

Freedom

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THE REVOLT OF LABOR.

MILLIONS of workers of all trades and nationalities are coming together the afternoon of the First of May, in all the industrial centres of Europe and America, to assert their strength, their solidarity, their firm decision to throw off the yoke of Capital, before the face of Capital itself and of its true and vile servants—the Governments.

Hope grows in the hearts of the oppressed at the sight of their combined forces—the hope of seeing, at last, the day when Freedom and Equality will no longer be vain words, used to conceal from the workers the fact that they are slaves.

But whence does this great movement come? How has it grown? What is its real meaning? What does it promise us in the future?

It was born in the very hearts of the working classes themselves. Notwithstanding the efforts of politicians to keep it within the smooth channels of legality, it continually bursts these artificial walls and becomes an open revolt against the oppressors. And, from revolt to revolt, it marches, not towards a mere improvement in the method of capitalist exploitation, but towards the overthrow of the whole system of the enrichment of the few by the misery, starvation and slavery of the many.

The Socialist propaganda which has been carried on for the last twenty years all over the world, has not been in vain. The Socialist idea has made its way. The impossibility of continuing under the present capitalist mismanagement of industry and trade has become more and more evident to the workers' minds. They have begun to understand and to assert their right to all the wealth which their fathers have produced and they themselves are producing with their own hands. They are beginning to realise that what exists now will not last for ever; that they **MUST** and **CAN** break the chains rivetted on them by the past and go forwards towards a new era of Freedom, Equality and Mutual Support; that upon their own energies and self-reliance depends their liberation, nay, the very future of civilization.

While politicians have been endeavouring to reduce the Labour movement and Socialism itself to the narrowest possible limits, a wider conception of what they owe to themselves has grown up among the labouring classes.

A new idea has taken possession of their minds:—

"To begin a war against Capital on a grand scale,—not in Parliament but in the very stronghold of capitalism, the workshop, the mine, the manufactory;

"To make this struggle more resolute than labour wars have ever been before; and to resist Capital by force, whenever it appeals to force;

"To fight to the death against those workers who would betray their own cause and give support to the oppressors;

"To make strikes into a formidable weapon; to render them general, national and international, in order to hit the present system hard, and force its supporters to capitulate by an unceasing war;

"And to prepare for these great struggles and awake solidarity and self-reliance among the workers by means of great demonstrations on the First of May, a holiday taken for themselves by the workers of the world."

This idea was not born in one single head. This plan of campaign has been slowly elaborated by the workers themselves, beside the blast furnace, in the depths of the mine, amid the rattling of the engine and the loom.

It was proclaimed for the first time at Chicago on the First of May, 1886, when a general strike was planned for that date, and it is only fair to recognize that the first Anarchist victims who expiated their hatred of Capitalist oppression on the scaffold fell for having attempted to give to that strike a vigor and seriousness which would have dealt a decided blow at Capitalism.

The awakening of the masses which was shown by the first May day demonstration in Europe, five years ago, filled the middle classes with terror. Everyone remembers how eagerly telegrams were expected on that day in middle-class clubs, and what was their relief on learning that the terrible movement had passed without the Social Revolution being proclaimed in any city of Europe.

To crush the movement in blood was simply impossible: it would have meant the massacre of women and children in the streets, and the rousing in the workers' hearts of a hatred which no later concessions could eradicate. The middle classes had simply to accept it and to try to divert it into safer channels.

And every means has been tried to divest the movement of its original character: to prevent it from being a holiday taken by the workers, not conceded by the Capitalists, a one day's general strike; to limit the demands of the workers to an eight hours' labor day; and, finally, to deprive the movement of its very meaning of open war against capitalist rule by

making it a simple demonstration in favor of labor legislation.

Thus the original meaning of the First of May demonstration has been lost.

But the Labor Movement has not lost its meaning. A revolt of Labor it was at the outset; a revolt of labor it still remains.

The two years, 1892 and 1893, have been an uninterrupted succession of Labor revolts.

In 1892 there were the Unemployed riots in Berlin, Hanover, Leipzig Vienna etc.; starving masses marching to the palaces and loudly claiming the work which society denied them while it sent them lead instead of bread.

Then came the great strikes of the dock-laborers in Australia, the coal-porters in London, the ship-builders in the North, and those terrible strikes of the miners in Durham and the weavers in Yorkshire, during which so many producers of the immense wealth of this country had to live through a famine almost as bad as the famine among the subjects of the Russian Tzar.

The summer brought with it the labor revolts at the Carnegie works in America, during which the exasperated workers burned and destroyed, and killed Pinkerton hirelings who, a few weeks before, had shot down the Tennessee miners.

All these outbreaks in the course of one single year! How different it was from the "good old times," when the workers died from starvation during their strikes and silently buried their children and wives, without ever making the world speak of their sufferings by any daring deed of revolt.

On the approach of the First of May, 1893, Belgium was ablaze. Miners, weavers, iron workers left their treadmills, loudly proclaiming the general strike and the end of capitalist rule. The threatened insurrection was quenched in bloodshed and a rain of arrests, after politicians had succeeded in substituting a miserable political program, never carried out to this day, for the grand aims which animated the workers at the outset.

All the summer through the rebellion of labor never ceased, and everywhere it assumed an unexpectedly serious character.

The strike at Hull was not a simple "War with folded hands". At Paris a mere students' riot became the signal for a serious labor struggle, and on both occasions a general strike of all workers in every trade was on all men's lips.

A month later, in August, a wave of labor revolts swept over Europe. From Bohemia, where it assumed a most serious character, it spread to Vienna, and thence to Italy, where a mere cab-drivers' strike resulted in a popular insurrection during which palaces were looted, food freely taken by the people from the shops, and bourgeois "ORDER," only restored by grapeshot; while on August 30th., a sudden rising of the Unemployed nearly swept away the buildings of the World's Fair in a terrible conflagration.

Then came the great strike and labour riots in Wales and Yorkshire, during which England saw half a million of people reduced to absolute starvation, simply that the coal-owners' association might sell stocks of worthless coal at high prices. One of the worst crimes ever committed by Capital throughout its bloody history of crime.

By the end of the year, Sicily was in revolt; the peasant masses, organised into labor unions, rising in arms to re-take possession of the land, and to get rid of the unbearable oppression of the landlords. These Sicilian riots were accompanied by an outbreak at Massa Carrara, and followed, during the present year, by serious agrarian disturbances in Hungary, strikes in Poland and Austria, and an attempt on the part of the starving Spanish peasants to possess themselves of the soil upon which the landlords refuse to allow them to work.

And now, while the mining districts of the United States are convulsed by a tremendous strike, the labour war is taking a quite new departure. Armies of Unemployed are marching in columns through the American Continent, towards the capital where the rich are enjoying the fruits of spoliation under the protection of the bayonets of the States.

But these partial revolts are merely the forerunners of the great upheaval to come.

How many more labour wars, surpassing all previous ones in extent, in determination and in bitterness are now preparing under the surface, not to mention the continual recurrence of individual acts of revolt, the bitter outcry of the downtrodden, outraged humanity of the individual, who, whether alone or followed by the crowd, whether blessed or cursed by it, is driven to revolt single-handed against a society based upon the cruelest injustice.

Such is the great movement which is now going on in the civilized

world. No false promises, no political intrigues, no corruption, no threats can stop it. Every day it spreads, every day springs higher in the masses the hope of final liberation.

The only fatal enemy of such a movement is the want of self-reliance among the workers themselves, their childish confidence in those who have hitherto so shamelessly starved and misruled them, in those who now are ready to come forward with promises which no man can keep.

The strength of the labor movement has hitherto been not in the political or socialist parties riding upon its giant waves, like the fly upon the coach wheel, but in the growing desire of the masses themselves to be rid of present conditions, in the increasing Solidarity among all those who produce wealth by the work of their own hands, in the spirit of revolt which is so manifest in all the labor wars of the last few years.

By this spirit, not by any political trickeries the workers will win the day. This is their only, their invincible force.

When the millions who come together on the first of May shall shout with one accord that they have decided, on the morrow, not to stay in the workshop after eight hours' work there, and are determined to take their five o'clock tea at home—the eight hours' day will be an accomplished fact, whether it has or has not the benediction of parliaments and kings.

The will of the workers will be law.

And when they assert that they consider that all the production of the country and all its exchanges ought to be managed by the producers themselves, in the interests of the whole nation, and not of the few only—their will again will be law, whether liked or not by those who too long have feasted upon the misery and the degradation of the poor.

Workers, know your strength. Stand firm by the grand idea and Victory will be yours!

London, May-Day, 1894.

A Clouded Morning.

Who hath not seen a day that opened bright,
Whose skies at morning flamed with phantom gold—
Who hath not seen such dawn wax dim and cold,
As backward hasting to its parent night?
Yet not the less, though hidden now from sight,
The faithful sun through heaven his chariot rolled,
Nor failed his station in the south to hold
When the noon hour was stricken forth aright.

Say then, when some high-shining hope thou seest
Obscured by apathy and marred by hate,
The promise of its dawn well-nigh disproving,
"These are as clouds that veil a radiant East,
And still is Truth to its noon-triumph moving,
Borne on the fiery car of steadfast Fate."

B. M. F.

A Few Reasons Why You Should become an Anarchist.

AS GIVEN BY ONE OF THE UNEMPLOYED.

1st, Because you are not the last of your race, and must remember that after you are gone little children will come into this world, and if you have any feeling at all you will strive to alter the conditions under which you have had to live, so that when they come they will not have to go through the same misery and toil that you have.

2nd, Because, under present conditions, you are a slave to a class, just as much as the chattel slave was in olden times, with the difference that you have the privilege of choosing who shall be your master, but by becoming an Anarchist you pledge yourself to alter this and strive for Freedom.

3rd, Because, as things are constituted to-day, you are robbed by the capitalists and landlords of two-thirds of the produce of your labor, and by allowing this to go on without a word of complaint or revolting against it you become an accessory to the act and thereby sanction it; when, by becoming an Anarchist, you proclaim yourself an enemy to this barefaced robbery and pledge yourself to help to alter it.

4th, Because it is against nature that a few men should arrogate to themselves the right to say how the rest of the community should act, and by dabbling in politics you uphold the absurdity that a few men can direct nature in the way it should go.

5th, Because by upholding the present system of society you acknowledge the right of one man to rob another.

6th, Because, if you do not make an effort to alter existing conditions, you again acknowledge that it is right that a comparatively few individuals shall have all the luxuries and pleasures of this world for doing nothing, and that the millions who produce all shall have only a bare existence in return for their labor.

7th, Because, on the streets of London alone, there are 90,000 women who have to sell their bodies to drag out a terrible existence, and by allowing this to go on without a word of complaint or an effort to alter it, you know not how soon your own sister may be forced to do likewise.

8th, Because something like 40,000 children go to school every morning without any breakfast, and it is your duty as a father to see that this is altered.

3th, Because, in London alone, there have been this winter 100,000 men forced, through no fault of their own, to be unemployed, with the spectre of starvation staring them in the face, and you know not how

soon your turn may come to be one in their ranks.

10th, Because it is impossible to alter these conditions by Parliamentary means.

11th, Because one out of every five of the working class die in the workhouse or lunatic asylum, and it is your duty as a man to strive to alter this abominable state of things.

12th, Because Liberty, Equality and Fraternity are the grandest ideal ever evolved in man's mind, and by becoming an Anarchist you pledge yourself to strive and work for the attainment of this. When it is accomplished, misery and poverty, squalor and degradation, will be things of the past; little children will not have to go to school hungry; women will not have to sell their bodies to drag out a terrible existence; 100,000 men will not be walking about London unemployed and starving. No; but all will be free to work and play, when there shall be no idlers and no slaves, when all shall enjoy the full fruits of their own labor, with no tyrant there to gainsay them. These, friends, are a few reasons why you should become Anarchists, and in the words of our Comrade Shelley—

"Rise, like lions after slumber,
In unvanquishable number!
Shake your chains to earth, like dew
Which in sleep had fallen on you!
Ye are many—they are few!"

Hurrah for Anarchy and Freedom!

T. TYLER.

Socialism, its Growth & Outcome.*

MUCH might have been hoped from such a book. The work of two such writers might have become, one would have thought, a standard authority in which Socialists of every degree might feel a common pride; at lowest it might have served as a text book to which the sympathetic enquirer or the critical enemy might have been safely referred, in order to save the time now so often wasted on explanations and repetitions. Two courses were open to the authors: they might have treated their subject as a piece of scientific history, an expansion on international lines of Hyndman's "Basis of Socialism in England; or they might have given an account of the creed and objects common to all Socialists, with further chapters on the differences existing between the various schools. To some extent they have tried to follow both roads, but it cannot be said that the result is satisfactory on the whole. The critical enemy of Socialism will point with scorn to the slipshod generalities and distorted facts presented as science; and the sympathetic enquirer is only too likely to depart confused and chilled from the review of Socialist doctrines and Socialist hopes contained in the concluding chapters. The personal bias of the two writers has been too violent and opposed, not only for the scientific temper, but for co-operation in a work which above all things demanded clearness.

Much the greater part of the book professes to be historic, and is mostly made up of wide and rapid generalisations, any one of which it would take a real student almost a lifetime to establish. Generalisations have their place in history, but it is certain that the more a historian knows of his subject, the less inclined will he be to construct them. And for the reader, the detection of the smallest mistakes in the facts from which these wide inductions are supposed to be drawn, arouses a suspicion which makes the whole process of the argument useless. Unfortunately the writers have not taken the trouble to avoid the most trivial mistakes in their history: for instance, when they airily talk of "the revolution which bears the names of Solon and Kleisthenes," who would suppose that Solon had been dead some 50 years when Kleisthenes introduced his Laws, and that these Laws were in fact an extreme revolution against the plutocratic constitution of Solon, and were recognised as such by the Athenians themselves? Again, almost on the next page we have the statement that "the confederations of the [Greek] cities had no tendency to consolidate into empires." But the writers cannot be ignorant that the consolidation of the confederacy of Delos into the Athenian empire was the cause of the brief magnificence and ultimate ruin of Athens. What a provincial air, again, is given to the next page, where Rome is called "the most historically important of the native Italian cities!" It is as though a country cousin wrote of London as the largest town in Middlesex. Or, when later on it is said that Charles V. "fell into possession of Spain by marriage," the innocent reader would hardly suppose that Charles was in fact the natural heir to Spain through his mother Crazy Joan, though, if one chose to write the slovenly English in which almost every page of the book abounds, one might say that he "fell into possession" of Portugal by marriage.

More serious is the perversity with which, to suit their private ends, the authors distort the truth in their account of the larger movements and forces of history. Their treatment of Christianity and its influence is a good instance of this. One of them appears to cherish a pet little theory of his own about "the individualistic ethics of early Christianity," forgetting that the early Christians were at least practical Communists, and that the Christian Church was for many centuries a remarkable example of fellowship and solidarity. The other, as is well known, holds a brief for those dear old Middle Ages, when everything was so nice and artistic; but yet the art was certainly Christian, and the people from whom it is said to have sprung were Christian too. Between them, therefore, the authors naturally become involved in a series of contradictions and perversions very puzzling to the humble student.

* "Socialism, its Growth and Outcome." By William Morris and E. Belfort Bax. (London: Swan Sonnenschein & Co.)

Though Christianity is condemned as a conscious agent of capitalism' the Middle Ages are held up as a golden time, partly because "hardly any examples of bad costume are found before the Tudor period"—for the writer ignores the horned caps, the cushioned hair, the high-peaked shoes, and all the other frippery of the mediæval rag-shop—and partly because "men do not suffer from the lack of comforts which they cannot even conceive"—always the standing argument of the rich when they make light of the misery of the poor. There have been other estimates formed of those Middle Ages. Tyndal, when summing up the causes that checked for nearly two millenniums the victorious advance of science, says that the spirit of that time was "a menial one." "The seekers after natural knowledge had forsaken the fountain of living waters, the direct appeal to nature by observation and experiment, and given themselves up to the remanipulation of the notions of their predecessors. It was a time when thought had become abject, and when the acceptance of mere authority led, as it always does in science, to intellectual death." (The Belfast Address, p. 147) Moreover, in the book under review not a word is said of the persecution of ideas as such under the mediæval system, and hardly a word of the fine outburst for freedom which came with the Renaissance, and was justified by the art and wisdom of the sixteenth century. As to the Reformation, which was itself a criticism of authority, a movement towards free expansion, these writers can see nothing in it but a return to "individualistic ethics" and a deliberate preparation for the commercial age. The same crabbed and ungenerous perversity attends them in their outlook upon the present. Look where they will, they can find nothing but the meanest motives in all the efforts of poor mankind towards improvement. Not only do they describe all existing institutions as rotten, but as merely intentional agencies of remorseless greed. Really, if people are so bad as all this, we can see no reason why we should go on living and hoping at all—or these writers either. It would be absurd to talk of realising the shadow of an ideal if we have nothing but scoundrels to act with. And yet the authors venture to describe an ideal in their last chapter, and with much of it we should agree—especially its determined decentralisation. They deprecate criticism, but when they tell us that in their future State music and architecture will form the most serious occupation of the greatest number of people, we cannot but smile at the persistency with which a dilettante aestheticism still hangs about Social Democratic ideas, and we would ask whether under such conditions these two arts themselves would not become poor stuff at best, degenerating, to use the phraseology of the writers, from "adjective arts" into "substantive arts" to their own destruction. The unsatisfactoriness of this book is no doubt largely owing to the expectations that had naturally been engendered by the names of the authors. There are many redeeming passages, as for instance pp. 21-23, wherein our present mechanical law and system of justice with their false bearing upon wealth, recognised solely in the form of property, are tersely and clearly exposed.

After all Socialism has become such a mighty subject it would be difficult to write an adequate history of it in such a circumscribed space.

The Professor and the Pall Mall.

From a Fabian Anarchist Correspondent.

THERE is only one word for it—*delicious*. I am referring to an article on the 26th of April in the *Pall Mall Gazette* by Professor Goldwin Smith. It forms one of a series of articles by the same learned gentleman on "The Political Necessity". This particular outpouring of wisdom is headed "II. The Crisis", and is worth a whole year's subscription to *Punch*. It depicts the Professor in the character of a modern Jeremiah, a part, I believe, he is somewhat given to playing. But, influenced by an artistic sense of the value of contrast, the article is not all lamentation. It has light as well as shade, and leads off with the comforting assurance that nobody doubts "that there is plenty of life and hope in the country." But alas! that this life should be so misspent, and this hope anchored on such ungodly foundations! For we are shortly afterwards told, with a beauty and felicity of phrase more becoming a poet than a professor, of "the general unrest which has set rolling a tidal wave of Socialism with Anarchism as the foam on its crest." This is encouraging; but Professor Smith, dazed presumably by contemplation of his own loveliness of diction, promptly goes astray, and commits his reputation to the statement that "Socialism would give us a government more absolute and more searching in its despotism than any which the world has ever seen". That is the worst of being a professor: professorial duties leave a man no time to go out into the world, and see things as they are; otherwise we should not be afforded this melancholy spectacle of a learned man making a fulsome ass of himself, and Mr. Smith might have got acquainted with the fact that Socialism does not imply coercion, that it is not even necessarily a reproduction of Bellamy's imaginative mind, nor the apotheosis of McDougallism. The Professor's own metaphor should have taught him better; for if Anarchism be the "foam on the crest" of Socialism and also (as the Professor rightly states) the seeking after the abolition of all Government, how can Socialism be in diametrical opposition to it? The foam on the crest of a wave does not consist of half bricks; else were the metaphorical ways of Mr. Smith justified. The foam is composed of the same matter as the liquid of which it is the crest; and Mr. Smith may take his choice of standing convicted of one out of three errors. Either the metaphor is wrong, or his definition of Anarchism, or his definition of Socialism. And if he will only bring his

intellect to an intelligent study of the principles of Anarchist Communism he will not hesitate to plead guilty to the last error. And then perhaps he will be still more amazed at the happiness of his own language, and will perceive that Anarchism is indeed the final beautiful form which is destined to rise triumphant to the surface of the troubled waters of the Social Revolution. There is hope, even for a professor.

But the good things in the *Pall Mall* effusion are by no means exhausted yet. The article fairly bristles with them. Let me select one or two at hazard. What do you think of this, reader, for a rather fine specimen:—

"He [*i.e.* the Socialist of the factory] cannot be expected to foresee that when one set of rich men has been despoiled there will be no more to despoil, or to forecast what will then ensue."

The special quality of this sentence is its vagueness. Does the Professor mean that, in his view, the Socialist of the factory (whoever exactly he may be) is such a short-sighted idiot that when he has despoiled one set of robbers—say the landlords—he will not be able to see that other gangs still remain to be dealt with? Or does he mean that the said factory Socialist is too cute to be hood-winked when he is half-way to the goal? Or—well, what does he mean, any way?

Another gem which I have dug up from this mine of wisdom scintillates in this manner:—

"This country is becoming over-peopled, while nobody thinks of moderating the increase of population, or relieving it by emigration."

Really, Professor! And a family man too! As to emigration, could not we emigrate some of those over-populated deer-forests in Scotland, and give the people a chance?

Then the Professor calls for "an effort on the part of statesmen to let go some anchor that will not be dragged as the House of Lords is, but will hold." What is that anchor, I wonder. It is a pity people will be so metaphorical; if they would only descend to our gross level of conception and speak plainly, we might be able to understand them, and get to learn something of this undeveloped force which is potent to hold the people down in slavery for generations after institutions like House of Lord have done their worst,—and failed. Perhaps it is a new religion. Some religions can do a lot towards quenching the passion for joyous freedom in human hearts. The Gospel according to Smith would be interesting, any way, if not particularly convincing. The Professor has some such idea in his mind, for in an earlier part of this precious document he informs us that "the deepest cause of the disturbance"—to wit, the aforesaid tidal wave of Socialism and Anarchism—"is the decay of the religious beliefs which have hitherto sustained the social frame and reconciled the poor to their present lot." This is spoken in the minor key, and is part of the professor-prophet's jeremiad; but it reminds one forcibly of another prophet, one Balaam, who was called to curse, and blessed instead. The prophet Smith has been called to bless decaying beliefs, and instead thereof gives us an excellent reason for cursing them with energy: they have *sustained the social frame and reconciled the poor to their present lot*. Damn them!

E. E. W.

CORRESPONDENCE.

Dear Comrades,—Late events have, through the wilful perversity of the daily press, made the fight for the spread of Anarchist Communism much more difficult. And now that the summer is just coming on, our ideas should be spread with greater energy and more vigor.

It is ideas that we have to spread, and the power of ideas among the people is incalculable, our work is to make the unconscious conscious, so that they may learn to speak the truth, and act against wrong.

Our efforts should be directed towards our Social Democratic friends; among them there exists a splendid field for the growth of our principles.

I was informed by a well-known Social Democrat but the other day that, to his knowledge, there are over 100 Anarchist Communists in the ranks of the S.D.F. Now comrades in different parts of London should endeavor to get into communication with these comrades, so that groups can be formed, or, if existing in the district, strengthened; so that we should all get in closer touch. It has been the lack of such action that has caused the seed we may have sown in many cases to grow up for the benefit of the S.D.F. It is true we do not desire huge organisations, but it must be admitted that we are obliged to neglect a deal of work (which would give an impulse to our movement), because of the lack of men. So that the more we have regularly and systematically working among us the greater the activity, the wider the field we are able to cover, the speedier the growth of our principles, the greater the hope created within us, the speedier the break down of the present system.

In conclusion, comrades, we must take advantage of the stir in the public mind at the present moment, by means of pushing all the literature and papers; by actively distributing leaflets, so that the time will not be long ere people generally grasp the truths of Anarchist Communism, and discover the vile misrepresentation we have been subject to in the interest of the ruling gods. Shakespeare says all that can be said in this matter:—

"Fair Flowers that are not gather'd in their prime
Rot and consume themselves in little time."

Yours fraternally,
JOSEPH PRESBERG.

SCENE—A Drawing Room.

PERSONS—A Well-to-do Manchester Exploiter and a Lady bitten with Anarchism.

EXPLOITER: "How then, Madam, would you educate the children of the poor?"

LADY: "As I would my own children."

EXPLOITER (*Turning purple*): "Good gracious! Who would do our dirty work?"

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NOTES.

THE FIRST OF MAY IN HYDE PARK.

After repeatedly voting at Congresses in favor of making the 1st of May a Labor Holiday, and after repeatedly celebrating the first Sunday as a "practical" substitute for their decision, the Executive Council of the S.D.F. resolved to avail themselves of the example set them by the Anarchists for the last four years, and to turn out this year on May Day. But even as they so decided their minds and hearts still clung to the old feelings of jealousy and bigotry, always so injurious to the solidarity of labor. For, when they were invited, in a most fraternal spirit to co-operate with the London Anarchist Communists, they bluntly refused, to the extreme disgust of many honest and right-thinking members of their own body.

DETECTIVES ASSAULT THE ANARCHISTS AND THE PRESS TELLS LIES.

However, in spite of all obstacles and jealousies, the Anarchists turned out in the Park, and by the time the S.D.E. and H.S.S. arrived two large meetings were already being addressed by our speakers: Samuels, Leggett, Mowbray, L. Michel, Turner, Macdonald, Lawrence, Quinn and Tochatti. While the meetings were going on and the large audience, mostly strangers, quietly listening with great interest, a number of Scotland Yard detectives were seen maneuvering about: now closing together in a circle to hold a conference; now scattering and looking round, as if expecting some more to come. After an hour and a half, groups of roughs, mostly youths of between 14 and 17, appear on the scene, forming the body-guard of Melville's gang. A hoot, a yell, from these youths, jogged on this side and that by the Scotland Yarders, and the orderly assembly is rudely interrupted; the speakers are pushed off the stools; another yell, a scuffle, the police and roughs breaking up a flag; and the gallants of the "Third Section," the little ones in front to protect the bigger sort, hit away at any isolated Anarchist speaker or banner bearer from every side at once. Many comrades were badly cut and bruised and the meetings, of course, broken up. Several by-standers and many members of the S.D.F. were greatly incensed at the cowardly brutality of the police, which made evident to all eye-witnesses an intention to provoke the Anarchists to violent action in their own defence. The Press, however, on behalf of the capitalists and police, reported that the people spontaneously attacked the Anarchists out of hatred to their opinions, and that the police protected them! Comments are superfluous.

VERY QUEER INDEED.

The English "Third Section" are to gain £2,000 for arresting Meunier and, presumably, getting him extradited. (*Daily Chronicle*, April 28.) They are therefore naturally very anxious to finish the job. But a defence committee having been formed and an *alibi* suggested, the affair hangs fire. Then a young Italian, one Polti, is most conveniently discovered casually walking about the streets of London with a bomb in his hand; a most obvious and unmistakable looking bomb, which he has had made for him at a shop, the proprietor of which of course communicates with the police. Polti fetches away his bomb in broad daylight and on the top of an omnibus opens the brown paper parcel to gaze at his possession, like a child with a new toy. No sooner is this promising young conspirator taken to the police station, than he begins a series of admissions and confessions, especially implicating one Farnara, who is thereupon arrested and also makes statements abundantly as to the terrible deeds in contemplation. These include the destruction of Melville and all his subordinates, but still the public remain cool and even the press cannot be roused to the usual abuse of Anarchist miscreants. For one thing, we English are not very fond of detectives, especially political ones. It is said there is not an Englishman in Melville's gang. He has been promoted to the headship of the Scotland Yard spy department over this Meunier business, but the extradition is doubtful yet, even though on the day, when Meunier last appeared in the Court, the "Central News" received information that Farnara and Polti intended to blow up the Stock Exchange. The two Italians are committed for trial, but the public don't even yet seem particularly panic stricken.

SOUL VERSUS BODY.

The London workers must by this time be dimly aware of the conspiracy among a certain number of those who pretend to guide the education of their little ones, to render such education as crippling to the body as it is stunting to the mind. In vain do the minority of fair minded School Board members, led by the few Socialists and women on the Board, protest from time to time against the insanitary condition of the schools, the lack of room for scholars in crowded districts, the understaffing of the teachers, which renders any honest endeavor to really educate the children a mockery and delusion. What if schools are decimated by diphtheria, scarlet and other fevers and our best teachers break down under the strain of their impossible duties, "we shall do nothing to increase the rates", says this majority, which like many another "compact" body has "neither a soul to be damned nor a body to be kicked." But the third factor in the child — the soul, is now to receive some extra attention — for what does it profit if we gain the whole world yet lose our souls! The workers must be duly grateful that here at least the majority will, at the small cost of a printed circular, do big things, and their children will henceforth be taught to know their "proper relation to God the Father . . . God the Son . . . and God the Holy Ghost . . .", as well as their duty in that slum of life into which it has pleased God to call them.

HOW IT BEGAN.

It may be strange to some how this tender solicitude for the children's souls began. According to the official report of the famous religious controversy in February, a reverend member of the Board, named Coxhead, about a year ago heard a child of five answering some Biblical question in a way that made him at once scent Unitarianism in the teacher. Being asked who was the father of Jesus Christ, he actually replied "Joseph"! We have so many *isms* now that the greater number of mankind have learned to assume the virtue toleration even if they have it not. But Mr. Coxhead is not one of these. He found a ready coadjutor in Mr. Athelstan Riley, who, it is said, had his ire aroused by finding a Board school teacher giving her class a lesson on a wall flower! Now what do the children of our hewers of wood and drawers of water want to know about flowers? So after much working upon the hidden springs of official and ecclesiastic nature these two Christian gentlemen have succeeded in sending out to the teachers a circular ordering them to instruct the children under their care in a belief in the Trinity, and this despite the unanimous protest of the teachers themselves who see in the circular nothing less than an inquisition that will give the self-constituted defenders of the State-faith a grip upon their means of livelihood.

SCRIBES AND PHARISEES STILL EXTANT.

One of the items in this circular for the teachers' consideration is that they are to regard man as "a responsible being with distinct and definite duties to God, to himself and to his fellowman". It is a pity those duties were not defined. The duty of the board-school child, who is to order himself lowly and reverently before his betters, must be somewhat different from those of his betters, who send him to learn about the Trinity with an empty stomach, in an ill ventilated room reeking with sewer gas, and from those of the teacher who has to drub these mysteries into his aching little head and into eighty or ninety aching little heads at the same time, receiving for his or her pains a yearly sum that would not have kept Mr. Riley in those mediæval gowns he wore gracefully at Oxford years ago and which the undergraduates used to tear up for him. The circular further states that: "The object and purpose of all education is the formation of habits mental, moral and religious"; and then, mark you! "it is important to this end that the character of the child committed to your care should be studied individually so as to correct the defects and encourage and stimulate the good points in each". With eighty, ninety and sometimes over a hundred in a class we should think the task of making "bricks without straw" was a trifle in comparison.

TACTICS OF RELIGIOUS PARTY. A HINT TO PARLIAMENTARISM.

On the day of the great debate, or rather wrangle over the circular, February 1st, the Board sat from 3 p.m. till midnight. The Rev. Diggle in the chair, could only get out of it for a five o'clock cup of tea. The vice-chair, having wisely paired and gone home to dine, took no notice of Mr. Riley's telegrams to return and relieve poor Diggle. However there were refreshments provided in the vice-chairman's room for Riley's rank and file, they entered the board-room at 9.15 p.m. refreshed, after, as Stewart Headlam said, "swallowing their oysters whole like their dogmas". At 10.15 a member of the starving minority ventured to bring in some oranges and buns to refresh himself and his party, whereupon the Rev. and Christian Coxhead rose and asked was it in order for a member to bring food into the board-room. Chairman Diggle was understood to ask faintly in reply whether the food was inside the member or not. The minority it must be understood were in favor of Biblical teaching from the Bible, but left the religious interpretation to the discretion of the teachers—the compromise of 71—but as this has been outvoted it is likely that the secularists and parents will have something to say on the subject presently. Meanwhile we wish the workers joy of their Christian Schools.

A PLEA FOR MERCY.

Mr. Hopwood, Q.C., Recorder of Liverpool, read a paper for the Humanitarian League at the Ideal Club, Tottenham Court Road, April 24th. It was a plea for the more merciful treatment of offenders, whom he regards as the scapegoats of society; rather an unusual view

for a magistrate to take. Mr. Hopwood declared that during his forty years' experience he found of the crimes that came before his notice three out of every four were the outcome of want and misery. He had made it a rule to deal as lightly as possible with the unfortunate wrong-doers and had had no reason to repent it, for crime had decreased within his jurisdiction while it remained stationary under severer treatment. He had seen too often punishments awarded that were more brutal than the offence. In short, he admitted frankly that our present system of society could not but produce criminals. Among other speakers Mrs. Besant added corroborative testimony to this view of the cause of crime. The Humanitarian League is to be congratulated on having forced on the attention of a non-revolutionary public such an important subject as the condition of the criminal and the origin of his crime. It has published among other pamphlets one on the Criminal Law ("I was in Prison", by R. T.), one on Women's Wages and one on Dangerous Trades; thus showing that, although it began by calling attention to the cruelties practised under the terms sport, science and fashion, it is fully conscious of the worse horrors perpetrated in the names of justice and civilisation. The secretary and founder of the League, H. S. Salt is well known in socialist and literary circles.

THE "ST. JAMES'S GAZETTE" ON JUSTICE, APRIL 27TH.

"Is it not about time that some attempt were made to prevent Mr. Hopwood, Q.C., who fills the office (at a comfortable salary) of Recorder of Liverpool, from playing the fool with justice any longer? Here is the newspaper paragraph describing his latest performance:—

"IT REALLY DOESN'T MATTER."—Mr. C. H. Hopwood, Q.C., Recorder of Liverpool, had before him yesterday a woman named Elizabeth H. Latimer, charged with fraudulent pretences. The jury deliberated for a considerable time without arriving at a conclusion and at last the Recorder said: "Oh, pray do, gentlemen, make up your minds; it really does not matter whether you say guilty or not guilty." (Laughter.) The jury ultimately found prisoner guilty; whereupon the Recorder remarked: "What I meant by saying that it did not matter what verdict you found is this: she has been here since March 30, and it is her first offence, and, under the circumstances, I shall sentence her to one day's imprisonment." (Renewed Laughter.)

"Very laughable, no doubt; and how wise and upright the judge who tells a jury that it 'doesn't matter' whether a prisoner is innocent or not, because he has already made up his mind not to punish her even if she were found guilty!"

LOOK ON THIS PICTURE!

We are sorry to have missed the St. James's comments on the colonial judges, who figured so recently as defendants in an action taken by Dr. R. B. Anderson of Tobago for alleged false imprisonment and illegal and malicious prosecution. The principal defendant, Sir John Gorrie, has unfortunately died since the commencement of the action. Evidence was given before the Lord Chief Justice, April 20th, as to the receipt in 1889 of a petition to the then Colonial Secretary, Lord Knutsford, which asserted that "universal dissatisfaction was felt in the colony with the administration of justice" by Sir John Gorrie, then Chief Justice there, Lord Knutsford himself admitted on giving evidence that

"when Sir John Gorrie was in Fiji there were complaints as to his conduct, but he was afterwards promoted to Trinidad."

Sir John certainly did not in his time "play the fool with justice," on the contrary Lord Knutsford said

"he thought Sir John Gorrie was animated by a desire to do justice, but he thought he had been using intemperate language and that his conduct for advising pauper actions was reprehensible, he did not, however think there was a case for public inquiry. . . . He had three times expressed regret as to the intemperate language of Sir John Gorrie through the Governor." (*Daily Chronicle*, April 25th.)

What a pity Sir John is dead, he might have been promoted again, when this blew over! However, the lynx-eye of the *St. James's Gazette* man is on the look out, and justice shall be done even though the heaven fall, if he can manage it. Let Mr. Hopwood see to it!

"TRY, TRY, TRY, AGAIN!"

The Irish must indeed be a fine nation! After wearily waiting, on their hunkers, with gaping jaws so to speak, for the Home Rule morsel to be thrown them by their Saxon masters, they have seen once more the promised *bonne bouche* flung under foot in the mud of party hatred. But the hungry Kelts have only taken in another reef in their belts, hoping for better luck next time. Gladstone went into office two years ago on the cry of Home Rule for Ireland, believing that he would carry his Irish bill through by mere personal weight if by nothing else, but the Commons mutilated the bill and the Lords rejected it. So Mr. Gladstone, old and tired of ungrateful contests, hard pressed too by the gathering hosts of English labor problems, withdrew from the House that has witnessed as many defeats as triumphs for him. He left it to his successor Roseberry to tell the Irish people they must "wait a little longer", and they are doing so. Meanwhile they are filling in the gap of time by holding a Dublin Trades Union Congress, by which they may find out that a modest assembly of *bona fide* workers in Dublin might serve them better than the English House of Commons, where their delegates are treated with scant courtesy and get nothing for their asking. If the Irish M. P.s, instead of "Fightin' like divils for conciliation an' hatin' each other for the love of God", would only turn their backs on Westminster, go home to their own country and work as comrades and fellowmen with those they are always protesting they would die to serve, they might yet produce some effect—even on parliament, if that be worth while. It would certainly embarrass the English lords and Commons, to whom routine, blue books, dull speeches and tedious debates are the very breath of their nostrils, while

a new departure, "without precedent" is as a stab below the fifth rib. There is to be a big Labor Demonstration in the Phoenix, May 6th—a mountain to bring forth the fellow mouse to the one expected in Hyde Park the same day. Dublin however has had during the last weeks in April the benefit of some lectures from our comrade Faucet Macdonald (see Report column). As one was delivered before a crowded audience, showing the bearing of Anarchist Communism on Trade Unionism, there may be a new note struck in the Phoenix on Labor Day. It was perhaps the first time on record that an Irish audience was told "not to vote, abandon the franchise, turn your attention to economic problems; leave politics for ever: return no members to Parliament, for you are not compelled to vote and so Parliament will die". This policy could not any way prove more barren than the one hitherto pursued in poor old Ireland.

ARMS AND THE MAN.

Bernard Shaw in his lively romantic farce, produced at the Avenue Theatre, April 21st, has dealt a hard knock at the fast-dimming glory of military men. M. Hamon, in the next edition of his *Militaire Professionnel*, will surely add Mr. Shaw's name to the long list in the appendix of those who are striving to chain up the dogs of war. But "Arms and The Man" does more than show that the brute courage of the bull-dog, so often answerable for the brilliant deeds that live in history, may reside in a man who is a poltron in every other respect as in the character of Sergius Seranoff. It shows true courage personified in Captain Bluntschli, who never hesitates to admit his own short-comings, and they are many, yet manages to carry out the routine of his every day duty with the valor born of a common sense, that is unfortunately all too uncommon. The old-fashioned stereotyped love-making, beloved on the stage and in the novel, in reality tiresome beyond description to the average woman, is merrily bemocked, and a shrewd waiting maid lets off some socialistic crackers, which a leading Fabian present declared to be the Anarchism that spoiled the play. We only hope the Bulgarians will not declare war upon England for the way in which Mr. Shaw has chosen them as pegs whereon to hang his gibes at those who do not wash. The play should be seen by all who are sick of conventionalities.

OVER THE WATER.

ON April 28, Emile Henry was sentenced to death for having placed a bomb before the Paris offices of the Carmaux Mining Company, November 8, 1892, which bomb, being removed to the Rue des Bons Enfants police station, there exploded and slew 4 policemen; also for having thrown a bomb into the Café Terminus, February 12, thereby causing the subsequent death of two persons. Remark that this fierce assailant of the middle-class *quid* class is himself a middle-class youth of 22. His father was Fortuné Henry, an engineer, in 1869 a candidate for Parliament, the principal plank in his platform being the abolition of capital punishment. In 1871 he took part in the Commune insurrection at Marseilles and fleeing to Barcelona, when all was over, was condemned to death by default; whilst his relative, General de Gallifet, was crushing the Commune of Paris by a bloody massacre. After the amnesty Henry returned to France, with his Spanish wife and two sons. Emile was educated at the Say College, where his record was excellent, and he was specially remarked for his mathematical capacity. On leaving school, an outfit and employment in engineering works in Venice and France was provided for him by his aristocratic and wealthy relatives. His brother, Fortuné, is also an Anarchist. Both youths made their earliest acquaintance with the police by being arrested "for making a disturbance at a meeting." Their mother says that the injustice of their treatment on this occasion turned their hearts to bitterness. Fortuné is now in Clairvaux for the hot expression of Anarchist opinions. We quote *verbatim* the following account of Emile's statement before the Court from the *Times* for April 30:—

"After an attempt by a Dr. Goupil to prove him insane, which Henry scornfully repudiated, the prisoner partly recited and partly read a long speech, of which the following are the principal passages:—

"It is not a defence which I wish to offer you. I seek in no way to evade the reprisal of the society which I have attacked. I acknowledge, moreover, only one tribunal—viz., myself, and the verdict of any other is immaterial to me. I wish simply to give you an explanation of my acts, and to tell you how I was led to accomplish them. I have not long been an Anarchist. Not till about the middle of 1891 did I plunge into the revolutionary movement. I had previously lived in circles entirely imbued with the existing morality. I had been accustomed to respect and even to love, the principles of patriotism, family, authority, and property. But the instructors of the present generation too frequently forget one thing—viz., that life, with its struggles and disappointments, its injustices and iniquities, indiscreetly unseals the eyes of the ignorant. I had been told that life was easy and amply open to the intelligent and resolute, but experience showed me that only the cynical and the fawning can get a good seat at the banquet. I had been told that social institutions were based on justice and equality, but I found about me only falsehood and roguery. Every day took away an illusion from me. Wherever I went I witnessed the same sufferings in some, the same enjoyments in others. I was not slow in comprehending that the big words I had been taught to venerate—honor, devotion, duty—were merely a mask for the most shameful turpitudes. The manufacturer who built up a colossal fortune on his workmen's labor, while they lacked everything, was an honest gentleman. The Deputy, the Minister whose hands were always open to bribes, was devoted to the public weal. The officer who tried the new model rifle on children seven years old had done his duty, and the Premier in Parliament offered him congratulations.

"All that I saw revolted me, and my mind began to criticise the social organization. That criticism has been so frequently offered as to render a repetition of it needless. It is enough to say I became the enemy of a society which I regarded as criminal. At one time tempted by socialism, I soon left that party. I had too much love of liberty, too much respect for individual initiative, too much re-

pugnance for incorporation, to accept a number in the matriculated army of the Fourth Estate. I saw, moreover, that at bottom Socialism does not change the present order of things. It upholds the principle of authority, and that principle, whatever pretended Freethinkers may say, is merely a vestige of the belief in a Supreme Power. Scientific studies had gradually initiated me into the play of natural forces. I was a Materialist and an Atheist. I felt that the hypothesis of a deity was set aside by modern science as unnecessary. Religious and authoritative morality based on a sham had therefore to disappear.

"At that moment I entered into relations with some Anarchist companions whom I now consider as the best I have ever known. The character of these men attracted me from the first. I appreciated their great sincerity, their perfect frankness, their profound contempt for all prejudices, and I wished to understand the idea which made them so different from all those I had hitherto known. This idea found in my mind a soil prepared by personal observation and reflection to receive it. It made clear what was still vague in me. I became in my turn an Anarchist. I need not expound the theory of Anarchy. I will only notice its destructive and negative side, for the sake of which I appear before you. At this moment of acute struggle between the *bourgeoisie* and its enemies, I am almost tempted to say, with the Souvarine of Zola's 'Germinal', 'All reasonings on the future are criminal, because they prevent pure and simple destruction, and impede the march of the revolution.' As soon as an idea is ripe and has found its formulas its realization must be accomplished without delay. I was convinced that the present organization was bad, and I resolved to struggle against it, so as to hasten its disappearance. I brought to the struggle a profound hatred, daily intensified, for the revolting spectacle of this society in which all is low, ugly, and dishonest; in which all is an obstacle to the play of human passions, the generous tendencies of the heart, the free utterance of thought. I wished to strike as strongly and unerringly as I could. Let us proceed then to the first outrage committed by me—the explosion of the Rue des Bons Enfants.

"After dwelling on the sufferings and wrongs of the Carmaux strikers, on the way in which Socialist shouters usurped the lead of the movement for their own selfish ends, and on the virtual failure of the strike, whereas the stock of coal ought to have been set on fire and the machinery shattered, the prisoner continued:—

"Order, an instant disturbed, prevailed at Carmaux. The company, more powerful than ever, continued to work the mine, and the shareholders congratulated themselves on the happy issue of the strike. The dividends were still to be large. It was then that I resolved to introduce into this concert of happy voices a note which the *bourgeois* had already heard, but which they thought had died with Ravachol—viz., dynamite. I wished to show the *bourgeoisie* that henceforth there were no unmixed joys for it, that its insolent triumphs would be disturbed, and that its golden calf would totter on his pedestal until the final shock, which would cast it down into mud and blood. At the same time, I wished to make the miners see that only one class of men—the Anarchists—sincerely felt for their sufferings and were ready to avenge them. These men do not sit in Parliament like M. Guesde and his consorts, but they march to the guillotine. I therefore prepared a bomb. For an instant the accusation preferred against Ravachol came to my mind—the innocence of the victims—but I soon solved the question. The building containing the Carmaux Company's offices was inhabited only by *bourgeois*. There would, therefore, be no innocent victims. The entire *bourgeoisie* lives by "exploiting" the unfortunate, and all of it ought to expiate its crimes. Accordingly, with perfect certainty of the legitimacy of my act, I placed the bomb at the door of the company's offices. I explained in the course of the trial how I hoped, in case the bomb was discovered before it exploded, that it would explode at the police station, thus striking my enemies. Such are the motives which made me commit the first outrage.

"Let us pass to the second—that of the Café Terminus. I had come to Paris at the time of the Vaillant affair. I had witnessed the formidable repression which followed the Palais Bourbon outrage. I was a witness of the draconic measures taken by the Government against the Anarchists. On all sides were espionage, searches, and arrests. By random raids a multitude of persons were snatched away from their families and thrown into prison. What became of the wives and children of these comrades during their incarceration? Nobody cared. The Anarchist was no longer a man, he was a wild beast, hunted down on all sides, and the entire *bourgeois* Press, the vile slave of force, demanded his extermination.

"After quoting M. Raynal's boast of having terrified the Anarchists, and after complaining that an Anarchist who had killed nobody was guillotined, Henry went on to say:—

"But, Messieurs les Bourgeois, you had reckoned without your host. There were still outside your prisons some men of whom you knew nothing, who witnessed your Anarchist hunt, and waited only the favorable moment to hunt the hunters. The words of M. Raynal were a challenge. The bomb of the Café Terminus was the reply to all your violations of liberty, to your arrests, to your expulsions *en masse*, to your laws on the Press, to your guillotinings. But why, you say, attack peaceable people who were listening to music, and who, perhaps, were neither magistrates, Deputies, nor functionaries? Why, it is very simple. The bourgeoisie has made of the Anarchists only a 'bloc.' A single man, Vaillant, had thrown a bomb. Nine-tenths of the companions did not even know him. That did not matter. The persecution was carried on *en masse*. Every man who had any Anarchist relations whatever was hunted down. Since you thus strike *en bloc* we also strike *en bloc*. Should we, then, attack only the Deputies who make the laws against us, the magistrates who apply these laws, or the policemen who arrest us? I do not think so. These men are only the instruments. They are no more culpable than the others. The good bourgeois, who cash coupons and live lazily on what the workman produces, should also have their share in our reprisals. And not they alone, but also all those who are satisfied with the present order—that stupid and pretentious mass which always takes the side of the strongest, the ordinary *clientèle* of the Terminus and the other great cafés. That is why I struck *en bloc* without selecting my victims.

"The bourgeoisie must understand that those who have suffered are showing their teeth, and strike the more brutally, as they themselves have been treated more brutally. They have no respect for human life, because the bourgeois themselves care nothing for it. It is not for the assassins who made the bloody week of Fournies to treat others as assassins. . . . At least have the courage of your crimes, Messieurs les Bourgeois, and admit that our reprisals are largely legitimate. Assuredly I have no illusions. I know that my acts will not yet be understood by the insufficiently prepared crowd. Even among the working class, for which I have struggled, very many, misled by your papers, think me their enemy. But that matters little to me. There are some individuals calling themselves Anarchists who try to establish a subtle distinction between the Theorists and the Terrorists. Too cowardly to risk their lives, they repudiate those who act. But the influence that they pretend to have on the revolutionary movement is *nil*. To-day the field is for action without flinching. Alexandre Herzen, the Russian revolutionist, has said, 'Of two things choose one—either punish and go ahead, or pardon and stumble half-way.' We wish neither to pardon nor to stumble, and we shall march onward until the Revolution comes to crown our work. In this war without pity, which we have declared against the bourgeoisie, we ask no

pity. We give death. We shall know how to undergo it. My head is not the last that you will cut off. Those who die of hunger are beginning to know the way to your great restaurants—Terminus and Foyot. You will add other names to the bloody list of our dead. You have hanged at Chicago, decapitated in Germany, garrotted at Xeres, shot at Barcelona, guillotined at Montbrison and Paris, but what you will never be able to destroy is Anarchy. The roots are too deep. Anarchy has been born in the bosom of a rotten society which is falling asunder. It will end by killing you. This, gentlemen of the jury, is what I had to say to you. You are now going to hear my counsel. Your laws impose a defender for every defendant. But what he will be able to tell you in no respect impairs what I have said. My declarations are the exact expression of my thought. I adhere to them absolutely.

"Henry was quite unmoved on hearing the sentence, and while he was being removed from the court he exclaimed, 'Comrades, courage! Vive l'Anarchie!'—THE TIMES own Correspondent.

AN Italian correspondent writes:—"The latest vote of the Italian Chamber should have taught the people what to expect from their so-called representatives. They have seen how these gentlemen lack character and firmness, and how well they know how to play the see-saw, since, at the debate on the army and navy budgets, when it seemed certain that the Minotaur Crispi would fall, there were only 52 deputies who were logical in their opposition and voted against the projects of the Government. This vote and the one recorded a short time ago on the interpellation on Sicily have strengthened the power of the last minister of the Italian monarchy, and the tax-payers can now make sure that the taxes will rain down on them as hard as hail.

"But what matters the misery of the people to the minister who desires new naval victories to efface the ignominy of former defeats? What matter the despairing cries of the disinherited to the sinister man who is dragging Italy to its final ruin, and who will turn it into a slaughter house of miseries if the Revolution does not come in time to cut short his cursed work? What matter misery, hunger and despair to him who to-day is powerful enough to rule in fact, if not in name, backed by a Chamber of valets and old women who call themselves representatives of the people? He is powerful, but only for a little longer. The Sicilian revolt has been the Mene Mene Tekel of the Italian bourgeoisie. Certainly all seems over in the island of enduring hatreds and ardent loves, but the silence which prevails is that of the lion who crouches before the hunters ere he throws himself more furious than ever into the affray. All seems over, and the military tribunals at Carrara and in Sicily, taking advantage of the calm produced by fear of the fusillade, hasten to give years and years of imprisonment to the peasants and workmen who have been so criminal as to no longer wish to die of hunger. Truly, in Carrara all is finished on the part of the Government, and the military tribunals, having finished their task after condemning nearly 200 rebels to terms varying from three to thirty years of imprisonment, have left, adding a fresh cause of hatred to all those which ferocious capitalist exploitation has sown among the people.

"But is all ended also on the part of the people? Oh dear no! Before the revolt, and more especially before its crushing, there was a certain degree of toleration in the relations of workers and employers. If a workman was ill and a subscription started on his behalf, the employer used to be asked to give. When a workman met an employer in the street he was the first to salute him. Sometimes the workers would celebrate the fête day of the employer or some happy event in his family. But to-day all that is changed. When a subscription is got up, the employer is not asked to help; if he offers, his aid is declined. When the workman meets him, he is neither the first nor the last to salute him; he does not make room for him to pass in the street, he does not fête him, their relations become more strained every day. General Heusch, the "pacifier," had lately to return to Carrara to reassure by his presence the bourgeoisie, terrified at the hostile attitude of the workers. Terrible and ferocious hatred is being stored up, the hatred of families deprived of their support, the hatred of men determined to conquer in a just cause, a hatred which will soon break out in a revolution much more violent and terrible than the last, for it will not be the isolated attempt of a few pioneers of an idea, but the struggle of a whole people weary of suffering.

"Things are no better in Sicily. There the state of siege continues, and the military tribunals still deal justice. No, we must not say that they deal justice. They have robbed Themis of her scales, have falsified them, and now they weigh placing in one of the balances the money bags and in the other the rights of the people, and the rights of the people have been found light very light.

"Whilst in Palermo they are trying the organisers of the Sicilian *Fasci*, in Catania, in Messina and in Palermo itself (in the second section) they are trying the rebels of Valguarnera, of Monreale, etc., and when these are lucky, when they are treated with great leniency, they get 11 and 15 years' imprisonment. So that eight days ago the courts had inflicted penalties amounting to more than six centuries, we mean 600 and odd years of imprisonment. Since then this total has been added to, for the case of Palma has been heard; it will be yet further increased, for the trials of the rebels of Santa Caterina, Villarmosa and Monreale have still to be made, beside a host of others less important, but in which the penalty is never less than 30 months' imprisonment.

"Meanwhile the misery, which was fearful, black, unspeakable, is still on the increase, invading more and more this unhappy country which seems doomed from the most ancient times to serve as prey to the most shameful Verres. The misery grows more intense, and whilst the long lines of victims of the last revolt are seen marching along the roads, wretched men, dragged from prison to prison, chained like wild beasts, surrounded by gendarmes on horseback, who guard them, revolver in hand, and make them march along, beating them with the flat of their swords, at the doors of the prisons is to be seen another crowd yet more pitiful, that of the mothers and wives and daughters of the condemned, who wait weeping, with the small children huddled round clinging to their skirts, to be allowed to see for a minute these men who but yesterday were all their love, their support, their life, and whom the Government has made the victims of the most savage repression. For these things must be made known, one must speak out about them. The last revolt has cost the Sicilians 98 deaths, more than 1,600 wounded, more than 10,000 prisoners or fugitives. And this revolt has been provoked by hunger, by misery, by the hopes for a brighter future; this revolt has been caused by grinding taxes, by unbridled exploitation, by the tortures and insults of all sorts to which the peasants of Sicily have been subjected for long years past. The voice of all men of heart should be raised in favor of the vanquished and should blast the scoundrel who has tried to stifle with the sword the voice of a people demanding bread. Stifle? Yes, for a day. For a new and much more terrible revolt is in preparation. The pacific demonstrations which took place in Italy a few months back, whilst the fighting was going on in Sicily, and which cost the Anarchists of Naples, of Milan, of Rome, of Bologna, sentences of from six months to five years' imprisonment, have opened the eyes of the people, they have woke them up, and the awakening will be terrible.

"We have reached the end of a period of history, the end of a stage of human progress. Yesterday the Italian people did not act as it might have done because the

Italian Anarchists kept themselves too much apart from the people. The lesson they have had will certainly teach them that, to achieve the Revolution, they must be in sympathy with the people, make themselves known, understood and loved by them. And the Italians will soon rise again, driven on by their great misery, and they will truly accomplish the Social Revolution, abolishing private property and authority, and the Anarchists will know how to show themselves to be practical."

LIKE Italy, Spain is in a condition of semi-bankruptcy; and, as in Italy, though the middle classes suffer, the weight of the prevailing misery falls upon the workers. Speaking of the financial position of the country, at the half-yearly meeting of the shareholders of the Bank of Spain and England, on 6th March, the chairman, Mr. Scott, said that Spain was "abundantly blessed by nature; its peasantry as industrious as that of any country in Europe." The national wealth had increased, "but this additional wealth was not in the hands of the masses, but was possessed by a limited class at Madrid and the larger towns, who preferred to invest their money in a manner which did not add in the best way to the progress of the country." This is a mild way of putting the subject; in the South Eastern provinces the people appear to be actually driven to despair. "Thousands of workmen and agricultural laborers" (*Daily Chronicle*, February 1) "are tramping about the country in a starving condition, without work, and begging from town to town." For all the world, as in the United States! Numbers are taking to the Mountains, like our English forefathers took to the Greenwood when the Normans robbed them of their land, and make raids on unpopular well-to-do farmers or publicans. Others wander through the country in armed bands, helping themselves to what they need. Others again merely ask for food, and being freely supplied go quietly away. The country folk are evidently on the side of the "robbers," for the gendarmes can get no help in their fruitless attempts to hunt them down. "The authorities at Cadiz consider it impossible to cope with the agrarian outrages daily committed unless work be provided for the unemployed." (*Westminster Gazette*, 20 Jan.) Meanwhile 300 of the brave peasants of Alanis, in Seville a town of 10,000 inhabitants, proceeded, at the end of Jan., to boldly take possession of some pasture lands belonging to private owners. According to another account, they also took some agricultural ground belonging to the State and proceeded in a quiet and orderly manner to parcel it out by lot and till it. They were unarmed, save with the needful implements, and declared that they were acting as Socialists for the benefit of the starving community. A few police looked in on futile disgust. Of course, soldiers were sent to drive away these plucky propagandists by deed, and the "ringleaders" were arrested.

La Société Nouvelle, for April, says:—

"In Andalusia, that European paradise, the misery of the working classes is really frightful. In many parts of the provinces of Cadiz, Seville, Malaga and Grenada the people have for months been living upon grass, roots and wild fruit. The bakers only supply their wealthy customers at night, because in the day time the loaves would be snatched on the way by bands of starving workmen. . . . Mothers are keeping their children drugged with decoction of poppies that they may sleep day and night and not continually wail for food. And yet Andalusia is one of the most fertile lands in Europe. The ground only needs a mere scratching to bring forth splendid harvests. It could support ten times the population now miserably existing upon it. And the people are not idle; the Andalusians are particularly industrious. If they leave the fields untilled it is because . . . the whole country belongs to a few great landlords . . . who are banded into a sort of syndicate to exploit the poor. They have succeeded in reducing the wages of agricultural laborers to 5d. for a day's work of 15 hours!" And work at even this rate of pay is uncertain; the great landlords prefer to leave their fields uncultivated when the profits on agricultural produce are not high enough to tempt them. "Some years ago the late Duke of Osuna conceived the idea of breaking up his immense Andalusian estates into small holdings . . . but the landlords' syndicate, foreseeing that this would raise wages, so managed matters that they induced the government to intervene, and the Duke was obliged to give up his plan." Since this, things have gone from bad to worse, till almost the whole of the working population not engaged in fishing are reduced to compulsory idleness. Now the Government, growing alarmed, has decided to start relief works; a most ineffectual palliative, leaving the root cause of danger entirely untouched.

As to the doings and the fate of our Anarchist comrades, it seems next to impossible to gain any certain tidings. The mystery of the Liceo Theatre bomb has never yet been solved. The papers have once and again reported "confessions," only to contradict them, and hideous rumours are afloat as to the tortures by which these "confessions" were extracted. According to the latest accounts, 24 Anarchists are to be tried for complicity in the affair, and 10 more of those arrested are accused of being concerned in Pallas's attempt upon Marshal Campos and were handed over, on January 3, to the military authorities. Wholesale arrests for holding Anarchist opinions seem to take place continually, as in France, and a bill "for the repression of Anarchism" is now before the Cortes. It is much the same as the recent legislation of France and Switzerland with the same object. After awarding penalties for meddling with explosives, it continues:—

"The propaganda or glorification of criminal outrages in whatever form is made an offence punishable by severe sentences of imprisonment, and by the same penalties as the attempts themselves, if the accused can be considered as accomplices. Anarchist associations are declared illegal, and will be dissolved by the police, the members of such associations being liable to criminal prosecution."

Three Anarchists, Delboche, Ferreira and Muñoz, were tried before a jury at Madrid, December 27—January 2, for an attempt to blow up the Parliament (Cortes), in April, 1892. They had thus been kept 20 months and 23 days in prison before trial! The two first boldly maintained Anarchist principles and said that the term Anarchist was a synonym for an honest man. They spoke against a policy of violence, and totally denied the charge brought against them. They were, they said, victims of a police plot and Muñoz was a provoking agent, who

had induced them to carry a parcel of explosives to the Cortes, they being ignorant of its contents. Ferreira got 7 years' penal servitude.

During the second week in February, Tomas Alted was sentenced to penal servitude for life for an attempt to blow up Villanueva barracks.

On January 25, Signor Larocca, Governor of Barcelona, was shot at and slightly wounded as he got into his carriage, by an Anarchist named Morull, who is reported to have desired to avenge Pallas. Six other Anarchists were arrested as accomplices, on February 18.

Numerous bomb attempts are reported from all parts of the country, some of which are probably hoaxes à la *Parisienne*. But the ruling classes, in Spain as in other countries, take care that the poor and despairing shall be kept well in mind of the terrible destructive agencies within their reach. Another horrible explosion at Santander, on March 21, cost the lives of 18 workmen and wounded 23 more, and only after the town broke forth into riot were proper precautions taken to prevent the sunken ship, with the unexploded portion of her load of contra band dynamite, from causing further injury. "Culpable laxity and delay" of the responsible persons was the cause of the catastrophe, says the *Times*. Thus in Spain, as elsewhere, the workers are callously starved, killed and mutilated, by the greed and carelessness of capitalists and officials, and yet all the world cries out in horror if the workers in their desperate revolt for dear life are goaded into any attempt to mutilate and kill in their turn.

THE PROPAGANDA. REPORTS.

LONDON—

We are told that April is the month wherein all poets are inspired; I don't know whether the London Anarchist Communists are all poets, anyhow by their sudden activity we can conclude they are inspired. Just as the trees begin to bud in this month, so has it been with their activity. More open-air meetings have been held of late than for some time past; comrades have also been busy generally, giving indoor lectures at various places. Hyde Park, Regents Park, Hoxton Church Square, Mile End Waste, Tower Hill, Victoria Park have been the scenes of some enormous meetings.

In Hyde Park meetings have been continued on Sundays for some 5 or 6 hours in succession. Good sale of literature and good collections.—In Regent's Park some very excellent meetings have been held, the audience always seem sympathetic, and there has been some opposition.—Outside Hoxton Church Comrade Turner has had some very brisk and profitable discussion with the Social Democrats, exposing the narrow spirit that prevails in the S.D.F.; in their action over the May Day arrangements, for instance.—On Mile End Waste Leggett has worked very hard, speaking several times during the week.—Tower Hill, which was utilised in the winter by the unemployed, has, during the past month, been used daily by Comrade Leggett; audiences of between 2 and 3 thousand listening patiently to his remarks. His hearers have been workmen from round about and city people, not the unemployed, and sometimes as much as 11s.-worth of literature has been sold in a day.

Comrade Mowbray, after having lectured to the Mile End branch of the S.D.F. on Anarchist Communism, with the assistance of other comrades, we now hear that there is practically a split in their ranks, and in all probability we shall shortly hear of a new group being formed.—Canning Town the same. We have received word of the split that has occurred there, and of the formation of a new group, who are taking papers and literature regularly.—Comrade Mowbray also lectured to the Dockers' Union, at Minerva Hall, E., on Anarchist Communism with good results.

On Sunday, April 15th, Dr. Fauset Macdonald lectured at the Hall of Science, Old-street, E.C., on "Evolution and Anarchism." The lecture was of scientific character, and highly instructive. Macdonald pointed out that Darwin had laid stress on one important factor in evolution, the struggle for existence, but there is another of enormous importance—the mutual aid of species and groups in that struggle. The lecturer gave some beautiful examples of the mutual aid in animal life, amongst beavers, storks, bees, monkeys, &c., describing how monkeys make bridges for the whole colony to pass over, and then went on to ask why man should not be as capable as other animals of living in a free community based on the principle of mutual aid. When there is no government in the universe, why should it be a necessity amongst men?—To this one Secularist present had nothing better to object than "We want none of your Anarchism, your Ravachols, your Vaillants, your bombs!" Strange that after a scientific exposition of Anarchist Communism a "reasonable being" should find nothing to say more to the point than this!—J. P.

Peckham.—Thursday, March 22, an enormous crowd assembled at Peckham Park-road. Comrades Quinn, Banham, Carter and Alsford addressed the meeting, which was perfectly orderly for some time, until an organised gang of black-leg gas-stokers and detectives started hooting and pushing, finally breaking up the meeting by force. The police were present in large numbers, watching eagerly for the least opportunity for a "charge." These meetings now have had to drop, owing to the fact that local comrades will not turn up and support, but the propaganda will be kept up in other ways, by the distribution and sale of literature, etc.—W. H.

Camberwell.—Under the auspices of the Brixton Group, meetings have been started at Camberwell Green every Thursday evening at 8. A start was made on Thursday, April 19th, when an attentive audience was addressed by Banham and Forrester. South-London comrades are asked to rally up at this spot and help.—H.

Woolwich.—Sunday, April 8th, Comrade Carter spoke in Beresford Square, under the auspices of the Building Trade's Federation, and afterwards addressed a large meeting in the same place on "Anarchism." April 22nd, large meeting in the afternoon, addressed by Goldsmith, Banham and Carter; a few questions asked and answered to the satisfaction of the audience. Good sale of literature. Comrade Carter also spoke in the morning, under the auspices of the United Builders Laborers Union, at East Greenwich.—H.

Deptford.—A large meeting was held on the Broadway on Good Friday, addressed by Alsford, Goldsmith, Banham and Carter. Easter Monday, we paid a visit to Greenwich and distributed a large number of old *Commonweals*, and enlivened the holiday-makers with our shouts of "Long live Anarchy," etc.—Our usual two meetings have been kept up regularly every Sunday, large crowds receiving our ideas with evident sympathy. April 1st, a splendid meeting was held, lasting from 11.30 to 3.30; opposition from a Mr. Elliott, a Social Democratic politician who aspires to "represent" the Deptford workmen on the County Council or in the "den of thieves" at Westminster. This individua

spoke in a sneering way of what he called "the juvenile intelligence" of our young Comrade Banham. However, the fancied-superior intelligence of this exponent of Mob Rule received a rough time at the hands of our juvenile comrade, who demolished completely the so-called arguments of this disciple of the "coming slavery."—Sunday morning, April 8th, we had a trade-union meeting each side of us, and Comrade Goldsmith, in opening, incidentally mentioned that trade unionism of itself was not enough to solve the social problem, which so upset the chairman of one of these meetings that he threatened our comrade that unless he cleared off the Broadway there and then, he would come and put him off. But, somehow, he did not seem in a hurry to do it, the crowd defending our right to express our own ideas.—April 15th, meetings addressed by Banham, Forrester, Carter and Presberg, who gave an eloquent appeal for Anarchy.—Sunday morning, April 22nd, Comrade Forrester ably defended the Atheistical position against a local Gospel-grinder, named Pryor, who asserted all manner of vile things about Atheists and Anarchists, which, however, he failed to substantiate.—We have had a good sale for our literature—*Freedom, Liberty, Commonwealth* and *The Anarchist* going off well. We have also sold a number of both Atheist and Anarchist pamphlets. Anarchism here has come to stay!—W. Hart.

PROVINCES—

Portsmouth.—At the invitation of the Portsmouth Anarchist Group, Comrade Mowbray gave two lectures, on Sunday, April 15, at Unicorn-rd. to very attentive audiences. We disposed of a good amount of literature. In the evening we held a meeting on the Common, but the weather was all against us.—On Sunday morning, April 22, at Unicorn-rd., C. Feinstein spoke on "Free Communism" to a good audience. In the afternoon, the local I.L.P. had a speaker from Brighton, with whom, after his speech, Comrades MacDowall and Feinstein discussed Anarchy v. State Socialism, which ended in his getting upset and talking of bombs and dynamite, in fact, playing to the crowd.—C. M.

Manchester.—We have had good meetings all through the winter and up till now, both in Stevenson Square and New Cross. The people have been attentive and some of them seem to be converted into Anarchists, while some are sympathetic but yet doubting. The I.L.P. have lately started holding afternoon meetings in the Square, but it makes very little difference to our crowd; they get very small gatherings compared to ours. The people don't seem to care for the milk-and-water diet they get from the I.L.P. speakers. Our speakers lately have been Comrades Barton, Stockton and Round. We should like to get some speaker from London if possible. Every Wednesday night we meet in the Wool-sack Buildings, Strangeways, at 8 p.m.—A. R.

Leicester.—Since our last report the propaganda of Anarchy in Leicester has been carried on with a vigor and success such as we have never hitherto experienced. Our outdoor meetings throughout the whole of 1893 were larger than ever before, and increased each week in numbers and enthusiasm. On Sept. 10, the Group organised an enormously successful Mass Meeting in support of the miners during the great lock-out; a very large crowd, estimated to number at least 15,000 persons, surrounded the three platforms in the Market Place, and over £14 was collected for the Strike Fund. An Anarchist resolution, advising the miners to expropriate the Land, Coal, and Capital Monopolists, and to organise their own industry for the common weal, was unanimously carried amidst great applause.—A number of successful visits were paid to Loughborough, and the seed of revolt sown in a fruitful soil. We are making arrangements for a more complete and systematic attack on the surrounding districts during this summer.—Great excitement was caused in the town during October and November by the adoption (on the motion of our Comrade Cores), by the members of the Boot Operatives Union, of a resolution declaring the right of the unemployed starving workers to take possession of the means of subsistence "by illegal methods." Law and Authority was considerably frightened and was led to concede some small crumbs to keep the workers quiet. During this "reign of terror" we held a crowded meeting in the Secular Hall in commemoration of the Chicago men, and of all others who have died for the Cause. At this meeting we also welcomed D. J. Nicoll on his release from prison. The speakers were George Cores, D. J. Nicoll, J. Bruce Glasier and Mrs. Glasier. On January 30th '94, C. W. Mowbray, and on Feb. 5th, Peter Kropotkin lectured in the Co-operative Hall—Mowbray on "The Labor Movement and Government," and Kropotkin on "What Anarchism is." We all unite in expressing a hope that this lecture may be published in pamphlet form, it being the finest utterance on the subject we have ever had in Leicester.—At our outdoor meetings this year we have had Mowbray on March 25th, and D. J. Nicoll from Sheffield on April 8th. Our own local staff of speakers, which now consists of Warner, Cores, Stanley, Gall, and Smith, have "held the fort" on other occasions, and the size, both of audiences and collections, and also the sale of literature is very satisfactory.—During the winter we have held our Group meetings at one of the Coffee houses and had some very interesting discussions with both friends and foes. But the Directors of the Coffee House Company discovering our principles found themselves "compelled with great regret" to boycott us, and we have removed to a much better room at the Charles-street Club, where, each Friday at 8 p.m., we invite all who care to inquire into, or discuss, the problems of Anarchist Communism to meet us.—A. G.

Norwich.—Glorious news from here! We have obtained the old Gordon Hall again, the same place which our Comrade Charles, now in prison, years ago secured for us, and wherein so many stirring Anarchist speeches have been delivered. These last few years the hall has been used by a bible-thumping society, but a few Anarchist speeches will soon rid the atmosphere of any taint they have left behind. If possible we shall have a grand opening, and hope that this will be a commencement of active propaganda for the future.—We have been moving quicker these last few weeks. We celebrated the Paris Commune by two good meetings, addressed by Comrades Presberg and Macdonald; the Sunday following we had Comrade Samuels with us, who gave a clear explanation of Anarchist Communism to fair audiences; Sunday, April 8th, Comrade Mowbray gave his farewell address to a large audience. He was in good form and he gave the political labor hacks a severe criticism, showing us the danger of allowing these humbugs to use the labor movement for their own interests. Our comrade stayed with us over Monday, when we sat down to a farewell tea. We are all sorry to lose Mowbray who has sacrificed so much for the cause, especially in Norwich, but if the cause will gain by it we must not mind; we wish him good luck.—Sunday April 15th, Comrade Leggett was here and addressed good audiences. Two or three opponents interrupted the meeting, but when invited to come on the platform to oppose they declined; fair sale of literature at all meetings.—A. B.

Edinburgh.—Having the good fortune to have our old Comrade Tom Bell (better known as the Paris lamp-post man) back amongst us, we have given up our indoor meetings, and started outdoor propaganda. Sunday April 1st, we had a splendid meeting, addressed by Comrades Smith and Bell, opposition and questions ably replied to by Smith, 3s. 6d. worth of literature sold. Sunday 8th, we had Comrade Robb from Glasgow, who addressed a large and attentive audience. Robb has developed into a splendid open-air speaker, and can carry the crowd with him in a wonderful fashion. After Robb had left to catch his train, Comrade Smith took the stool and continued the meeting, replying to questions and

objections offered by an individual in the crowd. Comrade Bell, who has any amount of energy, of will and enthusiasm—by which our group has had new life infused into it—unfortunately has not physical strength to correspond, so he was unable to turn up. Over 3s. worth of literature sold.—Sunday 15th, Comrades Smith and Bell, although both suffering from bad colds, again mounted the stool and held a capital meeting, being assisted by Comrades Short, Fraser and Robertson; fair sale of literature. If we go on as we have begun this summer we will soon have a splendid working group. That enlightened body, the Edinburgh Trades Council, finding that an Anarchist (Tom Bell) had been elected as one of the committee to get up a trades demonstration in May, became horrified at the discovery and were afraid to be, in any way, identified with Anarchists; so our comrade got the quiet hint to withdraw. This is the same body that, in the early days of the S.D.F. movement here, refused to have anything to do with that revolutionary body, but as the Democrats are at present quite respectable and constitutional it is now hard to distinguish which is which, and the Trades Council are not afraid of being identified with them.—H. C.

Dublin.—The Fabian Society meetings have closed, after a fairly successful session. The various phases of Socialist thought were kept well to the front. "Democracy and Socialism" was the subject of the last address by Mr. Cox. On April 5th, G. King lectured on Anarchist Communism at the Ethical Society. He traced the growth of society from the earliest times, explained the development of modern industry, and gave a clear general definition of the views of Anarchists. Some opponents tried to make great capital out of the recent bomb scare, but were unable to tackle the case put forward by King on its own merits. The discussion was very lively.—On Sunday, April 18th, Dr. Fauset Macdonald of London delivered an address on "Evolution and Sociology" before the Ethical Society.—On April 25th, Macdonald lectured in the Central Hall, to a crowded audience, on "Anarchism and Trade Unionism." *The Irish Times*, which gives a very sympathetic report, says, Dr. Macdonald "desires to remove Parliament by a natural and constitutional process. To workingmen he says, absorb the 'blacklegs,' form free associations, let these associations associate with greater associations, and go on developing in this manner until great international federations are established; but do not vote; abandon the franchise; turn your attention to economic problems; leave politics for ever; return no members to Parliament, for you are not compelled to vote, and so Parliament will die. Instead of sending labor representatives to Parliament send resolute resolutions; and when the Government is no longer supported by the people it will no longer be strong; but the working people will become strong through having paid attention to the development of their own associations." On the day of the lecture the *Dublin Evening Herald* published an interview with Macdonald, giving an excellent summary of the philosophy of Communist Anarchism. The gilding upon this rather big pill was an announcement in large type that our comrade was being watched by a special posse from Scotland Yard, which of course gained for him the cordial sympathy of every true Irishman in Dublin.

NOTICES.

LONDON—

Open-air Meetings, addressed by Anarchist speakers, are held on

SUNDAYS:

Hyde Park, Regent's Park, Victoria Park, Hoxton Church and Deptford Broadway, at 11.30 a.m.; Hyde Park, Finsbury Park and Beresford-square, Woolwich, at 3.30 p.m.; Hyde Park and corner Wood Green-road, Tottenham, at 7 p.m.

THURSDAYS:

Ossulston-street, N.W., and Camberwell Green, at 8 p.m.

SATURDAYS:

Hyde Park, at 7 p.m.

E. Leggett speaks on Tower Hill each day in the week.

Grafton Hall, 55, Grafton-street, Fitzroy-square, W.—On Monday, May 28th, at 8 p.m., the first representation of a new play by Otto Wickers von Gogh, entitled "The Social Question," will take place. Admission by ticket, 6d.

PROVINCES—

Leicester Open-air propaganda.—Sundays, Russell-square, at 10.45 a.m.; Market-place, at 4.15 p.m.; Humberston-gate, at 8 p.m.

Manchester Anarchist Group.—Lectures and discussion every Wednesday evening. Stevenson Square (open air) every Sunday at 3 p.m. Financial Secretary, P. J. Kelly; Cor. Sec., Alpheus Round, 203, Oldham-road, Newton Heath.

Special Notices.

NOW READY.—A new and revised edition of "THE WAGE SYSTEM," by P. Kropotkin. 1d.

SPECIAL OFFER TO GROUPS.—Our pamphlet "ANARCHISM AND OUTRAGE" being the most suitable for wide-spread circulation at the present moment, we shall be glad to supply it at the following low rates

On receiving Orders with Cash:

1,000	...	...	(Carriage extra)	...	...	18s.
500	...	...	"	...	...	9s. 6d.
100	...	...	"	...	...	2s.

IT IS PROPOSED shortly to have A SOCIAL EVENING and "RUMMAGE SALE" for the FREEDOM Publication Fund. All articles, old and new, clothing, books, ornaments, &c., which are clean and in good condition enough to be useful to any one, will be gratefully received for the sale by Mrs. Marsh, 3, Alpha Villas, Archway-rd., London N.

* * Held over till June, for want of space, "The Conquest of Bread" and other articles, &c.

AN APPEAL.

Comrade C. C. Davis, who is serving his sentence for having smashed a jeweller's window in Birmingham last year, to draw public attention to his misery as one of the unemployed, will be coming out of prison, July 13. We invite comrades to help in raising a fund to give Com. Davis a fresh start. Contributions may be sent to Mrs. Hyde, 61, St. Augustine's-road, Camden-town, N.W., and will be acknowledged in *Freedom*.

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