

Freedom

A JOURNAL OF ANARCHIST COMMUNISM.

VOL. X.—No. 109.

OCTOBER 1896.

MONTHLY; ONE PENNY.

THE TRADE UNION CONGRESS.

The last Trade Union Congress, which was held during the month past, at Edinburgh, offers a new departure, to which it is essential to draw the attention of all thinking Socialists.

In its routine business, the Congress has not departed much from its predecessors. It has entrusted its Parliamentary Committee to force through Parliament laws relative to the supervision of mines and factories. It has admonished the Government for giving its orders to such firms as do not pay Trade Union wages, and urged that that scandal should cease. But it has refused admission to the Congress to the representatives of three papers which do not pay Trade-union wages (why are not these papers named?).

The discussion of different technical points of different industries was in all respects highly instructive. Thus, to mention one point only, we learn that out of the 300,000, or so, men and children employed in the mines—not only one thousand, and more, are killed every year, but that also *considerably more than a hundred thousand are wounded every year* by various accidents. The accuracy of this authoritative statement evidently cannot be doubted, and it goes far to show the greediness of the capitalists.

The same misunderstandings as last year took place concerning the so-called Socialist resolution. It is well known that although most trade-unionists do not extend their demands farther than a demand for "fair wages," there is amongst them a governing feeling to the effect that the control of the whole of every industrial concern ought to be in the hands of the workers themselves. And there is a steadily growing majority of workers in Britain who are more and more in touch with Socialist ideas, and who simply and plainly wish that the mines and the factories should be socialised, in one way or another, and be managed and owned by the workers. Socialism makes its way in the Trade Unions as everywhere, and although the majority of the workers do not yet rely upon the possibility of such socialisation, very few among them would be opposed to it on principle.

But as Socialism has always been advocated among them in its State's centralised form, and as all past history of the Unions brings them to distrust the State—it is evident that the unionists hesitate to commit themselves to such resolutions, in which Social Democrats embody, or mean to embody, their ideal of "armies of workers" under State management. The hackneyed example of the State's arrangement of the Post Office does not appear to their sound minds as an ideal of industrial organisation.

Consequently, the so-called Socialist resolution is always met with a certain opposition, and accepted half-heartedly, as an imperfect expression of the Unionists' aspirations. So it was also at the last Congress, at which more than three-fourths of the delegates voted some sort of Socialist resolution, but one-fourth opposed it.

And now comes the two points in which the Congress departed from its previous routine.

Owing to the presence of two American and one German delegates, the Edinburgh Congress made a first step towards assuming an international character.

Two delegates of the American Federation of Labour were received with the warmest greetings; and although they limited themselves to reading at the Congress reports on the general conditions of labour in the States, it is evident that the questions of the International Federation of Labour Unions and of international strikes must have been discussed between the American and the British Unionists.

We heartily greet the appearance of other unionists than British at the British Congress. The last International Labour and Socialist Congress has proved how little interest in their economic affairs and economic struggles the workers can expect to find at Congresses at which Social Democrats are numerous. All the hard struggles by means of which the Trade Unions of this country have constituted their power, cultivated the conditions of labour (so far as they could be ameliorated without expropriation), and conquered liberties for their unions and strikes—all these struggles do not interest the Social Democrats so long as they do not win seats in Parliaments. In fact, the French deputy, Jaurès, treated the English Unions as Westminster antiquities, and it is now evident that the intention of one section, at least, of the French Social Democracy was to substitute for the Labour Congresses, Congresses of the Social Democratic parliamentary representatives of all nations. At any rate, such movements as those which are now going on amongst the workers of the United States, England, Belgium and Germany, to constitute a Federation of all workers engaged in the shipping trade, or of all miners, and, we hope soon, of

the textile trades as well, and the general strike which is brewing out of these movements, do not interest the French and German Social Democrats, who are inclined to look at such movements on the contrary, anything but friendly. Instance, the reception given to the General Strike resolution at the London Congress.

It is, therefore, absolutely necessary that the elements for *new Labour Congresses, convoked by the Labour Organisations themselves, and not falling under the domination of political parties—Socialist or not—* should be worked out. Most probably, not further than two years hence an International Labour Congress will have to be convoked, instead of the International Socialist and Labour Congress whose seat in 1899 is to be Germany, while everyone knows—while the recent expulsion of Tom Mann only too well proves it—that no International Congress can be held in Germany. We greet, therefore, that first step towards the internationalisation of Trade Unions Congresses which was made at Edinburgh.

Perhaps, we must mention also the presence of a German unionist delegate at the Edinburgh Congress. But this delegate only came to say that his unions were the true ones, while there are other labour unions in Germany which are *not* the true ones—probably because they keep apart from Social Democracy and do not contribute to the Social Democratic elections. Labour unions ought to beware of such delegates, who already divide the young labour movement in Germany into two parts—the orthodox and the unorthodox—not because the latter would not be serious enough in their struggle against *capitalism*, but because they do not join the *Parliamentary Social Democratic* movement.

An international union of labour organisations ought not to know such divisions. Capital is its enemy. Direct warfare against it—its weapons. Let others use other weapons, if they like; but do not prevent the labour unions from using their own. And don't measure the orthodoxy of labour unions by their willingness to use other weapons than those of their own choice.

As to the second new venture of the Edinburgh Congress, it is, perhaps, of even still greater importance. For the first time Trade Unionists have joined hands with Co-operators.

It hardly need be said that the shameless behaviour of the bosses in Glasgow and Edinburgh, some of whom boycotted the co-operators and even the sisters of those who were employed by the co-operators, was the last drop to bring about the alliance between the Unionist and the Co-operator; but that that alliance was preparing long since is self-evident.

The fact that the Manchester Wholesale Co-operative subscribed £5,000 to the Yorkshire miners strike fund, and opened a considerable credit to the local co-operative stores in the strike region, was a quite new move in the right direction in the history of the Co-operative movement.

True, that in the productive co-operative workshops labour continues to be exploited for the benefit of the shareholders; and the small share of profits which is allotted to the workers is nothing but what every reasonable capitalist could do to consolidate his monopoly. True, that in some co-operative workshops even the trade union wages were not strictly adhered to. But the Socialist ideas penetrate into the co-operative movement as well. The great bulk of the buyers at co-operative stores, especially in the North, are workers; and, as such, they are forcibly brought to be members of their respective unions, which again must be brought more and more to understand the necessity of taking possession of the necessities for production. The Socialist ideal is thus bound to permeate both the unions and the co-operative organisations.

But if these two movements come to join hands (as was the ideal of Robert Owen and all the earliest Socialists), a new invincible force will be created.

And—what is still more important—that now so much asked for form of economic organisation of Society without Capital and State will be indicated by that union. While the State Socialist knows nothing to advocate but State property, State capitalism, and State management of industries, after the land, the mines, the factories, the railways, and so on, have been socialised, and sees in the Post Office and the railway the ideal of future society—Life itself indicates another, far more reasonable and practical solution *outside the State*, by means of a direct agreement between the consumer and the producer.

That this union cannot be strong, and still less general, so long as the present monopoly in land, factories and capital continues to exist, is self-evident. That co-operation and unionism cannot shake off the yoke of monopoly merely by obtaining fair wages and making economies in the cost of living, is again self-evident.

But their union points out in which direction we must look for the economical organisation of Society when monopoly has been destroyed by the Social Revolution.

One word more. The resolutions of their Congresses are mere suggestions to the body of the workers. Are they less important for that?

ANARCHISM: ITS PHILOSOPHY AND IDEAL.

BY PETER KROPOTKIN.

This conception and ideal of society is certainly not new. On the contrary, when we analyze the history of popular institutions—the clan, the village community, the guild and even the urban commune of the Middle Ages in their first stages—we find the same popular tendency to constitute a society according to this idea; a tendency, however, always trammelled by domineering minorities. All popular movements bore this stamp, more or less, and with the Anabaptists and their fore-runners in the ninth century we already find the same ideas clearly expressed in the religious language which was in use at that time. Unfortunately, till the end of the last century this ideal was always tainted by a theocratic spirit; and it is only nowadays that the conception of society deduced from the observation of social phenomena is rid of its swaddling-clothes.

It is only to-day that the ideal of a society where each governs himself according to his own will (which is evidently a result of the social influences borne by each) is affirmed in its economic, political and moral aspects at one and the same time, and that this ideal presents itself based on the necessity of Communism, imposed on our modern societies by the eminently social character of our present production.

In fact, we know full well to-day that it is futile to speak of liberty as long as economic slavery exists.

"Speak not of liberty—poverty is slavery!" is not a vain formula; it has penetrated into the ideas of the great working-class masses; it filters through all the present literature; it even carries those along who live on the poverty of others, and takes from them the arrogance with which they formerly asserted their rights to exploitation.

Millions of Socialists of both hemispheres already agree that the present form of capitalistic social appropriation cannot last much longer. Capitalists themselves feel that it must go and dare not defend it with their former assurance. Their only argument is reduced to saying to us: "You have invented nothing better!" But as to denying the fatal consequences of the present forms of property, as to justifying their right to property, they cannot do it. They will practise this right as long as freedom of action is left to them, but without trying to base it on an idea. This is easily understood.

For instance, take the town of Paris—a creation of so many centuries, a product of the genius of a whole nation, a result of the labor of twenty or thirty generations. How could one maintain to an inhabitant of that town who works every day to embellish it, to purify it, to nourish it, to make it a centre of thought and art—how could one assert before one who produces this wealth that the palaces adorning the streets of Paris belong in all justice to those who are the legal proprietors to-day, when we are all creating their value, which would be *nil* without us?

Such a fiction can be kept up for some time by the skill of the people's educators. The great battalions of workers may not even reflect about it; but from the moment a minority of thinking men agitate the question and submit it to all, there can be no doubt of the result. Popular opinion answers: "It is by spoliation that they hold these riches!"

Likewise, how can the peasant be made to believe that the bourgeois or manorial land belongs to the proprietor who has a legal claim, when a peasant can tell us the history of each bit of land for ten leagues around? Above all, how make him believe that it is useful for the nation that Mr. So-and-so keeps a piece of land for his park when so many neighbouring peasants would be only too glad to cultivate it?

And, lastly, how make the worker in a factory, or the miner in a mine, believe that factory and mine equitably belong to their present masters, when worker and even miner are beginning to see clearly through Panama scandals, bribery, French, Turkish or other railways, pillage of the State and the legal theft, from which great commercial and industrial property are derived?

In fact the masses have never believed in sophisms taught by economists, uttered more to confirm exploiters in their rights than to convert the exploited! Peasants and workers, crushed by misery and finding no support in the well-to-do classes, have let things go, save from time to time when they have affirmed their rights by insurrection. And if workers ever thought that the day would come when personal appropriation of capital would profit all by turning it into a stock of wealth to be shared by all, this illusion is vanishing like so many others. The worker perceives that he has been disinherited, and that disinherited he will remain, unless he has recourse to strikes or revolts to tear from his masters the smallest part of riches built up by his own efforts; that is to say, in order to get that little, he already must impose on himself the pangs of hunger and face imprisonment, if not exposure to Imperial, Royal, or Republican fusillades.

But a greater evil of the present system becomes more and more marked; namely, that in a system based on private appropriation, all that is necessary to life and to production—land, housing, food and tools

—having once passed into the hands of a few, the production of necessities that would give well-being to all is continually hampered. The worker feels vaguely that our present technical power could give abundance to all, but he also perceives how the capitalistic system and the State hinder the conquest of this well-being in every way.

Far from producing more than is needed to assure material riches, we do not produce enough. When a peasant covets the parks and gardens of industrial filibusters and Panamists, round which judges and police mount guard—when he dreams of covering them with crops which, he knows, would carry abundance to the villages whose inhabitants feed on bread hardly washed down with sloe wine—he understands this.

The miner, forced to be idle three days a week, thinks of the tons of coal he might extract, and which are sorely needed in poor households.

The worker whose factory is closed, and who tramps the streets in search of work, sees bricklayers out of work like himself, while one-fifth of the population of Paris live in insanitary hovels; he hears shoemakers complain of want of work, while so many people need shoes—and so on.

In short, if certain economists delight in writing treatises on over-production, and in explaining each industrial crisis by this cause, they would be much at a loss if called upon to name a single article produced by France in greater quantities than are necessary to satisfy the needs of the whole population. It is certainly not corn: the country is obliged to import it. It is not wine either: peasants drink but little wine, and substitute sloe wine in its stead, and the inhabitants of towns have to be content with adulterated stuff. It is evidently not houses: millions still live in cottages of the most wretched description, with one or two apertures. It is not even good or bad books, for they are still objects of luxury in the villages. Only one thing is produced in quantities greater than needed,—it is the budget-devouring individual; but such merchandise is not mentioned in lectures by political economists, although those individuals possess all the attributes of merchandise, being ever ready to sell themselves to the highest bidder.

What economists call over-production is but a production that is above the purchasing power of the worker, who is reduced to poverty by Capital and State. Now, this sort of over-production remains fatally characteristic of the present capitalist production, because—Proudhon has already shown it—workers cannot buy with their salaries what they have produced and at the same time copiously nourish the swarm of idlers who live upon their work.

The very essence of the present economic system is, that the worker can never enjoy the well-being he has produced, and that the number of those who live at his expense will always augment. The more a country is advanced in industry, the more this number grows. Inevitably, industry is directed, and will have to be directed, not towards what is needed to satisfy the needs of all, but towards that which, at a given moment, brings in the greatest temporary profit to a few. Of necessity, the abundance of some will be based on the poverty of others, and the straitened circumstances of the greater number will have to be maintained at all costs, that there may be hands to sell themselves for a part only of that which they are capable of producing; without which, private accumulation of capital is impossible!

These characteristics of our economical system are its very essence. Without them, it cannot exist; for, who would sell his labor power for less than it is capable of bringing in, if he were not forced thereto by the threat of hunger?

And those essential traits of the system are also its most crushing condemnation.

As long as England and France were pioneers of industry, in the midst of nations backward in their technical development, and as long as neighbours purchased their wools, their cotton goods, their silks, their iron and machines, as well as a whole range of articles of luxury, at a price that allowed them to enrich themselves at the expense of their clients,—the worker could be buoyed up by hope that he, too, would be called upon to appropriate an ever and ever larger share of the booty to himself. But these conditions are disappearing. In their turn, the backward nations of thirty years ago have become great producers of cotton goods, wools, silks, machines and articles of luxury. In certain branches of industry they have even taken the lead, and not only do they struggle with the pioneers of industry and commerce in distant lands, but they even compete with those pioneers in their own countries. In a few years Germany, Switzerland, Italy, the United States, Russia and Japan have become great industrial countries. Mexico, the Indies, even Servia, are on the march—and what will it be when China begins to imitate Japan in manufacturing for the world's market?

The result is, that industrial crises, the frequency and duration of which are always augmenting, have passed into a chronic state in many industries. Likewise, wars for Oriental and African markets have become the order of the day since several years; it is now twenty-five years that the sword of war has been suspended over European states. And if war has not burst forth, it is especially due to influential financiers who find it advantageous that States should become more and more indebted. But the day on which Money will find its interest in fomenting war, human flocks will be driven against other human flocks, and will butcher one another to settle the affairs of the world's master-financiers.

All is linked, all holds together under the present economic system, and all tends to make the fall of the industrial and mercantile system under which we live inevitable. Its duration is but a question of time,

that may already be counted by years and no longer by centuries. A question of time—and energetic attack on our part! Idlers do not make history: they suffer it!

CHARITY: TRUE AND FALSE

BY J. C. KENWORTHY.

This is not up in the clouds. I ask any reader who has not yet tried the method to go to the next meeting he attends with this resolve in his mind: "It is my duty as a consistent Socialist, Communist, Anarchist, as one who seeks the good of all, to love, truly and fully, those people who are gathered with me." Let it be your effort to do this; and see what comes of it. If all at the meeting do this, upon what line is their action likely to develop? Upon the line of coming together, of sharing their means, of "pooling their lives," of seeking together honest and simple ways of living. It must be so; it begins to be so.

Walk the streets with this resolve in your mind, to love the people in the streets, every one of them, good and bad. The world will then take on a different color; the possibilities of life will appear wholly different. You will forget yourself and those fettering needs and fears of yours, and you will live in the lives of others. Despair will become hope; bitterness will become joy.

The need of a social revolution is simply the need of the reorganization of industry. Once men can dig and plant and build and exchange, seeking the equal welfare of all, kings and councils may go, priests and soldiers may go; their evil part is played. And the true work of the revolution is the work of so reorganising industry—a work which is right at hand to each one, waiting, clamoring to be done.

This way we must go, or be for ever beaters of the air. We need a Socialist Co-operation, from which no exploitation flows to idle people—a Communist Co-operation whose property belongs to all, not being given by law to a few; an Anarchist Co-operation which refuses obedience to and rejects the treacherous help of the unjust, fatal, principle-violating law of the land. And the whole fabric must rest upon the principle of Equality, of equal opportunity; it must be planned by Charity, by Love; and it must be built, stone upon stone, by Liberty, by *voluntary action*. They who contribute to this must be people willing to, at a moment's notice, surrender all, even life itself, for their great cause; people who for the evil done to them will return good, only good, and that wholly; people whose first desire for their fellow is, not to control and organise them, but to inspire them, so that each may become, not members of a party, tools of an organisation, but an independent servant of principles which bind men to the service of humanity. To a man who loves his kind only such converts are worth making; kings and capitalists alone desire the count of heads and of votes. I foresee the culmination of these ideas which are now beginning to voice themselves once more in the world's history. I see the gathering here and there of men and women who live by this spirit: I see their union of soul, their community of goods, their service of honest labor and simple natural living. I see them quietly and unobtrusively redeeming the land, building up new, healthful industry. Like the old prophet's hero, they do not strive nor cry, but they fan the smoking flax; they strengthen the bruised reed. And I foresee their persecutions; the State, discovering that the people are again slipping from beneath its feet, will, as old Rome did, persecute after the fashion of the day (indeed, already we have the persecution of the movement's vanguard); the Church, finding itself exposed in perverting and withholding what it professes to preach, and finding its vested interests, its partnership in oppressions, threatened with death, will in the name of God denounce the disciples of the Kingdom of Heaven. For all this we must be prepared; it is part of the conflict.

And the end? It is sure. Why? Because there is a Power in, behind, the universe: a Power which is one, and whose purpose is Love and Truth; in whose service there is no failure, but all is failure which is not in that service. Call Him God, or what you will—He, It, is there, to be found by every one who will honestly face the facts of life, and lovingly, in true charity, act upon those facts.

Our call is not to painful duties and gloomy sacrifices. In this truth of life we have been shown a treasure which we shall do well to buy at the price of all else we have in the world, even the life of our body. Did you ever meet a man who regretted that he had given up anything in true service of a right cause? Never! That is impossible in the nature of things.

If then, friends, you call yourselves Socialists, Communists, Anarchists, you who wish to live honestly and kindly,—if the principle has not moved you so far, let it move you now; the principle, I mean, of always, at every cost, trying to see and speak the whole undimmed truth, and to do deeds of perfect love, perfect charity, to all men; thinking nothing at all of your own needs and fears. This will begin to remake society. None of us can understand all the complications of life; none of us can know how to arrange the lives of others than ourselves; none of us really know the future. But we do know when we are inspired by love and truth; and love and truth are before us as an absolute ideal to be followed,—the more completely, then the more safely and happily. And by devotion to this ideal, and in no other way whatever, can we bring about the good we seek. Violence, hurtfulness, are relatives to savagery; diplomacy is lying, and leads to destruction. But we are of another spirit.

Does this still seem in the clouds? Then let us the more earnestly begin to realise principles in practice; for by that means men will see that all good order in society, all human welfare, depend upon and result from the adoption of this attitude of mind and direction of effort among men. But as long as we only talk of how society ought to be, without trying to live in that way ourselves, the world will go on saying, as it says of us now: "These people only talk; they cannot do anything."

(Conclusion.)

Social Democratic Criticism of the International Congress.

The *Neue Zeit* (No. 47), a semi-official Social Democratic review, gives a very interesting and straightforward criticism on the International Congress recently held in London. It is all the more interesting to us Anarchists, as we here have a journal edited by two prominent members of the Social Democratic Party, Kautsky and Bernstein (both present at the Congress, if I am not mistaken), virtually confirming many of the arguments put forward by the Anarchists.

After denying all that had been asserted by the capitalist press with regard to the absolute failure of the Congress, the writer of the article, who, by the way, does not sign his name, goes on to say, that while appreciating all the good that was done by the Congress, it would be a great mistake for Social Democrats to shut their eyes to its numerous shortcomings. He says:

It's true the movement does not depend only upon the exterior success of Congresses. But still, when Congresses are called together, one must prove oneself capable to see that the movement be presented in a dignified way. The foremost requisite for this is to make use of the time in a way corresponding with its aims.....

That in this respect the Congress left very much to be desired, is being unanimously acknowledged. Three of the five Congress days that were practically at the disposal of the Congress have been wasted over formalities that ought to have taken barely a day. And it is not right to attribute all the guilt exclusively to the Anarchists and their sympathisers.

Commenting upon the debate on the Zurich resolution, the writer says:

"But here a new mistake was made in the choice of the speakers for this resolution, and a mistake which was not accidentally made, but the result of a false tendency. Instead of choosing according to competence, i.e. men who were present at Zurich and Brussels, and who could speak with an intimate knowledge of the facts in question, people allowed themselves to be carried away by nationality and the sound of name. Men were called on to speak upon the Zurich resolution, of whom the one—Jaurès—had evidently no idea of the previous history of the resolution, the other one—Hyndman—only knew it second-hand..... Truth bids us confess that Tom Mann and Domela Nieuwenhuis brought forward arguments that were far more forcible than those of the first named."

It seems, the critic in the *Neue Zeit* goes on to say, one does not quite understand the difference between a general International Social Democratic Congress and one called for all Socialist parties.

If one desires the latter, the line drawn for admission to it must be characterised by the greatest broadmindedness. Conflicts within some nationality must here not be taken into account, however unpleasant it may be for the individuals. It is greatly to be regretted that in the case of the French the Congress was prompted to a decision which, taken as a precedent will put into question all future International Congresses.* To hush it up means, in this case, to render the very worst service to the cause. With the same or even with more right than the minority of the French, could the English trade unionists demand their recognition as a separate section, and even the Polish opposition could not be refused such a demand after this. It must unconditionally be acknowledged that a very gross blunder has here been committed which must not be repeated. And so, also, in minor points. Nothing is more harmful, nothing arouses more bitterness and sharpens differences of opinion into political hostilities, than measures which tend to sacrifice universally acknowledged rules to personal considerations.

Further on he says:

It is, indeed, to be decided here: Either one limits oneself to an International Congress of Social Democratic parties, or one adheres to the idea of an International Workers' and Socialist Congress..... When we nevertheless cannot get enthusiastic over the first suggestion, and consider it rather an encouraging sign that the Congress has almost unanimously rejected the resolution of the S.D.F. which practically tended towards a Party Congress, we are led by the thought that the close contact with the vast labor movement is of far greater importance than any formal advantages which the uniformity of such a Congress may offer. Rather accept all the friction of former Congresses, rather, if there were no other alternative, reopen the doors to the Anarchists, than renounce this contact.

And now follows something that seems quite strange appearing in a Social Democratic review, especially German, which has ever been advertising Social Democracy as the only infallible cure of social evils. The critic of the *Neue Zeit*, however, is led into the admission that

No fraction of the movement has cultivated all the wisdom by itself; it can only be the result of the whole movement. However, if one desires a general Congress, one must also be ready to make the requisite sacrifices for it. Then all those participants who have complied with the conditions of admission must be granted equal rights; then minor relationship of opinions or differences must give as little occasion for exceptional measures as personal sympathies or antipathies. To disregard or even attempt to disregard this rule has also cost the Congress much time which could have been saved.

Here we close the extracts, which will prove sufficiently to our readers that the recent International Congress has taught a good lesson even to Social Democrats, and has altogether helped to open many a one's eyes to the righteousness of the Anarchists' arguments. I may add that the whole tone of this article is entirely different from that of the official Social Democratic organ, *Vorwaerts*, in dealing with the same question.

DORIS ZHOOK.

* The italics are mine.—D. Z.

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A JOURNAL OF ANARCHIST COMMUNISM.

Monthly, One Penny; post free, 1½d.: U.S.A., 3 Cents; France, 15 Centimes.

Annual Subscription, post free, 1s. 6d.; U.S.A., 36 Cents; France, 1fr. 80c.
Foreign subscriptions should be sent by International Money Order,
payable to C. M. Wilson.

Wholesale Price, 1s. 4d. per quire of 27, carriage free to all parts.

All communications, exchanges, &c., for "FREEDOM" to be addressed to
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Other communications to the secretary, J. PERRY, at above address.

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The Editors are not necessarily in agreement with signed articles

NOTES.

PENAL SERVITUDE.

The British Government in its mercy has lately released from penal servitude a few unfortunate persons known as "Irish Dynamitards." Two of these victims have been driven hopelessly mad, whilst the other fortunately is sane enough to give us his experiences of penal servitude in English prisons. This he does in an interview with a representative of the *Daily Chronicle*. Poor Daly tells of his impressions on regaining his liberty: "It was the sensation of hearing women's voices, with their softness, their melody, their music, after all these years of the harsh voices of warders in Portland and Chatham." What a world of meaning is conveyed in these words! But listen to his description of his life in prison: "I don't know any language to describe the horrors of it. You are virtually in a living tomb—cut off from everything, the only human sounds you hear being hard orders and words from the warders. Never a touch of kindness, never a glimpse of humanity, apart from a rare visitor and an occasional letter. The prison system is simply inhuman—every warder will admit that, but they answer that they have their wives and children to keep, and that if they were not brutes their services would be dispensed with?" This is how the law treats the victims of the present system; and very little does it trouble as to the innocence or "guilt" of these unfortunates. But worse still, this is the way of dealing with "criminals" which has been "scientifically" evolved from the ideas of persons claiming to have some knowledge of how best to deal with the so-called "criminal classes." But the great criminal after all is society itself; and after driving people into crime that it should torture them in its prisons is an infamy too black for words to describe.

BOMBS AND BUNCOMBE

The gentlemen who are interested in the administration of Scotland Yard—all honourable men, as we are aware—have been very busy of late. They have discovered Tynan or "No. 1," though whether Tynan is "No. 1," or whether it is Tynan they've caught, or whether "No. 1" ever had any corporal existence, nobody seems very clear. One thing is pretty certain: the officials of Scotland Yard are looking after Number One and have been for many years, and are very smart at the business, and they intend to keep the ball rolling if they can. For this reason we read of "Bombs in South London," "A Bomb thrown from a Tram Car," "Discovery of a Dynamite Factory," "Threatening Letters to the Officials," and all the rest of the dramatic effects necessary for the biggest fraud on earth. And this happens just at the time when the Czar is expected. Capital! Sir Augustus Harris could not have managed it better. And the assistance of the press has been most complete and satisfactory. How Cecil Rhodes must envy Scotland Yard its command of the press! Innocent readers may wonder why all this should be. Well, this is Scotland Yard's "struggle for existence," we suppose, though the question why it should struggle to exist could be better answered by the crowds who use it than by us, who wish for a state of society honest and fraternal enough to dispense with its degrading services.

PITY THE POOR CZAR!

The man who calls himself "Tzar of all the Russias" has landed on these shores and has had the usual cut and dried official welcome from those who have to do that sort of thing to keep the game alive. Doubtless the Prince of Wales, my Lord Rosebery, and the other noble actors in this noble scene have their own private opinions as to the nonsense of the whole business; but being in the swindle themselves, and feeling their own interests are involved in putting a serious face on it, they pluck up and go through the farce—in consideration of a big dip in the money bag. Our Scotch comrades, however, feeling genuine indignation at the enormities practised on the Russian people by the Czar and his gang of officials, energetically expressed their disapproval of his appearance amongst us. We are told it was a pitiable sight to see this great autocrat pale and trembling, startled by every movement of the crowd, and nervous even at the restiveness of his own

horses. And this is the life of a Tzar! Well, it would be an act of humanity towards him to take his baubles away and give him the life of a peasant in the fields. We are afraid our sensible suggestion will not receive due consideration, but that his mightiness will prefer to join the discussion which others of his class are deeply engaged in at the present moment, viz., how to keep their shaky crowns on their foolish heads.

THE NEWCASTLE CO-OPERATIVE.

We are pleased indeed to read in the latest report of the Free Communist and Co-operative Colony in Newcastle of the steady yet substantial progress our comrades are making. This practical application of Anarchist Communist principles by the Newcastle comrades has been so quietly yet determinedly carried on, that not even all those active in the movement have been aware of the good work done. Yet the work got through during the last six months is worth recording. "Of our land" (we are quoting from the report, which we regret we cannot print in full) "nearly four acres have been transformed into market garden, and planted or sown with various vegetables, viz.:—peas, beans, cauliflowers, cabbages, celery, carrots, etc. For fruit we have trenched and set out a little orchard of 120 apple and 25 cherry trees, planted about 2,000 berry and currant bushes, and made a start in strawberry culture, extending to about a quarter of an acre. . . . We have sown about 2½ acres with various sorts of grain for our own use, reserved four acres of grass land for hay, and utilised the remainder for pasture. Our glasshouse has been filled with 500 tomato plants; and the just ripening fruit, as well as the healthy appearance of the plants, promise us a good return for our investment and labour." They have considerably increased their live stock, and have made a good start in bee-keeping.

The total income during the past six months from all sources was £239 1s. 5d., and the expenditure £228 0s. 7½d., leaving a small balance of £10 14s. 4½d. It need hardly be said that more capital is needed to develop their resources—especially now that their number has been increased to 24—and that any comrades and sympathisers who can help financially, will be assisting one of the most promising developments of the times—an attempt to realise a just and humane ideal. All contributions will be thankfully received and acknowledged by Mr. W. Key, Tavistock House, Sunderland.

TO THOSE ABOUT TO DO LIKEWISE.

It must not, however, be supposed that all that the Clousden Hill Farm Colonists have done has been accomplished without hardship and struggle. Not that similar attempts, even if better supplied with capital, will be found to be all plain-sailing. We understand that Comrade J. C. Kenworthy is about to start a co-operative farm near Croydon, and from letters received by us from various quarters there is much stirring and desire among comrades all over England to go and do likewise. It would be well if the comrades who propose to live and work together in this fashion knew each other personally beforehand, and felt that it was possible for them to come into close every-day relations with one another without undue friction. Certain temperaments cannot work together under any circumstances; but the outside public will not take this into account if they hear of discord among the colonists, and it would only be regarded as a proof of the impracticability of free co-operation; the fact that discussion occurs in the most orthodox and legalised communities being quite ignored. An ounce of example is worth far more than a pound of precept; but the example should show us what to do as well as what to avoid.

ON THE CHOICE OF LOCALITY.

Hitherto the great defect in agricultural life has been its isolation from the mental activity of the great towns. Kropotkin pointed out to some of the pioneers of the Australian Expedition, under the leadership of Mr. Lane, that they made a mistake in going so far from the centres of civilisation as the wilds of South America. Men and women who work physically hard all day long are in absolute need of a week-end spent among fresh ideas and sympathisers, whose lives are in a measure a direct contrast to their own, if they wish to feel fresh and vigorous. We have no doubt that the men and women of Clousden Hill have been strengthened and refreshed by the visits of those friends in and about Newcastle who have taken a kindly interest in their venture, and by the visits from longer distances of such men as Kropotkin, Elisée Reclus, Tom Mann, Kampfmeier, &c. We should advise in the case of every Communist Anarchist colony the keeping of a spare room for such of us who, weary of town life, would like to pass a few days at their farms, sharing in the farm life for the time being, and adding to the farm income by what they would pay for board and lodging. We are sure that during the spring, summer and autumn such a room would never lack an occupant. We should be glad to have further practical suggestions on the subject from any of our readers, who may be interested.

LAW AND LICENCE.

Now that "Cabby" is on strike, we hope he will gain a little enlightenment from the moral of the fight he is waging against the big railway companies. Certainly his struggle for existence is terribly hard and he feels the stress of competition as keenly as any one, and even if he could get justice before the law his life-conditions would be far from those which a reasonable being might wish for. But even from a "legal

point of view," whatever that may mean, he is suffering the grossest injustice. For, notwithstanding the formalities and inquiries insisted upon by the authorities before Cabby's licence is granted, we notice the railway companies are using unlicensed cabs with unskilled drivers—a distinct breach of the law. However, a legal luminary with the suggestive name of Lushington, has decided that in the case of the big companies the offence is so trivial that it does not call for a conviction. Cabby will see from this on which side the law fights—that law which he is expected to reverence and uphold, but which, as a matter of fact, is his biggest enemy, since it is the machinery by which the capitalist keeps him poor and in subjection.

PEACE.

We are told that world-wide international peace is an utopian idea. Well, then, we Socialists are utopists; for we work for its realization. The workpeople have not the slightest interest in warfare; for labor and peace go hand in hand. Every man of principle is an utopist in the eyes of other people; but we are not afraid of that appellation; we accept it, and we say with the apostle, "We expect to prevail through the foolishness of preaching."

War and the capitalistic system are inseparable.

"Where are we going to?" we exclaim, on seeing that the war-budget of the different European states has increased from £120,000,000 sterling in 1869 to £200,000,000 sterling in 1892: which means that it has nearly doubled in twenty-five years. The nations are literally eaten up by the Moloch of militarism. We are drifting towards a general State bankruptcy. Daily the national debt of the different countries increases.

In fact, the only thing the nations possess is their debt. People always speak of the "National Debt." But the fleet is "Her Majesty's fleet"; the army, "Her Majesty's army." Only the debt is not Her Majesty's, but the people's, who are good enough to bear it; and in all countries of the world it is called the "national" debt.

The accumulated national debt of the different European countries amounts to £6,200,000,000 sterling, i.e., £15 per head.

What would the capitalists do with their money if it were not for those tremendous loans? For, in addition to leading a most pleasant and expensive life, the capitalists, year by year, put aside some nice little sums, amounting to millions; millions which again they put into circulation for the purpose of accumulating fresh treasures. The loans are thus only negotiated for the benefit of the rich, whilst the interest is paid by the poor. Such is the fatal circle in which capitalistic society moves.

The nations run into debt to satisfy the exigencies of militarism. And militarism destroys the welfare of the nations, who produce themselves what soon will be their ruin. Pauperism and militarism walk hand in hand; and capitalism, by increasing the general misery, becomes itself a hotbed for Socialism. But go on, you mighty ones of the earth; you are digging your own grave. Whilst cursing Socialism you yourselves bring forth Socialists.

"*Si in pacem, para bellum*" (if you want peace, be prepared for war), we are told. Nonsense! If you want peace, then don't think of war, but think of peace. Robert Peel once said that over the door of every War-office ought to be written: "If Parliament would be influenced by the desires of military men, who are naturally prejudiced, it would plunge the country into expenses for which no income would be large enough." That is true. Mental development, the acquisition of knowledge—this is the way to bring about an improvement. "If my soldiers would think, not one would remain in the ranks," said Frederick II. of Prussia. Quite right. Well, we have to teach soldiers how to think, and they will refuse to be made use of by capitalists. Don't forget that he who wants the end must find the means. Resolutions and protests against war are perfectly useless. A reasonable being does not threaten unless he is in a position to enforce his demands by action in case he should meet with a refusal. And I believe that every instance of a soldier refusing to submit to military service will exercise a more powerful influence in favor of the propaganda for peace than any number of resolutions and meetings. I am a partisan of the refusal of military service in case of war, as I believe that this would paralyse the governments and prevent the actual outbreak of hostilities.

I prefer civil war, where people at least know what they are fighting for, to a war waged between different nations, where men kill each other who, as they do not know each other, can not bear malice against each other. The idea of military strikes, too, has already been denounced as utopian, and many have tried to ridicule it; but that does not frighten a good Socialist,—are not all the ideas of Socialism ridiculous in the eyes of the capitalists? We are proud to advocate the idea of a military strike, careless whether some consider it an absurdity, and others nonsense. We all know Count Tolstoi. Well, this dreamer goes much further than we do: he preaches non-resistance to evil. What is the duty of a soldier? To protect princes and their interests. Did not the Emperor William of Germany, whom Tolstoi calls the "*enfant terrible* of State authority," say to the recruits, in 1891, "One enemy exists for you,—my enemy. With the present Socialistic intrigues it may happen that I shall command you to shoot your own relatives, your brothers, even your parents; and then you are in duty bound to obey my orders unhesitatingly." Here you have, openly proclaimed, what others secretly think. And so it is in fact. On the other hand, Tolstoi preaches the refusal to serve, and says of the soldier, that "He is dressed in a clown's garment, ordered to leap, to make contortions; to

salute, to kill, and he submissively obeys; and when at last allowed to return to his former life, he continues to hold forth on the dignity of man, freedom, equality and brotherhood." And he who makes propaganda for the idea of a military strike sows the seed which one day will bear fruit. It is not easy to carry out this idea, and we ought to show great respect to the brave men who would sooner suffer anything than be trained as murderers in the school of militarism. And yet it happens more frequently than one imagines. Listen to what Tolstoi says about it:

Several peasants and soldiers in Russia, who refused to take part in a drill or to use weapons, were put under arrest for disobedience and contention.

Such instances of a refusal to comply with the demands of the State when opposed to Christianity, especially refusals to perform military service, occur not only in Russia but everywhere. I know that, in Servia, men from the so-called sect of Nazarenes steadily refuse to enter the army, and the Austrian government has for several years made futile attempts to convert them by means of imprisonment. In 1885 there were 130 refusals of this kind. I know that in Switzerland, in 1890, there were men in confinement in the Castle of Chillon for refusing to perform military duty, whose determination was not to be influenced by punishment. Such refusals have occurred in Sweden; the men there also were imprisoned, and the government carefully concealed the affairs from the people. Similar instances occurred in Prussia; I know of one subaltern officer in the guards who, in 1891, in Berlin, announced to his superiors that he, as a Christian, could not continue his military service, and in spite of all remonstrances and threats he adhered to his resolution. In the South of France a community of men, called Hinchists, has recently been established (my information is derived from the *Peace Herald*, of July 1891), who, as professing the Christian doctrine, refuse to perform military duty. At first they were told off to serve in the hospitals; but now, with the increase of the sect, they are punished for insubordination, while they still refuse to bear arms.

Socialists, Communists and Anarchists, with their bombs and their revolutions, are far less dangerous to governments than these men, who from different places proclaim their refusals, all based upon the same doctrine familiar to all.—*The Kingdom of God is Within You.*

This dreamer is a man of principle, and we prefer to work with him than to mouth cheap, phrases and, in the guise of practical people, to issue protests for the purpose of amusing the possessing classes, who only laugh at our innocence. Big phrases don't carry any weight, but a single action may be fruitful.

Therefore, let us propagate the idea wherever we can, so that Socialists may not longer be used as fodder for cannon in the interest of the capitalist class.

Socialism means peace, we are told. Is that true, and the Socialists so peaceful amongst each other that we are able to say, "Look how nice it is when brothers dwell in peace with each other?" In any case, we ought to take care that on the day following a demonstration in favor of international peace (26 July, Sunday before the International Congress) we do not give the world the spectacle of waging internecine warfare between Socialists for the amusement of the capitalist class.

Socialism stands for peace, but only if it ignores all sectarianism, dogmatism, intolerance and narrow-mindedness. What unites us let us cherish; what separates us let us ignore.

Long live International Socialism, brotherhood and solidarity!

DOMELA NIEUWENHUIS.

CORRESPONDENCE.

ANARCHIST ORGANISATION.

In July *Freedom* there appeared an article criticising the Associated Anarchists. I think very few of those who read that article will object to a reply on behalf of the criticised society.

Your Australian correspondent, J. A. Andrews, endeavoured to show that the above named society was not based on Anarchist principles, and finished his article with a windy flourish unworthy of his pen concerning some vanity, stupidity or malice, he hardly knew which, on the part of the promoters of the Associated Anarchists. As to his attempt to show the non-Anarchism of the society, I will deal with that later on; as to his finish, I should like to remind your ardent correspondent that many people have a knack of thinking that where there is little argument there is great abuse.

The arguments he adduces to attempt to prove his assertion are not new. I saw them all except the finish in a letter from Andrews to Banham, and I am surprised he has not been able to think of something extra in the meantime. On the whole they are not impressive. They show a want of the power of discrimination, a propensity to involve himself in contradictions, and an extraordinary narrowness of vision as to the domain of Anarchy, what it does and what it does not enclose.

Let me discuss the last, first. He argues that we (the Associated Anarchists) are not Anarchists, and yet he never defines what Anarchy is. For a beginning this is not argument but begging of the question. How are we to prove to Andrews that we are Anarchists, when we do not know by a definition what he thinks an Anarchist should be. This want of position on his part vitiates the whole of his article, and renders it so weak that on this point it is extremely hard to grapple with him. Consequently, to avoid the great mistake he has made we must take up a position ourselves on this matter. I believe I am pretty correct in saying that Anarchism is that doctrine which teaches that each shall do as he pleases so long as he does not infringe the like liberty of his fellows. I suppose this is a definition that Andrews may accept. Now let us see how it works out. We claim that each of us among the Associated Anarchists is doing as he pleases. If we did not like the Association, its propaganda, its methods, etc., we should leave it. This proves that we do as we please. If not, let Andrews point out where we do not please ourselves. Perhaps Andrews may believe that we can't think for ourselves in this matter, and that it might be a good act on his part if he did the thinking for us. We further claim to clinch the demonstration of our Anarchism that we infringe nobody's liberty by being Associated Anarchists. Our methods are for ourselves. We do not impose them, nor do we desire to impose them on anybody who imagines he has reason to object, but if unfortunately we are infringing the liberty of anybody in England or Australia, we shall be extremely obliged if the same is quickly pointed out to us. Now, the importance of the lines just passed should not be overlooked, for, if they are admitted to be correct, we are Anarchists of necessity, according to the definition given. Andrews' idea of Anarchy is a bit peculiar: It seems to be but a stereotyped desire to shun majorities and find minorities. His idea is never go with the majority, for if you do you won't be pleasing yourself, or if you are pleasing yourself you will be infringing somebody's liberty, though generally

this somebody is hard to discover. His Anarchy, if logically carried out, is so exclusive that it would be impossible to carry on an orchestra or play a game of cricket or football, for here you agree to put up with the apparently arbitrary control of a leading musician, or the decision of umpires. If you say I agree to accompany a majority on sundry matters, you will be damned if you say I agree to submit to the decisions of the cricket umpire, you ought to be doubly damned. Will Andrews take up this latter position with regard to cricket and stigmatise the game as an autocracy.

It is a strange Anarchy, this from Australia. An Anarchy of what you must do and what you must not. An Anarchy with limitations, an anarchy of "do as you please, but don't do differently to us," an Anarchy that begins to be tainted with an authoritarianism of Mother Grundy. We the critised society place no such restrictions on the other Anarchists, which clearly shows that the new Anarchy is more wide and liberal than the old. We do not seek as authoritarians to say that you must have a chairman. You must settle your matters by voting. We have agreed to these things for ourselves; but we do not lay them down for others who object.

Andrews says it is absurd for Anarchists to attempt to get at collective action, and that those who desire it have not yet got rid of the State idea. If the latter statement be correct, Anarchy has a bad look out; for the very action of putting things in common, will be a common or collective action, and consequently, according to Andrews an action of the "State," and of course Anarchy would be that State. This is a grotesque contradiction which Andrews has put himself into by his thoughtless condemnation of collective action on the part of Anarchists.

Again, Anarchy is Expropriation, and if according to Andrews it will not be a collective expropriation for the common good, then it will be individual expropriation for individual benefit. If the latter be the correct way of regarding Anarchy, then there will be no difference between capitalism at its worst and Anarchy at its best, except to the great disadvantage of the latter, for every capitalist or landlord is an individual expropriator for his own individual benefit. Thus Andrews is again landed in an awkward position, by his denial of Anarchist collective action. No! expropriation cannot be individual if it is to be good; on the other hand it must be collective, an act carried out by a multitude, the greater the better. But now the query rises, what is collective action? It is practically here that the bone of contention lies. After all he has said, Andrews may come to the conclusion that Anarchist collective action is only that which lasts for a short time and for the carrying out of a particular item, such as a meeting in a hall or a demonstration. But this not collective action on the part of a large Commune or a numerous society which does not last for a short time, and which has numberless items overlapping and following each other to be carried out. The collective action proper for these latter must be as long as the Commune itself exists, and must be always carrying out a multitude of items, irrespective of individuals who may come and go. The origin of the ordinary Anarchist collective action for a short time, and dealing with one item only is the interesting individual who suddenly jumps up, and as a minority persuades a majority to follow. On the other hand, the origin of the Anarchist Commune collective action would be the needs of the Commune itself, and not the persuasive interesting individual, who, however, must always be a good man when in his proper place. Now this Commune collective action necessitates a pre-arrangement by means of which all differences, not affecting principle limb life or death might be settled. What shall this pre-arrangement be? Differences may be settled by tossing, by lot, by voting, etc., and we Associated Anarchists have come to the conclusion that the best of these as a matter of convenience is voting; the minority being willing to accompany the majority. Surely the liberty of an Anarchist is not so narrow as to prohibit his pleasing himself in this way and endeavouring to get others to see the utility of it.

Now, I might go on in the same way pointing out the inconclusiveness of the other statements in Andrews letter but space forbids. With regard to the statement that we are "voluntary State Socialists." It is apparent to all the world that it is a flat contradiction, and Andrews is amusing himself. With regard to the name "Associated Anarchists," we are the only Anarchists continuously and definitely Associated; we are reluctantly compelled to look upon the others as "dissociated," as "a fortuitous concourse of atoms." A haphazard collection which may be alive to-day and dead to-morrow, a collection, in short, without the definite and determined idea of remaining together for good, which definiteness and determination must be one of the foundations of organisation worthy of the name.

Here, unwillingly, I must conclude, but I have said sufficient to awaken a thought here and there that we are Anarchists, and that our method is consonant to reason and convenience. Anyhow, even if we were in complete darkness and error our position must do good, in fact, has done good already, in shaking up the old Mother Grundism that Anarchy seems to be taking a liking for.

I must not lay down my pen, however, without saying I would like to assure Comrade Andrews that he penned his article without betraying any stupidity, malice or vanity, or it is plain that I know as much about a state of mind as he does about ours seeing the distance between England and Australia is only a trifle.

C. T. QUINN.

REGIMENTAL SOCIALISM.

Were it possible to bring within the meaning of the Merchandise Marks Act, in addition to foreign manufactured articles of trade, all imported *isms*, then, of a surety, S.D.F.-ism and all its works would be labelled, "made in Germany." And Socialism of German manufacture is a fraudulent and adulterated article; a Socialism in name only; savouring more of Inequality and Military Despotism than of Liberty, Equality and Fraternity. Of this we had ample proof at the recent Congress, where the soulless automatons of the S.D.F.—copying the drill-sergeant tactics of the German party—voted in a body on all questions, machine-like, in slavish obedience to the orders of their commander-in-chief, and utterly regardless of the mandates of those workers who had sent them.

The motto of the Marx-mad S.D.F., and similar Social Democratic organisations under German influence, is Military Discipline. And it gives us somewhat of an insight into the workings of the Socialist State that is to be, and which has been correctly described by Herbert Spencer as "the coming slavery." This constant instancing of military discipline as the basis of the organisation of the Social Democratic "society of the future" is certainly apt. It is an admission on the part of Social Democrats that Social Democracy, to be effective, can only exist by the exercise of the grossest tyranny.

Under the new regimentalism (if ever willing slaves enough can be found to give it birth), individual liberty will be relegated to the background, and industrial conscription take its place. Everyone

being under compulsion to serve his term as a soldier in the industrial army, existence will be made up of one dull ceaseless round of mechanical, monotonous barrack-life: a kind of life-long penal servitude. The nation will be composed of one huge army of well-drilled, regulated, adult babies; a paradise of officialism on the one hand and helpless subordination on the other. Of this, Sidney Webb, one of the Socialist drill instructors, provides the following ample proof: "The perfect and fitting development of each individual is not necessarily the utmost and highest cultivation of his own personality, but the filling, in the best possible way, of his *humble function in the great social machine*."—*Fabian Essays*.

The State, under the regimentation of Social Democracy, being the great and sole monopolist—its officials omnipotent, everyone else absolutely dependent on them for the very means of existence, commanded and ruled in a wholly military manner—the industrial conscript has the delightful choice of knuckling under to the almighty State or perishing in the gutter or the gaol. Surely humanity will have sunk to the lowest depths of second childhood should ever it place power in the hands of Socialist martinets of the Hyndman, Quelch and Aveling type, wherewith to order full-grown men and women.

Edward Bellamy, in outlining this Utopia of Socialist Militarism, says as follows: "The whole body of members of the industrial army is divided into four general classes. First, the unclassified grade of common laborers, assigned to any sort of work, usually the coarser kinds. To this all recruits during their first three years belong. Second, the apprentices, as the men are called in the first year after passing from the unclassified grade while they are mastering the first elements of their chosen avocations. Third, the main body of the full workers, being men between twenty-five and forty-five. Fourth, the officers, from the lowest who have charge of men to the highest. These four classes are all under a different form of discipline. The unclassified workers, doing miscellaneous work, cannot, of course, be so rigidly graded as later. They are supposed to be in a sort of school, learning industrial habits" (*Looking Backward*, p. 73). "O, what must it be to be there!" is the only remark applicable to such a condition of things. Further on, we are told that "it is not even necessary that a worker should win promotion to a higher grade to have at least a taste of glory. While promotion requires a general excellence of record as a worker, honorable mention and various sorts of distinction are awarded for excellence less than sufficient for promotion, and also for special feats and single performances in the various industries. It is intended that no form of merit shall wholly fail of recognition." This is indeed funny. Even the Social Democrat, you see, recognises that his military organisation, without the tomfoolery of badges, stripes, medals and the rest of the paraphernalia of militarism, would not hold together for a week. Picture the butcher, tailor or chimney-sweep, strutting about pompously, their chests distended with pride, exhibiting medals they had won for killing more pigs, making more trousers, or sweeping chimneys cleaner than others!

Mr. Bellamy also gives us plainly to understand that, under the beautiful regime of Social Democracy, his Highness, the State, will not put up with any damned nonsense; that all deserters, *i.e.* men of spirit who refuse to slave to keep lazy, inquisitive officials, "will be made to work in institutions and under discipline prepared to meet such cases." When asked "as to who should judge of the worker's idleness or neglect of duty," he says: "That would, doubtless, be as judging is now-a-days, a question of evidence for tribunals existing for the purpose" (*Contemporary Review*, July 1890). That is to say, the industrial conscript who refused to perform "his humble function in the great social machine," who declined to be brigaded, numbered, bossed, drilled and regulated to suit a clique of Socialist autocrats of the S.D.F. type, styling themselves "The State," would be tried by court-martial and condemned to a term of imprisonment; the evidence of the Social Democratic government spies (or inspectors, if you choose), like that of our present-day bobbies, being of course accepted as undiluted truth.

"Nunquam," in *Merric England* (p. 48), instances a soldiers' messroom as typical of the barrack life of State Socialism. Verily, as George Bernard Shaw points out, "even under the most perfect Social Democracy we should still be living like hogs, except that each hog would get his fair share of grub" (*Impossibilities of Anarchism*, p. 12).

The inquisitorial character of government inspection is seen to a great extent even to-day, where full-grown men and women in our factories have to go through the indignity of being catechised and examined as to how they spent their time the day previous; whether they washed their hands and faces in the orthodox fashion, took certain prescribed drinks and medicines, wore certain garments, etc. But such damned impertinence on the part of governments to-day is not to be compared to what it must be when, under the blessed rule of Social Democracy, every industry is State-controlled. The poke-nose State will defile the sacredness of our private apartments, regulating even our sexual relationships. Mrs. D. G. Ritchie, speaking before the Fabian Society on Feb. 19, 1892, on the subject of "Women under Socialism" (see *Freedom*, March, 1892), made a startling plea for the State control of maternity and State support of maternity during a certain period before and after childbirth, together with State control of the hygienic conditions of parentage. Put in plain language, it means that couples desiring to become fathers and mothers must first apply to some special government office (in charge of, say, Dr. Aveling), where, after due medical examination, they will, if adjudged fit and proper persons to be entrusted with the getting of children, be presented with a certificate stating the number they are graciously allowed to beget, and also the penalties they may expect to suffer for disobedience;

whilst others not deemed fit to produce healthy children will, no doubt, be presented with a set of State Malthusian appliances.

Should ever Social Democracy emerge out of mere theory into the region of actual fact, and a Socialist government composed of slavish adorers of the dictator, Marx, become a reality, it is certain that disobedience to officialdom, or revolt against the Socialist "powers that be," will be punished with instant death. Everyone has heard of the threat of a certain leader of the S.D.F. to the late Mr. Charles Bradlaugh, that "when the Social Democrats got the upper hand, he (Bradlaugh) should have the first rope." Why? Because Bradlaugh, to use a vulgarism, "showed the game up." Bradlaugh is dead, and to-day it is we Anarchists who are threatened with the rope should ever those apostles of State slavery gain the ascendancy—and for the same reason. It is said that opportunity makes the tyrant, and it is certain that, once invested with power, Social Democrats would use their opportunities in the direction of stifling all independent thought, speech and action. The machinery of State becoming so enormously complicated by the taking over of all the industries of the nation, each minute part of the "great social machine" dependent on the rest, it follows that the slightest disobedience to orders, discontent or revolt, must necessarily culminate in throwing out of gear all the whole intricate mass of State officialdom. To prevent this, to stifle the desire for change, and consequently prolong their own tyrannical existence, the Socialist government will suppress liberty of speech, and revolt against the laws will become a capital offence. "Ouida" correctly sums up the position as follows: "The [Socialist] State merely requires a community—tax-paying, decree-obeying, uniform, passionless, enduring as the ass, meek as the lamb: a featureless humanity, practising the goose-step in eternal routine and obedience."

Listen to the testimony of Social Democrats against Social Democracy. Keir Hardie, in the *Labour Leader* of Aug. 8th, speaking of the late International Congress, after referring to the "cast-iron Bismarckism of the German Socialists," "the intolerance of the German bosses," says that "those who disagreed with them (the official German party) found it next to impossible to enter; and those who supported them had, when necessary, special illegal privileges provided to facilitate their admission." He further says: "So far as I can see, the leaders of the Socialist movement in Germany conceive Socialism as a system under which Liebknecht and Singer would take the place of Kaiser Wilhelm and Bismarck." Bruce Glasier, another well-known Social Democrat, writing in the same paper, says as follows: "The too obvious 'bossing' upon the part of a section of the official German Party upon the platform was sufficient to make some of us quake at the prospect of Social Democracy, and turn a friendly eye towards Anarchism."

Here already, before they have gained legal power, these despots in embryo begin to show the cloven hoof: professing to be the friends of the workman, these pretenders in reality are forging chains for him with all their might. To our friends of the Independent Labor Party, who at the International Congress so stoutly resisted the tyranny and underhand trickery of the German Party backed up by the parties who dance attendance on them, the S.D.F. & Co., to those friends we say: Shun the leprosy of Marxism, which infects its victims with an insane hatred of freedom and all her works, and, as its founder, Marx, once said of the parliamentary craze, "relegates the infected to an imaginary world, and takes from them all sense, all recollection, all knowledge of the real external world." We repeat:—Avoid the intricacies, subtleties, and word-tangles connected with the brain-mystifying theories of Karl Marx. Think for yourselves. The battle to-day is as it ever was—for Liberty and against Authority, for Anarchism and against grandmotherly, meddling legislation.

Your place, as liberty-loving men and women, is not beneath the dirt-bedraggled emblem of State Socialism, but with us beneath the folds of the red flag of Anarchy, fighting for the Liberty of the Individual and the Brotherhood of the Human Race. Which side will you choose?

Discard the childish props of legality. Be men. Rely on yourselves. Cast off the leading-strings of legislative prohibition and injunction. *Dare to be free!*

W. H.

NOBODY'S STORY.

HE lived on the bank of a mighty river, broad and deep, which was always silently rolling on to a vast undiscovered ocean. It had rolled on ever since the world began. It had changed its course sometimes, and turned into new channels, leaving its old ways dry and barren; but it had ever been upon the flow, and ever was to flow until Time should be no more. Against its strong, unfathomable stream nothing made head. No living creature, no flower, no leaf, no particle of animate or inanimate existence, ever strayed back from the undiscovered ocean. The tide of the river set resistlessly towards it; and the tide never stopp'd, any more than the earth stops in its circling round the sun.

He lived in a busy place, and he worked very hard to live. He had no hope of ever being rich enough to live a month without hard work, but he was quite content, God knows, to labor with a cheerful will. He was one of an immense family, all of whose sons and daughters gained their daily bread by daily work, prolonged from their rising up betimes until their lying down at night. Beyond this destiny he had no prospect, and he sought none.

There was over-much drumming, trumpeting and speech-making in the neighbourhood where he dwelt; but he had nothing to do with that. Such clash and uproar came from the Bigwig family, at the unaccountable proceedings of which race he marvelled much. They set up the strangest statues,

in iron, marble, bronze and brass, before his door; and darkened his house with the legs and tails of uncouth images of horses. He wondered what it all meant, smiled in a rough good-humoured way he had, and kept at his hard work.

The Bigwig family (composed of all the stateliest people thereabouts, and all the noisiest) had undertaken to save him the trouble of thinking for himself, and to manage him and his affairs. "Why, truly," said he, "I have little time upon my hands; and if you will be so good as to take care of me, in return for the money I pay over—for the Bigwig family were not above his money—"I shall be relieved and much obliged, considering that you know best." Hence the drumming, trumpeting and speech-making, and the ugly images of horses which he was expected to fall down and worship.

"I don't understand all this," said he, rubbing his furrowed brow confusedly. "But it has a meaning, maybe, if I could find it out."

"It means," returned the Bigwig family, suspecting something of what he said, "honor and glory in the highest to the highest merit."

"Oh!" said he. And he was glad to hear that.

But, when he looked among the images in iron, marble, bronze, and brass, he failed to find a rather meritorious countryman of his, once the son of a Warwickshire wool dealer, or any single countryman whomsoever, of that kind. He could find none of the men whose knowledge had rescued him and his children from dreadful and disfiguring disease, whose boldness had raised his forefathers from the condition of serfs, whose wise fancy had opened a new and high existence to the humblest, whose skill had filled the working man's world with accumulated wonders. Whereas, he did find others whom he knew no good of, and even others whom he knew much ill of.

"Humph!" said he. "I don't quite understand it."

So he went home, and sat down by his fireside to get it out of his mind.

Now, his fireside was a bare one, all hemmed in by blackened streets; but it was a precious place to him. The hands of his wife were hardened with toil, and she was old before her time; but she was dear to him. His children, stunted in their growth, bore traces of unwholesome nurture; but they had beauty in his sight. Above all other things, it was an earnest desire of this man's soul that his children should be taught. "If I am sometimes misled," said he, "for want of knowledge, at least let them know better, and avoid my mistakes. If it is hard to me to reap the harvest of pleasure and instruction that is stored in books, let it be easier to them."

But, the Bigwig family broke out into violent family quarrels concerning what it was lawful to teach to this man's children. Some of the family insisted on such a thing being primary and indispensable above all other things; and others of the family insisted on such another thing being primary and indispensable above all other things; and the Bigwig family, rent into factions, wrote pamphlets, held convocations, delivered charges, orations, and all varieties of discourses; impounded one another in courts Lay and courts Ecclesiastical; threw dirt, exchanged pummelings, and fell together by the ears in unintelligible animosity. Meanwhile, this man, in his short evening snatches at his fireside, saw the demon Ignorance arise there, and take his children to himself. He saw his daughter perverted into a heavy slatternly drudge; he saw his son go moping down the ways of low sensuality, to brutality and crime; he saw the dawning light of intelligence in the eyes of his babies so changing into cunning and suspicion, that he could rather have wished them idiots.

"I don't understand this any the better," said he; "but I think it cannot be right. Nay, by the clouded heaven above me, I protest against this as my wrong!"

Becoming peaceable again (for his passion was usually short-lived, and his nature kind), he looked about him on his Sundays and holidays, and he saw how much monotony and weariness there was, and thence how drunkenness arose with all its train of ruin. Then he appealed to the Bigwig family, and said, "We are a laboring people, and I have a glimmering suspicion in me that laboring people of whatever condition were made—by a higher intelligence than yours, as I poorly understand it—to be in need of mental refreshment and recreation. See what we fall into when we rest without it. Come! Amuse me harmlessly, show me something, give me an escape!"

But, here the Bigwig family fell into a state of uproar absolutely deafening. When some few voices were faintly heard, proposing to show him the wonders of the world, the greatness of creation, the mighty changes of time, the workings of nature and the beauties of art—to show him these things, that is to say, at any period of his life when he could look upon them—there arose among the Bigwigs such roaring and ravaging, such pulpiting and petitioning, such maundering and memorialising, such name-calling and dirt-throwing, such a shrill wind of parliamentary questioning and feeble replying—where "I dare not" waited upon "I would"—that the poor fellow stood aghast, staring wildly around.

"Have I provoked all this," said he, with his hands to his affrighted ears, "by what was meant to be an innocent request, plainly arising out of my experience, and the common knowledge of all men who choose to open their eyes? I do not understand, and I am not understood. What is to come of such a state of things?"

He was bending over his work, often asking himself the question, when the news began to spread that a pestilence had appeared among the laborers, and was slaying them by thousands. Going forth to look about him, he soon found this to be true. The dying and the dead were mingled in the close and tainted houses among which his life was passed. New poison was distilled into the always murky, always sickening air. The robust and the weak, old age and infancy, the father and the mother, all were stricken down alike.

What means of flight had he? He remained there, where he was, and saw those who were dearest to him die. A kind preacher came to him, and would have said some prayers to soften his heart in his gloom, but he replied:

"Oh, what avails it, missionary, to come to me, a man condemned to residence in this foetid place, where every sense bestowed upon me for my delight becomes a torment, and where every minute of my numbered days is new mire added to the heap under which I lie oppressed? But, give me my first glimpse of Heaven, through a little of its light and air; give me pure water; help me to be clean; lighten this heavy atmosphere and heavy life, in which our spirits sink, and we become the indifferent and callous creatures you too often see us; gently and kindly take the bodies of those who die among us out of the small room, where we grow to be so familiar with the awful change that even its sanctity is lost to us; and, Teacher, then I will hear—none know better than you, how willingly—of Him whose thoughts were so much with the poor, and who had compassion for all human sorrow!"

He was at his work again, solitary and sad, when his Master came and stood near to him dressed in black. He, also, had suffered heavily. His

