

THE COMMONWEAL

A REVOLUTIONARY JOURNAL OF

Anarchist Communism.

[VOL. 7.—No. 270.]

SATURDAY, JULY 4, 1891.

[WEEKLY; ONE PENNY.]

"NO RENT" IN SHEFFIELD.

WE refer elsewhere to Comrade Creaghe's plucky assault upon the landlord robbers. As some of our readers may like to know what he has to say for himself, we quote the following from the first issue of our bright little contemporary, the *Sheffield Anarchist*, to which we wish all success.

"Comrades,—

As I find we are now boycotted by the *Sheffield Telegraph*, which, no doubt, while it silences us, will continue, with its usual sense of fair play, to attack us in its columns, I write to you for the satisfaction of the only public we respect, namely, the workers.

I have been held up to the reprobation of the rich thieves as a man who acts dishonourably by breaking what they call his "contracts." I shall now show, for the satisfaction and education of the workers, too long accustomed to take their morality from their masters, how little these so-called contracts should bind the poor. As everyone knows there are certain conditions under which a contract is binding, and there are others under which the contract, however binding when made, cannot be fulfilled by one of the parties to it, who is then blameless owing to these new conditions.

That a contract should be binding, it is necessary before all things that both parties should be free; at least one of them should not be limited in his freedom by the other. This is clear to everyone, or ought to be, and is clear enough to any one of our pastors or masters when compelled by a brave burglar or highwayman to make a contract of transference of his goods with a pistol to his ear. He breaks this contract as soon as he can, not admitting for a moment that it is valid; and the poor man ought to do exactly the same in his contracts with the rich plunderer. Not alone that, but the poor man has much greater reason for breaking his contract with the rich than the man has in breaking it with the highwayman; for when a poor man takes a house or gets goods on credit, he only enters into a contract to pay for that which has been stolen from him, that which he has already paid for with the only coin that pays for anything in truth and justice—his services to the community in the form of labour, it matters not what form of labour it may be. He has paid for his share of the wealth of the community, not once but a thousand times over, if he be a working man.

But this is not all. It is well understood by the rent-monger that when he lets a house to a poor working man, that he cannot possibly pay rent when he is out of work and gets no wages; so that in justice, even if you admit the right to plunder in the form of rent, it is really one of the conditions of the contract, though unexpressed, that the poor worker shall not be bound by it when he no longer receives wages. Let it be remembered at the same time that the causes which leave men out of employment are, in the great majority of cases, quite out of the control of the workers.

In my case, comrades, as well as in that of the productive worker, the house was taken on the condition, though unexpressed, that if I succeeded in my practice I would pay. And this I certainly would have done before being obliged to break up my establishment. I would have paid for my own sake, because I knew they had the power to injure me for not so doing, as they have done; but let me be understood, that I would *not* pay in the belief that any contract to pay rent was binding, but on the contrary, if I could have avoided payment I would have done so though I had abundant means—for my morality teaches me that I ought to give the money to the Revolutionary propaganda, and only in so doing would I be true to myself.

See then how this present hateful system presses on the poor man. He has to pay rent for that which is his own, after having paid for it a thousand times, and not alone that, but when he is suffering from want of food and clothes for his family, while out of work through no fault of his own, then, to overwhelm him in his misery, the atrocious Law, which he is fool enough to respect, sends its bloodhounds in the hated, the abominable bums, and tears from his house the poor

furniture necessary for his comfort and that of his poor wife and children.

O vile Law! oh hateful authority! oh disgusting bum-bailiffs and policemen. Oh woe and destruction to the rich devourers of the poor.

Comrades. I have made this letter too long already, and did not intend when I began to make it so serious. Let us, however, to get up our spirits, turn to the gay and festive proceedings in the Town Hall on Thursday last, when I had the honour to be accused of stealing; I shall consider it an honour whenever I am brought up for some big stealing or plundering of the rich, but, Holy Moses! stealing my own furniture!

Law, like Theology, comrades, is full of subtle, deep, unfathomable fictions which are the delight of the legal or theological mind, and only the eye of chicane or faith can penetrate the mysteries. "I love it, I believe it, just because it is absurd," says the legal sophist or the saint.

Now, as we never know anything about these matters, it might very well be, and some awfully solemn booby of a judge may yet pronounce it to be good law that the owner of my house, having had the first grab at my goods and chattels, has the right to keep them all. I am safe that I don't belong to her myself, as in ancient times; and if it were still the Law, fools would still respect it. But I have other creditors; therefore it seems to me that, even on legal grounds, I am bound not to abandon them, and, really, if my goods were fairly divided, the landlady has already got more than her share, for she took my hair-brushes and combs, besides a table, a chair, and a bench, my cups and saucers, and all my handsome knives, forks, and spoons—and still she is not happy!

Well, as you know, the matter was brought forward for the landlady by the practised and practising thief of an attorney, A. Muir Wilson, who, I am proud to say, found my conduct very reprehensible. When such wretches, or any of their class, abuse us, we may be certain we are in the true path of virtue. He was very angry with me, for he quite counted on my falling into the trap he had laid for me. Having tried to get a warrant and failed, he said to his client, "We will summon him, and if he is fool enough to come on a summons we will have him safe." This is the beauty of the Law: it is all traps and pitfalls for the poor man, while it is a rope of sand when it tries to bind the rich.

But the exhibition of rage on the part of this pettyfogging thief—this vendor of chicane, fraud, and lies—was delightful to behold, and so satisfactory also, showing, as it did, the fix the property owners had got into in the matter.

How finely indignant the creature was about Creaghe's infamous conduct! "These men are all cowards," says the brave little Wilson. Cowards, eh? wily Wilson! "Will you walk into my parlour," says the spider to the fly. "Thank you kindly for your attention," says the fly, "but I really think you ought to send a blue-bottle to escort me there in proper state worthy of the dignity due to my action." "Coward," says the little spider, "you are afraid." "If I only had a golden bag," says the fly, "I would have weight enough to break your web and defy it," and the poor little hungry spider prances around with baffled rage. "Hear him squeal," he shouts. Naturalists tell us that there exists a race of spiders, the males of which are so wretched and contemptible, that the females, who are much braver and stronger, frequently devour them for breakfast. They have to be very careful, when approaching their better halves on amorous joys intent, not to get within reach of their jaws—the ladies make a poor mouthful of them and ask for more. Such a spider, it appears to me, the brave Muir Wilson, pettyfogger-at-Law, is. Enough of the little licensed thief!

The *Telegraph*, comrades, has dubbed me "citizen." I protest it is too respectable a name. A citizen is a man with rights, "equal rights before the Law." Now, we claim no rights but only Freedom, and that we will have in spite of the Law, which is the only barrier that keeps us from the attainment of it.

Yours in the Revolution,

'The Lair,'
Sheffield, June 23, 1891."

J. CREAGHE.

THOUGHTS OF AN OUT-OF-WORK.

I am not one who mind's being out-of-work, but what I do mind is being out of "siller," and in this organised and well-governed society the two are synonymous. Being a "schule-taycher" I can only get work by advertising and by answering advertisements, and as that takes me but an hour or so in the morning I decide to go on the tramp a wee bittie. Being a "mountain devil" from Mid-Wales and often praising the beauties of my (!) own Gwlad (I wish I did have a share in Wales), I am often told that the Lothians take the cake for beauty in Bonnie Scotland, and hearing that the beauties of nature are to be found outside Auld Churckie Reekie, I start along a road to the South.

The first place I arrive at is a fashionable suburb; the guide book says the artistic classes live here, and they are artistic. Fine rows of palings, evidently meant to stop the gaze of the unartistic out-of-works, like myself, upon the artistic class. Behind the palings I see through a gate, which a careless butcher boy has left open, a garden, laid out in squares and circles (the very imitation of nature), an ugly girl, an uglier fountain, and an uglier pug dog. The artistic class so aid nature that they even help the fittest to survive, the fittest ugly poodle (all cropped) is helped to survive the unfittest, (i.e., usefullest) sheep-dog, whose young are drowned in the rain water tub outside the drawing-room—no of course not—kitchen. Then I admire the artistic houses, with all their variety (two varieties one of £70 the other £50); then, like nature, I notice the houses are placed in geometric figures, and the trees planted in rows and clipped (like the poodle) to imitate the barn door fowls found in nature.

From one of the houses marked with a large, artistic, brass plate, which has the words "School for young ladies" inlaid in verdigris, I see emerge a line of girls (?), they walk two and two. Just like nature! Are we not told that the animals walked in two by two? Their upholstery—beg pardon—dresses, were quite natural too, marking quite plainly the prominence of eight inches behind the last lumbar vertebra; and true to nature the Eifel towers on the shoulders were well marked; in short their dress was as graceful and easy as a factory chimney. I was already impressed with the natural beauties of Bonnie Scotland (or Bonneted ?), so I determined to explore further.

Next I came to a village inhabited by the strapping agricultural lads and lassies as I was told. I, by mistake, insulted one of the natives by mistaking either a pig-stye for a house, or a house for a pig-stye, I forget which, there being very little difference, except that the inhabitants of the styes were fat, the others thin. Why the latter did not eat the former I found out because they were both owned by a man in the artistic suburb I had just left. There was a fine natural aroma all over this place, which reminded me of our city drains, though I may have been mistaken. The natives wore clothes suitable to the hot work they had, with plenty of holes (for ventilation ?) and dirt to match the soil. The only strapping peasant I saw was one drunk, trying to strap himself to a sign-post, but failed, sir, failed entirely.

I tramped on, and seeing a hill I determined to have a good view of the valley of the Esk. The sight of nature was gorgeous, in front tall chimneys, to the right tall chimneys, to the left tall chimneys, but between the tall chimneys I could see—tall chimneys. The air was lovely, the colour of smoke; the water was lovely, the colour of mud, dye-stuffs, and drains; the trees were lovely, covered with quaint words of nature, "Trespassers will be"—God knows what, poor devils; "Beware of man-traps," and other machinations of the devil; "No thoroughfare" though there was one staring me in the face. Well, Mr. Editor, what do you think I exclaimed in my ecstatic delight? Was it "Allah be praised!" in broad Scotch? Was it "Bai Jowve!" Was it a line from Tennyson? No, Mr. Editor, it was just simply "DAMN the rich!" I took a coach which was passing handily, and I was deposited in a public garden in Edinburgh. Here I was astonished at the number like myself out-of-work, but on enquiry of a policeman I found that they were people who did not ever have to work, and that the public (!) gardens were closed just before the masses came off work. And then I saw a newsboy, and read the proceedings of a committee of these permanently out-of-works who want to get rid of tramps and vagabonds by locking them up; then said I to my comrades and fellow-workers, "let's lock them up too;" and we will some day, if they won't work alongside of us. When we revolute the world we won't have a dangerous, idle, and criminal (see daily papers of any date) class tramping about public gardens and riding in fine carriages. Not we! Up and at 'em boys!

CYRIL BELL.

NOTES.

JOHN CREAGHE, of Sheffield, has been preaching "No Rent" in the most practical manner by refusing to pay any. He also has boldly defended his position when attacked by the capitalist press, and has even succeeded in utilising the correspondence columns of the Sheffield Daily Telegraph for revolutionary propaganda. Imagine the horror of the respectable bourgeois on reading "such sentiments" as these in his favourite organ:—

"Let me then tell you clearly, once for all, that I believe in, and as long as I live shall do all in my power to encourage resistance on the part of the workers TO ALL KINDS OF PAYMENT, be it RENT OR ANY OTHER. I shall also try to persuade them to TAKE whatever they are short of, be it food or other things, wherever they find them, knowing as I do, that the man who labours at productive work has

a right to all that he can use of the wealth of the community. As the conviction of this truth grows in the minds of the workers, so will grow their resistance to every authority which would keep them down; they will cheerfully go to gaol knowing that they have done their duty to all their class as well as themselves in TAKING BOLDLY what they require."

Nice reading for the respectable bourgeois. We wonder if he enjoyed his breakfast after he had read this.

Well might the prosecuting solicitor, a Mr. Wilson, exclaim in accents of horror, "this man by his own confession, recognised no law." Then he began to call our comrade names, and such epithets as "coward," a "common thief," a "pest and nuisance," flowed softly from the lawyer's lying lips. All this because Creaghe refused to recognise the authority of the court of law to which he had been summoned for carrying off his furniture from the clutches of the broker's man, and had told the magistrate to send a policeman with a warrant if they wanted him. As our comrade Creaghe had not bolted, but had remained in Sheffield quietly awaiting arrest, we fail to see where the accusation of "cowardice" comes in. Anything, however, may be forgiven to the solicitor of a landlady who has lost rent to the amount of £7 10s. We are glad also to hear that Mr. Wilson considers our comrade a "pest" and a "common thief." Some people, however, think that these terms apply very strongly to lawyers, and that "coward" would also suit a legal bully who insults an absent man in the safe shelter of a police court.

We rejoice exceedingly in this bad language from the hirelings of the propertied classes, it proves that their employers have been badly hit. If one man who has the courage of his convictions can make landlords so uneasy in their minds, what would not the workers accomplish in Sheffield and all our great cities, if they universally refused to pay rent to a class of robber landlords? Why, they could sweep away landlordism altogether, they could make government by the rich idlers impossible by cutting off the supply of taxes. For it is quite certain that when the workers cease to pay rent, there will be a considerable deficit in the next budget.

Let our comrades then everywhere call mass meetings to preach "No Rent." Let them tell the people that they had far better use the money to feed and clothe their starving children, than to pay it away to fatten up like prize pigs, idle robber landlords, and those who have the courage will preach by example, as our comrade Creaghe has done. We fully agree with Mr. Wilson, that this is a case of "considerable importance" to landlords, as it may be the beginning of a movement that will sweep this kind of vermin out of existence altogether. We feel quite sorry for Mr. Wilson, who after all his exuberant eloquence could not persuade the magistrate to grant a warrant for our comrade's arrest. After that the Sheffield landlords must feel very unhappy, for Creaghe's example is likely to prove catching, and they are likely in future to cry in vain for their "rent."

N.

EVOLUTION AND REVOLUTION.

BY ELISEE RECLUS.

(Continued from page 66.)

It is certain that contemporary evolution is taking place wholly outside Christianity. There was a time when the word Christian, like Catholic, had a universal signification, and was actually applied to a world of brethren, sharing to a certain extent, the same customs, the same ideas, and a civilisation of the same nature. But are not the pretensions of Christianity to be considered in our day synonymous with civilisation, absolutely unjustifiable? And when it is said of England or Russia that their armies are about to carry Christianity and civilisation into distant regions, is not the irony of the expression obvious to every one? The garment of Christianity does not cover all the peoples who by right of culture and industry form a part of contemporary civilisation. The Parsees of Bombay, the Brahmins of Benares eagerly welcome our science, but they are coldly polite to the Christian Missionaries. The Japanese, though so prompt in imitating us, take care not to accept our religion. As for the Chinese, they are much too cunning and wary to allow themselves to be converted. "We have no need of your priests," says an English poem written by a Chinese, "We have no need of your priests. We have too many ourselves, both long-haired and shaven. What we need is your arms and your science, to fight you and expel you from our land, as the wind drives forth the withered leaves!"

Then Christianity does not nominally cover half the civilised world, and everywhere it is supposed to be paramount, it is necessary to seek for it, but it is much more a form than a reality, and amongst those who are apparently the most zealous, it is nothing but an ignoble hypocrisy. Putting aside all those whose Christianity consists merely in the sprinkling of baptism or inscription on the parish register, how many individuals are there whose daily life corresponds with the dogmas they profess, and whose ideas are always, as they should be, those of another world? Christians rendered honourable by their perfect sincerity may be sought without marked success even in "Protestant Rome," a city, nevertheless, of mighty traditions. At Geneva

as at Oxford, as at all religious centres, and everywhere else, the principal pre-occupations are non-ecclesiastical; they lean towards politics, or, more often still, towards business. The principal representatives of so-called Christian society are Jews, "the epoch's kings." And amongst those who devote their lives to higher pursuits—science, art, poetry—how many, unless forced to do so, occupy themselves with theology? Enter the University of Geneva. At all the courses of lectures—medicine, natural history, mathematics, even jurisprudence—you will find voluntary listeners; at every one except at those upon theology. The Christian religion is like a snow-wreath melting in the sun: traces are visible here and there, but beneath the streaks of dirt, white the earth shows forth clear of rime.

The religion which is thus becoming detached, like a garment, from European civilisation, was extremely convenient for the explanation of misery, injustice, and social inequality. It had one solution for everything—miracles. A Supreme will had pre-ordained all things. Injustice was an apparent evil, but it was preparing good things to come. God giveth sustenance to the young birds. He prepareth eternal blessedness for the afflicted. Their misery below is but the harbinger of felicity on high! These things were ceaselessly repeated to the oppressed as long as they believed them; but now such arguments have lost all credence, and are no longer met with except in the petty literature of religious tracts.

What is to be done to replace the departing religion? As the worker believes no longer in miracles, can he perhaps be induced to believe in lies? And so learned economists, academicians, merchants, and financiers, have contrived to introduce into science the bold proposition that property and prosperity are always the reward of labour! It would be scarcely decent to discuss such an assertion. When they pretend that labour is the origin of fortune, economists know perfectly well that they are not speaking the truth. They know as well as the Socialists that wealth is not the product of personal labour, but of the labour of others; they are not ignorant that the runs of luck on the Exchange and the speculations which create great fortunes have no more connection with labour than the exploits of brigands in the forests; they dare not pretend that the individual who has five thousand pounds a day, just what is required to support one hundred thousand persons like himself, is distinguished from other men by an intelligence one hundred thousand times above the average. It would be scandalous to discuss this sham origin of social inequality. It would be to be a dupe, almost an accomplice, to waste time over such hypocritical reasoning.

But arguments of another kind are brought forward, which has at least the merit of not being based upon a lie. The reign of the strongest is now evoked against social claims. Darwin's theory, which has lately made its appearance in the scientific world, is believed to tell against us. And it is in fact the right of the strongest which triumphs when fortune is accomplished. He who is materially the fittest, the most wily, the most favoured by birth, education and friends; he who is best armed and confronted by the feeblest foe, has the greatest chance of success; he is able better than the rest to erect a citadel, from the summit of which he may look down on his unfortunate brethren. Thus is determined the rude struggle of conflicting egoisms. Formerly this blood-and-fire theory was not openly avowed; it would have appeared too violent, and honied words were preferable. But the discoveries of science relative to the struggle between species for existence and the survival of the fittest, have permitted the advocates of force to withdraw from their mode of expression all that seemed too insolent. "See," they say, "it is an inevitable law! Thus decrees the fate of mankind!"

We ought to congratulate ourselves that the question is thus simplified, for it is so much the nearer to its solution. Force reigns, say the advocates of social inequality! Yes, it is force which reigns! proclaims modern industry louder and louder in its brutal perfection. But may not the speech of economists and traders be taken up by revolutionists? The law of the strongest will not always and necessarily operate for the benefit of commerce. "Might surpasses right," said Bismarck, quoting from many others; but it is possible to make ready for the day when might will be at the service of right. If it is true that ideas of solidarity are spreading; if it is true that the conquests of science end by penetrating the lowest strata; if it is true that truth is becoming common property, if evolution towards justice is taking place, will not the workers, who have at once the right and the might, make use of both to bring about a revolution for the benefit of all? What can isolated individuals, however strong in money, intelligence and cunning, do against associated masses?

In no modern revolution have the privileged classes been known to fight their own battles. They always depend on armies of the poor, whom they have taught what is called loyalty to the flag, and trained to what is called "the maintenance of order." Five millions of men, without counting the superior and inferior police, are employed in Europe in this work. But these armies may become disorganised, they may call to mind the nearness of their own past and future relations with the mass of the people, and the hand which guides them may grow unsteady. Being in great part drawn from the proletariat, they may become to bourgeois society what the barbarians in the pay of the Empire became to that of Rome—an element of dissolution. History abounds in examples of the frenzy which seizes upon those in power. When the miserable and disinherited of the earth shall unite in their own interest, trade with trade, nation with nation, race with race; when they shall fully awake to their sufferings and their purpose, doubt not that an occasion will assuredly present itself for the employment of their might in the service of right; and power-

ful as may be the master of those days he will be weak before the starting masses leagued against him. To the great evolution now taking place will succeed the long expected, the great revolution.

It will be salvation, and there is none other. For if capital retains force on its side, we shall all be the slaves of its machinery, mere cartilages connecting iron cogs with steel and iron shafts. If new spots, managed by partners only responsible to their cash books, are ceaselessly added to the savings already amassed in bankers' coffers, then it will be vain to cry for pity, no one will hear your complaints. The tiger may renounce his victim, but bankers' books pronounce judgments, without appeal. From the terrible mechanism whose merciless work is recorded in the figures on its silent pages, men and nations come forth ground to powder. If capital carries the day, it will be time to weep for our golden age; in that hour we may look behind us and see like a dying light, love and joy and hope—all the earth has held of sweet and good. Humanity will have ceased to live.

As for us, whom men call "the modern barbarians," our desire is justice for all. Villians that we are, we claim for all that shall be born, bread, liberty, and progress.

INTERNATIONAL NOTES.

BELGIUM.

L'Homme Libre ("Free Man") has, one may hope, to use current journalistic slang, "come to stay." As I write, No. 10 (for June 20th) is before me—a sheet somewhat larger than the *Weal* and published at a half-penny. It certainly is well worth the money. I copy from its pages the following excellent statement of Anarchist principles, translated from the Italian of Signor Bovio, a Republican member of the Italian Parliament:—

"Since Revolution comes to us to-day in the guise of a great social change, it is inevitable that the real revolutionary party should be Anarchist,—that is to say, should be opposed not to this or that form of government but to all government; for where government is there is privilege, there is wretchedness, a governing class and a pariah class, a political system void of justice, a statute book careless of rights, an army formed for quite other purposes than those of defence, a scholastic organisation but no education, extreme luxury co-existing with extreme poverty. Whether the State be pope, king, president, directory or dictator, it is always the same.

"The State means oppression at home and war abroad. Under the pretence of providing for the public safety it becomes a robber and a murderer. Passive obedience is styled "good citizenship,"—silence, "order,"—massacre, "natural expansion,"—hypocrisy, "civilisation." The State, like the Church is begotten of the ignorance and weakness of the majority. It is man's worst enemy from his cradle to his grave. However inconvenient the Anarchist system may be, it will never work the harm to mankind that is worked by the State.

"Men shake off the State's yoke now and again, and periodically change the form of it; but, however the form be changed, the dead weight is still there. Such changes might serve for some purposes, but they are useless when the aim is to solve the whole social question.

"In fighting against the State Anarchists are not harking back to Rousseau's theories; they are not running counter to Nature, but rather interpreting her,—Anarchy being Natural Order. As molecules organise themselves by the laws of affinity and cohesion, so should men organise themselves; they do not need overwhelming superior power to keep them together in society. It is just because the State is unnecessary that it always ends by absorbing everything else. When once men are left to themselves each man will protect himself and others, whereas at the present time all must protect themselves from the State. Who then shall keep the keeper?

"Each man's thought is autonomous—Anarchist. History marches towards Anarchy, proving as it does that there is an absolute opposition between centralised power and man's freedom.

"Justify the State as you will, consecrate it, deify it, let it be Guelph or Ghibeline, bourgeois or theocratic, monarchial or republican,—in the result you will find, that, whatever its name, it is always a tyranny over you,—a tyranny you will ever need to protest against in the name alike of Thought and Nature."

FRANCE.

Since I was last able to indite these Notes, our French comrades have been subjected to further prosecution at the hands of the Republican Government of this "free" country, wherein the bourgeois are even more absolutely dominant and even more corrupt than elsewhere. Our good comrade Grave, the responsible editor of *La Révolte* has been sentenced to six months' imprisonment for seditious writing. He very properly refused to defend himself or to be defended, declaring that he did not recognise anyone's right to put him on his trial, or to hinder him from expressing his ideas as he pleased. By the way, the "constitutional" Austro-Hungarian Government has prohibited the introduction of the Paris *Révolte* into that remarkable "Empire." The *Père Peinard* has been yet again judicially condemned, and *La Lutte* ("The Struggle") has been also visited with legal pains and penalties.

A dynamite bomb lately exploded outside the house of a certain Vienne manufacturer. The local police have arrested seven men and a woman,—probably without rhyme or reason, as is their want.

The Lyons *Action* which succeeded some six months ago to the place of the *Action Sociale* has achieved a very large circulation and will shortly increase its size. One is glad to notice that it is energetically protesting against observance of the bourgeois National Fête of the 14th of July. In truth, the taking of the Bastille was an act of foolish generosity on the part of the Paris proletariat, who had much more useful fish to fry. Only nobles and very big bourgeois were shut up in that prison. The real feast-day of the workers should be on the First of May,—a date whereon we may see the Bastille of Capitalism blown to the four winds of heaven,—that Bastille of Capitalism in which humanity lies prisoner.

In Paris the middle-classes have been opening a new temple of obscurantism on the summit of that hill of Montmartre which is surely a sacred mount to all Revolutionists—a temple which is openly boasted of as a sort of libel in masonry on the ever-glorious Commune. As usual there is one law for the boss and his parasites and another for the proletariat. The Archbishop of Paris and his holy gang were allowed to demonstrate upon

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 Wednesday evenings at 8. Dundee.—Anarchist-Communist Group. For information apply to Wm. Reekie, 15 Ann Street. Edinburgh.—Scottish Socialist Federation. Club Rooms, 333 High Street, Edinburgh. J. Pearson, Secretary. Glasgow.—The Socialist League meets every alternate Friday at 20 Adelphi Street, S.S. Lectures and Discussions. Hull.—Club Liberty, 1 Beets Court, Blanket Row. Leeds.—Socialist League Club, 1 Clarendon Buildings and Front Row, Victoria Road. Open every evening. Business meeting Fridays at 8.—International Educational Club, near St. James's Hall, York Street. Open every evening. Lectures every Saturday at 4. All kinds of Socialist literature for sale at both clubs. Leicester.—Room No. 7, Co-operative Hall, High Street. Members meet on Thursday 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 8.30. 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; 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 CONCERT AND BALL, together with a Grand Distribution of Socialist, Anarchist, and other Works, will take place on Wednesday evening, July 8th, at the Hall of the London Socialist League, 273, Hackney Road, N.E., for the benefit of the Commonweal, at which over 200 Prizes, to the value of £23, will be given away. Tickets Sixpence each, to be had at all Anarchist and Socialist Clubs and meeting places.

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.

JUST OUT. Labour's May Day, by Walter Crane, on fine toned paper, suitable for framing. Sent in cardboard protector, post free, 5d.

INTERNATIONAL SOCIALIST SCHOOL, 19, Fitzroy Street, Fitzroy Square, W. Conducted by Louis 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.

Printed in the London Socialist League Printery, and published in the name and on behalf of the London Socialist League, by C. W. MOWBRAY, at 273, Hackney Road, London, N.E.

...for hours together, to make speeches, sing songs, and "obstruct" ...to their hearts content. As a protest against this shameless ...Socialists and Secularists had combined to carry a wreath to the spot ...they shot but noble-hearted comrade Varlin who was betrayed to ...by a priest. However, hence for an archbishop is by no means saucy ...Socialists, and our comrades were fallen upon, beaten, and arrested in ...Fideligi, square fashion.

GERMANY.

Volmar, an ex-officer of "noble" birth, who has been always looked upon as one of the leaders of the Social Democrats, has come out in his ...not for the first time, and has once more shown the morass of ...reaction into which parliamentarism has plunged German Socialism. This ...and shallow-pated hypocrite and traitor has actually declared in ...German Parliament that Socialists are still patriots—patriots who cling to ...the Triple Alliance,—that "in the event of war French Socialists would ...find that German Socialists are first of all Germans, that they would join ...with the German parties to sink differences, and defend the fatherland." I ...note that our comrade Belfort Bax is much scandalised by this extraordinary ...intention, and proposes the expulsion of this creature Volmar from the ranks ...of the Bebelites. It shall be very much surprised if he is expelled. Probably ..."Socialists" who no longer call themselves revolutionists, and who rise at ...the name of their young cub of an Emperor, are fairly represented by this ...vaporising nationalist. To such a pass as this have political action and ...leaders brought them who once were co-believers with Karl Marx! ...a very long way truly from that "union of the workers of all lands" which ...was the point of departure!

PORTUGAL.

A Lisbon Revolt which promised to tread in the footsteps of its Paris ...predecessor has been seized by the police, and measures have been taken to ...prevent its re-appearance.

SPAIN.

A "White Terror" has reigned here ever since the First ...of 1931. At Barcelona numbers of our comrades have been illegally ...arrested without a shadow of lawful accusation against them, and imprisoned ...in the local jails or on board the ships of war in the harbour. El Productor ...sent congratulations across the sea to our comrade Mowbray, junior.

SWITZERLAND.

By way of Brussels, from the columns of L'Homme Libre, that ...comrade Malajesta was arrested at Lugano on June 12th by order of the ...Italian Prosecutor. Our comrade had some time ago been "expelled" from ...the Italian Republic." R. W. B.

THE PROPAGANDA.

Newcastle.—The comrades here are rallying together in good numbers, and ...have commenced the open-air work. Sunday, June 7th, Comrade Wess was ...with us and delivered excellent addresses, meeting with opposition from a ...so-called Free-born Briton, who was very well disposed of by comrades Wess ...and Boynts to the satisfaction of the audience. Darley spoke in the afternoon ...Sunday, June 21st, Comrade Sparling assisted us; capital audiences ...afternoon and evening. A. Moore and Swash took part. Sparling's addresses ...were well received, and good impression made. On the Monday evening ...Sparling lectured on "Blind Samson," in one of the large Board Schools, ...where we had a large audience, the lecturer pointing out to the workers, ...that they like Samson, did not know their own strength, and urged them to ...awaken themselves in the cause of the workers; no opposition offered; ...a Union friend asked a question which was replied to by Comrades ...Sparling and Sparling; Darley acted as chairman. After meeting was over ...we adjourned to our meeting place until a late hour, indulging in revolutionary ...songs, &c. Saturday, June 27th, we welcomed a comrade who has ...just escaped from France, from the tyranny of the so-called Free Republic, ...Gustave Mollet, who will stay with us for a time, when we hope he will be able ...to disseminate Anarchist Propaganda here. Sunday, the 28th, Comrade Mowbray ...delivered two addresses in the open-air, which were well attended. Mowbray ...spoke at considerable length, assisted by comrade Emery. After the meeting ...was over we had a pleasant time at our Rooms, comrades Mollet, Mowbray, ...and others rendering Revolutionary Songs. We have had a good sale of ...papers at all the meetings during the month, and collected £1 12s. 3d., and ...with the assistance of comrades Coulon, John Turner, Mainwaring, Casey, ...Kenyvsky, and others who are coming to help us, we hope be able to give ...a good record of this Summer's propaganda. S.

CONFERENCE of Anarchist-Communists will be held at the ...of the London Socialist League, on Sunday, August 2nd, to consider ...the best methods of revolutionary action. Provincial comrades ...are specially invited.

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 ...Street, London; W. Reeves, 186, Fleet Street, London; Simpson and ...Co., Red Lion Court, Fleet Street, London; and Appleyard and Co., of ...Pippin's Court, Fleet Street, E.C., are Agents for the Commonweal.

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, ...Hackney Road, London, N.E.," and remittances ...made payable at Post Office, Hackney Road.