hyndman, who is running for a seat in Parliament, being candidate for the Chelsea division, from which Sir Charles Dilke was ousted. This paper is called the organ of the "Social Democracy,"—whatever that means—but unless pressure is brought to bear by the proletariat members of the S. D. F., it frequently goes reactionary. Thus it was that this so-called revolutionary journal spoke so meanly respecting the action of our comrades who are now enjoying the bounty which the state provides for those who act in a manly way when they are oppressed. But our old friend White (the coster) could not stand this, and called Hyndman over the coals at the last council meeting for his conduct. Now anybody who has worked with H. M. H. knows that, however much good he may have done in propaganda work in the past, he lacks moral courage, so that when White went for him he backed down, and in a recent number of the "Social Democracy," we find Bruce referred to as "our comrade who has done good work in the past." This policy has disgusted many of the oldest members of the S. D. F., who are now raising funds to present a testimonial to Bruce on his leaving prison. Hyndman has thus been once more hoisted with his own petard.

ONE BEHIND THE SCENES.

FAMINE AND REVOLUTION.

To those who bear in mind the historical connection between famines and revolutions, there is something extremely significant in the news of the suffering, daily increasing in severity and extent, in Russia from lack of food, resulting partly from the failure of this year's cereal crops, but more largely from the systematic robbery practised by the officials of that brute beast the Czar. Already the people in many villages are eating grass, and the bark of trees. And the Czar what does he do? Why he repeats the action of all governments that have ever existed, he sends his bloodstained hirelings, the soldiers, to hunt down these hungry mobs of starving peasants. This same Czar kows well that the ignorant masses, which the Nihilists might in vain strive to turn against him by arguments addressed to their intellects, will be quickly transformed into revolutionists by hunger. It was not pity for the people of Russia, but fear for the security of his throne, which prompted his recent decree forbidding the exportation of rye, a measure which is now being supplemented by various other plans of relief. To suppose however that any or all these measures are likely to prove adequate to the case, is to overlook the fact, that almost the sole industry of Russia is agriculture, and that a failure of crops so extensive as this present one appears to be, leaves scarcely any resources from which to draw relief. Should the distress prove as great as now seems inevitable, it is not impossible that the present Czar will travel heavenward in a manner similar to his father. The coming winter, however, may (and let us hope it will) see extraordinary events in Russia.

It was famine which precipitated the French Revolution, which put an end to absolutism in France, and the same may occur in Russia in the present year, one can only add Beaconsfields well known saying, "Blest be the hand that dares to wield the regicidal steel, that redeems a nations sorrow by a tyrants blood." Let us hope they will not stop at merely one tyrant but keep on until they have rid their country of all these human wolves.

C. W. MOWBRAY.

INTERNATIONAL NOTES.

FRANCE.

ANOTHER of the Editors of the "Père Peinard" (comrade Sicard) got two years and 3000 francs fine for an article on the great manœuvres lately. But this time they changed the 3000 francs fine into two years, so that it is 4 years that our comrade would have to endure had he been silly enough to be there to answer the charge. We have now about a dozen of the "Père Peinard's" Editors wandering abroad, some are now in London and our English comrades would do well to help us in getting some job for these pioneers who have done so much to keep up the spirit of revolt amongst the masses. Let every group in England do what they can, they can get all information from the teachers of the Anarchist school.

A comrade, wheelwright by trade, had to leave France with his wife and child. A Professor of Spanish and French, and a general labourer (late editor of the "Père Peinard") are amongst the refugees arrived last week. Our comrade Darnaud a retired captain with a cross of the Legion of honor has just published a leaflet in French: "The Separation of Beasts from Men." The Père Darnaud, as he is called in the province of Ariège, spends his leisure and money in spreading Anarchist brochures among the farmers and the labourers. He shows them, in his writings, how communism would be a necessity under anarchy, and how it would lead to happiness, people who now linger in misery and degradation.

X. X.

GERMANY.

THE Anarchist trial referred to in a former issue of the 'Weal, took place in Berlin on September 25th. The particulars are not yet known to us as the case was tried with closed doors in spite of the protest of Counsel for the defence who declared that it was in the interest of public order that the details should not be kept secret. The accused were: 1. Karl Wagenknecht of Posen, engineer; 2. Albert Behr of Berlin, painter; 3. Christian Brielmeyer of Constance, bookbinder; 4. Georg Tanner of Switzerland, bookbinder; 5. Waihel of Würtemberg, joiner; 6. Allweyer of Stuttgart, joiner. One of the defendants, the goldsmith Kopp, could not be found out. The prisoners were accused of inciting the people to join a treasonable conspiracy, and of circulating prohibited literature, particularly the Anarchist paper "Autonomie" which is published in London. The Court sentenced Wagenknecht to six months imprisonment, Behr to two years and six, Brielmeyer to eighteen months, Tanner to six months, Allweyer to a year and Waihel to two years.

On Sept. 21st the Editor of the *Breslau volkswehr* (People's Guard), was sentenced to one's year imprisonment. His crime consisted in having written an article in which he criticised the journeys of the Emperor.

The sentence of nine months imprisonment has been passed upon the Socialist Meyer of Magdeburg for having excited to class hatred by saying at a meeting on March last that he did not think that the revolution of 1871 was the last one.

The Cologne Gazette says: Reports from Mülhausen, Colmar, Gebweijer, Münster, Markirchenthal, Hauptweig and Upper Alsace agree that an important crisis in the textile industry is impending. The usual orders from North America have been withheld this season, consequently many factories have perforce to limit their operations and dismiss a great number of their hands.

The *Neues Muenchener Tageblatt* (New Munich Gazette) was seized by the authorities on September 23rd in consequence of an article in which is attacked the system of standing armies and the military pomp of the Emperor, who, it said, would exhaust Germany's resources and leave her after the next war completely ruined. The journal added that the Bavarian people should have an eye to the money expended in receiving an Emperor who was doing all he could to destroy old Bavarian traditions and replace them by Prussian laws in opposition to the national spirit.

The Pope has instructed Cardinal Mermillod to organise a Catholic International Congress to be held at Fribourg in 1893, to discuss the establishment of a Catholic "Democratic" Union which shall embrace the Catholic working classes throughout Europe.

In the German official Gazette is published this notice: "Case of Prince Bismarck, residing at Varzin and represented by the forester Westphal v. the day labourer Ulrich, address unknown. The "suit" is based upon the three following points: (a) The above mentioned Ulrich owes for rent not paid 36 marks (a mark is the equivalent of a shilling); (b) for two fowls and a turkey, which the said Ulrich has agreed to furnish according to contract, 5 marks; (c) for days of work due in addition to the rent, 65 marks—making a total of 106 marks." November 18th is the date fixed by the tribunal of Rummelsburg in Pomerania for the hearing of this "case."

POLAND.

ACCORDING to the Galician papers preparations have been ordered by the Russian government authorities in Warsaw and other parts of Russian Poland for "loyal" demonstrations and festivities on the part of the Poles in celebration of the 100th anniversary, in 1893, of the second partition of Poland, and the incorporation of the great Province of Podolia in the Russian Empire.

AMERICA.

THE New York Central Railway Company has directed the dismissal of all the alien labourers in its service. This measure particularly affects Canadian workmen.

Three thousand "hands" employed in the glassworks at Millville, New Jersey, have been locked out owing to a strike of the boys who help the adults in their work. The boys left the factories as a protest against the employment of 14 Jews.

X. X. X.

"COMMONWEAL" GUARANTEE FUND.

H. R.	1	0	Burglar	1	0
M. P. Harse	2	6	E. Hall	7	6
W. Ogden	2	6	Citizen	4	0

NOTICES.

LONDON.

- 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.

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

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, care of R. Gundersen, 98 Wardour Street, Soho, W.

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