

Freedom

A JOURNAL OF ANARCHIST COMMUNISM.

VOL. XII.—No. 126.

MAY, 1898.

MONTHLY; ONE PENNY. 1

MAY DAY.

Labour Day is here once more, and falling as it does on a Sunday only favorable weather is needed to make it the most imposing May Day demonstration that has yet been held in England. We wish we could feel sure that the revolutionary tone of the meeting would be as clear and determined as its numbers will be large.

There are several important points in connection with this year's meeting which it would be a fatal mistake for any of us to lose sight of. As this occasion gives the opportunity for numbers of Trade-unionists to be present, advantage should be taken of the fact to point to the urgent necessity for a great rally of all the Unions, with "Federation" as the battle-cry. For two years or more, thanks to the efforts of "Nunquam" and others, the idea has been growing and gaining ground, and now the time is ripe for the practical application of this principle. The brutal and merciless onslaught of the capitalists on the organisations of the workers must be met with a solid front if Trades-Unionism is to live; or otherwise labour will find itself the most abject slave when at work and the most wretched starveling when idle.

If the meeting of Sunday emphasises this point, something definite may be done at the next Trades-Union Congress.

Another thing might be brought home to the minds of those assembled: that is that the meeting of the first of May '99 should be as well attended as that of '98—or let us say, even better attended. In other words the worker should claim the first of May for himself, whatever day in the week it may happen to fall on. Sunday suits him this year, but Monday will suit him equally well next if he will only decide for himself and let his master go to the devil. It is time indeed he took this matter seriously to heart. Is it not for him to decide whether or not he will demonstrate with his fellows on the first of May? Why certainly it is. And if 100,000 workers assembled in Hyde Park on Monday, May 1st, 1899, it would be a moral smack in the face for the legalised slave owners of this country that would do them as much good as the meeting itself would do to bring hope and enthusiasm to the workers. Therefore, as it is becoming an imperative necessity, in the class struggle, whose bitterness is intensifying each year, for the worker to assert himself and to press his claims with more and more intelligence and decision, we trust that the opportunity this year gives of pointing out this fact will not be lost sight of.

Reference will no doubt be made by some of the speakers to the Welsh miners' strike, and some very important features in connection with it deserve to be pointed out. For instance the remarkably spontaneous and unanimous spirit of the men; their decisive action in sending their so-called leaders to the right-about, and dispensing with their red-tape officialism in dealing with the owners; and best of all the wisdom of the men in striking at the right moment. As matters stand, despite the formidable organisation of the owners the men seem to be in sight of a greater victory than has been won by labour for some years. If they win it will be due more to their *initiative* than to their organisation. We all understand the importance of the latter, but we don't sufficiently emphasize the necessity of the former. We hope from this example the workers may learn the important fact that *organisation should wait on initiative*.

And now let us in conclusion offer one other suggestion as worthy of consideration by all workers whether demonstrating or not. In two years from now we shall be celebrating the first May-Day of the twentieth century, a century that cannot fail to be pregnant with immense issues, and mighty struggles vital to the progress and development of humanity. We read and hear of many schemes for celebrating the birth of what all regard as an important era for the race. Governments are to have their "exhibitions." Science is to display its achievements, capitalists will secure immense advertisements and the classes will have their carnival. But the worker, the labourer, the wage-slave, who is thinking of how he shall express his hopes and aspirations for the coming century? Why should not the First of May 1900 be held as a great carnival of labour, of international labour organised and unorganised? Was it not Bronterre O'Brien who said that if the workers of the world could afford to take a fortnight's holiday the rulers and exploiters would be at their feet? Well let them at any rate have one day's holiday on May first 1900, and let no sentimental scruples about the convenience of their masters interfere. For once the masters shall wait the convenience of the workers. It is time the idea was spread abroad, and we trust every speaker on Sunday will make an appeal to all sections of the working classes to strive to make of the occasion an event that shall set its mark on history.

WAR.

War is upon us; terrible war with its atrocities and unspeakable stupidity draws near. We hear its distant echo. Each one of us has friends or relations calling themselves heroes because they massacre Matabeles or Malagays, Dervishes or Dacoits, inhabitants of the Philippine Isles or Cuba, colored men, whites or blacks.

But danger breaks forth around us, it already presses on us. The Spaniards, our neighbours, and civilised English-speaking men—North Americans—rush on one another with cries of hatred, coarse words and deadly weapons. An explosion of hatred and fury precedes the cannon's roar and the bombardment of cities. The American government appeals to Edison's genius, to the science of all inventors in order that they discover new wonders in the art of exterminating their fellow creatures.

Yet our engineers are skilful and may be congratulated on the success of their words of death. For a devil who dreams of universal destruction, it must be a fine sight to see a volley suddenly transform a whole battalion of able-bodied young men into a quivering mass of flesh torn by *dum-dum* bullets! It must also be a refined pleasure for an enemy of mankind to know that the mere contact of two wires produces a shock like a thunderbolt and blows a whole district of a town, with stones, bricks, brains and limbs mixed up, into space. But this does not suffice them. What all these warlike people want now is to cause the total destruction of man and of his works in an immense space, it is to outdo the blind power of nature by the conscient ferocity of man. They must surpass earthquakes and hurricanes, destroy not only haphazard but by an infallible method.

"No false sentimentality!" they say to us. "War is war!" Well then, so be it. It is because war brings all these terrible consequences in its train that it behooves us to grasp it in its origin and to stop all manifestations from the beginning. A viper must be crushed in the egg. What is there astonishing in war breaking out when the whole of society, as constitutions and institutions have created it, rests on hostile interests and that a rumbling struggle rages in the depths? Pent up hatred must burst forth from time to time, and we should show bad grace in complaining if we ourselves contributed to augment this hatred, or if inert and cowardly before violence and injustice were complacently let it accumulate day by day!

It would therefore be trouble thrown away to cry out against Spain and the United States. When the masses are lashed into an unreasoning fury it is useless to add your voice to the uproar. It is vanity to preach morality to men drunk with alcohol or blood. What is the use of telling them they are exploitable material for spirit merchants, for monopolizers of corn, spirits and petroleum?

But we who are not made drunk by war, are we not guilty? Have we protested with all our energy, have we rebelled against initial abominations that lead to war, do we always make a stand against injustice, even if it is committed by our countrymen? Now, these social crimes press on us, encompass us on all sides. Here in the British Isles we have the horrors of the workhouse and of the tread-mill, the great prison of Ireland, and our rich folk live on the spoils of half the world. In France, we have committed the crime of our colonial conquests, the shame of our magistracy ready for anything, the incubus of our army, organised against the people, with its staff brought up in the school of Jesuitism, with its officers that sentence privates guilty of a gesture to death or to the horrors of Biribi, while they adulate traitors of high degree. And the Italian Government? We let them shoot down starvelings, and put those who ask for bread for the poor into prison. As to Spanish ministers, who now drive their people to butchery, they profit by excitement and disturbances, and forget to liberate the men they have tortured. And yonder, on the other side of the Atlantic, American judges (of whom the public lazily becomes the accomplice) acquit an employer who has caused workmen to be massacred by the score!

Do not let us forget these atrocities. May war, with its terrible upheavals not let us lose sight of social injustice, that monstrous inequality among men which is the primary cause of all strife. E. RECLUS.

On Sunday, April 24, at 3.30, a mass meeting was held in Trafalgar Square to call on the Spanish government to release the 20 prisoners convicted and sent to penal servitude, on evidence now admitted to have been obtained by torture of the most terrible kind. The meeting (about 5000) unanimously endorsed the resolution to this effect moved by Mr. Fletcher (editor of the *New Age*), and supported by J. Perry, F. Marmol, H. Kelly, J. Turner and Louise Michel (whose speech was translated by Macpherson, I. L. P.) Frank Smith begged his hearers to bear in mind that the worst warfare could not entail more deaths than the cornering of wheat and other life necessities, which would involve the death of thousands all over the world. J. Perry read a number of sympathetic messages which had been sent to the meeting. Tom Mann presided, and the collection amounted to £3-17-0.

AMERICAN NOTES.

It is rather more an English than an American note, the announcement that at the moment I write Lillian Harman, daughter of our well-beloved Moses Harman, and president of the Legitimation League, is on her way to England, to preside at the annual meeting of that body. Lillian Harman is an Anarchist of the individualist type, but has devoted her energies more especially to the woman question, in the good fight for which her noble old father has twice suffered imprisonment here in the States. At first instance the names of Legitimation and Anarchism do not seem to mix well together; but on coming to an acquaintance with the history, changes, and present purposes of the League, the innocuousness of the title and the real value of the society appear. I hope that those of our comrades in London who were just beginning to interest themselves in the "New Ideal" at the time of my sojourn there, will avail themselves of the opportunity to hear Lillian Harman, as one who has personally demonstrated that a woman may be economically independent, a free mother, and the disposer of her own body; and without being either an exceptional genius or favored by an inherited fortune, but just a plucky, bright woman, has proven that the nauseating repetition, "in our present conditions the woman must be dependent" is all—well what you Londoners call "tommy-rot." I presume that announcements of any addresses she may deliver will appear in the *Adult*, the organ of the Legitimation League.

There has just passed away from among us a woman who though not precisely an Anarchist was sympathetically such, and who for years wielded the influence of her energetic personality in the direction of liberty; Matilda Joslyn Gage will be remembered in history as one of the prime movers for woman's suffrage first, and second and greater, as the author of numerous pamphlets, essays, and one book, *Woman, Church and State*, demonstrating the evil tendencies of these two arms of authority upon the development of woman. In the year 1890, unable to bear the spirit of truckling to the Church which has come to characterise the National Woman's Suffrage Association, (few of whose leaders however are Christians) she broke away and endeavored to found a national freethinking union of advanced women. My personal recollections of her date from the day I saw her at its initial (and also final) convention, with her piercing black eyes and grand crown of white hair, claiming affiliation with all the great impress-movements of the time. Of Nihilism she said, "it is the one bright star in Russian night." In the book alluded to she makes touching tributes to our "Chicago Boy," Louis Lingg. The evening of her life had come, and it was time to go.

Following hard upon the conviction of Emil Ruedebusch comes that of Leroy Berrier, a well-known contributor to sex-reform literature. Indeed the western States seem seized with a colic of Comstockism and are howling their modesty accordingly. I have not seen the articles for which Berrier is indicted, but the sentence is frightful—two years imprisonment and 400 dol. fine. A. J. Pope, of the *Firebrand*, having refused to appeal his case on the ground that he had nothing whatever to ask of any court, was sentenced by judge Bellinger to four months imprisonment and a fine of one dollar. This is remarkable decency in a judge. The other defendants were granted a new trial, and if the case be fairly argued before the same judge it is quite likely a victory may be gained.

These samples of the persecuting spirit and the way it has seized the most available lever for bringing its persecution to bear, viz. the U. S. Postal Law on obscenity, are but indications of a ferocious reaction which seems at present to be splitting the so-called "liberal movement" of the States in twain. It broke out upon the death of S. P. Putman, President of the American Secular Union, a mountebank who was neither fish, flesh, nor fowl, and who so carried favor with both sides that both thought they had him and both claimed his holy memory when he died, —under peculiar circumstances." Thereupon a fierce war between the two parties began; the Oregon Secular Union set itself up as a liberty loving organisation which posted on its door "no spiritualist, free lover, anarchist, or socialist must enter here." A similar weeding is in process in many cities, and last February it burst out in Philadelphia when the Friendship Liberal League sought to exclude Emma Goldman from its platform on the ground of her being an anarchist and a free-lover; the anarchist members however outvoted the opposition and the speeches were delivered. Flushed with success the anarchist party then proposed Mrs. Parsons as a speaker (she having been in the city to address the Commune commemoration which was a success I am told); the opposition this time did the outvoting, but the anarchists re-assembled the following week and again were triumphant. Nevertheless Mrs. Parsons was not permitted to speak; yesterday (April 3) when the people came to the hall they were notified that no meeting would be held, and a policeman "advised" them to move on. One young fellow who insisted on stopping to read the notice was arrested. The secret was that the lease of the hall having expired, a member of the conservative party had personally leased the hall and will hold meetings on his own account for next month. The excluded members now declare themselves the society and will run meetings on their own hook. Such is a fair sample of present reactionary methods.

It must be admitted that the anarchists have very largely courted the issue, by indiscriminately putting forward a very senseless propaganda. Nevertheless, as Henry Addis observes, filth or not, silliness or not, free

speech and free press should be inviolate; and though we may despise the occasion when the battle is forced there is no choice but to fight.

The main topic on the street continues to be the war prospect, and the papers continue to reap profits by creating news thereon. The administration is variously depicted as a coward, or as "a rock-ribbed Gibraltar of patriotism," according to the interests of the stock-holders running the paper, and the people buy, and read, and long to run themselves upon bayonets.

Bitter internal fights between the Socialist and Pure-and Simple trade unionists continue, charges and counter-charges of dishonesty being freely proffered. From end to end our society reeks with the corruption of the dollar, and trade-unionism is quite as rotten as politics. Organisations all go quickly to the same fate,—machines to operate for cash.

The annual crop of strikes begins; twenty-thousand carpenters are reported to go out in Chicago to-day.

Solidarity has appeared and I trust ere this readers of *Freedom* have seen it. Address 50, First Street, New York.

VOLTAIRINE DE CLEYRE.

BIBLIOGRAPHY.

(*Anarchism: a criticism and history of the Anarchist theory*; by E. V. Zenker. Translated from the German. Methuen & Co., price 7/6)

We are accustomed to find such falsehoods and calumnies in works on Anarchism that it is not astonishing if we received Mr. Zenker's work with great distrust. The charlatanisms of Lombroso, Ferri, Liebknecht, Plekhanoff, Dubois, etc., have taught us to be distrustful.

But there is an agreeable difference between Mr. E. Zenker's book and those of the above mentioned authors. Mr. Zenker is our adversary, he opposes us; but he is a loyal opponent who has studied the question, who understands Anarchist doctrine and literature pretty well. He makes clear statements and thoroughly knows metaphysicians like Stirner and Prudhon—pioneers of modern Anarchism. In reality, Max Stirner had no influence in the formation and development of Collectivist, International or Communist Anarchism. A dialectician, a believer in the *absolute* right of abstract individuals, Stirner has become fashionable during these last years among Individualists, especially in Germany. To connect him with Anarchist Communism is a little difficult. Neither by his ideas, nor by his method of organisation, nor by his terminology has Stirner anything in common with us Communist and Revolutionary Anarchists. Is it because, like us, he recognises individual liberty? But there are many Individualist authors—among others, Spencer—who cannot be placed among Anarchists. Mr. Zenker himself does not agree with Ferri, Lafargue and other calumniators that Spencer is an Anarchist. Stirner is no more of an Anarchist than Spencer is.

I think that in this case Mr. Zenker is influenced by Marxist writers; nevertheless, as a rule he understands them very well and he has a very true appreciation of them, especially when he declares that the State will most profit by their doctrine.

"The power of the State profits most by the Socialist movement.... the rights of the individual retire to the background; in the *industrial army* (Social Democracy), as in the military force, the individual is only a number, an unit, the sense of freedom has almost disappeared from our age" (page 259).

The observation is true, only the author makes a mistake when he attributes this specific fault of Social Democracy to Socialism in general. Neither the International, nor the followers of Fourier, nor English Socialists, especially Owenites, have ever worshipped the State and the slavery of the individual. It is a misfortune that corruption was brought into the ranks of Socialism by the *Communist Manifesto* that preached State monopoly and the organisation of an industrial army, and that they try to pass off this corruption as Socialism.

Mr. Zenker, it seems to us, doesn't well know the Owenist movement, otherwise he would not make that mistake. We are also obliged to say that his knowledge of Russian affairs and literature are very superficial. Tchernyshevsky and Dubroliuboff were not followers of Prudhon. Both were Fourierists, but both admired Robert Owen. Netchaef, to whom he sacrifices seven pages, had no influence on the development of the Socialist idea. Son of a serf, a serf himself till the age of seventeen, he was a revolutionist and a *character* much honored for his sufferings; but never for his ideas, for he never had any. Mr. Zenker, like all bourgeois and Social Democrats, is against the Russian commune "mir," and as a supreme argument he points out the poverty of the Russian peasant. But peasants in Lombardy, in Sicily, in Ireland where the climate is better, the soil more fertile, peasants are still poorer. Private property flourishes in all these countries. It is not the commune but the State that ruins the Russian people. That is why Russian revolutionists always attack the State.

In spite of all our criticism Mr. Zenker's work is the best we know on the subject. The book is published with a certain amount of luxury. In the text we have noticed several rather important mistakes. On page 157, *L'esprit de révolte* by P. Kropotkin, instead of "spirit of revolt" is given as "Psychology of Revolution"; and on page 222 *Fédération Jurassienne* is translated "Jurassic Union." W. T.

WOMAN'S FREEDOM.

One of the most essential, and to my thinking all important things of the present age, is the development of the minds of both men and women. Thought like progress travels so slowly that it takes years of toil and poverty before even a few can realise that our existing social and economical institutions are founded upon false principles. Being one of the weaker sex, and looking at things from a womanly point of view, I cannot help being a little dismayed at the extreme lethargy displayed by womankind in general in the struggle for freedom. In dissemination of new ideas man has had to fight practically alone.

Woman, generally speaking, is more or less conservative, with scarcely a thought save for home and the rearing of her offspring. Each day toiling and struggling, and alas too often facing the bitterest poverty that they may be kept from want, she never pauses to consider that there could be any better or nobler life than this one of continual anxiety and worry. She has always had to struggle as her parents did before her, she therefore accepts it as a natural consequence. But it would be unfair to say that it is entirely her own fault, for from time immemorial she has been looked upon as a being inferior to man. He has always made her his slave. She has been kept in the background as it were, and generally looked upon her husband in the light of a master. It was the custom—and still is with some primitive races of men—to buy or sell their wives, as their whims or caprices may dictate, without ever consulting their wives' feelings on the subject. Letourneau, in his work on the "Evolution of Marriage," gives some very interesting facts showing how much woman has been made the slave of man. Speaking of the Kabyle woman, he says: "Once purchased the Kabyle woman is entirely at the mercy of her husband-proprietor. She must follow him wherever it suits him to settle, and her only actual possession is the raiment which covers her. Her husband has the right to chastise her with his fist, with a stick, with a stone, or even a poignard. He only is forbidden to kill her without a reasonably serious motives." Thus we see how subordinate a position the wife has always held. Even in so-called civilized countries, men cannot shake off that feeling of mastery and domination over their wives. They are looked upon as a sort of merchandise and in very few instances are they treated by men as their equals. Hence the reason of women being so far behind man intellectually.

But despite the many disadvantages and drawbacks woman has had to encounter, she is slowly throwing off the yoke of submission and gradually wending her way to the front. Occasionally we hear of women lecturing on social and other questions, or even attacking the rigid marriage system, which like all other property institutions is utterly false. In this present age of toil and strife, is it not a common occurrence to see a girl, unable to earn sufficient for a bare existence, sell herself, by going through that ridiculous marriage form, to some man whom she knows will be able to give her food and shelter? How can she consult her own heart in the matter? Food and shelter are things she cannot do without. How can love have any weight against such pressing necessities?

Then again on the other hand we see the girl of the more wealthy and privileged classes, legally prostituting herself to the highest bidder (often some brainless fop or a man twice her age), for by so doing she adds to the wealth she already possesses. It matters not at what cost of human life and suffering that wealth is obtained, for we know that in these days of greed and avarice how praiseworthy it is considered to accumulate money.

Now let us pause and consider a moment. What does this state of things show us? Can we not see what lives of sham and hypocrisy we are living? Nothing is true or real. Society is false, our teachings are false, woman's relations to man are false. How is it possible under the present horrible conditions of things for woman to be the true companion of man? Living the life of toil which the average worker does to-day, his whole nature becomes warped and embittered, and every noble thought is crushed out of him, each day bringing the same toil, the same anxiety as its predecessor, earning a bare pittance, out of which perhaps he has to keep a wife and family. We know how often it proves insufficient, and necessitates the wife leaving her home "such as it is," and the little ones to the care of an elder, while she goes forth to slave perhaps during eight or nine hours for a mere trifle, to add to the slender wages of her husband and so to enable them to drag out their miserable existence. How can the wife bestow the required care upon her offspring? Fatigued and worn out she has no loving smile with which to greet her husband after his day of toil. Love and sentiment are often to her things unknown. How she is going to feed and clothe her little ones, whether she will be able to make both ends meet, are the things which wholly absorb her mind.

So we see how utterly impossible it is that there can be many happy union of men and women. In a society where men and women were economically free, were there would be no anxiety of how to-morrow's food could be got, where every one had enough for his or her needs, we should not see women consenting to be bound to men whom they did not care for, and could never possibly love for the sake of a home. Woman would then be free to unite with the man she loved, and it would need no laws to bind her to him. When we have taught men and women how utterly false is this system under which we live, where the producers of all the wealth are struggling from the cradle to the grave for the barest necessities of life, while those who never do a stroke of honest work appropriate the result of the others' toil, and so live in luxury and ease; when the scales have fallen from men's eyes and they can clearly see how they have been duped and robbed in the past, and

can fully comprehend that those who have produced all the wealth are the only ones entitled to enjoy it, and will suffer this state of things to exist no longer,—then, and not till then, can women, in every sense of the word, be the true companion of man.

LIZZIE MOORE.

A SMOULDERING FIRE.

The public is too apt to suppose that the class war is only in evidence when reports of a big strike or Lock-out fill the columns of the capitalist press. But in reality the war is in progress every day if folk would only take the trouble to look under the surface, and as a proof of this we intend to enlarge somewhat on events that are happening in Canning Town as a result of the Engineers' Lock-out.

Some of the results of the late strike in this district are that the employers are sending for the men individually to sign papers. The object is to weed the men out when slack, then when seeking fresh employment to enquire for references, they can find out all about a man by these means, and it looks as if the employers will not take on men at all but have them sent down from the Free Labour office, where the workers will have to pay for being registered, like servant girls. The seamen, firemen and a great number of dockers, all had to hold a federation ticket besides their trade-union one. The funds they are creating will be used to fight them with in the future struggles. At some of the shops the majority of the union men are signing as non-society men so as not to be picked out.

In the event of another strike there will be a large number in the shops receiving wages, keeping blacklegs out and destroying every thing produced by blackleg labor and adopting the best means to fight the capitalist from inside the workshop, and thus help to bring him to his senses a bit, until the workers see the necessity of taking over the workshops, by force if necessary, and carrying on production for use instead of the profit-grinding system of to-day.

Some of the reasons given by men for leaving trade unions are "I'm working for the L.C.C., they must pay the trade-union rate," and in Canning Town it is pretty much the same answer. A few trade-union officials have got trade-union rates on the minute books, etc. These men give up the only weapon that has secured them anything in the past, forgetting that the number of workers employed by public bodies is nothing as compared with the numbers employed elsewhere. In the next struggle, it is imperative that we should have the miners and railway men with us, so as to stop the blacklegs travelling about in times of dispute, and thus hastening on the emancipation of the workers from wage slavery.

R. P.

The Acquittal of Sheriff Martin.

The acquittal of Sheriff Martin, the plutocratic hero of Hazleton, was to have been expected. Never yet in the history of the United States, or for that matter any other country, have the hired murderers of workingmen been brought to justice when arraigned before a court. The slaughter of the men at Hazleton was the most infamous act ever committed under forms of law. It has its parallel in the judicial farce which resulted in the acquittal of Martin and his cowardly and blood-thirsty deputies.

Such legal crimes do much to destroy the faith of the American people in their courts and in the machinery of law. If ever men were murdered, the unarmed miners who marched peacefully down the road with an American flag at their head were murdered. If ever men were guilty of murder, they were the deputies who poured volleys of bullets into the ranks of those marchers.

The murder of these men and the farcical court proceedings resulting in the acquittal of their murderers is perfectly natural and inevitable under the private ownership of coal mines and similar properties. When the people are ready to assume ownership and control of such plants the world will no longer be shocked with such scenes as those enacted at Lattimer or in the court where justice was made a mockery.

(The New Time, Chicago.)

CUTTINGS AND COMMENTS.

"Every day he grew more attached to that only true philosophy which makes a man, as far as the world will permit, a world to himself; and from the height of a tranquil and serene self-esteem, he felt the sun shine above him, when malignant clouds spread sullen and ungenial below. He did not despise or wilfully shock opinion, neither did he fawn upon and flatter it. Where he thought the world should be humoured, he humoured—where contemned, he contemned it. There are many cases in which an honest, well-educated, high-hearted individual is a much better judge than the multitude, of what is right and what is wrong; and in these matters he is not worth three straws if he suffer the multitude to bully or coax him out of his judgment. The Public, if you indulge it, is a most damnable gossip, thrusting its nose into people's concerns, where it has no right to make or meddle; and in those things, where the Public is impertinent, Maltravers scorned and resisted its interference as haughtily as he would the interference of any insolent member of the insolent whole. It was this mixture of deed love and profound respect for the eternal PEOPLE and of calm passionless disdain for that capricious charlatan, the momentary PUBLIC, which made Ernest Maltravers an original and solitary thinker; and an actor, in reality modest and benevolent, in appearance arrogant and unsocial. 'Pauperism in contradistinction to poverty,' he was wont to say 'is the dependence upon other people for existence, not on our own exertions; there is a moral pauperism in the man who is dependent on others for that support of moral life—self respect.'"

(From Ernest Maltravers, by Lord Lytton.)

"The Free Commune."

PUBLISHING GROUP, MANCHESTER.

Print *The Free Commune*, a gratis sheet which will be sent to anyone—in any quantity—on receipt of a postcard. Will be glad to receive subscriptions, to be devoted entirely to the production of gratis literature.

Address editorial communications and exchanges to W. MCQUEEN, 21, Mellor Road, Slade Lane, Longsight, Manchester, and all business matters, including subscriptions, to T. JONES, 10 Garden Street, Artwick, Manchester.

Freedom

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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Business communications to THE MANAGER, 127 Ossulston Street, Euston Rd.

The Editors are not necessarily in agreement with signed articles.

NOTES.

RULE, BRITANNIA!

Read this, ye Britons. Ye Primrose Leaguers and Radical Wage Slaves, *think*—if you can think of this. But there, you do not think. You are Christians. A steady, honest Hoxton family starved in the midst of plenty.

Sarah Lyons, aged five years, died from starvation in Constance-street, Hoxton. The mother a pale, thin, scantily-dressed woman, stated that the child had been ill for a fortnight, but she had not called in a doctor *as she had no money to pay for one*. Witness was in the act of washing the girl when she fell back in her arms and died.

The Coroner: How many children have you? Witness: I had three, sir. C.: How much did you get last week? W.: Sixpence or ninepence a day. C.: But you cannot keep a family on that? How much did you pay for rent? W.: 3s. a week. C.: And that left you a few coppers for food. You must have all been starving. W.: I didn't starve the children; they had more than I had to eat.

The Coroner's Officer: The place is in a most wretched condition. They live in a small ante-room over a kitchen, and there is not a particle of furniture in the place. The room is only about 3 ft. wide, and is parted off in the centre with a piece of sacking, which keeps the draught from some old rags which lie on the floor and are used as a bed. When I was there on Sunday there was not a scrap of food in the house. The husband is a cripple. He met with an accident 10 years ago, and has never been right since. He is a steady man, but very poor.

The Coroner: The poor little one seems to have been allowed to die in the presence of great poverty, and in want of the necessities of life.

A Juror: If they had called in the parish doctor they would all have been cleared out and offered the workhouse or the streets.

The Coroner: The man is not fit to fight the battle of life like a strong man. It is a reflection on our boasted Christianity.

The Juror: It is a problem that will have to be solved, but how I don't know. It is scandalous that honest people should want for bread in a rich city like London. (Hear, hear.)

The jury returned a verdict of "Natural death, accelerated by poverty and unsanitary conditions and want of proper food." The parents were given a few shillings.

A Needlewoman "Living" on Eighteenpence or 2s a Week.

The Hackney coroner inquired into the death of Lydia Bush, aged 64 years, a spinster, lately residing in one room at 14, Churchill-rd., Lower Clapton, who "earned her living" as a needlewoman.

The Coroner (to the landlady's daughter): How much a week did she earn? W.: About 8s. 6d. or 4s. a week. C.: What rent did she pay? W.: Two shillings a week. C.: And she had to live on 1s. 6d. or 2s. a week? W.: Yes, she used to manage on 2s. a week. She had been poorly a long time, so did not want much.

A Juror: Poor soul! She could not get much out of eighteenpence a week. She had, it seems, been getting very weak, and appeared strange in her mind. One day she was found lying on the floor very ill. She was removed to the infirmary, where she died from meningitis. The jury returned a verdict in accordance with the medical evidence.

This is not bomb-throwing! This is not force! This is not chaos! This is "law and order," this in Christian England, this is—bah, for God's sake, Mother Earth, dissolve!

REAN.

"SAVING THE SOUDAN."

In view of the crushing defeat inflicted on the Dervishes at Atbara, and the general work of demolition as carried on by the British and Anglo-Egyptian troops in African deserts, it must have been with some reluctance that the *Morning Advertiser* startled London by heading its display bills "Saving the Soudan."

Conventional patriotism, inseparable as it is from commercialism, has established a strange conception of "preservation," concerning matters and objects in which it cannot find any material or spiritual interest. Thus, it is not without strong suspicions of insincerity that we hear British journalism proclaiming its belief that the "best way to save a thing is to destroy it." The hypocrisy of this contention even evinces itself on newspaper placards as if it were a source of consolation to the perpetrators, for it is the very destruction of the Soudan that is desired and not its "saving."

Even criminals pay homage to virtue—always limited however in outward regard to future possibilities. Mrs. Grundy is growing so infamous in the estimation of many of her supporters, that certain journalists—out of respect to their profession and in consideration of the semi-consciousness of many of their clients—always refer to the "brutality of uncivilized races" and the "danger of their existence" as a prelude to wiping them out.

This pretension of disinterestedness and philanthropy is an ugly lie. The apology is a consequence of the cowardice of brutality.

The revolutionist often destroys, but he makes no hypocritical excuse for his act; he says "here is an injustice and against it I will rebel." It is its absolute destruction he aims at, because of its hindrance to human happiness or progress, and not its destruction for purposes of preservation, as these patriots (!) proudly assume.

Then again the Soudan is not distinguished from other parts of the globe by its geographical position alone. There are its peoples, their languages and their customs, all of which are the chief means whereby we arrive at their distinction from other races. And it is just all this we are destroying and bent on completely annihilating. It is the Europeanisation of its land and people that is aimed at.

Certainly a kind of *old form* slavery exists under the Khalifa's rule, and, if British Colonisation will save anything (!), it will most certainly save this custom, with "marked improvements." Just as nowadays it is a result of ignorance and unconsciousness, then it will be an institution legalised and respectable. Perhaps after all this is the *Morning Advertiser's* idea of saving the Soudan.

J. P.

"THE HEATHEN CHINEE."

The partition of China which has been going on quite merrily without a shot having been fired between the European bullies who are doing the plundering, raises the question once more of the effect these "eastern hordes" are likely to have on European civilisation.

A favorite theory with some writers, who like to improve their reputations by a little innocent panic-mongering, has been that these dense populations would one day sweep down upon us, and by sheer weight of numbers, carry all before them, and destroy our mighty civilisation and all its grand institutions, etc., etc. Now this is all nonsense. The European capitalists can see a much cleverer move to checkmate the poor Chinese than coming to blows with him. He can exploit them. And if ever the workers at home here feel the cut of competition keener than of yore, it will be when the capitalist has built his factories amidst the Hindoos and the Chinese. That is how the "hordes of the East" may threaten the workers of Europe. And it behoves the workers to organise as rapidly and determinedly as possible to overthrow the only enemy they have to fear, the one who is at the bottom of all the trouble whether it arises at home or abroad—the capitalist.

ELEANOR MARX AVELING.

The sad circumstances under which Eleanor Marx Aveling died need no repetition here.

It is better perhaps to look back to those days when she could be heard making speeches that were imbued with some of the revolutionary spirit that existed in the Social Democratic movement twelve or more years ago. Even then, no doubt, her opposition to Anarchism was strong enough; but sad to say as the years went on and the paths of Social Democracy led more and more to acts of political compromise, her hostility to Anarchism and Anarchists, became intense, unreasonable, furious.

It is needless, however, to dwell upon all this. Notwithstanding that of late years she sometimes found herself in strange company in the enemies camp, hoping no doubt, as others do, to use priest and politician alike for the ends of her own party it is only fair to acknowledge the hard and laborious work she has done in the Social Democratic movement under conditions that have entailed much personal privation and suffering.

While admitting this, one cannot help experiencing a feeling of regret that her ability and energy were not animated by a broader-minded, a more libertarian spirit.

DYER'S DEAD—WEEP!

The Colonel is dead! Gone to a better world where there is no A.S. E., but only, yes only, Anarchists—that is, believers in order without law. We mourn his loss for he was a hero, a patriot, and a general who helped to make this glorious Empire of "ours" on which the sun never sets—East End included. I hope a stained window in St. Paul's Cathedral will be raised to his memory and, of course, "to the glory of (Dyer's) God," the thousands of little ones this monster did his best to starve would subscribe. And I would sing—

Dyer's dead and gone Heaven, | But methinks if Barnes should be there
So the cleric he will tell: | He will say that D's in H—Amen.

I do not believe "of the dead nothing but good." And I am sorry Barnes and Keir Hardie have spoken as they have. We are haters of our enemy in life and in death.

REAN.

A KEEN CRITIC.

There is a critic on the *Chronicle* who has a "penetrating eye," and who has not been taken in, as many less wary and less scrupulous scribes probably will be by a rather remarkable book called "Political Crimes," by Louis Proal. It affords a great opportunity to the reactionaries who will fail of course to catch the moral which the author (unintentionally) writes large across the pages of his book. For, as the *Chronicle* points out "he (the author) has collected from all history down to our own days a series of facts which might very well serve as a text book for Anarchism itself." We cannot quote all we should like to from this noteworthy criticism, and moreover we hope soon to have a review of the work from a purely Anarchist point of view, but we cannot pass over M. Proal's account of an Anarchist trial.

Recently, at the Aix Assizes, we tried and sentenced, for the manufacture of an explosive powder, an Anarchist, aged thirty-three, who, since the age of seventeen had been noted among all his employers for his assiduity at his work,

the regularity of his conduct, and the kindness of his character. Upon a salary of a trifle over three shillings a day, this excellent, hard-working, sober and devoted workman kept his wife, two children, and his father, whom he had taken into his household. Since his sentence he cannot think without tears of his wife and children, and he implores to be given work that he may send them assistance. What made an Anarchist of this unhappy man? It was neither laziness, nor intemperance, nor cupidity; it was sophism. His room was found to be full of Anarchist newspapers and pamphlets; they had turned his head.

Nothing that we have seen in print upholds so powerfully all the arguments used by C. M. Wilson, in the pamphlet *Anarchism and Outrage*.

Louis Proal is a judge—a judge obsessed by terror as the reviewer points out. His state of mind is pitiable. "Is there no quiet home of refuge" the reviewer concludes, "to which the author might be led, far from the maddening bomb?"

THE STATE: ITS HISTORIC ROLE.

By PETER KROPOTKIN.

IX.

—"If you have any common interests in the city or the village, ask the Church and the State to look after them. But you are forbidden to combine in a direct way to settle matters for yourselves!" Such is the formula reechoing throughout Europe since the sixteenth century. Already in an edict of Edward III, issued at the end of the fourteenth century, we read that "all unions, combinations, meetings, organised societies, statutes and oaths already established or to be established by carpenters and masons, will henceforth be null and void." But when the defeat of the towns and of the popular insurrection of which we have spoken was completed, the State boldly laid hands on all the institutions (guilds, fraternities, etc.) which used to bound artisans and peasants together, and annihilated them.

This is plainly seen in England where a mass of documents exists showing every step of that annihilation. Little by little the State laid hands on all guilds and fraternities. It pressed them closely, abolished their leagues, their festivals, their aldermen and replaced them by its own functionaries and tribunals, and at the beginning of the fifteenth century, under Henry VIII, the State simply confiscated everything possessed by the guilds without further ado. The heir to the great protestant king finished his father's work.¹

It was robbery carried on in open daylight, "without excuse" as Thorold Rogers has so well put it. And it is this robbery which the so-called 'scientific' economists represent as the "natural" death of the guilds under the influence of economic laws!

In truth, was it possible for the State to tolerate a guild or corporation of a trade, with its tribunal, its militia, its treasury, its sworn organisation? It was for the statesmen "a State within the State"! The State was to destroy the guild, and it destroyed it everywhere: in England, in France, in Germany, in Bohemia, preserving only the semblance of the guild as an instrument of the exchequer, as a part of the vast administrative machine.

And—should we be astonished that guilds, trade-unions and warden-ships, deprived of everything that was formerly their life and placed under royal functionaries, became in the eighteenth century nought but encumbrances and obstacles to the development of industry, after having been the very life of progress four centuries before? The State had killed them.

In fact it did not content itself with destroying the autonomous organisation which was necessary for the very life of the guilds and impeded the encroachments of the State; it did not content itself with confiscating all riches and property of the guilds: it appropriated for itself all their economical functions as well.

In a city of the Middle Ages, when interests conflicted in a trade, or when two guilds disagreed, there was no other appeal than to the city. They were forced to settle matters, to find some compromise, as all guilds were mutually allied in the city. And a compromise was always arrived at—by calling in another city to arbitrate, if necessary.

Henceforth the only arbitrator was the State. All local disputes, sometimes of the most insignificant kind, in the smallest town of a few hundred inhabitants, had to be piled up in the shape of useless documents in the offices of king and parliament. We see the English parliament literally inundated with these thousands of petty local squabbles. It then became necessary to have thousands of functionaries in the capital (venal for the greater part) to classify, read, judge all these documents, to pass judgment on every detail; to regulate the way to forge a horse's hoof, bleach linen, salt herrings, make a barrel, and so on *ad infinitum*... and the tide still rose!

But this was not all. Soon the State laid hands on exportation. It saw in this commerce a means of enrichment,—and seized upon it. Formerly, when a dispute arose between two towns about the value of exported cloth, the purity of wool, or the capacity of barrels of herrings, the two towns made remonstrances to each other. If the dispute lasted long, they addressed themselves to a third town to step in as arbitrator (this happened constantly); or else a congress of guilds of weavers and coopers was convened to regulate internationally the quality and value of cloth or the capacity of barrels.

Now, however, the State had stepped in and taken upon itself to regulate all these contentions from the centre, in Paris or in London. Through its functionaries it regulated the capacity of barrels, specified the quality of cloth, ordered the number of threads and their thickness in the warp and the woof and interfered in the smallest details of each industry.

You know the result. Industry under this control was dying out in the eighteenth century.

What had in fact become of Benvenuto Cellini's art under State tutelage?—Vanished.—And the architecture of those guilds of masons and carpenters whose works of art we still admire?—Only look at the hideous monuments of the State period, and at one glance you will know that architecture was dead, so dead that up till now it has not been able to recover from the blow dealt it by the State.

What became of the fabrics of Bruges, of the cloth from Holland? What became of those blacksmiths, so skilled in manipulating iron, and who, in each European borough, knew how to turn this ungrateful metal into the most exquisite decorations? What became of those turners, those clock-makers, those fitters who had made Nuremberg one of the glories of the Middle Ages by their instruments of precision? Speak of them to James Watt who for his steam engine, looked in vain during thirty years for a man who could make a fairly round cylinder, and whose machine remained thirty years a rough model for want of workmen to construct it!

Such was the result of State interference in the domain of industry. All that the State managed to do was to tighten the screw on the worker, depopulate the land, sow misery in the towns, reduce thousands of beings to the state of starvelings and impose industrial slavery.

And it is these miserable wrecks of ancient guilds, these organisms, mangled and oppressed by the State that "scientific" economists have the ignorance to confound with the guilds of the Middle Ages! What the great Revolution swept away as harmful to industry was not the guild, nor even the trade-union; it was a piece of machinery both useless and harmful.

But what the Revolution took good care not to sweep away—was the power of the State over industry and over the factory-serf.

Do you remember the discussion which took place at the Convention—at the terrible Convention—about a strike? To the grievance of the strikers the Convention answered (I quote from memory): "The State alone has a right to watch over the interests of all citizens. In striking, you are organising a coalition, you are creating a State within the State. Therefore—death!"

In this answer we see the bourgeois character of the French Revolution. But—has that answer not a still deeper meaning? Does it not summarize the attitude of the State that found its most complete and logical expression towards the whole of society in the Jacobinism of 1793?

"If you have a grievance, complain to the State! It alone has the right to redress its subjects' grievances. As to combining to protect yourselves—never!" It was in this sense that the Republic called itself one and *indivisible*.

Does not the modern Jacobin-Socialist think the same? Has not the Convention expressed the depth of his thought with the severe logic peculiar to it?

In this answer of the Convention is summed up the attitude of all States towards all combinations and all private societies, whatever be their aim.

As to a strike it is even now in Russia considered a crime of high treason against the State. In a great measure too in Germany, where young William said the other day: "Appeal to me; but if you ever allow yourselves to take action on your own behalf, you will make the acquaintance of my soldiers' bayonets!" It is still almost always the case in France. And even in England, it is only after struggling a hundred years by means of secret societies, dagger thrusts for traitors and masters, explosive powder under machinery (not further back than 1860), emery thrown into axle-boxes, and so forth, that English workmen have begun to conquer the right to strike; and they will soon have it entirely, if they do not fall into the traps that the State is already laying for them in trying to impose its obligatory arbitration in exchange for an eight-hour law.

More than a century of terrible struggles! And what sufferings! How many men have died in prisons, how many have been transported to Australia, shot and hanged, to reconquer the right of combination, which (I am not tired of repeating) every man, free or serf, practised freely, before the State had laid its heavy hand on societies.

But was it the workman only who was treated in this fashion?

Think of the struggles the bourgeoisie itself had to carry on against the State in order to conquer the right of constituting themselves into commercial societies; a right which the State only conceded when it discovered in it an easy method of creating monopolies to the advantage of its creatures and to re-fill its treasury. And the struggles for the right to write, to speak, or simply to think differently from what the State orders through its academies, universities or churches? And the struggles for the right to teach, be it only reading, a right which the State reserves to itself without making use of it! And the struggles even to obtain the right of amusing oneself in common; not to mention those wars which would still have to be fought for conquering the right to choose one's judge or one's law (a thing which was before the growth of the State of daily occurrence), or the struggles that separate us from the day when they will burn the book of infamous punishments, invented by the spirit of the inquisition and of the despotic empires of the East, and known under the name of penal code!

Then look at taxation, an institution of purely State origin, that formidable weapon which the State makes use of in Europe as well as in young societies in the United States to keep the masses under its heel,

¹ See Toulmin Smith's work on Guilds.

to favour friends, to ruin the greater number to the advantage of those who govern, and to uphold the old divisions and castes.

Then take the wars, without which States can neither constitute themselves nor stand—wars that become fatal, inevitable, as soon as we admit that a certain region (because it is a State) can have interests opposed to those of its neighbours. Think of past wars and of those we are threatened with before the conquered races will be admitted to breathe freely; of wars for commercial markets; of wars to create colonial empires. And in France we only know too well what servitude each war, whether victorious or not, brings in its train.

And what is worse than all that I have enumerated, is that the education we all receive from the State, at school and later on in our life, has so vitiated our brains that the idea of liberty itself goes astray and is travestied into servitude.

Sad is the sight of those who believe themselves to be revolutionists, vowing their deepest hatred to Anarchists—because the Anarchists' conception of liberty surpasses their own narrow and mean conception culled from State teaching. And yet this sight is a fact.

It is because the spirit of voluntary servitude has always been artfully nourished in young brains, and is so still, so as to perpetuate the slavery of the subject to the State.

Libertarian philosophy is suffocated by pseudo-Roman and Catholic State philosophy. History is vitiated from the first page where it lies about the Merovingian and Carolingian dynasties, to its last page, on which it glorifies Jacobinism and ignores the people and their work in the creation of institutions. Natural sciences are perverted to the benefit of the dual idol Church and State. The psychology of the individual, and still more that of societies, is falsified in each of its assertions to justify the triple alliance of soldier, priest and executioner. Even morality, which for centuries in succession has preached obedience to the Church or to some so-called divine book, only emancipates itself today to preach servility to the State.—"You have no direct moral obligations towards your neighbour, not even a sentiment of solidarity; all your obligations are to the State,"—we are told, we are taught by this new religion of the old Roman and Caesarian divinity. Neighbours, comrades, companions, forget them! You must know them only through the intermediary of an organ of your State. And all of you must practise the virtue of being equally slaves to it.

And the glorification of State and discipline, at which Church and University, the press and political parties work, is so well preached that even revolutionists dare not look this fetish straight in the face.

The modern radical is a centralizer, a State partisan, a Jacobin to the core. And the Socialist walks in his footsteps. Like the Florentines at the end of the fifteenth century, who could only invoke the dictatorship of the State, to save them from the patricians, the Socialists know only how to invoke the same gods, the same dictatorship and the same State, to save us from the abominations of an economic system, created by that very State!

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With our next issue *The State: Its Historic Role* will be concluded. If sufficient money can be obtained it will appear on 1st of June in pamphlet form (48 pp.) price twopence. To ensure this end it is necessary that cash should accompany all orders. Will comrades and friends help us in this by sending on their amounts at the earliest possible moment? All our labour will be voluntary but we need money for paper, etc., and only if this is forthcoming shall we be able to publish.

## SONG OF THE PLUTOCRATS & PARVENUS.

We must have our poor of the town and the city,  
To provide ample scope for the founts of our pity;  
We firmly believe, tho' it strikes some as odd,  
That the poor and their lot are established of God;  
We yearn o'er our poor whose means are so slender,  
With high condescension and sympathy tender.

We've scientist friends, who splendidly thrive,  
Who hold with great Darwin the fittest survive,  
The fight for the strong, and the race for the swift,  
And let poor folks keep sober, and cultivate thrift.

We hold it as wise that we all keep our places  
Since the spirit of class is the noblest of graces,  
Besides it's as well we keep things as they are,  
All change would the peace of society mar.  
And we love to be snug in our own paradise,  
Giving doles to the poor to stifle their cries.

For we need those who toil since we never knew how,  
And t'is pleasant to see how they scrape and they bow,  
Poor dumb dogs of toil, no plaint 'scapes their throats,  
As we flaunt in their eyes our gold, silver and notes.

Our positions are founded on apathy deep;  
We few wide awake, with the many asleep.  
Sleep on, ye contented, we'll shirk while ye plod.  
With the aid of the State and the blessing of God  
We rely upon having the masses kept under,  
While we live in peace and plenty—and plunder.

TREADWELL.

## The Trial of Italian Anarchists as Malefactors.

AN INTERNATIONAL PROTEST  
AGAINST THE SCANDALOUS AND FEROCIOUS PROSECUTIONS  
OF THE ITALIAN GOVERNMENT.

"We, the undersigned, belonging to every nationality and of diverse political opinions, denounce to the world the infamy which is being perpetrated by the Italian Government, in maltreating and shooting down the starving peasants, who cannot even feed themselves on roots without coming within the clutches of its infamous laws, and which punishes as malefactors all honest men who stand up in their defence.

"Many of our friends, among them Malatesta, known and esteemed for his courage and his devotion to all who suffer, are to be tried for this as ordinary criminals.

"Let all men of honesty and intelligence join us in branding this act of barbarity.

"We request the independent press of all countries to copy and publish this protest."

The signatures obtained in three days for the above protest are already too numerous for complete publication; the subjoined list however will give our readers an idea of the indignation and sympathy roused amongst friends of all shades of opinion.

Edward Carpenter, Walter Crane, H. S. Salt, Mrs. Salt, J. F. Green, C. C. Lisle, Lothrop Withington, Henry W. Nevins, Peter Macdonald, Miss C. Roche, Mrs. N. F. Dryhurst, Miss Charlotte Skeritt, Miss Davis, Miss A. C. Morant, Miss E. Warlow, Tom Mann, J. Keir Hardie, Frank Smith, F. Macpherson, Paul and Mrs. Campbell, P. and Mrs. Kropotkin, Mrs. F. Stepniak, N. Tchaykovsky, V. Tchekesoff, Louise Michel, L. Guérineau, E. Defendi, F. Mattini, T. Pacini, T. Thioulouze, V. Richard, F. Tarrida del Marmol, J. Brossa, H. Portet, M. Nettlau, F. Henneghien, John Turner, H. Kelly, A. Marsh, W. Wess, J. Presberg, Ch. Morton, H. Stockton, T. Cantwell, E. Lowe, R. C. Moore.

The protestation was also extensively signed by delegates of many trade-unions, I. L. P. and S. D. F. branches at the First of May Demonstration Organising Committee. A proposition expressing condemnation of the Italian Government and sympathy with Malatesta and his comrades was unanimously adopted at the Annual Conference of the I. L. P. held at Birmingham, on Easter last.

The International Arbitration and Peace Association protesting "against the abuse of power in any shape and in any country," adds a special condemnation of the "vindictive prosecutions proposed in connection with the bread-riots by the Italian Government."

The advanced organs of the European press also raised their voices in vigorous protest; we mention *L'Aurore* of Paris, the *Secolo* of Milan, the *Daily Chronicle*, *Daily News*, *Star*, etc.

Protests have also reached us from Elisée Reclus (Brussels), F. D. Nieuwenhuis (Amsterdam), B. and F. Kampffmeyer, Dr. B. Wille, G. Landauer, W. Spohr, and Weidner (Berlin), also from Glasgow, Birmingham, and other centres.

## NORWICH.

The mention of this old town recalls those breezy, bustling and cheery days in the Socialist movement when Morris's activity was at its highest and its adherents were busy dreaming—and working.

Perhaps Morris's happiest days were spent in Norwich. Mousehold Heath recalled Kitts rebellion, its old cathedral awakened his artistic senses with an enthusiasm unequalled, and the relics of the Roman wall set him dreaming of the past, when looking down on the modern cities of Evilshaw as was his wont.

Mowbray and Henderson are no longer speaking in the Market Place, and Morris lies peacefully beneath a big elm tree near his beloved Thames. But the little band who then worked still live. A disastrous strike has just swept across the quaint town like a cyclone, and the debris—in the form of worn faces and strained pockets—are still evident. In spite of this, however, recently 20 or 30 comrades again banded together and took over the premises vacated by the I. L. P., and well was the stroke. On entering the hall one beholds the portraits of Robert Owen, Michael Bakounin, P. Kropotkin and W. Morris, the latter predominating in number, as if in memory of never to be forgotten acquaintanceship. In these days there is an S. D. F. and I. L. P. branch, the former having finally succeeded in its incessant struggles to establish itself,—but weakly. The I. L. P. is growing sadly respectable even refusing to unite with the local group to commemorate the Commune.

In no more appropriate town could such a celebration be held. The spirit of bygone days is lacking; its revival, however, is at hand. Persistence can ensure it. The inertia of some members is truly unfortunate; still it is pleasing to find that a new adherent from the I. L. P. is one of the few active workers.

To the older men in Norwich, to those who have been through the mill, we appeal. In the name of the men who have suffered in Norwich, in memory of Morris and his work, in consideration of the greatness of our cause, put your shoulders to the wheel and let your work be your memorial to Morris's memory, for no greater monument could you construct. Let the thoughts of past days be a source of inspiration for fresh struggles for the future.

## INTERNATIONAL NOTES.

The cause of political freedom and popular insurrection is suffering another defeat. Three years of fighting by her own people did not secure Cuba independence from Spanish rule, and as Greece did last year, interfering in the Cretans' struggle for independence, the United States are now apparently making Cuba's cause their own, and we are confronted with another big war full of unknown consequences. I confess that the moment another State takes up a cause of independence my heart freezes up and the whole matter, hitherto involving the cherished principles of freedom, sinks to an undescribably low level in my estimation. No State can sincerely wish the independence and well-being of another State, as from its very nature it must desire the submission and degradation of all other States to make them subservient to its own chief aims of national splendour and power. A people is never free if liberated by a State. So the French Revolution for a moment emancipated large parts of Italy, Germany, Belgium, Holland, etc., forming semi-independent republics, only to absorb them all a little later under Napoleon's rule. Other examples are the Italian struggle for independence, which was after all settled by the wars of 1859 and 1866, the "unselfish" co-operation of France and Prussia, and not by the propaganda of Mazzini and the strong arm of Garibaldi—witness the abomination which resulted from it all, the present Italian kingdom. Again the struggle, for generations, of the Balkan peoples against Turkey was unsuccessful until they were shaped into States by the grace of Russia, after the Russo-Turkish war. And so Cuban independence by the grace of the United States who have so great commercial interests in Cuba, will vastly differ from independence won by the Cubans themselves risen in revolt.

The conclusion from this is that as long as one single State exists, any struggle for independence on political lines must be unsuccessful as the existing States or State will always finally arrange matters for their own benefit before all. The old principle: "one man's slavery is everybody's slavery," works with inexorable certitude. There is only one way to escape from this perpetuation of slavery by, which all such struggles, however heroically fought, end, and that is to oppose to existing States the principle of *freedom pure and simple, of Anarchy*: whilst the creation of new States, however independent, does but strengthen them, our ideas sap their roots and they are powerless against them in the end.

The Italian government is anxious to be on a level with that of Spain that the Southern European monarchies might be swept away by one wave of popular indignation. Bread and all necessities of life attain starvation prices and wages are lower than anywhere. The labourers, men and women, who cultivate the rice plantations, work for twelve hours under a glowing sun, mostly standing knee deep in foul water, earning scarcely 10d. (the women 7d.) per day. At Molinella, not far from Bologna, last year the women labourers obtained by a long strike a rise in wages up to 8d.; this year the employers reduced this to 7d. again; hence a new strike, and police and soldiers were fetched, about 500 persons, mostly women, were arrested and many sentenced to 60, 90, 100 days of prison. Their societies are dissolved, the co-operative shops closed, etc. Many have to dig roots for food.

This is a single local instance of what occurs all over the country. No wonder that, in January, a cry for bread was raised throughout Italy and might be raised again every moment when the inevitable rise in the price of bread—in consequence of the American war—will take place. For the government all this is but a signal for mad persecutions of Anarchists and the trial commenced at Ancona on April 21st bids fair to excel most others in stupid barbarism.

Since E. Malatesta, in 1897, returned to Italy after twelve years exile, he did his best to revive the Anarchist propaganda and to make it profit from what had happened in the meantime in France, England, Holland, etc., namely the renewed interest of Anarchists—as in the days of the old International—for the economic struggle and their closer sympathy for anti-parliamentarian trade organisations. By his and many other comrades efforts Anarchism became a larger factor in public life than for some time past, and this was done in a perfectly open and legal way that the government should have no pretext whatever for interfering. Yet this is what happened after all; a pretext was invented for his and others arrests—the Anconabread riots, a repetition of the riots occurring at the same moment in fifty other Italian towns! The efforts to connect them with these riots seem to have fallen through as they are now prosecuted as—an association of *malfattori* (criminals), a term usually applied to gangs of thieves or brigands. E. Malatesta, Smorti, Felicioli, Panfichi, Baiocchi, Petrosini, Bersaglia, Bellavigna are tried as such a gang of malefactors, Malatesta besides for "instigation to commit crimes" and "excitation of hatred." The accusation—according to the *Agitazione*—is based on articles published in that paper and some public lectures of Malatesta.

This infamy brings forward a movement of protestation in all countries. The "Federazione Socialista-Anarchica Romagnola" is leading it by an appeal: "To the people of Italy!" (Imola, March 12); F. S. Merlino published an appeal: "To the free Press!"; the *coatti* (transported Anarchists) in the island of Ponza raised their voice in protest, and everywhere advanced societies and papers denounce this villainy. Of course, if the government succeeds at Ancona, the article 248 will be applied in numerous other trials!

In the same way comrades and advanced men in many other countries issued and signed protestations.

In spite of all this the *Agitazione* comes out regularly. After the arrests in January, another editor was sent away to Bologna and prevented from returning; the following editor was also sent to his place of origin far away; the present editor cannot be found by the police, else he would share their fate. And during the trial a daily edition is being issued from which we shall next month reproduce Malatesta's interrogatory and declarations and a record of the trial.

The jury at Casale Monferrato have just acquitted 36 workmen of Massa Carrara tried on a similar charge and kept in prison for eighteen months before the trial. Malatesta's case is to be tried and decided by the court, not by a jury.

In France we are on the eve of the general election. One of the last acts of the decaying Chamber was rather a good joke—it decreed the placarding by authority of the Socialist deputy René Viviani's speech on the conclusions of the Panama Inquiry Committee. Fancy a Socialist speech stuck up by law, on white official paper, all over the big towns and in every one of the tens of thousands of villages of the whole of France! Such an official

recognition of Socialism never happened before! Alas, I saw that speech stuck up at Paris and was probably almost the only reader of it—at least I saw nobody paying any attention to it; neither the word Socialism nor any Socialist idea occurs in the whole lengthy speech, which mainly consists of kicking a dead ass, the long forgotten public prosecutor Quesnay de Beaurepaire, resuscitated in this curious fashion.

Paris, so bright and beautiful in early spring, is disfigured now as if by a hideous illness, with the names of candidates posted up everywhere with the obtrusiveness of impudent beggars. Anybody of esthetic feelings must be disgusted with parliamentarism by such sights alone. And almost every electoral committee uses the name "Socialist," whether republican or radical or revolutionary or what not.

The *Temps Nouveaux* reissued O. Mirbeau's famous *Strike of the Voters* of 1888; the *Pere Peinard* published another manifest: *Au Populo!* and Malatesta's pamphlet, translated, *En periode electorale* (At Election Time).

On the exploits of the Socialist members of the last Chamber a very useful pamphlet, *La Verite sur l'Union socialiste* (published by the Allemanist party) gives historical information, an analyse of the votes of these "Socialists" on all important occasions, etc. Another source of information on the anti-parliamentarian Trade-unionist movement and its history, is *Les Syndicats en France*, by Fernand Pelloutier (of the French Labour Exchanges).

The decomposition of the political Social Democratic parties, which is so advanced in France, is beginning to be felt in Belgium where the Independent Socialists of the *Bataille* (Namur) ceaselessly expose the doings of the official Labour Party; a similar movement began at Verviers, where it is intended to resuscitate the old *Mirabeau*, one of the earliest organs of the old International, to mark "the returning of Socialism to the traditions and principles of the International." On April 10 and 11, a successful Congress was held at Liège, at which some 200 Socialist and Anarchist delegates of the whole of Belgium jointly took part.

Comrade Moineau, in prison—for twenty years—since 1892, has definitely refused to be nominated candidate at the Belgian elections; his letters on this subject (reprinted in the *Temps Nouveaux* of April 16) show what stuff he is made of.

In Holland also the anti-parliamentarian members of the *Socialisten Bond* form independent groups now and F. Domela Nieuwenhuis edits their new organ *De Vrije Socialist* (Amsterdam, Damrak, 100), issued twice a week.

With deep regret I record the death of Robert Ritzel (born 1848), editor of *Der Arme Teufel* (The Poor Devil) of Detroit, Mich., on April 1st. He was too anarchist so to speak—to be labelled an Anarchist of a definite school. Enough that he always stood up for freedom and all who were persecuted, and his articles were by far the most delightful reading in the anarchist press. It is expected that a selection of them will be reprinted. Many will remember the passionate intrepidity with which he defended the Chicago Anarchists up to the last and his speech on their grave. In stormy times like these when some would rather keep back, he would say in the face of all: "I am an Anarchist." In times of relative peace he would feel this denomination too narrow for his broad-minded aspirations of full enjoying of life, rebellion and freedom.

At Kristiania, Norway, *Anarkisten* begins to be issued fortnightly. Alfredo Mari, an old Italian comrade publishes *Il Risveglio* at San Paulo, Brasil, where also the Portuguese paper *O Rebate* shows sympathy and interest for Anarchism. New pamphlets are *A Emile Zola*, by Charles Albert (Brussels, reprinted from the *Temps Nouveaux*); a new edition of the *Canti Anarchici Rivoluzionari* and other pamphlets published by the *Questioni sociali* of Paterson, N. J., etc.

## DECLARATION OF PRINCIPLES.

Every one may be a member of the Free Federation of Socialists who holds the following principles and acts according to them:

- 1.—That misery and slavery exist in society and must be got rid of.
- 2.—That the misery of the masses and the privileged position of the few are the necessary consequence of existing economic conditions and of authority in all its forms.
- 3.—That the essence of these conditions consists in this, that the majority of the people, the working class, produces all the wealth, whilst a small minority, the capitalist class, disposes of it and governs the distribution of riches.
- 4.—That the wage system—the subjection of the workers for a mere subsistence—is the basis of their intellectual impotence and of their complete dependency.
- 5.—That these exist because all means of production and distribution are in the hands of the governing minority who hold them as a class and who can condemn the workers to complete slavery by the authority personified by the State.
- 6.—That society is tending towards a thorough transformation of these conditions which will lead to a society based upon collective property and free associations.
- 7.—That the proletariat produced by existing society cannot hope for any lasting amelioration, because every so-called amelioration serves chiefly to maintain and therefore to strengthen this society.
- 8.—That the struggle must be an economic one for the working-class and is therefore directed against every form of government, whether in its entirety or in part; it is therefore also directed against the conquest of political power which leads to state-socialism, which is but another form of slavery.
- 9.—That this revolutionary struggle is intensified by the fact that those in possession will yield none of their possessions and privileges.
- 10.—That in this struggle the workers of all countries must feel themselves to be united.

[This declaration has been drawn up by comrade Domela Nieuwenhuis and will be read with interest by all socialists.]

## Balance Sheet of the Commune Celebration.

| INCOME.         |                        | EXPENDITURE.           |                       |
|-----------------|------------------------|------------------------|-----------------------|
| Collection..... | £2-5-8 $\frac{1}{2}$ . | Hall.....              | £2-2-0.               |
|                 |                        | Printing.....          | 6-0.                  |
|                 |                        | Postage and fares..... | 2-2.                  |
|                 |                        |                        | 2-10-2.               |
|                 |                        |                        | 2-5-8 $\frac{1}{2}$ . |

Deficit 4-5 $\frac{1}{2}$ .

We should be glad to receive any amounts to help us meet the above deficit.

## IN MEMORIAM.

On the 4th of this month a year will have elapsed since the cruel judicial murder of Tomas Ascheri, Antonio Nogués, José Molas, Luis Mas and Juan Alsina.

One can vividly recall the dismal procession headed by crippled Nogués and ending with the insane youth Mas. The priests, in canting hypocrisy, accompany the dismal throng to the moat of Montjuich; and to the tune of the fusillade one can almost hear their chanting of prayers to a "Lord" whose doings are seldom justly attributed to righteousness and whose only power is terrorism. Suddenly we are aroused by the singing of revolutionary songs and shouts of "Long live Anarchy!" emanating from the fortress. We are stirred by the impassioned cries of Alsina "We are innocent! we are innocent! Assassins, assassins!" We are moved to tears when mutilated Nogués appeals to the untrained firing squad to "come nearer," so as to be more sure in their aim. Strained as are our emotions at the various effects of these scenes, the climax is reached when the click of the triggers is heard and, in one spontaneous outburst, they each scream out "Long live Anarchy!" as flashes of fire burst from the rifle barrels. The foul atmosphere in which they have been done to death seems vivified, and we feel compelled to overlook all the accusations they made under torture.

From the moat to the Castle's height the cry echoes forth across seas and continents, and the peoples slowly learn that Nero's arena still exists for the pioneers of a free life, whose primary work is the destruction of power.

It is true that the fate of our Chicago friends was cruel, but that of our Spanish comrades was truly harrowing.

It is true that not one was so brilliant as Spies or Parsons, but their martyrdom was no less.

It is the irony of fate that the nation which has given us the Chicago Martyrs should be at war with the state that so minutely followed in the same footsteps by giving us the Montjuich Martyrs. The latter, however, was characterised by an intense brutality worthy of the worst traits of Spanish barbarism. There may have been a higher consciousness with our Chicago comrades, but no higher sacrifice. The thousands of Cuban patriots of Adolfo Rodriguez type, were no less martyrs than their Phillippine companions Dr. Rizal and Gabino Cortez, though the latter may have been more capable of giving intelligible expression to their emotions.

The natural penalty now overhangs official Spain. The people of America have, as one man, induced their government to volunteer for the insurgents' camp. A nation that places its destiny in the hands of such brute beasts as Canovas del Castillo, General Weyler, Narciso Portas, Enrique Marzo, Bonito Cerreros and Captain Lassa, a state whose ethics are practised in Montjuich, a people that place priestcraft high above righteousness, butchery above sacrifice, militarism above civil life, is in a state of moral bankruptcy and brings upon itself the doom that apparently awaits her. She has robbed races of their souls and then starved their bodies. She has turned continents into cemeteries and then "shed her last drop of 'pure' blood" to maintain the Spanish flag over these ravaged lands.

Now she is left alone, as all brutes and liars must inevitably be.

Fearful at her own shadow, she sees her barbarous record rise before her as in a nightmare, and the best souls of Europe are glad that the end of Spain of the Inquisition is in sight. The names of Ascheri, Nogués, Molas, Mas and Alsina seem to illuminate the horizon with the knowledge that their sufferings have contributed so much to this end. JOSEPH PERRY.

## THE PROPAGANDA.

### LIVERPOOL.

For the last few months the Liverpool Group has been in a bad way: little propaganda being done, no funds in hand and few members. In Liverpool it is to be found the greatest apathy in this apathetic world, yet by continuous struggle the Anarchists and their friends the Social-Democrats succeed in keeping their heads above water. At one time strong, at another time weak, they have never been entirely extinguished, for at unexpected moments they have been able to show a front which has often surprised and impressed our common enemy Natt Bower, the chief of police. This noted individual has made various attempts at denying the I. L. P., S. D. F., and the Anarchist Group freedom of speech, and although he seems to have succeeded with the I. L. P., he cannot claim a victory over the Social-Democrats and Anarchists. Lately he waged war against the co-esters, but when the S. D. F. began to agitate and organise them he became extremely kind-hearted and condescended to allow these poorer class workers to earn an honest living. How humane and charitable are the watch dogs of Law and order.

We had Barton from Manchester and Leviston down to speak for us, a few sundays ago, when we had two very good meetings. Since then the outlook has been more hopeful and there is a possibility that before many weeks we will have regained the ground we have lost. W. ANDERSON.

### NORWICH.

Once again we have made a start here with a better prospect of success than ever. A few weeks ago the I. L. P. gave up their premises to take on larger and more expensive ones. The comrades then thought this was a fine opportunity to have a place to meet in themselves, so the place left empty by the above named body was applied for and obtained. We have made a club of the new place and named it "Liberty Club," with a membership at present of about twenty four, half of whom were members of the old Socialist League. The taking over the new premises cost a good bit of money, and this was forthcoming even beyond expectations, which reflects credit on the members considering how most of them were affected by last year's strike and some of them have only just commenced work again.

We commenced propaganda work by celebrating the Paris Commune, and for this we had comrade Perry down to speak for us. We approached the local bodies of the I. L. P. and S. D. F. to co-operate with us but both declined to do so. On the Saturday evening we had a social gathering of comrades and friends, and it was at this gathering that something occurred which made it look as if all our money and labor had been expended in vain and that we were in a sure way of losing our new meeting place in one night. It was then about 11.30 p. m. when we were interrupted in the midst of the harmony by the appearance of a policeman. It was at once thought that a raid was being made on the club. This did not alarm the comrades, as we had nothing to fear. But a different face was put upon the matter when the constable quietly and courteously informed us that a serious fire was raging next door, and asked us to clear out as quickly as possible. This was done and it was at once found that his words were too true, as on reaching the street the shop that is next door to our place was literally in flames, and at twelve o'clock our place looked doomed. But at

length the efforts of the fire brigade had its effect, the fire got under control and much to our surprise and delight our place was saved.

Perry addressed two rather poorly attended meetings in the Market Place on Sunday, which considering we had not held one for eighteen months is not to be wondered at. In the evening he lectured in our room on "Tortures in Spain, Cuba and Philippine Islands." We intend having speakers at regular intervals and to do the rest with literature, John Turner is our next speaker. A. B.

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 BIBLIOGRAPHIE DE L'ANARCHIE par M. NETTLAU. Preface d' ELYSEE RECLUS; Brussels, 51 rue des Eperonniers, 1897; 294 pp. 5 francs; post free for 4 shillings prepaid.

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## MONTHLY ACKNOWLEDGMENTS.

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Printed and published by J. TURNER at 7, Lambs Conduit Street, London, W. C.